Legislative Reading Room

THE PROSPECTOR.

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THE RUSSIAN BEAR.

Policy Seems to Be Much on the Lines of Napoleon's Forgery of Peter the Great's Will.

The passage through the Dardanelles of two unarmed Russian torpedo-boat destroyers is an incident apparently insignificant in itself, but, viewed in the light of Great Britain's traditional distrust of Russia, and under the magnifying glass of irresponsible alarmists, it appears to be almost a menace to the existence of the Empire. His Majesty's representative at Constantinople has protested to the Porte, who is the guardian of the Black Sea, and though no answer has been returned, any possible explanation has been already anticipated and discounted. The action of the Russians was an open violation of the Treaty of Paris. England assumes her attitude of virtuous indignation, and Russia quietly pursues her policy.

Salisbury's Famous Slang.

When England and France undertook to uphold the tottering Turkish Empire, and threw themselves upon Russia in the Crimean War, the former country, as Lord Salisbury has since said, "put its money on the wrong horse." However, the "wrong horse" was first under the wire. When the war was about at an end, Lord Lyndhurst vigorously declared that "there could be no place without first destroying Russia's Black Sea fleet, and laying prostrate the fortifications which protected it." Therefore the great docks and defences of Sebastopol, designed in 1830 by an English engineer, were demolished, and the Treaty of Paris which concluded the conflict expressly provided that the fortress should not be rebuilt and that the Black Sea should be free from the warships of every power. The key to the Black Sea is the Dardanelles, swinging ostentatiously at the Sultan's guide. Russia's eye has ever been upon it.

First Violation of Treaty.

Prince Gortchakoff, whose ambition it was to be the Bismarck of Russia, saw his opportunity in 1870 when France and Germany were at war. He issued a curt notification of the Czar's intention to abrogate that clause of the Treaty of Paris which forbade the rebuilding of Sebastopol. France was in no position to object; England could not but file a formal protest. Thus Sebastopol is stronger than ever before.

An Alleged Breach of Faith.

By the treaty of Berlin in 1878, which made peace between Russia and Turkey after their second conflict, all the powers were rewarded for their kindly forbearance. It was then that Britain got Cyprus, while the Black Sea was made formally what it already was geographically, a Russian lake No restrictions were removed, however, from the passage of the Dardanelles. These straits were to remain inviolate. The Czar's land frontier was extended to embrace Kars, a port of Batoum. It was stipulated that Batoum should remain unfortified, but Russia soon found occasion to disregard that provision. This violation formed the text for other charges of bad faith; but it is said now that there was a secret understanding among the powers at the time of the treaty that Batoum might be protected.

What Did the Student Mean?

Once upon a time Prof. Wilson, of Edinburgh, wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:—"Prof. Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the Queen." In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that a student had added to the announcement the words: "God save the Queen."

THE PROSPECTOR.

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The Lillooet electors are prepared, if need be, to vote A. Macdonald into office again.

Some of our exchanges seem to desire to convey the impression that Premier McBride's method of dealing with the case of Arch. Macdonald is without precedent. The Kamloops Sentinel calls the Premier's act "a gross piece of impertinence." Evidently the action of the Premier is constitutional or he would not be allowed to bring in the Bill. We commend to the Sentinel's notice the issue of the Victoria Daily Colonist for January 26, in which are several bits of information for the Sentinel's scrap book. The following is a sample clipping from page 4 of issue referred to: "Twice within recent years, and within the personal knowledge of gentlemen sitting in the present House, have similar measures been passed through the Legislature without opposition. In 1895 Premier Davie carried such a bill to relieve the sitting member, Mr. J.D. Prentice, from penalties for sitting in the House when it was believed his opponent was entitled to the seat, as was proved afterwards to be the case. In 1899 the Semlin government introduced a bill to allow Messrs Deane and Prentice to sit during the session."

Mr. A. Macdonald has the confidence of the voters of this district to a degree little understood by outsiders, and it will take a great deal more than his mere misapprehension of the law to shake that confidence.

LOCAL NEWS

D. Hamilton and partners are down from Bridge river with a plentiful supply of gold dust.

The town school has been fumigated this week. No more microbes.

Mr. Hamilton, of the dredge, returned from Kamloops last Monday.

Remember the "At Home" at Mr. J. B. Uren's next Tuesday.

A BELOVED MASTER.

A Joke of Which the Small Boy Was Thoroughly Ashamed.

Dean Farrar, who was at one time head master of Marlborough College, had what one of his boys, who writes of him in Cornhill, calls "the great manner." Therefore, he was admired and reverenced, and sometimes gently smiled at. Often, in his teaching, his mind wandered to other things while he mechanically repeated the statement which the lesson demanded. It happened, too, that he sometimes forgot how often he had said a thing important enough to be uttered more than once. The boys noticed this, and were sometimes tempted to play upon his unsuspicious nature; but whenever any of them led him into the trap, they were always speedily sorry for it.

During one term there were weekly lessons in the Septuagint, where the Greek words for "word" and "work" are interchanged. Regularly every Monday morning the dean would explain this confusion in the words: "The reason why ergon is used here instead of logos is that it is a translation of the Hebrew word dabar, which means both 'word' and 'thing.'"

The last monosyllables would come rolling out, in the grand manner, like the boom of a great bell

One morning a light-minded boy whispered to another, "We have not had dabar yet. Shall I get it?"

"Do, if you dare."

"If you please, sir," said the mischievous one, "why is ergon used instead of logos, in the passage just translated?"

"Ah," replied the master, "you could not be expected to know that. The reason is—" and forth rolled the usual explanation.

To see the dean walk with stately tread into the open trap was not too small a joke to please a schoolboy. There was a moment of suppressed delight, but succeeding that a remorseful silence; and after the session the boy-joker was begged by his fellows never to repeat the jest.

No schoolmaster was ever more sensitive to poor results than was this one. At a certain history lesson, when a boy had failed to answer some trifling question, the master flung down his book and exclaimed, "My dear boys! I am profoundly discouraged. For fifteen years of my life I have been letting down a bucket into an empty well, and drawing it up again. For fifteen years of my life I have been pouring out water upon the arid sand." Then he gathered up his books and fled.

A few boys laughed. The others cried, "Shame! shame!" on those who did it. And the next lesson was splendidly prepared.

Wealthy and Studious.

Mr. Balfour is not in politics for money. He has a private income of about $100,000 a year. He is a close student of literature and the arts. For one picture, "The Legend of the Brier Rose," which Mr. Balfour purchased from Burne-Jones, he paid $75,000. Seasickness prevents him from traveling abroad. The secret of Mr. Balfour's bachelorhood has never been revealed. It is said that at one time he offered his heart and hand to a captivating lady, who did not accept the honor, and henceforward, though an admirer of the sex, he has been invulnerable to Cupid's arrows.

And the path that leads to a House of Your Own
Climbs over the bowldered hills,
And the paths that lead to a Bank Account
Are swept by the blast that kills.
But the man who starts in the paths to-day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

Selected News

The Convention of B.C. Conservatives will take place at Victoria on February 1st.

Col. Munro, the Liberal candidate in North Oxford, has been returned at the polls.

Ernest Cashel, the Calgary convict, was recaptured this week, and will be hanged next Tuesday.

The Sultan of Turkey has expressed his willingness to liberate all Macedonian prisoners on the promise of their good conduct.

An explosion of gas at Cheswick mines, near Pittsburg, has blocked the entrance to the workings in which 184 men are shut in.

The bye-election at Gateshead, England, caused by the death of Sir Wm. Allan, has resulted in a victory for John Johnson, Liberal free-trader.

Over one half of the workmen employed at the St Louis Exhibition buildings have been obliged to quit work on account of the severe weather.

The Japanese Minister to Canada reports that already 200 Canadians have offered themselves for service under Japan in the event of war with Russia.

Whittaker Wright, the great financier, took poison last Tuesday, and died one hour after being sentenced to seven years imprisonment for fraud.

Attorney-General Campbell, of Winnipeg, is proposing several changes in Manitoba's liquor law, among which is the total abolition of saloon licences.

Advices from Somaliland say that Kenna's mounted infantry surprised a body of the Mullah's forces on January 17, killing 50 spearsmen, and capturing 3,000 camels, and thousands of sheep.

A great gold strike is reported from San Rosa, Aaiz. It consists of a ledge six feet wide and having a 15 inch paystreak. It contains wire gold, and promises to be one of the greatest mines in the West.

The manuscript of "Milton's Paradise Lost," was offered for sale in London last Monday. A bid of $23,000 was refused, the reserve price being $25,000.

So far as ascertained no American offers have yet been made.

IN A "WIND-JAMMER."

Mr. Basil Lubbock Tells How It Feels to Be Knocked Round in Navigating Waters of Cape Horn.

Cape Horn has always been the terror of sailors. Mr. Basil Lubbock, who went round the horn in a "wind-jammer" and put his experiences into a book, tells how it feels to be knocked about in the cape seas. During the gale of which he writes the decks were full of water, some big seas were coming aboard, and the men had a difficult job clewing up the mizzen upper topsail, which had come in as soon as the topgallantsails were fast. Then came the terrible business of squaring in the yards, one of the most dangerous of all jobs when a heavy sea is running. Many a ship has lost a whole watch over the side while the men were at work on the braces. Continuing, Mr. Lubbock says:

"I was about fifth on the rope with old Wilson singing out on one side of me and Higgins on the other. We had hardly taken two pulls at the brace when a huge sea broke aboard right over our heads, and both watches were swept off their feet in every direction.

"Wilson, Higgins and I received the full force of it. For one tiny moment of time I saw the great hissing mass as it reared its foaming top higher and higher above us, and then crash! it toppled its whole weight upon us.

"Knocked down and overwhelmed by the monster, I hung to the brace with all my strength. Under water, with my heels above my head, I saw dimly the round bundles washing near me which I knew were Wilson and Higgins.

"Over and over the sea rolled me, and hurled me with terrible force against the main-hatch, and three times my poor right knee came against the ring-bolt.

"I hung to the brace until the water tore it from my grasp, and away I went, first my head up, then my feet, a plaything to the whim of the water.

"It washed me round the hatch, bumped me against the life-rail, and rolled me into the scuppers. I got entangled and disentangled with other human bundles, and never for a second could I get my head above water.

"At last the water began to run off, and I found myself sitting up with my head out. I lay to the starboard of the main hatch. Close to me in the scuppers lay three men in a tangled mass. Mixed up in the life-rail were two more. Another lay gasping on his back under the brace of the poop.

"Above the gale I heard the mate's voice, 'Main-brace, there! Up you get.'"

"I picked myself up, dazed and half-drowned. The captain, who was on the poop, seeing the whole of his ship's crew washing about the decks, dashed down to the deck up to his waist in water, went to the head of the brace, and cheering us on and hauling to his own singing out, soon got us going again.

"No one was lost. Such is Providence! We ought to have been killed; we ought to have been washed overboard; but at sea Providence has constantly to intervene, or no sailor would live long."

A Difference.

At a banquet in Ottawa a speaker was greeted with considerable applause. "This reception," said he, "reminds me of the little boy whose mother stepped to the door and called 'Willie! Willie!' After several calls the boy poked his head around the barn and said, 'Do you want me, ma, or are you only jes' hollerin'?'"

A Colossal Building.

The building in West Kensington, which is to serve as the new Home of Thrift, is colossal. Three of its many rooms have each a length of no less than 350 feet. It has been erected on a site known as the Olympia annex. The front, which faces Blythe road, is in the Renaissance style, and built of Portland stone and red brick. In the centre, which is almost wholly of stone, is the main entrance, in the form of three arches, leading into the quadrangle beyond. On either side of the arches is a bay surmounted by a dome-topped tower, and between these towers is a space for a clock. The centre, with its towers and with its facade decorated with a considerable amount of carved work, makes the main feature of the building, from an architectural point of view, and breaks what would otherwise be a monotonous array of windows in so extended a front. In form, the building is a hollow square, with the north and south blocks continued on both sides beyond the east and west blocks, the projecting ends suggesting that the present structure, huge though it be, is only a portion of the complete design, to be continued, perhaps, as necessity requires.

"I FORBID THE BANNS."

Frankfort Moore's Successful Story After Seventeen Years of Waiting.

In the course of an interesting sketch of Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, the novelist, M.A.P. says:—

"He may take a certain honest pride in his hard-won success, but vanity is not to be laid to his charge. 'Swelled head' is a disease which rarely attacks those who have thoroughly 'been through the mill.' If he displayed a literary bent at an early age, he received no encouragement to pursue it. Indeed, as he has related in his autobiography, his father, on discovering the MS. of an Arctic novel, promptly burned it. However, if nominally engaged in the study of the higher mathematics, he continued to write in secret, and eventually sold an epic to Messrs. Smith and Elder.

FAT YEARS OF PLENTY.

Canada's Finances—Receipts Reach Their Highest Figure—Expansion in 25 Years—Deposits Grow Finely.

In the annual report on the public accounts of Canada for 1902, the Deputy Minister, Mr. J. M. Courtney, offers the following remarks:

"I find that this is the twenty-fifth annual report I have had the honor to present as Deputy Minister of Finance. At the time of the publication of my first report, the facilities for keeping in touch with the different parts of the Dominion were very different from what they are to-day. At that time it was a matter of as much difficulty to go from the eastern part of the Dominion to the western part as it is to-day to go from Ottawa to South Africa. The provinces have been moulded into one confederation. The Dominion of Canada has arrived at a stage of development that even the most sanguine Canadian of those days hardly dreamed of, and there is every likelihood that the progress of the coming years will be even greater.

"It has been my pleasant duty and privilege to have taken part during the past quarter of a century in solving many public financial problems, and looking back over the period I feel it can be said that, as a whole, the department has not been unsuccessful in its undertakings.

The Country's Expansion.

"As the business of the country increased the work of the department increased in like proportion. Some idea of this evolution may be inferred from the statement that on my entry upon the duties of the office of Deputy Minister the amount of Dominion notes in circulation of all kinds, large and small, was less than the circulation to-day of the notes of small denominations only ($1 and $2.) The total amount of Dominion notes in circulation has increased threefold. The deposits in the savings banks, both Government and postoffice, have increased sevenfold. Owing to the development of the banking facilities throughout the country, in consequence of the opening of the branches of the various chartered banks, the number of deposit entries for revenue received has very largely increased. The total absolute turnover in cash of the daily transactions of the department has advanced from $85,086,954 on June 30, 1879, to $223,091,827.04 on June 30,1902. All the work entailed by this expansion has been met without the slightest increase in the cost of the department.

"With advancing age, that necessarily prevents me taking up new financial problems, my official career must soon close. The department requires as its deputy head a younger and more active man, thoroughly well versed in the varied features of modern finance, who shall be able to give to the head of the department that advice and assistance which the intricate and important financial questions of the day demand.

QUESTION!

Why DRINK?

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There is an enlightened aid now which takes hold of a man instantly. Instead of dulling a drinker it gives him almost immediately the snap of new life and power—lets the sunlight of hope into his soul at once and sets his mind into operation with all its best intelligence — a prompt result of effects on the nerves, stomach and whole body which are quick and marvelous. While at this point the cure has only begun, the encouragement is so great that probably no medical work equals this in satisfaction to a patient.

With this help against the drink habit any man who wants to lift from his life the handicap of liquor using can do so with immediate results. This guaranteed treatment is within reach of all. Convenient terms can be arranged satisfactory to any one who is at all reasonable, though, as all people understand, it does not compare with the worthless quacks cures advertised at so much per package, or "Free", etc. It is a different matter from all this to perfect a course of thorough, special, personal treatment that will really do the work and cure forever. It is a serious undertaking and requires a high form of scientific professional work. All the different kinds of cases are handled under guaranteed results. Only skill that is developed to the highest can do it. Only professional fees can pay for the time it requires, though they are made moderate and convenient for anybody. The methods of practice used in this work has cost years of time, vast study and extensive experiments. The originator, Dr. William H. Saunders, had attracted wide notice for his works on Nervous diseases long before perfecting this treatment. And still nothing but care and personal attention to cases today makes it possible for him to accomplish the absolute cures which he guarantees. So the reader will see this treatment means thorough scientific, professional attention. But it also means results that are absolutely certain. The splendid first effects on a man are alone worth the entire cost of treatment.

This treatment can be given WITH or WITHOUT the knowledge of the patient and can be placed in any of his foods or liquids that he utes, and being colorless and tasteless, it does its work so silently and quickly that the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge and co-operation. The wife mated for years to a husband addicted to this curse will wonder if curing her husband by her own efforts can be true. "Is it possible that there is such a glorious opportunity?" she will ask. And thousands of wives who have put it to the test and rejoice in the reclamation of their spouses who seemed lost to all sense of self-respect, generosity and manliness will trumpet out to the world, "Yes, it is true". Our treatment is purely vegetable, contains no narcotics, opiates, poisons or minerals. We use no hypodermic injection of gold, nor any dangerous compound. It can be taken at home without any loss or detention from business. It stimulates the nervous system at once, increases the appetite, and affords perfect rest at night. It acts directly upon the stomach, builds up the whole system, eliminates all trace of liquor from the body and leaves the patient in the same condition as if liquor had never been taken.

REMEMBER WE WANT TO CURE THE WORST CASES, especially those who have been deceived by worthless remedies. If your friend or husband is the worst case in the community, we are more anxious to cure him. Read the following:

St. John's School, Okla., Aug. 18th, 1902.

Dr. W.H. Saunders & Co.,

Dear Sirs:— I have just returned after a long absence, and feel it my duty to write you concerning my two patients. One of them F.R..., gave up the treatment after about two weeks. The other, Wm. C..., continued to take the treatment faithfully, and he has been able to refuse whisky a hundred times and does not crave it at all. For nine years he has been away from his parents and never during that time has he been able to keep away from home long enough to visit home. He is now visiting his home in Cleveland, Ohio, and I expect him back in a few days. When he left he promised he would not touch whisky while away. I trust he will keep his good resolution. Kindly let me have a few pamphlets for distribution. There are a few cases I would like to get for your treatment.

Wishing you success, I am

Very truly yours,
Sister Superior.

St. John's School, Gray Horse, Okla., Sept. 27, 1902.

Dr. W. H. Saunders,

Dear Sir:— Your letter received and contents noed. My patient returned after visiting home, and has not touched whisky. I am so glad that he took your treatment and his mother is simply delighted to think that he does not drink. The change worked in this man has attracted the attention of everyone. I am

Very respectfully,
Sister Superior.

St. John's School, Gray Horse, Okla., Dec. 28, 1902

Dr. W. H. Saunders.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you some time ago about publishing my letters. I hesitated because they were written in haste, and I doubt if they are fit to publish. It is a debt of gratitude on my part and if the letters will benefit you in any way, make use of them. It is the only means I have to make any return for your kindness. This I ask—leave out my name, and simply sign, Sister Superior, and of course on it the name of the patients. Mr. C.....is doing well. He does not crave whiskey at all.

With best wishes of the season,

I am, very truly yours,
Sister Superior.

Polvadera, New Mexico, Dec. 11th, 1901

Dr. W.H. Saunders & Co.,

Gentlemen:—I have taken your medicine for the liquor habit, which was recommended to me by a friend in my town. I only took one month's treatment which completely cured me. I have no desire to drink any more. I suffered for years with this curse. Please accept my thanks for the treatment. Rest assured that I shall recommend your treatment to everyone in need of same.

I am, very truly yours,
Calletano Garcia.

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A Tillyloss Scandal

By J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "Auld Licht Idylls," "A Window in Thrums," Etc., Etc.

Ay, lads, just listen, and ye'll hear how it came about as the gate opened wide, never to close again."

"Ye had the stuff in ye, though," Lookaboutyou would say, "and therefore, I'm of opinion that ye've been a humorist frae the cradle."

"Little you ken about it," Haggart would answer. "No doubt I had the material of humor in me, but it was raw. I'm thinking cold water and kail and carrots and a penny bone are the materials broth is made of?"

"They are, they are."

"Ay, but it's no broth till it boils?"

"So it's no. Ye're richt, Tammas."

"Weel, then, it's the same with humor. Considering me as a humorist, ye micht say that when my travels began I had put mysel' on the fire to boil."

CHAPTER IV.

Not having a Haggart head on my shoulders I dare not attempt to follow the explorer step by step during his wanderings of the next five months. In that time he journeyed through at least one country, unconsciously absorbing everything that his conjurer's wand could turn to humor when the knack came to him. This admission he has himself signed in conversation.

"Ay," he said, "I was like a blind beggar in these days, and the dog that led me by a string was my impulses."

Most of us let this pass, with the reflection that Haggart could not have said it in his pre-humorous days, but Snecky Hobart put in his word.

'Ye were hardly like the blind beggar," he said, "for ye didna carry a tanker for folk to put bawbees in."

Snecky explained afterwards that he only spoke to give Haggart an opportunity. It was, indeed, the way of all of us, when we saw an opening, to coax Tammas into it. So sportsmen of another kind can point out the hare to their dogs, and confidently await results.

"Ye're wrang, Snecky," replied Haggart.

As ever, before shooting his bolt, he then paused. His mouth was open, and he had the appearance of a man hearkening intensely for some communication from below. There were those who went the length of hinting that on these occasions something inside jumped to his mouth and told him what to say.

"Yes, Snecky," he said at last, "ye're wrang. My mouth was the tanker, and the folk I met had all to pay toll, as ye may say, for they dropped things into my mouth that my humor turns to as muckle account as though they were bawbees. I'm no sure—"

"There's no many things ye're no sure of, Tammas."

"And this is no one of them. It's just a form of expression, and if ye interrupt me again, Snecky Hobart, I'll saya sarcastic thing about you that instant. What I was to say was that I'm no sure but what a humorist swallows everybody whole that he falls in with."

The impossibility of telling everything that befell Haggart in his wanderings is best proved in his own words:—

"My adventures," he said, "was so surprising thick that when I cast them over in my mind I'm like a man in a corn-field, and every stalk of corn an adventure. Lads, it's uselesss to expect me to give you the history of ilka stalk. I wrax out my left hand, and I grip something, namely, an adventure; or I wrax out my right hand and grip something, namely, another adventure. Well, by keeping straight on in ony direction we wade through adventures till we get out of the field, that is to say, till we land back at Thrums. Ye say my adventures sounds different on different nichts. Precisely, for it all depends on which direction I splash off in."

Without going the length of saying that Haggart splashed more than was necessary, I may perhaps express regret that he never saw his way to clearing up certain disputed passages in his wanderings. I would, I know, be ill-thought of among the friends who survive him if I stated for a fact that he never reached London. There was a general wish that he should have taken London in his travels, and if Haggart had a weakness it was his reluctance to disappoint an audience. I must own that he trod down his corn-field pretty thoroughly before his hand touched the corn-stalk called London, and that his London reminiscences never seemed to me to have quite the air of reality that filled his recollections of Edinburgh. Admitted that he confirmed glibly as an eye-witness the report that London houses have no gardens (except at the back), it remains undoubted that Craigiebuckle confused him with the question:—

"What do they charge in London for half-a-pound of boiling beef and a penny bone?"

Haggart answered, but after a pause, as if he had forgotten the price, which scarcely seems natural. However, I do not say that he was never in London, and certainly his curious adventures in it are still retailed, especially one with an ignorant policeman who could not tell him which was the road to Thrums, and another with the doorkeeper of the House of Parliament, who, on being asked by Haggart "How much was to pay?" foolishly answered "What you please."

But though I heartily approve the feeling in Thrums against those carping critics who would slice bits off the statue which we may be said to have reared to Haggart's memory, some of the stories now fondly cherished are undoubtedly mythical. For instance, whatever Lookaboutyou may say, I do not believe that Haggart once flung a clod of earth at the Pope. It is perfectly true that some such story got abroad, but if countenanced by Haggart it was only because Chirsty had her own reasons for wanting him to stand well with the Auld Licht minister. Often Haggart was said in his own presence to have had adventures in such places as were suddenly discovered by us in the newspapers, places that had acquired a public interest, say, because of a murder; and then he neither agreed that he had been there nor allowed that he had not. Thus it is reasonable to believe that his less discriminating admirers splashed out of Haggart's corn-field into some other body's without noticing that they had crossed the dyke. His silence at those times it a little aggravating to his chronicler now, but I would be the first to defend is against detractors. Unquestionably the length of time during which Haggart would put his under lip over the upper one, and so shut the door on words, was one of the grandest proofs of his humor. However plentiful the water in the dam may be, there are occasions when it is handy to let down the sluice.

I the more readily grant that certain of the Haggart stories may have been plucked from the wrong fields, because there still remain a sufficient number of authenticated ones to fill the mind with rapture. A statistician could tell how far they would reach round the world, supposing they were represented by a brick apiece, or how long they would take to pass through a doorway on each other's heels. We never attempted to count them. Being only average men we could not conveniently carry beyond a certain number of the stories about with us, and thus many would doubtless now be lost were it not that some of us loaded ourselves with one lot and others with another. Each had his favorites, and Haggart supplied us with the article we wanted, just as if he and we were on opposite sides of a counter. Thus when we discuss him now we may have new things to tell of him; nay, even the descendants of his friends are worth listening to on Haggart, for the stories have been passed on from father to son.

Some enjoyed most his reminiscences of how he felt each time he had to cut off another button.

"Lads," he said, "I wasna unlike a doctor. Ye mind Doctor Skene saying as how the young doctors at the college grew faint like at first when they saw blood gushing, but by and by they became so michty hardy that they could off with a leg as cool as though they were just hacking sticks?"

"Ay, he said that."

"Weel, that was my sensations. When I cut off the first button it was like sticking the knife into mysel', and I did it in the dark because I hadna the heart to look on. Ay, the next button was a stiff job, too, but after that I grew what ye may call hard-hearted, and it's scarce going beyond the truth to say that time came when I had a positive pleasure in sending the siller flying. I dinna ken, thinking the thing out calmly now, but what I was like a wild beast drunk with blood."

"What was the most ye ever spent in a week?"

"I could tell ye that, but I would rather ye wanted to ken what was the most I ever spent in a nicht."

"How muckle?"

"Try a guess."

"Twa shillings?"

"Twa shillings!" cried Haggart, with a contempt that would have been severe had the coins been pennies; "Say, sax shillings is nearer the mark."

"In one nicht?"

"Ay, in one single nicht."

"Ye must have lost some of it?"

"Not a bawbee. Ah, T'nowhead, man, ye little ken how the money goes in grand towns. Them as lives like lords must spend like lords."

"That's reasonable enough, but I would like to hear the price of ilka thing ye got that nicht?"

"And I could tell ye. What do ye say to a shilling and saxpence for a bed?"

"I say it was an intake."

"Of course it was, but I didna grudge it."

"Ye didna?"

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ARTHUR STRINGER.

Pen Picture of Canada's New Literary Light—A Stalwart Poet.

A poet of almost heroic build is Arthur Stringer. There are six feet and an inch of him. Also he is more or less good to look at. An English recruiting sergeant would scan him with longing eyes. Seeing him in a crowd you might pick him out for a champion athlete or, by his smooth face, for a matinee idol. There's nothing about him to suggest the poet—save his poetry. Neither does he seem to have the poetic temperament. He is no dreamer, no idler. His mental poise seems to be as sound and as well balanced as his physical carriage, which is saying a good deal.

Canada is rather proud of having produced such a poet, and with good cause. London, Ontario, is his birthplace. His years are about thirty. He comes from a fine old English family in which there's an earldom or something of the sort, but Mr. Stringer carefully keeps this fact in the background. He stands on his own feet. You may see by glancing at him that he needs no coat-of-arms background to proclaim his nobility.

He studied and played football at Toronto University and at Oxford. If they gave him any degrees he has forgotten it. Before he was twenty-five he had published two volumes of verse in Canada. They were slim little volumes which brought him small fame and less money. Yet it was poetry, good poetry. The Canadians, however, prefer to wait until "The States" discover their geniuses before showing their own appreciation. So Mr. Stringer sailed down into New York, prepared to starve in a hall bedroom. But he didn't. The New York magazine editors—who are much maligned, you know—promptly discovered that his poetry was good and paid him well for his verses. Since then, both by short stories and verse, he has been winning wide recognition and the rewards which accompany the same.

Just now, while his new book of poems is being praised by the London critics, while the publishers are issuing his first novel, "The Silver Poppy," Mr. Stringer is up in Ontario, on the shores of Lake Erie, looking after his fruit farm, working in blue shirt and overalls and enjoying himself hugely. Next fall, when his melons and pears and grapes have all been gathered and sold, he will pack his trunks and typewriting machine and start either for New York or London, where he will settle down for a winter's hard work.

Mr. Stringer's novel is likely to receive an extraordinary amount of attention in the newspapers on account of the identity of the well-known writer who figures in the book as Cordelia Vaugin. Mr. Stringer first met the lady in the manner described in the book, and his experiences of this "yellow vampire" are faithfully described. Every writer in New York will know the original of Mr. Stringer's heroine, and few will dispute the truth of his portrayal. It is more than likely that Cordelia Vaughn's real name will soon be suggested in the newspapers.—The Reader.

Mr. Barrie's Little Joke.

James M. Barrie, the famous Scottish author, who is very shy at social functions or banquets, and can hardly be induced to either converse freely or utter a speech, is not above poking fun at himself. On one occasion there appeared in the Scots Observer a brilliant lampoon in which Mr. Barrie was represented as attending a public dinner, keeping every one in roars of laughter with his unceasing stream of wit and epigram, and finally ending up by making the speech of the evening. When a certain literary friend of Mr. Barrie's saw this wickedly clever piece of satire, his indignation knew no bounds, and he rushed into print demanding by all the outraged gods that the author of this infamous article should straightway disclose himself, and be dealt with accordingly. But, alas for the well-meaning friend, the author was none other than Mr. Barrie himself.

When Queen Victoria Was a Child.

Among the many stories told of the childhood of Queen Victoria is one of a visit mahe with her mother at Wentworth House in Yorkshire. While there the Princess delighted in running about by herself in the gardens and shrubberies.

One wet morning soon after her arrival the old gardener, who did not then know her, saw her about to descend a treacherous bit of ground from the terrace and called out:

"Be careful, miss; it's slape!" a Yorkshire word for slippery.

The ever curious Princess, turning her head, asked, "What's slape?" and at the same instant her feet flew from under her and she came down.

The old gardener ran to lift her saying as he did so, "That's slape, miss."—Youth's Companion.

The first of a series of "At Home" entertainments will be given by Mrs. J.B. Uren, on Tuesday evering, Feb. 2nd, at 7,30 o'clock. The ladies are asked to bring refreshments, viz: cakes, apples, candies, cocoa, nuts, etc. Admission, 15 cents. Proceeds to go to purchase matting for the Methodist Church.

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NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following land situated at the Fountain, Lillooet District, more partiularly described as follows:

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PAUL SANTINI

Lillooet, January 5, 1904.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old-established wealthy business house of sound financial standing. Salary $21,00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash direct each Wednesday from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References.—Enclose self-addedress envelope. Colonial, 332, Dearborn St. Chicago.

British Wine Drinking.

The consumption of claret in Great Britain, which grew pretty steadily after the French commercial treaty negotiated by Mr. Cobden in 1861, would seem to have received a check. The importation of still wines from France has fallen off by 307,000 gallons. The sales of Burgundy, Sauterne and Chablis have not materially varied, and the deficit is entirely attributable to the comparative neglect of claret. In spite of war in the first five months of 1902 and high taxation, there was an increase in the consumption of champagne of nearly 20,000 gallons. The decline of claret has naturally been followed by an increase in the drinking of port. The importation of this wine has increased by 33,000 gallons, and if Dr. Johnson's dictum be true that claret is the drink for boys and port wine for men, we ought, I suppose, says a London correspondent, to rejoice at the change. All good patriots will be glad to learn that the importation of German wines has fallen off, and they will be equally delighted to hear that there has been a growth in the consumption of Australian wines of over 256,000 gallons.

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