

**Semi-Weekly Edition.**

# The News.

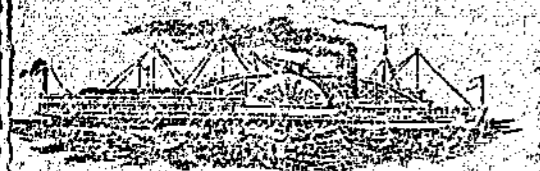
*Provincial Library*  
FOR YOUR **JOB PRINTING**

Give us a Trial, we do Good Work at **REASONABLE PRICES.**

SEVENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY FEB 25th. 1896

**Squamish & Nanaimo. By**



Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.

Leave Victoria for Nanaimo  
Nanaimo for Comox, Tuesday 7 a.m.  
Comox for Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a.m.  
Nanaimo for Victoria, Friday 8 a.m.  
Saturday 7 a.m.  
FOR Freight tickets and Stations apply on board.  
**GEO. L. COURTNEY,**  
Traffic Manager.

**J. H. FECHNER,**

**LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST**  
Keeps a Large Stock of Fire Arms Ammunition and Sporting Goods of all descriptions.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

**R. McLEOD**

General Teaming Powder Oil, Etc., Hauled. Wood in Blocks Furnished.  
**SCAVENGER WORK DONE.**

00000000000000000000

**Livery AND Teaming**

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.

**D. KILPATRICK,**  
Cumberland

00000000000000000000

**B & U DIE**

With that cold, cure it.  
**LAMBERT'S SYRUP OF DOUGLAS....**  
PINE.....  
is the remedy. For sale by all druggists.  
**25c.**  
per bottle.

**PURE MILK.**

Delivered daily by us in Cumberland and Union. Give us a trial.  
**HUGH GRANT & SON.**

**INSURANCE.**

I am agent for the following reliable companies:  
The Royal Insurance Company.  
The London and Lancashire.  
**JAMES ABRAMS.**

**J. A. Carthew**  
ARCHITECT and BUILDER,  
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

**NEWS FROM DR. WESTWOOD.**

**Flourishing Condition and Prospect of Greenwood and Grand Forks Railway Cars to Run There Next Fall—Immense Bodies of Ore There—Terribly Cold.**

In a letter to a friend here Dr. Westwood, formerly of Courtenay and more lately of Cumberland, says of Greenwood and Grand Forks: "I feel confident it (Greenwood) is going to be a very flourishing place this summer, also Grand Forks; in fact all this section of the Boundary country is going to make rapid strides, especially when the railway cars start running, which I anticipate will be by next fall, some people think sooner. No one on the outside can realize the immense body of ore there is in this part of the country. The new townsite of Columbia—only a mile from Grand Forks—has started up and already there are two lawyers there—Gault & Spence. It has been very cold here lately. The lowest temperature reached being 46 degrees below zero."

**JOHN WESTWOOD.**

**LADIES' AID—SALE OF WORK.**

On Tuesday 28th inst., the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church, will hold a Sale of Work in the school room, commencing at 3 p.m., both useful and fancy articles will be offered for sale.

**CONCERT.**—In the evening of the same day (Feb. 28th) a concert will be given by the Choir, assisted by others. The program will be miscellaneous. Two excellent choruses—"The Heavens are Telling" Haydn, "The Damascus Triumphant March" Costa—will be rendered. Miss Lillian L. Armon, elocutionist, and Mr. Gideon Hicks are expected to take part. Admission, 25 cents.

**CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.**

NOTICE is hereby given requiring those having drays, wagons or other vehicles upon the public streets remove the same and keep the street free therefrom, and all persons are hereby forbidden to deposit rubbish, of any kind upon the public streets or alleys of this city.

**L. W. NUNNS,**

Feb 1, 1896. **CITY CLERK.**

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
Xx W. B. FINLEY xX  
Xx WILL ARRIVE IN xX  
Xx

**Cumberland, March 1st,**

Xx AND REMAIN AT HIS xX  
Xx STUDIO TEN DAYS xX  
Xx  
Xx Don't xX  
Xx MISS THIS CHANCE xX  
Xx TO SECURE xX  
Xx FINE PHOTOGRAPHS xX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

**BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL**

.....For Girls.....

"Gyppeswyk," Moss St., VICTORIA.

**SENIOR and PRIMARY CLASSES, and KINDERGARTEN.....**

Conducted by Miss Green and Miss Dawson.....

Boarding and domestic arrangements under the management of Mrs. Green.

Ladies, and girls, wishing to attend any school received.

Highest references given if required.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

**For Your Job Printing GIVE US A TRIAL.**

**LATEST BY WIRE.**

**JAMES MCKENZIE DEAD.**

Nanaimo, Feb. 23d.—James McKenzie of Alexandria mine died this afternoon, after a long illness. He was about 32 years of age and leaves a wife.

**MARCHING ON THE NILE.**

London, Feb. 23d.—According to a special dispatch the Khalifa is at the head of a greatly augmented force marching on the Nile.

**BADLY BURNED.**

Nanaimo, Feb. 23d.—Wm. Williams of Kennedy street, was badly burned last evening in No. 1 shaft of the New Vancouver Coal Co., by powder. It appears the unfortunate man was putting in powder from one can to another when a spark from his lamp dropped into and ignited the powder, which exploded and burnt him severely about the face and neck.

**MANILLA NEWS.**

Manilla, Feb. 23d.—Immense damage was done by fires which are believed to have been started by insurgents. Last night the fire department experienced great difficulty in fighting flames owing to defective apparatus. Some fighting was done in the streets during the night. Americans quickly quelled the uprising. A number of the insurgents were killed and several soldiers wounded. The market place was the first place to burn. Between 600 or 700 residences and business houses have been destroyed. Fires started at several business points at one time and spread with great rapidity. Hundreds of homeless natives huddled on streets making pitiful sight.

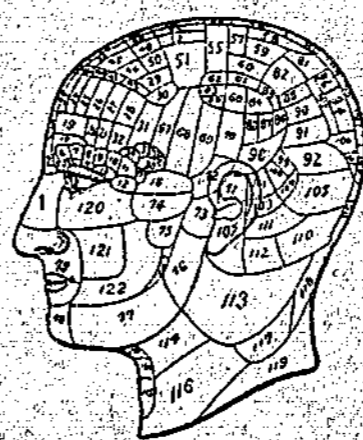
**MORE TROUBLE WITH FRANCE.**

London, Feb. 23d.—The last meeting of the French cabinet, held on the day the President died, decided on a strong policy of opposition to England in connection with the dispute about the coaling station near the Persian gulf. A draft of protest against England's claim upon the Province of Oman and her consequent right to forbid the Sultan to grant France a coaling station, was presented.

It was arranged that Russia should join in a similar protest. President Faure agreed to the matter and the Minister of Foreign Affairs went to his office to prepare his note to send to the British foreign office. This protest was delivered to Lord Salisbury on Monday, the death of the President not interfering with the policy decided upon. Great Britain, in the meantime had been proceeding in an active manner at the seat of trouble. The commandant of the naval station had been ordered to notify the Sultan of Oman that he had no right to grant France a station on his coast and the commandant had gone on to enforce his instruction in rather an unexpected and effective manner. When Her Majesty's cabinet assembled in Downing street to consider the situation and the French protest, a dispatch came from the naval officer, saying the Sultan had concluded best to withdraw his grant to France. The English officer, more vigorous than diplomatic, had settled the matter himself. The cabinet decided to maintain a firm policy in the matter whatever the cost.

**AQUINALDO'S MANIFESTO.**

Hongkong, Feb. 23d.—Aquinaldo issued a manifesto accepting the situation caused by unexpected prosecution by Americans. While lamenting hostilities which he says he tried to avoid by every means in his power, making humiliating concession, tolerating even insults



**Phrenology.**

**Prof. Robt. M. Mobius,**

The Noted Phrenologist and Physiologist

from Personal examination and from Photographs, will describe Character and reveal talent and tell the natural adaptation of any person for Law, Literature, Art, Science, Commerce, or Mechanism. Call and get assistance in selecting a proper pursuit in which success will be certain.

Your marriage adaptation and business qualification, accurately delineated. Brain is money. Character is capital. Knowledge of your resources the secret of success. Prof. Mobius will make no charge for an interview in which he will explain his methods fully. Examinations, and Charts, are given at different prices, according to the desire of the applicant. Special discount to families and clubs.

READINGS Daily and Evening OFFICE—CUMBERLANDHOTEL PARLORS

and outrage of occupation against the people of Mania, he is prepared to sacrifice everything to maintain the integrity of the national honor and calls upon all to witness the good faith and honesty of his intention, and complains he has been treated as a rebel, because he preferred national interests to being the tool of the Americans. The rebel leader further alleges the country is unanimous in his support; that the people will perish rather than accept orders from the Americans; that even the corrupt Spanish dominion is preferable. The Philippine Commission is considered, by Aquinaldo, to be a farce. He adds the commission is composed of pronounced annexationists. Finally Aquinaldo expressed the wish to proclaim to the world, and officially dispel the false rumors that Germany, or any other power has tendered assistance, moral or material, adding "nor have the Philippines solicited it."

**FOOTBALL MATCH.**

Nanaimo, Feb. 23.—A football match was played between Nanaimo and Alberni yesterday, resulting in favor of Nanaimo.

**MINE ACCIDENT.**

Nanaimo.—Fred Sheen, working at No. 5 shaft, Wellington, was badly squeezed in the mine yesterday, afterwards taken to the hospital. It is feared he is seriously injured internally.

**PUSHERS' STRIKE.**

Alexander.—When the morning shift went on work at Alexandra mine this morning the pushers made application for an increase of wages and not receiving a satisfactory reply, they left the mines. The miners and other employees consequently returned home on account of not being able to operate because of the pushers' strike.

**REV. J. P. HICKS COMING.**

At the Methodist Church on Sunday next Missionary Services will be conducted by Rev. J. P. Hicks of Victoria. There will be a Song Service immediately following the evening preaching service. Collections will be taken in aid of Missionary Funds.

**NOTICE.**

ALL PERSONS indebted for milk supplied by Mr. Andrew Seater are kindly requested to pay their accounts. All accounts unpaid by the 20th of March prox, will be placed for collections.

**WE ARE PREPARED TO TURN OUT EVERY THING IN THE LINE OF JOB PRINTING TO PLEASE THE EYE AND SUIT THE TASTE AT REASONABLE PRICES.**

**SAMPLES OF SEEDS FOR FARMERS.**

To the Editor:

For the past ten years systematic efforts have been made to increase the average returns and to improve the quality of the cereals and other important farm crops grown in Canada by an annual distribution from the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, of samples of seed of the best and most promising sorts. These varieties have been first tested at the Experimental Farm and only those which have proven to be the very best have been chosen for this distribution. The samples sent out have contained three pounds each, and every precaution has been taken to have the seed in every instance thoroughly clean and true to name, and packages have been sent free through the mail. Those who have received such samples and grown them with care, have usually had at the end of the second year enough seed to sow a large area, and in this manner careful farmers all over the Dominion have been gradually replacing any inferior and less productive sorts which they have been growing in the past, with superior varieties possessing greater vigor.

By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture, another such distribution is being made this season, consisting of samples of oats, barley, spring wheat, field peas, Indian corn and potatoes. These samples will be sent only to those who apply personally. Lists of names from societies or individuals can not be considered, and only one sample in all can be sent to each applicant. Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, and may be sent any time before the 15th of March, after which the lists will be closed, so that all samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Parties writing will kindly mention the sort or variety they would prefer, and should the available stock of the sort asked for be exhausted, some other good variety will be sent in its place.

**WM. SAUNDERS, DIRECTOR,**  
Central Experimental Farm,  
Ottawa, Feb. 9, 1896.

**WAR DANCE.**

A unique entertainment will be given at Cumberland Hall

**MARCH 6,**

by a Troupe of Twelve Indians. It will consist of War Dances, War Songs, Club Swinging, Pantomines, Tableaux, Etc., Etc.

A rare treat is promised as we can assure the public that they are real Indians, and say they will appear in costumes of yesteryear. Prices 25 and 50 cents. This will be worth seeing and doubtless the hall will be crowded.

# A CHECKERED LIFE.

JOY AND SORROW MARKED THE LIFE OF LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Sketch of Her Varied, Perturbed and Melancholy Existence, Which Was Only Lightened in Recent Years by a Mutual Marital Love—The Long Line of Hapsburg Tragedies.

Few women of royal lineage in modern Europe had drunk more deeply of the joys and sorrows of life than the Empress Elizabeth. She went to Vienna from the royal court of Bavaria. In Munich her associations and memories were, that strange intermingling of tragedy, comedy, license, and polite restraint which ever has been characteristic of the Bavarian court. She was of a family which has had, probably, moremorganatic marriages than any other royal family of its age on the continent of Europe. Not a few of her male relatives had and have since married actresses, chorus girls, and opera singers. She was of a family whose royal head subsequently was mobbed for the sake of Lola Montez. She had in her the blood which coursed through the veins of King Ludwig, the friend of Wagner, and which to-day keeps life in the mental ruin known as King Otto of Bavaria.

At the Austrian court the young Princess, after her marriage, found probably the most remarkable assemblage in Europe—an assembly adorned with the beauty of the Polish and Slavonic types of the Austrian empire, and kept at a seething heat of scandal and intrigue by the most flippant of noblemen and royal princes. She was beautiful and she played the part of a beautiful woman in the



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

highest society of the Austrian capital. It is not necessary here to refer to the eccentricities of her youth or of her mature years. It is sufficient to say that she bore with the failings of her husband as he bore with hers. To her, however, the later years brought the share of sorrows which was to be expected by one reared in the history and traditions of the Munich court.

The Archduke Maximilian of Austria was executed in Mexico. His wife Carlotta lost her mind under the burden of terror and anxiety imposed upon her by the Mexican revolution.

The Archduke Rudolf, Crown Prince of the empire, was killed by the brother of the Baroness Vetsera, whose reputation he had sacrificed to his pleasure. The Archduke's widow led a life full of vagaries, if not worse. The Archduke Johann Salvator, oppressed by the multiplying tragedies of the house of Hapsburg, renounced his title and sailed for South America on his own merchantman, but only to lose his life in a storm at sea.

The Emperor, weighed down by the load of all these misfortunes, tormented by the ceaseless conflict between Austria and Bohemia, drifted very slowly from the turmoil of political controversy and personal affliction, and became a victim of epilepsy. The revolutions which had drained the blood of Vienna and frightened this royal house in the middle of the century threatened to come again with the social democratic uprising in favor of universal suffrage.

Without rest in the Hofburg, without companionship in her family, without the full quiet which her increasing nervousness demanded in her native land, the Empress became a wanderer through Southern Europe. She went to Corfu. She visited Italy. She traveled about Switzerland. She passed months on the Riviera. The eccentricities which amounted to insanity among so many of her relatives at the Munich court grew upon her. Her beauty faded, despite her painstaking care to prolong it in every detail. In short, she led the life of an exhausted beauty who has tasted all the sorrows and all the pleasures of life before the age of 40, and has been compelled to seek eventual rest for shattered nerves in an unwholesome mind.

If all the history of crowned heads in Europe since Waterloo were to be searched industriously in their secret pages, probably no other life so varied, so perturbed, so melancholy in its transitions from joy to sorrow, so pitiable in the ruin which was left behind its happiest days, could be found. Such in brief are the outlines of the career of her who has been the first lady of her empire for a longer period than any other person on a continental throne. A brief story of her life is given as follows:

The Empress Elizabeth was the second daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria and the Duchess Louise. She was born Dec. 24, 1837.

The house of Hapsburg has furnished history with a long line of tragedies, of which the one a week ago is perhaps the saddest. Empress Elizabeth was famed for her many virtues. In a corrupt court she shone a pure wife, a loving, helpful

mother, a wise and gentle Queen. She was passionately fond of literature and art, and her villa, Achilleon, on the Island of Corfu, is a treasure house of statuary, painting, and rare books. In the center of a beautiful park, laid out in terraces, which slopes from the villa west to the sea, is a fine statue of the poet, Heinrich Heine, for whom the Empress expressed great admiration. The palace itself is exceedingly picturesque and its apartments are filled with art treasures of Pompeian and ancient origin; all were collected by the Empress herself.

Up to the time of the death by his own hand of Crown Prince Rudolf, Empress Elizabeth, although over 50 years old, was pronounced the most beautiful woman in her dominions, and looked no more than half her age. But after that tragical event she aged rapidly. Her hair, which was the Rudolph red and reached in magnificent masses below her knees, was soon streaked with silver. She became melancholy and kept a great deal alone. This caused her subjects to call her proud, haughty, cold, and selfish, and may have inspired the cruel assassination.

The story of the wooing of Elizabeth is romantic in the extreme. Soon after his accession to the throne abdicated by his father, Emperor Francis Joseph made a journey to Ischl to keep his birthday in domestic privacy. His mother, the Archduchess Sophia, gave a ball in his honor. The Duchess Louise of Bavaria, with her two elder daughters, Helene and Elizabeth, was present.

The Emperor danced almost exclusively with the younger daughter during the evening, and at its close he bent over her and whispered: "Say one word and you shall be Queen of my subjects." The Princess, who had been captivated by his manly bearing and gracious manner, gave him her hand in token of assent. The next morning the imperial carriage stood at the door of the hotel where the Duchess Maximilian was staying, and the Emperor asked the hand of Princess Elizabeth from her mother. The request was granted, and a half hour later the imperial family present in Ischl and the betrothal of the two young lovers, the Emperor of Austria and the Princess of Bavaria, was solemnly celebrated. Although the courtship was so short the marriage proved a most fortunate one for the Emperor. The tastes and ideas of the Empress were quite in harmony with his own. They were both averse to crowds and show, loved the woods and streams, and were passionately fond of all outdoor sports. Especially were they devoted to the chase.

In April, 1854, Princess Elizabeth made her state entry into her future husband's dominions. She came by way of the Danube to Linz. She was then but a maiden of 17, but beautiful as a dream. All her movements were the soul of grace, and her features perfection itself. Although her hair was auburn, her eyes were a deep blue.

When she came ashore she was greeted rapturously by her imperial lover, who sprang across the open space and pressed his bride to his heart in the presence of all the people. Next day they were married in the Court Church of the Augustines, in the presence of the court ladies, magnates and dignitaries of the empire. Many writers say that since her marriage the Empress has no history, that her life has been swallowed up in that of her husband and her children. Others claim that she has been a great politician, ruling the Austrians through her husband.

Four children were born to the imperial pair. The first, a princess, died at 2 years of age. Princess Gisela, the second, is the wife of the present Prince of Bavaria. Prince Rudolf, the third, was a most promising youth, a cultured gentleman, and in many ways a wise ruler. He killed himself in Meyerling Jan. 30, 1889. The fourth is the Archduchess Marie Valerie. Much against the wishes of the royal family she was married to her cousin, Archduke Franz Salvator.

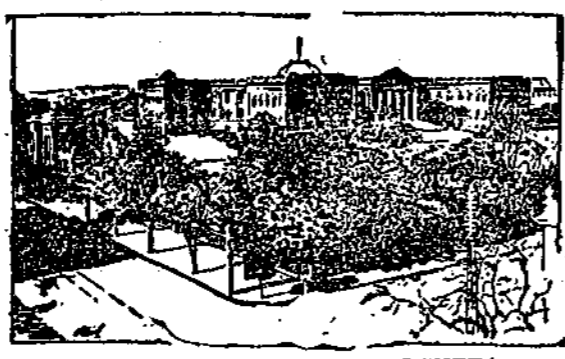
## THE CURZONS

Will Find Government House, Calcutta, Like Their Own Home.

Right Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon and Mrs. Curzon, the next viceroy and vicereine of the Empire of India, will be more at home in their official residence at Calcutta than any other Englishman and his wife could be. Government House, which is the official title of the massive pile which is to be the home of Mr. Curzon and his wife for the next five years, is a reproduction of the ancestral English home of the Curzon family, Kedleston Hall.

When Lord Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington, was sent by the British Government to represent the King of England at Calcutta he carried with him pleasant impressions of the country seat of Baron Scarsdale, which is the title of the peerage borne by the Curzon family. The viceroy liked the place so well that he decided to build an official residence after plans of Kedleston Hall. This was nearly 100 years ago—in 1799. The architects and builders sent from England reared in the outskirts of the Indian capital a duplicate of the English home so far as the main building and its wings are concerned.

Architectural ideas and ideals have changed in a century and English critics of public architecture living in the city by the banks of the Ganges say that Government House cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a beautiful building. The masses of solid Ionic pillars which form its facade give the stone



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

structure too heavy an appearance for a residence in the Orient. The whole pile,

from its long flights of stone steps to the British lion which stands as the symbol of superior force above the grand entrance, looks a relic of olden days. The masonry was evidently put there to last as long as British sway over the millions of Hindus.

Mr. Curzon and his wife, the daughter of L. Z. Leiter of Chicago, who may be elevated to the peerage as Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston when they go to rule India for Queen Victoria in November next, live at Kedleston Hall when not in London. The present master of the Hall is the father of the Parliamentary Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Rev. Sir Alfred Nathaniel Holden Curzon, Baron Scarsdale. The baron is a country clergyman, being rector of Kedleston. The estate is situated near Dorby on the border of Lancashire, and it is on account of Mr. Curzon's residence there that he sits in Parliament as member for the Southport division of Lancashire.

To have the entire of Government House is to hold an indisputable passport to society in Calcutta. It is within those classic walls that the brilliant social functions will be held during the Calcutta season. During the hot season—from March to November—the viceregal court lives at Simla in the Himalayas.

## A PORTO RICAN LEADER.

General Lluveras, Chief of the Annexationists, and His Work.

General Antonio Mattei Lluveras is the chief of the Porto Rican annexationists and is the man who was recently appointed as the head of the commission sent by the war department to join General Milla. General Lluveras is a distinguished looking gentleman, and promises to play an important part in the future destiny of his native island. He was educated at the famous military college of St. Cyr, France, and is an able engineer officer.

General Lluveras came to this country as a representative of the Porto Rican annexationist party, and he has succeeded so well that the Porto Rican junta, at the head of which is Dr. Henna, has been displaced in the confidences of the Washington authorities. Dr. Henna and his associates represent the faction of Porto Rican politicians who oppose annexation and hope to see Porto Rico made independent. They also hope to establish a republic on the island and no doubt would be willing to take care of the important offices of the same.

General Lluveras, on the contrary, has exhibited no political ambitions. He says he wants to see the Spaniards driven out first, and then he will be quite content if Porto Rico is annexed to the United States. That he has a much larger following than Dr. Henna and his associates recent events would seem to indicate.

Long before the enthusiastic reception of the American troops by the citizens of Ponce, General Lluveras assured the war department officials that there were thousands of Porto Ricans who would only be too glad of an opportunity to show their



## GENERAL ANTONIO MATTEI LLUVERAS.

loyalty to the United States. These constitute the larger part of the revolutionists. They have been unable to make an open demonstration because of their inability to secure arms, but they had formed a big organization which worked in secret and which had branches all over the island.

It has been by years of previous work on the part of General Lluveras and his comrades that the Porto Ricans have been educated up to the point where they could look upon an invasion by the American forces as the best of good fortune for them.

## Not Always.

Jones—Oh, well, I suppose we must take things as they come?  
Smith—Well, I should advise you not to if the "things" happen to be scarlet fever, smallpox, typhoid or brickbats.—Ally Sloper.

## The Main Thing.

American—Was it Sampson or Schley who sunk your fleet?  
Don—Give it up. But I know we were sunk.—Philadelphia North American.

## Business.

"What makes you so utterly discouraged just after Mr. Chilbone's unqualified praise of your picture?" inquired the artist's friend.  
"It's a sure sign that he doesn't want to buy it."—Washington Star.

## After Dr. Johnson.

Grace—You seem very fond of that dog Reggie gave you.  
Alice—Yes. The more I see of Reggie the better I like the dog.—Town Topics.

## Explained.

"What do you suppose makes that rough rider look so tired?"  
"Well, you know, the walking was very bad in Cuba."—Philadelphia North American.

# The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited

Order by Mail and you get your goods close to manufacturers' price, without the extra profit to middlemen. You have an immense variety to choose from. The catalogue does no talking; no persuasion is used to induce you to buy what the salesman wants to sell. The goods come promptly and safely, and you may have your money back if they do not please you. These are sample-items of what the catalogue contains. Order now and get a catalogue in the parcel.

## OVERCOATS—



We want to emphasize our value in Overcoats, and particularly our—  
\$8.50 special Overcoat. The coat is equal to any \$10 overcoat we've ever seen. This is the description:

An All-Wool English Beaver Overcoat guaranteed fast colors—blue, black, and brown, made in single and double breast styles; lined with double warp Italian cloth, finished with silk velvet collar; lining, left open at the bottom, sewa throughout with good strong silk, sizes 34 to 48. . . . \$8.50

DRESS GOODS These are new season goods. You have our guarantee of quality, and prices are long way below what you've been in the habit of paying—

47 inch French Princess Twill Dress Serge makes a very pretty costume for better wear. The value is 75c. Simpson's special price. . . . 49c

52 inch English Cutting Twill Dress Serge—one of the most durable lines woven and guaranteed unshrinkable and unstrinkable. Would be cheap at 75c per yd. Simpson's special price. . . . 50c

## LADIES' FLANNELETTE UNDERWEAR.....



Ladies' Flannelette Gown, good quality, full sizes, as cut, or with turnover collar, trimmed with frill of self in pink and green stripes. 45

## FURS and MANTLES.



Ladies' Astrachan Jacket 38 inch long, best German dyed skin—small glossy curl—lined best blue black cloth—Satin lining. 8 1/2 inch frog fastenings, 1 1/2 inch storm collar. . . . \$35.

Ladies' Cape, fur lined throughout—best squirrel lining, high storm collar of Thibet fur and Thibet trim in lining—down 2 1/2 inch front, 2 1/2 inch sweep—interlined a d d wadded, plain colors, a d fancy. . . . \$25

Ladies' Curl Cloth Jacket, extra heavy, lined fancy farmers satin, six panel, buttons, high storm collar, all sizes—7.50

Men's Gold Filled Watch—Case guaranteed for five years wear, all handsomely engraved, open faced, cases have screw bezel and back, perfectly dust proof, fitted with stem wind and set movements; price with 7 jewel, American century movement, opening case, \$6.30; hinged case, \$7.10; 7 jewel, Waltham movement, opened, open face, \$7.45; h.c. \$8.30; 17 jewel, Waltham, 17 S. Bartlett movement, open face \$12.20; hunting case, \$13.15.



MEN'S GOLD FILLED WATCH.

Address Orders Exactly as Below—  
The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited  
SECTION 52, TORONTO.

## MAN'S ODD NIGHT HABIT.

What We Unconsciously Do to Insure the Quick Visit of Sleep.

What is the first thing you do after the lights are out and you have retired for the night? asked the physician who is fond of psychological investigation.

"Try to sleep, of course," I replied. "Is it a riddle?"

"No," said he, "but I want you to tell me what little trick you resort to—what particular disposition of your anatomy you make in order to woo the dream god?"

I failed to answer satisfactorily, so, with a gratified smile, the physician continued: "I scarcely expected you would know. In fact, there are few persons who can tell off hand just what positions they assume to invite sleep, and yet there is not an individual in the world who has not some favorite, esoteric little plan, some trick of distributing limbs and trunk, to insure slumber's blissful spell which he practices unconsciously. This is a night habit, as perpetual and immutable under normal conditions as the succession of the seasons.

"No sooner are we really off for the land of nod than the night habit asserts its dominion. Our hands and arms seek the same parts of the bed or the same portions of our bodies upon which they have nightly rested since infancy, our feet and legs stretch at the same angles or loosely entwined in comfortable relaxation, as commanded by unconscious will. It is seldom of our own deliberate volition that we place our bodies in position for sleep, as you will find tonight on going to bed if you remember my words. In truth, if you do not seek to combat the inclinations of your mysterious instincts you will be surprised at the disposition of the various members involuntarily made.

"If you endeavor to go to sleep by a new arrangement of the body and limbs, you will also be surprised by the revolt against slumber which will surely ensue, but even before the struggle is well begun you will probably surrender and permit the all-masterful night habit to reassert those little details of position which long practice has made necessary to your comfort."—New York Herald.

## MOTHER OF SHIPS.

The Ark Was the First Vessel Within Human Sympathy.

The ark is the first ship, then, to appeal to human sympathy. Let her be called the mother of ships. Though we need not too curiously consider her, it is a strange fact nevertheless that the dimensions of this ship, taking the cubit about 18 inches, correspond very nearly with the propor-

tions of a sailing ship of today. Her burden was 15,000 tons. The Great Eastern was 7,000 tons larger than the ark. Noah when he laid his keel designed with strict reference to the animals and to the living sheets of water that were to descend from the heavens. He would have need to build with great caution nevertheless, for unless animals were stalled a sudden panic among them would occasion a dangerous "list." Noah seems to have provided against this by building his extraordinary stables upon a gigantic spoon-shaped hull. He required neither sails nor helm. When the ark was once awash, she lifted easily to the tremendous weight of rain and floated off into the gray vapors of steam, which rose hissing midway to heaven from the fierce stroke of God's pitiless storm.

Sir Thomas Browne, a genius of gloriously quaint imaginations, who saw things, as Coleridge puts it, by the light of the halo of genius that shone about his head, wonders whether Noah might not have been the first man that compassed the globe. "Since," says he, "if the flood covered the whole earth and no lands appeared to hinder the current, Noah must be carried with the wind and current according to the sun, and so in the space of the deluge might even make the tour of the globe. And since, if there were no continent of America, and all that tract sea, a ship setting out from Africa without help would at last fall upon some part of India or China."—Fall Mail Magazine.

## The Answering Peacock.

Beckford, author of the once famous "Vathek," and his daughter possessed extraordinary vocal gifts. The father took it into his head to practice in a back room the shrill cry of a peacock. He had noticed that when one peacock screamed another on the opposite side of the house screamed defiantly. At last believing himself proficient, he gave his peacock cry, hiding himself behind a tree. To his great delight the peacock on the opposite side of the lawn screamed defiantly. Immediately after this, which occurred just before breakfast, he came into the breakfast room, saying with triumph to his daughter, "And, Susan, the other peacock answered me."

To his great annoyance his daughter burst into a fit of laughter. Rather provoked at this, he said, "Well, I think you might have congratulated me."

And then, though still hardly able to speak for laughing, she said, "Why, papa, I was the peacock that answered you!"  
Don't talk about "killing fish," "giving him the butt," "covering his rise," etc., when you can't tell a trout from a cod.—London Answers.

# JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD, OR THE DETECTIVE'S DAUGHTER

By the author of "A Woman's Crime," "The Missing Diamond," etc.

## CHAPTER XIX.—A DUAL RENUNCIATION.

Madeline Payne had lingered over her toilet, pondering the incomprehensible manner of Claire Keith. She now stood before her mirror, brush in hand, thinking, "Not ready yet?"

If Madeline could believe her eyes, Claire was actually smiling! "I thought you would be waiting for me," continued Claire, composedly, "pulling a big chair forward, and sitting down where she could look full in Madeline's face. "But it is just as well; there is something that I want to say before we go down. Why don't you go on with your hair?"

Madeline's hand, brush and all, had dropped to her side, and she was silently staring at her friend. Without a word she resumed her employment looking more at Claire than at her own reflected image.

"You guessed rightly, when you accused me of having seen Mr. Percy today," pursued Claire.

"Accused, Claire?"

"Well, informed, then. I did see him. He wrote me a letter; it was posted at Bolton; you see," smiling bitterly; "that I have no reason for doubting anything you have told me."

A new light broke over Madeline's face. "Do you doubt?" she asked, quickly.

"Not one word!"

"Oh!" drawing a breath of relief. "You were so composed I thought—"

"That I was hoping to disprove your statements? Not at all. And why should I not be composed? Do you think my heart could break for such a man?"

"Hearts don't break so easily," said Madeline, gloomily, "but they ache sometimes."

"Do they?" placing her hand over her heart and smiling faintly. "Well, mine don't ache either, yet; but it burns."

Madeline stayed her brush again. "No," she murmured, "it doesn't ache yet."

Claire made a gesture of impatience. "Oh, I know what you mean, Madeline! By and by my heart will ache, of course—I know that, having discovered, quite recently, that I am human. One can't feel outraged and angry always, and sometimes, I suppose, my day-dreams will come back and haunt me. Well, that is a part of the price we have to pay for intruding into dreamland when we are not asleep. But this is not what I began to say. Edward Percy met me to-day, and this is what he told me: He said he was going away upon some geological expedition, and would most likely be gone a year. He wanted me to promise to hold myself free until he could return and claim me. He would exact no other promise now, only pledging himself. At the end of a year, all obstacles to our open engagement would be removed. I, of course, supposed, then, that the 'obstacles' referred to, were business and financial ones. Don't think, Madeline, that we have been in the habit of meeting clandestinely. He visited me openly in Baltimore, but not often enough to excite remark; and we frequently met at other places, as he went in the best society here."

Claire paused, but Madeline went on with her toilet in grave silence.

"Madeline, darling, I can't thank you enough for opening my eyes before it was too late, while it was no worse—and I can't explain my feelings. I despise him, and I despise myself for being thus duped. It is my pride that is suffering now but, of course, I know that, despite the man as I may, my heart will be heavier and my life darker, because of what I believed him to be. Now let us go to Olive."

Madeline Payne threw her arms impulsively about her friend and murmured, brokenly: Claire, Claire! you are braver than I, and far, far more worthy. You have a right to be happy, and you shall be."

And in that moment the girl renounced a resolve she had taken, and a hope she had cherished.

As they descended the stairs together Claire fancied that she looked paler, and a thought sadder than before.

They found Olive and dinner waiting. As they took their places about the luxury-laden board, three lovelier women or three sadder hearts could not have been found in a day's journey.

Of the three, Claire Keith was the calmest, the most self-possessed. All that was to be related by Madeline, all that Olive was waiting in anxious expectation to hear, she knew already. The best and the worst had been revealed to her; her own course was clear before her. So she ate her dinner with composure, and bore a large share in the table talk that but for her, would have been rather vague and spasmodic.

Dinner was an ordeal for Olive, at least, on that day, for her mind was filled with thoughts of Philip, and wonderment as to how the picture of the man who had been his ruin came into the possession of Madeline, who was making herself more and more of a mystery.

Madeline, too, was restless. She wished the revelation were made and done with. She wondered if she could control the future so far as Olive was concerned, for she had made her plans, and did not propose to let the work be taken out of her hands.

When Madeline had related to Olive the events that had been transpiring at Oakley, she had narrated faithfully the scenes between Cora and Percy, but she had withheld the name of the latter, a fact which was not even noticed by Olive,

who had not been especially interested in this last actor upon the scene.

Now, when dinner was over, and they had grouped themselves about the grate, its ruddy glow illuminating the twilight that was fast giving place to evening shadows. Madeline retold the story of Percy's first interview with Cora on his arrival, and his second, in the summer house, the overbearing of which had caused that long absence from Miss Arthur's dressing room, which necessitated her ingenious and highly improbable explanation to the aggrieved spinster, with which the reader is already acquainted.

During this recital the face of Olive Girard was a study. It changed from curiosity to wonder; from wonder to a dawning hopefulness of finding in all this a possible clue, that might help her husband to his freedom. Then despair took the place of hope, as the clue seemed to elude her grasp. At the end, astonishment and incredulity fairly took away her breath. She sank back in her chair without uttering a word.

Madeline waited for comments, but Claire was the first to speak. During the recital she had been able to think, and to some purpose. As the disjointed fragments were joined together by Madeline, Claire was drawing shrewd and close inferences. Now she lifted her head and asked:

"Madeline, have you formed any sort of a theory, as to how all this might affect Olive and Philip?"

Madeline looked up in surprise at the question, and answered it by asking another: "Have you?"

"Yes, but I think Olive would rather hear yours; and mine is, as yet, but half formed."

Olive had regained a measure of her composure, and now she sat erect, and said, eagerly:

"Madeline, I have been too much surprised and shocked to think clearly. Think for me, child, and for Percy's sake, tell me at once all that you suspect."

"I suspect much," replied the girl, bravely, "but what we want is proof. First we want to find out who is the party who accompanied Madame Cora, or Alice, as Percy called her, to Europe, for Europe she went. Did she know Lucian Davlin ten years ago? Did they go together to Europe?"

"You want to know, first of all," said Claire, interrupting her, "when the intimacy of those two did begin. The woman may not have known him ten years ago. It would be easier to find out if they have been allies during the past five years."

Madeline turned a look of surprised admiration upon the speaker as she replied:

"You are right, Claire, and keener than I. Yet my theory is that they were friends before the woman fled from her cottage in the suburbs. I think the stealing of the marriage certificate has a strong savor of a man's thoughtful cunning. The woman could not have been so deep a schemer in those days. Now Olive, let us suppose that these two were plotting in unison. Edward Percy's first wife dies, and no one the wiser about the marriage. Then he inherits his uncle's wealth. If Edward Percy were to die then the woman Cora, could come forward as his widow, display the proofs of their marriage, and inherit his fortune. He seems to have no living relatives, but, even should other heirs appear, she would claim her widow's portion."

"Good heavens!" gasped Olive.

"Wait," pursued Madeline; "now, don't you see, supposing all the rest true, that if Lucian Davlin attempted the life of this man, with the view of getting his money, and if he failed in some manner unknown—don't you see that, holding over Percy's head the fear of the law, and the proofs of his having committed bigamy, he might thus silence him? Then, that the two disliking Philip Girard, and finding the opportunity to throw suspicion upon him by circumstantial evidence, would naturally do so."

Olive Girard was fearfully agitated, but, after a few moments, had in a measure recovered her self-possession. Then the three seemed seized with a desire to talk all at once. And talk they did—fast, earnestly, excitedly at times.

At last, out of many words, they evolved a plan of action, and having arrived at a definite conclusion, they settled down into partial calm once more; a calm that was broken by a most agreeable ripple.

Doctor Clarence Vaughan was announced, and ushered into their presence, all in the same moment.

Doctor Vaughan was glad to see Madeline; that was evident. But while he expressed his pleasure in frank, brotherly fashion, his eyes wandered from her face to that of Claire Keith.

It was only a look, but Madeline Payne would have exchanged all the smiles, hand clasps, and brotherly words she could ever hope to receive from him, for one such glance from his eyes. But the tender watchfulness was all for Claire—blind Claire, who saw nothing of it.

Madeline withdrew her hand from his clasp, uttering, as she did so, a flippant commonplace in response to his hearty greeting, but Claire had caught the look in his eyes, and it caused her to wonder.

Horatians she had lived in a dream of her own, and had been careless of the varying expressions of those about her. Her dream had been dispelled, and she seemed now to have a keener eye for the emotion of others. Troubles of our own, sometimes open our eyes to the fact that our friends are not all supremely happy. Then we naturally fall to speculating as to the cause. This was the case with Claire. She speculated a little as to why the eyes of Dr. Vaughan rested upon her, with that half-sad expression in them. Then she wondered why the spirit of pervasiveness had possessed Madeline, and induced her to extend to Doctor Vaughan so shabby a welcome. Then, without realizing it, she fell to observing the manner of these two more closely.

"Well, Miss Payne, what report do you bring from the enemy's country?" he asked, after a few commonplaces between himself and the mistress of the house.

"I have not been in the enemy's country, Doctor Vaughan; the enemies are infesting mine."

"As you please, little warrior," smiled he. "Then may I ask, how goes the battle?"

"Oh, yes! you may ask," crossing over and seating herself beside Olive, "but your curiosity must wait. It's a ridiculous, tiresome story, and wouldn't amuse you much, or interest you, either. I am going to let Mrs. Girard inflict it upon you, when she thinks you need a penance."

"I think you need a penance now, Miss Payne, for accusing me of too much curiosity, and too little interest."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, exactly," shrugging her shoulders carelessly. "I suppose, of course, a physician is interested to a certain extent in all his subjects, living or dead; but I can't let you dissect my mind to-night. Besides," laughing maliciously, "I know you would recommend leeches and blisters, and maybe a strait jacket, and I can't be stopped in my charming career just yet."

Clarence Vaughan seemed not in the least offended by the girl's cool insolence. He smiled indulgently, and when Olive ventured a gentle remonstrance, he murmured to Claire, with a half laugh: "Miss Madeline is incomprehensible to me; do you understand her, Miss Keith?"

And Claire, looking across at her friend, replied oddly: "I love her, Doctor Vaughan, and I begin to understand her, I think."

"Do you?" smiling down upon her. "Then some day will you not interpret her to me?"

Claire's answer was again given oddly, as, lifting her eyes to his face, she said, quite gravely: "If it is necessary to do so, perhaps I will."

Then conversation became general. Either Dr. Vaughan talked, and they all listened.

Claire found herself thinking that Doctor Vaughan was a noble-looking man; not alluringly handsome, as was Edward Percy; not possessing the magnetic fascination that Madeline had described as belonging to Lucian Davlin. But he had a fine face, nay, a grand face, full of strength and sweetness; not devoid of beauty, but having in it something infinitely better, truer, and more godlike than mere physical beauty can impart to any face.

Then she thought of Madeline, of her loneliness, her sorrow, and her need of just such a strong, gentle nature to lean upon, to look up to, and to obey. "She would obey him," quoth Claire to herself.

Next she fell to watching Madeline, through half-closed eyelashes. She saw how the girl listened to his every word; how, when his eyes were not upon her, she seemed to devour him with a hungry, longing, sorrowful gaze.

"As if she were taking leave of him forever," thought Claire.

And that is what Madeline was doing. When she came to the city, it was with the determination to win the love of this man, if it could be won; to let nothing stand between herself and the fulfillment of that purpose. But all this had been changed, and seeing how bravely Claire bore the shock of her lover's baseness, how proudly, how nobly, she commanded herself, Madeline had abandoned her purpose.

"I am not worthy of him, and she is," she told herself.

When she declared that Claire should be happy, she bade farewell to her own hope of future happiness. She would help him to win the girl he loved, and then she would be content to die; aye, more than content.

To-night, therefore, she was saying in her heart a farewell to this man, who was so dear to her. She had almost hoped that she should not meet him again for the present, and yet she was so glad to have seen him once more. She was glad of his presence, yet fearful lest her good resolution might be shaken. She would not let him be too kind to her, rather let him think her ungrateful, anything—that could it matter now?

"Shall you not come back to the city soon, Miss Payne? Surely your old home can not be the most charming place in your eyes," questioned Clarence, after a time.

"I don't intend returning to the city—at least not for some time, Doctor Vaughan."

Clarence looked perplexed.

To break the silence that ensued, Claire crossed to the piano and began playing soft, dreamy fragments of melody.

Presently Olive took up the conversation, and when Madeline again turned her face toward him, he was listening to Olive and looking at Claire. It was the same look, yearning, tender.

Claire, all unconscious of his gaze, was looking at Madeline, as she played softly on.

As Olive and Clarence talked, Claire saw the face of the girl grow dark; she saw her eyes full of a hungry, despairing light, and gradually there crept upon her the remembrance that she had seen that same look, only not so woeful, in the eyes of Clarence Vaughan; that same look fixed upon herself. Involuntarily her fingers slipped from the keys, and she turned from the instrument to encounter the same gaze fastened upon her now; ardent, tender, longing eyes they were, and her own fell before them.

Claire Keith was troubled. She wanted to be alone, to think. She murmured an excuse; her head ached; she would retire.

Clarence had noted an unusual brightness in her eye, and a feverish flush upon her cheek. Now, however, she was quite pale, and as she extended her hand to him with a strange, new sensation of diffidence and consciousness, he clasped it for a moment in his own, and said, earnestly: "You do not look at all well, Miss Keith; you are sure it is only a headache?"

"Quite sure," smiling faintly.

"Then good-night. I shall inquire after your head to-morrow."

"Thank you," she murmured.

Then nodding to her sister and Madeline, she glided from the room.

It had all come upon her at once. Edward Percy was an imposter; Edward Percy, as she believed in him, had never existed. The love that she had believed hers was hers no longer, or, if it were, she no longer desired it. Almost simultaneously with this knowledge, came the unspoken assurance that she was the possessor of a worthier love, a manlier heart. She could not feel glad to know this, yet she was not sorry. Somehow it soothed her to know that she was not a forsaken, loveless maiden. It was something

to possess the love of so good a man, even if she could make it no return.

But Madeline. Poor Madeline; she loved this man; she needed his love, she must have it.

Claire pulled back the curtains from her window, and gazed out into the starlit night. "She needs this love," the girl murmured. "Clarence Vaughan shall learn to love her, if I can bring it about. Yes, even if I loved him, I would give him up to her."

(To Be Continued.)

## A CRAZE OF PSEUDO SCIENCE.

The Present Remarkable Revival of Mediaeval Superstition.

In The Century Daniel G. Brinton has an article on "Popular Superstitions of Europe." Dr. Brinton closes his article by saying:

From some strange reason there has been a wonderful revival within the last decade of nearly every mediaeval superstition, under various guises, in the most enlightened centers of the world. The practitioners of this modern sorcery, instead of concealing, advertise their claims and urge them on the community under pseudo scientific names and jargons. Palmistry, astrology, sympathetic magic, the doctrine of signatures, hieroglyphics, and all the farrago of fifteenth century thaumaturgy flourish today in Boston and New York, in Paris and Chicago, to a degree surpassing anything known three centuries ago.

There is a reason for this. Sorcery is science seen upside down. There is a confused groundwork of truth, a fallacious method of viewing facts, at the basis of these pseudo sciences. Yet the truth and the facts exist, and these explain the success of the deceptions. They dazzle and dazzle minds not trained in sound reasoning. And how few are! The sciences for "psychical research" and theosophical speculation begin with an acknowledgment of the possible truth of ghost seeing and of communion with the divine. This possible ground is seized by the charlatan as proved basis for his illusory edifice.

Superstitions are at core the same everywhere and at all times, because they are based on those desires and that ignorance which are and will ever be a part of man's nature. He is dimly aware of mighty, unmeasured forces in ceaseless activity around him, controlling his own destiny; the ominous and omnipresent portent of death meets him at every turn; dissatisfaction with his present condition, intense longing for a life and joy which it can never offer, goad him to seek a knowledge which weights and measures are impotent to accord him. Yet such restricted knowledge is all that science can supply. Therefore he turns in despair to the mystics and the adepts, the Cagliostros and the Humes, who stand ready to beckon him into their illusory temples of folly.

## Sub Rosa.

Sub rosa means literally "under the rose." The phrase dates from 477 B. C., when Pausanias, the commander of the confederated fleet of Spartans and Athenians, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes to betray Greece to the Persian ruler and to obtain in marriage the hand of the monarch's daughter. Their negotiations were carried on under a roof which was covered with roses and were matured literally "under the rose." Pausanias, however, was betrayed, and to escape arrest fled to the temple of Minerva. The sanctity of this place forbidding intrusion for violence of any kind, the people walled up the edifice with stones and left the fugitive to die of starvation. His own mother laid the first stone. It afterward became a custom among the Athenians to wear a rose when they had confidential compliments to make, the flower implying strict secrecy. It was also customary among the ancient Germans on the occasions of festivity to suspend a rose above the table as a token that whatever was said during the feast should be kept secret among themselves. In 1526 a rose was placed over confessionals in Roman Catholic churches.

## Shaving Without Seeing.

That a man can become accustomed to pretty much anything is proved by the officers in the army, who when camped out or placed in a position where they do not have the accessories of the toilet soon learn to do without articles generally thought to be indispensable.

In conversation an army officer said the other day: "Why, I never think of using a mirror when I shave. I do not stand up to do it, either, but sit down on a camp stool or the side of a cot and whack away at my face. It is more comfortable to be seated, and then I do not have to crane my neck to see the place I am shaving and thereby expose myself to a gash from the razor. I never cut myself—in fact, I will be willing to wager that I can shave in my tent without a mirror as easily or with more ease than many who have every convenience of the tonsorial table and often leave marks of their awkwardness on their faces. It is all due to habit formed by necessity."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Curious Electric Phenomenon.

A short article in the Electriche Zeitschrift shows how both the attraction and the repulsion in the well known Ellhu Thomson effect may be explained in the same way. As is well known, a copper ring held over the end of an alternating current magnet will be repelled and will tend to turn itself so that its plane becomes parallel to the lines of force, or that its plane cuts as few lines as possible. A copper disk, on the other hand, which is appreciably smaller in diameter than the polar surface, is under certain conditions attracted, but it will also endeavor to place itself in such a position that the minimum number of lines of force pass through it. Both phenomena are due to a phase shifting between the primary and secondary current and to the fact that iron offers some obstruction to the magnetic forces.—Electrical World.

## A Straight Tip.

"You had better not go boating with sister," said Tommy to his sister's beau. "Why not, Tommy?"

"Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon."—St. Louis Star.

## GRANDPAPA.

Do you remember when you sighed,  
"We never mention grandpapa!"  
And all reply to me denied  
About this same lost grandpapa?  
I pictured him a grate long  
Or some bold brigand on the land.  
A bravo up to anything,  
And so perhaps could understand  
"We never mention grandpapa!"

You shuddered when I asked his name  
You would not speak of grandpapa.  
Your eyes said plainly, "I disclaim  
All reference to grandpapa!"  
You tried to hint your father's sire  
Was quite too dreadful for inquiry.  
Indeed I seemed to pique your ire,  
For your reply was almost fiery.  
"We never mention grandpapa!"

Could he have been a peccant poor,  
This all mysterious grandpapa?  
Who had to fly this hemisphere  
For lands that know not grandpapa?  
Could he have been a banker base  
Who rightly earned the widow's curse,  
And orphans, caused to weep apace?  
No, no! These words meant "something  
worse—"  
"We never mention grandpapa!"

Could he have caught the judge's eye,  
This reckless, robbing grandpapa.  
Have done a bit upon the sly  
With bills on friends of grandpapa?  
Or rotten ships have sent to sea,  
Or weapons sold to foreign foe?  
Or pulled a horse? Your speech to me  
Remains—"tis neither 'Yes' nor 'No.'"  
"We never mention grandpapa!"

I had a mind all prone to find  
The facts about your grandpapa.  
I trust you will not deem unkind  
The search I made for grandpapa.  
I've got the record of his life—  
Vent not on me your wrath in vials—  
Briefly he used the cats' meat knife  
Not fifty yards from Seven Dials.  
And so I mention grandpapa.  
To ask if you'll become my wife!  
And in our midst be household strife  
I'll never mention grandpapa! —Punch.

## Pencilings.

It is easy enough to manage a wife,  
provided she isn't yours.

All the world may love a lover, but  
all the world hates a man who wants to  
borrow money.

You can't offend a 14-year-old girl  
by estimating her age two years too  
high.

"I am greatly indebted to you!" is a  
polite remark that a great many men  
could truthfully make to the grocer and  
the provision dealer.

Nobody ever tells you what a clair-  
voyant has prophesied without adding,  
"Of course, you know I don't ever take  
the least stock in what a clairvoyant  
says."

The girl who leaves the point of a  
pin sticking out of her belt behind does  
not deserve to be hugged.

It is generally safe to say that the  
man who hears the clock strike at 3  
o'clock every night isn't successful in  
his business.—Somerville Journal.

## Why He Was Positive.

Western Editor—Your idea is original,  
but it would be impossible to carry  
it out.

New Reporter—Nothing is impossi-  
ble to me.

Western Editor—Are you sure of  
that?

New Reporter—Certainly. Didn't I  
tell you that I was once employed on a  
yellow journal in the east?—Chicago  
News.

## Legal Advice Wanted.



"Well, prisoner, what have you got  
to say for yourself?"

"I don't know, your honor. What  
would you say?"—New York Journal.

## Something Easy.

"What did your wife say to you  
when you got home from the club at  
such an unearthly hour this morning?"

"Oh, ask me something easy."

"What would you call something  
easy?"

"Well, you might ask me what she  
failed to say."—Chicago Post.

## A Suitable Dog.

Lady—I wish to select a pet dog.

Dealer—Live in the city, I suppose,  
mum?

"Yes, I live in a flat."

"Then I would advise an Italian  
greyhound, mum. No matter how much  
you feeds a greyhound he allers stays  
narrer."—New York Weekly.

## She Lost and Won.

Her Mother—I saw him kiss you. I  
am terribly shocked! I did not for a  
moment imagine he would dare take  
such a liberty.

Herself—Nor did I, ma. In fact I  
bet him he daren't!—Rehoboth Sunday  
Herald.

