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A. Pigg G. Ingram W. Barclay A. Jeffries

G. Nesbitt, R. Edwards, Vice-Pres., W. J. Collins, Pres., D. Robinson, Sec., Wm. Latham

Officers of International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths, Vancouver Union, No. 151.

BLACKSMITHS ENTERTAIN.

Vancouver union, No. 151, International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths, celebrated its second anniversary in the form of a social Monday evening, 5th inst. All the union blacksmiths in the city were present, and the non-union men, who received special invitations, were well represented. It was pleasing to see so many on hand, and the great interest shown by the union members to those who have not united themselves with this progressive and up-to-date organization will be appreciated in the near future. Application forms were distributed freely and there is no doubt that the membership of the union will be considerably increased. The speeches delivered were eloquent and persuasive, and it may be said that No. 151 has a number of orators whose presence will be felt and appreciated in the labor movement.

The president, Bro. Robert Gray, presided, and in opening the proceedings declared how pleased he felt at seeing so many present, hoped that all would enjoy themselves, and that their meeting would be productive of good results. He called upon

Bro. Harry Howard, who, in a very forcible speech, reviewed the work which had been accomplished by the union, and declared that the advantages gained could not have been gotten had it not been for unity. He appealed to all present who were non-union men to immediately join the International Order of Blacksmiths and help on the good work, the results of which could only be achieved by being united as one man.

Mr. Joseph Watson, who organized the union, was received with applause. He gave a very interesting address on organization. He said in part: Let us carry on the good work, and in a few more revolutions of the earth upon its axis we shall have a better world—a better mankind. Waiting will not accomplish it. Now is the time for the workers of the province to rally to the standard of their respective unions. Organized labor to-day is wielding an influence upon every public question it never before attained. The world's thinkers are now beginning to appreciate the fact that the demands of labor mean more than appears on the surface. They see that the demand for work is not alone one for the preservation of life in the individual, but is a human right, that the agitation to shorten the hours of labor is not a movement to shirk the duty to work, but the humane means to find employment for the unemployed, to lighten the burdens of the masses, to make the homes more cheerful, the hearts of the people lighter, their hopes and aspirations nobler and broader. Trade unions are the reflections in organized, crystallized form of the best thought, activity and hopes of the wage-workers. They represent the aggregate expression of discontent of labor with existing economic, social and political misrule. The trade unions are exactly what they may be pleased to make them. Active or sluggish, keen or dull, narrow or broad-gauged—just as the members are intellectual or otherwise. But, represent as they may either of these alternatives, under present conditions, the trade union is the best form of organization for the toilers to protect their present interests. Let me tell you that all the advantages you are getting to-day in your occupation have been brought about through innumerable dollars paid out of the pockets of trade unionists and hours and hours spent in discussing the best way to improve your and their own condition. Their own were not bettered without bettering yours. You owe a debt of gratitude to the trade unions, that years of service on your part cannot blot out. Join the union, by all means.

Refreshments, consisting of coffee, sandwiches, cake, fruit, and the soothing cigar were passed around by the committee, Bros. A. Bigg, Charles McAllister, William Latham and William Hamilton.

After the good things provided had been partaken of, the chairman introduced the second part of the programme of the evening.

Bro. William Latham gave an eloquent address, in the course of which he referred to the good work accomplished by men standing shoulder to shoulder, and pointed out that those outside the union could never hope to gain any concessions from their employers, who were more determined to keep them down than they (non-union men) were to strike a blow to better their condition.

Mr. Harry Cowan, of The Independent, was the next to speak. He received a hearty welcome. He gave a very interesting address and a lengthy resume of the work of several trades unions here and in Winnipeg.

Mr. Thomas Clouston, of the Locomotive Engineers, who was present, was then called upon to speak. He pointed out the duty that was incumbent on the members to support their officers, who when elected should be considered the best men for their particular positions, and turning around and addressing himself to the non-union men, he declared that it was a surprise to him to find them out of the fold. He believed money invested in a union gave a better return than the great insurance societies, the benefits of which there was so much talk about.

In this he was right, for some members of the union whom he addressed were $100 better per year because of the union. This is an object lesson to some tradesmen, and especially to those who are afraid to invest a paltry sum in monthly dues. Mr. Clouston's address was practical and timely, and evidently struck home.

Brother D. Robinson said that he was very pleased to see that the invitations which were sent out, judging from the number present, were generally accepted, and he had no doubt that their meeting would have a beneficial effect, the gaining of new members and the welding of the old and the new in the bonds of unionism.

Our union has made great progress since its institution two years ago, and the good that it has accomplished is fully appreciated by every member. We have not only helped ourselves, but we have contributed generously to every deserving appeal that has been made by those in trouble. We are not selfish; we are pleased to hold out the helping hand as well as the glad hand of fellowship, and the aid that we have given to other trades by coming out in sympathy with them is too well known to need comment. Trades unionism is the great necessity of the hour, and nothing else can do so much to secure the workingman's salvation from unscrupulous men and soulless corporations.

Three years ago the blacksmiths in this city stood in an unenviable position, disorganized and helpless, working for a mere living wage, and liable to be dismissed at any moment. To-day they are perfectly organized, are in a good position to dare stand for right and justice, can say to those over them, knowing that they have the united support of every trades unionist around them, "Hold! our doings can stand investigation. If dismissal is the inevitable, then we shall have righteous dismissal." Now wages are higher, service is more appreciated, and manhood stands on a pedestal of security, and in a position to give an honest day's work for its equivalent in wages. Are these advantages not worth attaining? How can one expect to hold them if we do not stand by our principles? Let us keep ever before us the fact that on trades unionism depends the protection of ourselves, the prosperity of our homes, and the welfare of our fellow-workmen.

The meeting closed by the union giving its warmest thanks to the speakers and to Mrs. Latham and Mrs. McDowell, who in no small measure contributed to the success of the blacksmith's social.

THE BARBERS.

The Barbers' union met on Wednesday night, with President Isaacs in the chair. There was a fair attendance of members. Two applications for membership were received, one being from a workman who had up to the time of applying ran a 10-cent shop. Cards have been placed in two shops at Kamloops by Agent A. Anderson, who reports matters progressing in that district. Among the communications received was one from Victoria, stating that the Finance Minister had refused to introduce the proposed Barbers' licensing law. Further steps will be taken by the union to push forward their requests in this regard. The committee on schedule regretted to report that there was one shop in the city which had refused to comply with the rules of the union, and that was the Army and Navy shop on Granville street. The only alteration made in the schedule is that the minimum wages per week shall be $15 and 60 per cent. of receipts over $25. This holds good till May 1st, 1903, and if any alteration is to be made then 30 days' notice shall be given by the party desiring a change. P. J. Bennett and J. G. Garden having gone into business, have taken out their retiring cards. After some discussion had been indulged in, under the head of good and welfare, the proceedings of a successful meeting terminated.

Those nominated for the Ontario Legislature are: Manitoulin—John H. McMillan, Gore Bay; South Wellington—Ald. Samuel Carter, Guelph; West Elgin—H. Gaylord Wilshire, St. Thomas; North Toronto—Margaret Halle, Toronto; West Toronto—John A. Kelly, Toronto; South Toronto—O. A. Corner, Toronto.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION ON RAILWAYS.

Last week Hon. Mr. Mulock, minister of labor, left a sick bed to deliver his message to the house. If the government next year approves of the act Canada will have compulsory arbitration of all railway disputes.

THE OUTLINES

of the Railway Labor Arbitration bill are:

1. Applies to all lines under control of parliament—government or private, steam, electric or other power. Railways belonging to provinces not included, except by consent of province.

2. Provides compulsory arbitration of all disputes between railway and employees.

3. Prohibits strikes and lockouts and provides penalties.

4. Provides seven provincial arbitration boards of three members and one Dominion board of five members.

5. Railways to elect one provincial arbitrator and two Dominion arbitrators. Employees to elect one provincial arbitrator and two Dominion arbitrators.

6. In the election of arbitrators, railways to have one vote for each employee they pay in the province. Each employee to have one vote.

7. Third provincial arbitrator chosen by agreement or by the governor-in-council.

8. Awards to be current for one year, or until superseded by another award of same arbitrators. No court to have power to review, amend or quash awards.

MR. MULOCK SPEAKS.

The railways of Canada, or of any other country, Mr. Mulock said, occupy a unique position. Trouble in any other business affects only the employers and the workmen, but a strike on a railway affects a third and more important interest. The public interest being by far the most important, required the greatest measure of protection. For this reason the government had determined to ask parliament to pass a law which would be an extreme measure to ward off trouble and delay on railways. Railways are the creatures of parliament and are only permitted to run because it is in the public interest they should. It is the duty of parliament to see that these objects are not defeated. When there is a strike on, the property of a railway falls into disrepair, the bondholders suffer, the railway men themselves suffer and the public suffers. Last year there was a strike in the Canadian west which produced a partial grain blockade. Had that strike stopped the operation of the road and made an absolute blockade a tremendous amount of damage would have been done to Canada. Sooner or later after strikes occur there is an arbitration. Why should not this arbitration occur sooner or later. It was not the intention of the government to attempt to pass the measure this session. It was proposed to have it considered for a year by all the parties interested and any suggestions for improvement would be welcomed. Hon. Mr. Mulock said he was not aware of any precisely similar legislation in any other country, though some features of this act had been borrowed. The enforcement of the measure is placed under the minister of labor.

MR. PUTTEE GIVES BILL TEMPORARY APPROVAL.

Mr. Puttee, M. P. for Winnipeg, said this was the most serious attempt along the line of industrial legislation that had ever been introduced in the Canadian parliament. It was quite right that all interests should be given full opportunity to consider it. The present time was particularly favorable for the introduction of such a measure, as there were no serious disputes to interfere with its fair consideration. He expressed approval of the bill, qualified by the statement that he had not time to give it the consideration to which it was entitled. The scope of the measure was wider than he had ever hoped any minister of labor could be induced to introduce.

RALPH SMITH APPROVES COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

Mr. Ralph Smith, labor member, of Vancouver, approved of the great principle of making strikes impossible on railways by enforcing compulsory arbitration. The minister of labor had been happy in his selection of the railways for the trial of the act. It was most needed and the principle could be best tested on the railways. On these, and perhaps on them alone, the public interest was paramount and deserved protection even at the expense of the corporation or the men. The minister was wise not to have attempted the application of his act to all branches of labor, even labor unions would not, he thought, have accepted that, but he believed nine out of every ten railway men in the country would approve this measure.

HEAVY LOCKOUT PENALTIES.

A company declaring a lockout makes itself liable to a fine equal to the amount of wages which would have been payable but for the lockout, and in addition must pay to each employee double the wage he would have earned but for the lockout. Men who go out on a strike are liable to be fined double the wage they would have earned. Inciting a strike is made unlawful.

An award is to state in clear terms what is or is not to be done by each party. Proceedings may be public or private. For refusing to obey an award a company can be fined from $100 to $1,000 a day, one-half to go to the government and half to the employees affected. Employees are liable to imprisonment for failure to pay fines imposed upon them.

PRESIDENT OF TRACKMEN FAVORS MULOCK BILL.

Mr. John T. Wilson, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trackmen of America, who is at Montreal, declares that he is in full accord with the spirit of Mr. Mulock's measure providing for compulsory arbitration in all disputes between railway companies and their employees.

"Railway companies" said Mr. Wilson, "are public servants, and so are railway employees. Neither of these parties should be permitted to interrupt or to disturb the workings of a system upon which the public depends. If transportation companies are crippled the public suffers to a greater extent than either of the parties to the dispute.

"I believe altogether in arbitration, and would make the award of such tribunal final. There would be little dissatisfaction if the person who made the decision was actuated always by a spirit of fairness.

"I sincerely hope Mr. Mulock's bill will become law."

BELIEVE IN SETTLING THEIR OWN AFFAIRS.

On the other hand, representatives of the telegraphers employed by the Grand Trunk and C. P. R. are less outspoken in their opinions of the bill. They do not look upon it with pronounced favor. They believe in the parties directly interested settling their own differences.

MR. D. McNICOLL APPROVES.

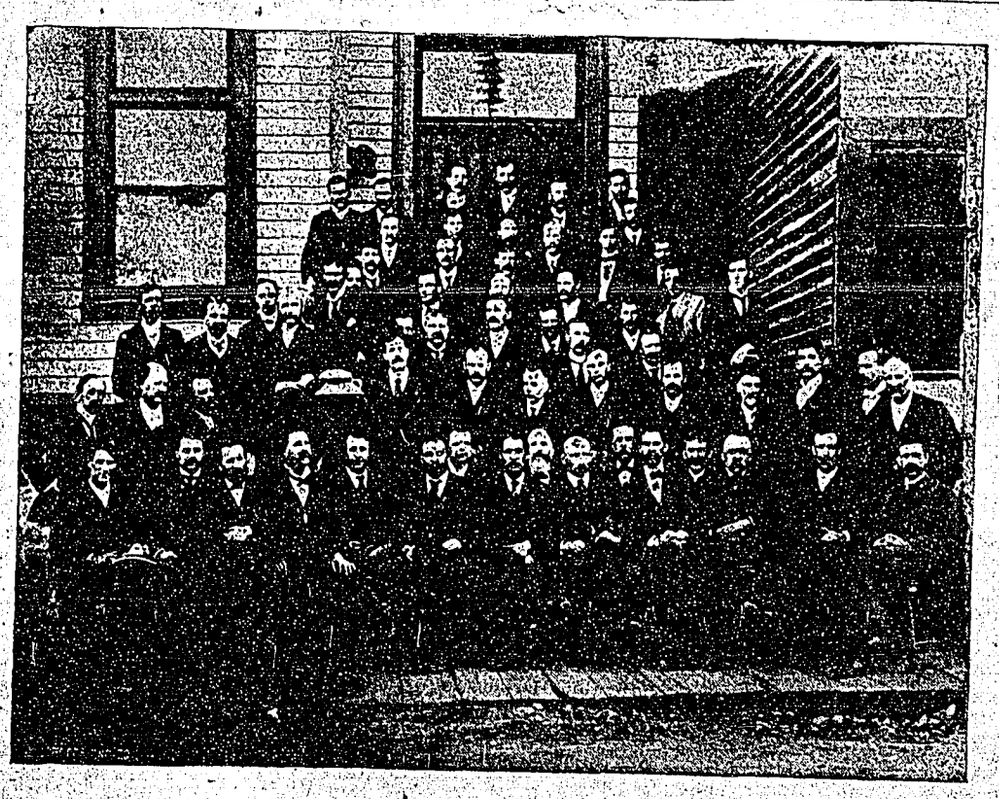
Mr. D. McNicoll, the second vice-president and general manager of the Canadian Pacific, expressed himself in terms of approval of the principle of the measure. "We have," said he, "a case which is the subject of arbitration now, and we may have more. Compulsory arbitration by a board to which we may reasonably look for fair play would certainly be much better than the disquieting and disturbing conditions which prevail when there is a possibility of a strike at the end of the exhaustion of all your efforts to come to a satisfactory understanding." Mr. McNicol observed that the greatest care would have to be exercised in the selection of the arbitrators so as to ensure that justice would be done.

C. P. R. OFFICIALS ON THE BILL AS A WHOLE.

Before giving an unqualified approval of the measure, most of the C. P. R. officials at Montreal would like to have time to consider the whole of the details of the bill, more particularly the penal clauses. But on the general principle they are inclined to give Mr. Mulock credit for introducing a wise and beneficial measure. The composition of the arbitration boards, and the principle of provincial distribution they regard with favor. Naturally the dominion board is one that attracts most attention in Montreal, because the headquarters are here of the great lines that are interprovincial and transcontinental.

Mr. E. W. A. O'Dell, advertising agent for the Boot and Shoe Workers' union, is at the Metropole. He is here in the interest of the label, and intends to call on the retail shoe dealers and local unions. He reports a good demand for union stamped shoes throughout the west and Boundary country. After leaving here he intends to go to Nanaimo and Victoria, going from there to the Boot and Shoe Workers' convention at Detroit. He likes the country and is delighted with his trip, and believes that the unions in British Columbia are on the right track. When asked why all manufacturers did not use the stamp he said because the union men did not force them to do so by always demanding union stamped articles from the dealer for themselves and families.

About 200 journeymen tailors in the Aberdare Valley (Wales) have accepted their employers' offer of a ten per cent. advance in wages. The men had asked for twenty-seven per cent.



Delegates to Kamloops Labor Convention, Held April 14, 1902.

GREAT TRIBULATIONS

Encouragement for Those in Sorrow and Adversity.

SEPARATING CHAFF AND GRAIN

Rev. Dr. Talmage Explains That as There Are Different Kinds of Threshing for Different Kinds of Grain, So God Decrees That All People Must Go Through Some Kind of Threshing Process.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Washington, March 22.—From a process familiar to the farmer Dr. Talmage draws lessons of consolation and encouragement for people in sorrow and adversity. The text is Isaiah xxviii, 27, 28: "For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be threshing it."

Misfortunes of various kinds come upon various people, and in all times the *great need of ninety-nine people* out of a hundred is solace. Look, then, to this neglected allegory of my text.

There are three kinds of seed mentioned—fitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds, like the caraway or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be threshed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten oxen or horses to a cart with iron dented wheels; that cart would be drawn around the threshing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of threshing for different products. "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be threshing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of threshing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Doctor Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good, long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babbletongue Macaulay." Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession, and said: "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he *would shine as the stars for* ever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism. If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulum. All who will live godly in Jesus Christ must suffer persecution. Besides that, there are the sicknesses and the bankruptcies and the irritations and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on one threshing floor might look over to the corn on another threshing floor and say, "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn! We have *only* been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am. If you were, you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full and their bank account is flush and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin, while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth and she bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest. The heft of the threshing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been threshed in life, perhaps there is not much to thresh! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries the gatherers go out with large baskets, but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand, and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the ankles skinned by the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development. It was not because Robert Moffat, and Lady Rachel Russell and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer. It was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the threshing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next, my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear—the staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say, "Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if he had not known that you could bear it. You trembled and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many nor from your lungs one sigh too deep nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate. You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no; they are threshing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner or a *trick on the part of those who* are in the same kind of merchandise that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn thresher, but after it has been threshed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn *threshers*.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles, I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurt it does not get sanctified. Your trial perhaps may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say: "Why does God send children to that other household, where they are unwelcome and are beaten and banged about when I would have taken them in the arms of my affection?" You say, "Any other trial but this." Your trial perhaps may be a disfigured countenance or a face that is easily *caricatured*, and you say, "I could endure anything if only I was good looking." And your trial perhaps is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the asthma. You say, "If it were the rheumatism or neuralgia or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Everybody has some vexation or annoyance or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say; "anything but this." My hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc or a Sitting Bull savage or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No; it is the most merciful and glorious and wise being in all the universe. You cannot teach omnipotence anything. You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws out the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done, and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel *is launched for Southampton*. At that time a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toy boat which he has made with his own jackknife, and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this jibboom and these weather crossjack braces." And he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the decks! Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million tonned, ocean destined, eternity bound! That little boat is your life as you were trying to hew it out and fashion it and launch it. Do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the cross that it is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and he sends the right kind of threshing machine. It will be rod or staff or iron wheel just according as you are fitches or cummin or corn.

Again, my subject teaches that God keeps *trial on us until we let go*. The farmer shouts "Whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain is dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain and the grain is thoroughly threshed. So God. Smiting rod and turning wheel both cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world, with its pleasures and riches and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with some threshing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter and so many miles in circumference, and we said, "Oh, my, what a world!" Trouble came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world and in some estimations a very insignificant world, and it is depreciating all *the time as a spiritual property*. Ten per cent. off, 50 per cent. off, and there are those who would not give 10 cents for this world — the entire world—as a soul possession.

Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is going to have a sure terminus. My text says, "Bread corn is bruished because he will not be ever threshing it." Blessed be God for that! Pound away, O flail! Turn on, O wheel! Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever threshing it!" Now, the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet, but after awhile he will put the last dirge into the portfolio forever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding. They never cry in heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement for you shall have your friends all around about you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the King's table and has his own chariot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. No tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias in the air and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life and no crutch for the lame limb and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

Is there not enough salve in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it, "Now, it *will soon feel better*." And that is what God says when he embosoms all our trouble in the hush of this great promise, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black; you will wear white; cypresses for them, palms for you. You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now I will never do anything wrong? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put away into darkness? Can it be that *these are the faces of those who* lay so wan and emaciated in the back room that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are! Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day."

Then the gates of heaven will be opened, and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession, a river of shimmering splendor, and will cry out, "Who are they?" And the angel of God, standing close by, will say, "Do you not know who they are?" "No," says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say: "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are *they who came out of great tribulation*, or threshing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb."

History has no more gratulatory scene than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before a massacre had occurred at Cawnpur, and 260 women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpur they went into the room, and oh, what a horrible scene! Sword strokes on the wall near the floor, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died, and they saw also that the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it, lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death, waiting amid anguish untold, waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically, when, one day, Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—huzza for them!—broke in on that horrible scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side and from the travel worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other, right there, in front of the King's palace, there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and boisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had *suffered so heroically* for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarceration, one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds and leaned against the wall and threw up his cap and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, *for the brave women!*" Yes, that was an exciting scene. But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarceration of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle and wan with hunger, and while the hosts of God are cheering their great Hosanna you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window. Ah, no! I forget, I forget. They will have no need of the candle or of sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hail, hail, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty!

Travelers' Paradise.

Nice and its neighborhood hold the record for holiday traffic. The record is 2,800,000 arrivals in the course of a year.

St. Peter's.

St. Peter's is in the form of a cross. It is 636 feet long by 450 feet wide. The dome is 448 feet high.

ADVENTURES OF CUPE

The Story of a Poor Young Man's Visit to the Country Seat of a Rich Friend.

By F. W. ARNOLD, Jr.

The lace curtain was limp with rain, the windows of the house opposite reflected the clouds, and Little Cupe's own window sill was blistered with little backs of rain on which floated tobacco atoms. Little Cupe felt much as the day looked. "Go anyway," encouraged the medical students.

The day before Little Cupe had seen Eb (all the medical students knew Eb, for he had been one of the more distinguished men in college), and Cupe had told his medical mates that Eb had invited him to spend Sunday at his home in the country. The medical student knew that Eb had colored carriages and when at college had dined with the most exclusive families. They said he was "a darned bright man" and always talked earnestly and bravely when they met him.

Eb was now a lawyer in his first year's practice "and doing darned well," they had wisely agreed.

Little Cupe had begun the recital of his invitation as if "it was nothin'," but had grinned with delight before he had ended it, and had dilated that a lot of girls from the neighboring houses would be there with a young chaperon.

The fact that Eb had once given a theater party was the basis of Cupe's belief that he always entertained.

But now Little Cupe wasn't sure if he had been invited. Possibly Eb had said, "Drop in some time, and we'll go out for Sunday," or, "Let me know how you're doing. Drop in some Saturday, and we'll go out Sunday."

"Go on, Cupe!" the medical students yelled again. They were doubtless sincere.

Suddenly a puff of determination carried him to the closet. He had decided nothing consciously. From its drawers he pulled two white shirts, seven single cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes (only 3 per cent. diluted, of these things bore Little Cupe's own red stamped mark) and was shaking the creases out of a dress suit—

"Drop it!" yelled one medical student. "I've got to wear it this evening." All the rest had to wear theirs too. "Lord, we're sorry." Cupe's own was torn and hadn't been mended. "I can't go," said he, depressed and looking frightened.

"Sure you can. Eb and the girls will understand.'

Eb sat in his own "box," his desk topped by two rows of fresh leather books and a black tin box, "Re Moulton." The senior offices opened through the sunny doorways back of him. With *business precision* he was deciding that he would not stay in town that night, but would go to his home for a nine hours' sleep and in the morning drive to a friend's for the day. With a business chirography that had made Little Cupe when he had seen it predict for him a trust presidency he started to write to his friend to said effect (see above). But he noticed the door.

"Come in," said Eb.

For thirty seconds a shadow had been hovering over its gray glass. Little Cupe was outside trying to muster courage to knock. At Eb's voice he couldn't go down the elevator, so he pretended he had not heard him and made the glass shiver.

"Come in!" again called Eb.

With a frightened little grin Cupe entered. His hands felt cold. He shut the door so that it would not disturb anybody. He held behind him his birthday dress suit case.

"How are you, Cupe?" Eb was always glad to see his friends. "Sit down. I'll be with you in a minute." And he handed him a fragrant box of cigars. "Have one."

Cupe took one and held his dress suit case in his lap, but he didn't smoke, for he had no matches. Those cigars had always impressed him, and he had often told his medical students that he occasionally dropped into Eb's office and smoked his cigars.

Eb continued writing to his friend that he would be there tomorrow and, handing the note to a messenger who came from the main office—Cupe was *greatly impressed—said*, "Special delivery," and then, leaning back, added: "Well, Cupe, what can I do for you?" as if surveying a client.

The stone faces through the window grinned fiendishly.

"Nothin'," answered Cupe. "I was bringin' this empty dress suit case from a store"—he pointed indefinitely out toward the street—"and just stopped in. I'm goin' right along; got to go now." He arose meekly and held out his hand, which felt as if its veins pulsed with mist. When he said "empty" dress suit case, the two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and two changes of other clothes weighed heavy with guilt.

"Can't you come out to dinner?" Eb thought Cupe would enjoy that more than his boarding house.

"Haven't any dress suit." Eb assured him it made no difference, not the least. He believed all Little Cupe had said. Cupe, after deliberating a proper while whether he could get away, said he guessed he could go; he'd be glad to.

Eb's house hid in a park and was dwelt in by two maidservants, one manservant and a chatty housekeeper. There was but little entertaining though Eb occasionally brought home some friend for the night.

The room in which Little Cupe now stood was pink with flowered wr paper, flowered chairs and a flowere quilt on the bed. He had been show into this bower by a man with sid whiskers and a strange dress suit and who had been very polite. When the man had bent to lift Cupe's dress suit case, Cupe had said, "No, no, no thanks," and told him and Eb and the chatty housekeeper, who were also in the hall, that he would carry it up stairs himself, for he needed the exercise.

His unfolded dress suit case surged with his two white shirts, seven separate cuffs, six collars and the two changes of other clothes. Then he heard girlish voices in the hall; they must be the dinner guests chaperoned by some young wife from across the hedges. They were really the two maidservants.

"Knuckle, knuckle," deferentially on the door.

"Come in," said Cupe. In poked the side whiskered head of the butler or porter. "Will you have a cocktail, sir?"

Cupe's own head was full of dress suits, so he thought the butler said, "Will you have a coattail?"

"Yes, please," answered Cupe, and while waiting for the dress suit to come began deciding between his two white shirts in the case.

"Knuckle, knuckle," again on the door. Cupe hoped the suit would fit. But it was Eb who entered.

"Knuckle." The butler entered with the cocktail.

"And the coattail?" inquired Little Cupe. He said this partly to Eb. He would let him upbraid his own servant. Eb stared; the butler stared; the house seemed to sigh to Little Cupe.

There had been no relieving feature to the situation. Eb thought Cupe might have meant to say some indefinite jokes; the butler or porter probably thought so too. Cupe was now at the dining room table with his napkin fallen to his feet, where he was unable to pick it up. He had entered the dining room very erect, for he had expected to find the invited girls there and wanted them to be favorably impressed and whisper to each other, but he learned he was to be alone with Eb and his only conquest the courses. He didn't know how to take all of them out of the platters, but that same porter or butler was a valuable man and *did it for him*.

After the dinner Little Cupe felt much relieved. He discussed the paintings, for he had taken a course in "fine arts" once as a "snap" and smoked many cigars. He didn't know when to stop smoking, and Eb marveled.

That's about all that happened to Little Cupe. Eb, who at last realized that Cupe had expected to stay over Sunday, if not a week, explained to him that he himself, unfortunately, had to be away for the day, but urged Cupe to remain and have at his disposal the house and horses.

"No, thanks; no," said Cupe. "I promised the fellows I would be back for church."

This latter tale was unfortunate, for Cupe had to rise in the morning earlier than he would have otherwise.

He felt much like this story, which started with graphic enthusiasm and then wilted away like a bashful schoolboy. But you should have heard the reasons he gave the medical students why he didn't stay over Sunday. Nice Little Cupe!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Old Pikemen.

In the days when the musket was in its infancy as a defense against charging cavalry it was *almost useless*. It was as much as could be hoped for if the musketeer got off one shot, to a certainty badly directed, owing to the eccentricities of his weapon, before the horsemen would be on him. Consequently we find that the pikeman was a person of considerable importance, and in a volume of 1650 the most elaborate instructions are given to govern the drill and tactics of the pikemen, who in action were, as a rule, placed in bodies among the musketeers to stand the brunt of the shock of the cavalry attack.

And we learn from history that these pikemen did valiant service on occasion; for instance, when the pikemen of the London trained bands withstood the repeated and desperate assaults of Prince Rupert's cavaliers. But their drill was no child's play. For example, in the pages devoted to "The Postures and Charges of the Pike" we find the following:

"And here, Fellow Souldier, whoever thou art, thou maist perceive that there are no more than eight Postures of the Pike and foure Charges; that is to say, to the Front, Rear, and both Flanks."—Contemporary Review.

Peculiarities of Lichens.

The lichen is remarkable for the great age to which it lives, there being good grounds for believing that the plants endure for 100 years. Their growth is exceedingly slow, almost beyond belief, indicating that only a little nourishment is necessary to keep them alive. In a dry time they have the power to suspend growth altogether, renewing it again at the fall of rain. This peculiarity alone is enough to make the lichen a vegetable wonder, as it is a property possessed by no other species of plant.

Another interesting fact about lichens is that they grow only where the air is free from dust and smoke. They may be said to be a sure indication of the purity of the air, as they are never found growing in cities and towns, where the atmosphere is impregnated with dust, soot, smoke and other impurities.

In the Bakeshop.

"Dear me," sighed the bread dough, "I would like a raise."

"All right," said the yeast cake, "wait a minute, and I'll set you to work."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Boys have no more business with target guns and air rifles than men with pistols.—Nashville American.

Ark Admission.

"Yes," said the Sunday school teacher, "Noah had two of every animal, bird and *creeping thing in the ark*."

"Please, ma'am," piped a voice at the lower end of the class, "how much did he charge ter git in?"—Ohio State Journal.

The Eye's Blind Spot.

The blind spot in the eye is where the optic nerve comes through the retina about one-tenth of an inch nearer the nose than the center. To test it close your fists with your thumbs outside and held against each other. Extend your arms. Shut your left eye and look fixedly with your right eye at your left thumb. Separate your hands, and when they are about six inches apart the right thumb will go out of business temporarily, for its picture will fall upon the blind spot. Now, here's the curious part of it: Though men have tried all sorts of experiments on themselves for unknown thousands of years, this phenomenon was not discovered until the time of Charles II. of England. The blind spot leaves no hole in the picture of the outside world, but, there being no stimulation on that spot, there is not consciousness of a lack, but a lack of consciousness.—Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's.

She Was Deaf.

At a marriage service performed a few days ago in a little country church in England, when the minister said in a solemn tone, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" instead of the woman answering for herself a gruff man's voice answered:

"Oi will."

The minister looked up, very much perplexed, and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered:

"Oi will."

Again the minister looked up, surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the groomsmen at the end of the row said:

"'Er be deaf. Oi be answerin' for 'er."

Odd Club Names.

There are a number of societies in the world that bear strange names, but probably one of the most curious was a club founded in 1735 by an English actor. It was called the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks and had among its members the Prince of Wales and other royal personages. They met in the painting room of the Covent Garden theater and dined upon beefsteaks. The club was in existence for more than a hundred years and became quite noted because of its odd customs. Another strange name was that of the Scriblerus club, which Swift founded in 1714 and to which Pope, Gay and other literary men belonged.

DISTRESS OF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Is Too Well Known to Hosts of Nerve-Exhausted Men and Women—The Fatal Error of Using Opiates.

CURED BY USING DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

To lie awake night after night, the brain on fire with nervous excitement and thoughts flashing before the mind in never-ending variety, is the common experience of persons whose nerves are weak and exhausted.

During such nights nerve force is consumed at a tremendous rate.

Instead of being restored and reinvigorated for another day's wear and tear the body is further weakened and exhausted and the mind is unbalanced by this terrible waste of energy which the lamp of life is rapidly burning out.

It is in this despairing condition that many men and women attempt to drug and deaden the nerves by the use of opiates. This is a fatal step which hastens nerve decay.

Surely it is wiser to build up and completely restore the nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, a treatment which gets right down to the foundation of the difficulty and effects permanent results by revitalizing the wasted nerve cells.

Sleeplessness is only one of the many distressing symptoms which entirely disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a positive cure for weakness of nerves and body, and is specific for woman's ills because they almost invariably arise from exhausted nerves. 50 cts. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HANS, THE COBBLER.

HE IS ADVISED TO START A LITERARY SHOESHOP TO BOOM HIS TRADE.

Tries the Experiment; but, as Usual, the Scheme Fails to Work and Gets Him Into All Sorts of Predicaments, With More Coming.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

DOT coal man vhas my frendt und like to see me do peesness, und he comes to my place und says:

"Hans, I shall tell you somethings to make you a rich mans in a year. You must have a little library along mit your cobbler shop. If a mans vhants a cement patch on his shoe, you must gif him Shakespeare to read vhile he waits. It shall be called 'Der Shakespearean Cobbler Shop,' und you shall see how mooch he vhill be appreciated. I shall lend you some Shakespeare to put in your library."

I don't know who Shakespeare vhas, but I pellef she vhas a good idea. Dot coal mans brings me oop six books, und I put out a sign. My shop vhas open only ten minutes pefore a mans comes in und says:

"You vhas some literary cobbler, eh?"

"I vhas," I says.

"Und you haf books to read vhile I haf a lift put on my heel? Vhell, by golly, dis vhas a new idea, und I like it."

He looks oafer dose six books in two minutes und says:

"Ah—um! I don't see dot book I vhant. Cobbler, haf you got 'Robinson Crusoe?'"

"I don't pellef I haf."

"But vhy not? She vhas der most interesting book in all der world. If you like to please your customers, you vhill haf 'Robinson Crusoe.' Shust step out und get him for me vhile I wait. I like to read about his man Friday."

"I can't do it," I says.

"But vhy not?"

"I dunno, but I can't do it."

"Oh, I see! You get six books by Shakespeare und don't care if der peoples vhas pleased or not. Vhas dot some way to do peesness? Neffer! Sir, you vhas a fraud, und I shall break you oop in peesness!"

I don't say nottings, but he vhas mad und likes to punch my head for two cents. He goes out shaking his fist at me, und in two minutes a young maus comes in und says:

"Cobbler, a patch on dot shoe vhile I tarry. How about dot free library?"

"She vhas all K. O."

"Let me see. I like to read a book by Shakespeare called 'His Own Darling,' but you don't haf him here. How vhas dot?"

"I dunno."

"But you should know. Dot vhas a book to melt your heart. You can't

"COBBLER, OXCUSE MY TEARS."

read him two minutes unless you cry. I vhas a bad young mans pefore I read him, but now I vhas reformed. Shust hand me 'His Own Darling' vhile I wait."

"But I can't do it," I says.

"Ho, ho! So dot vhas your little game, eh? It vhas some skin game to get custom, but don't you fool mit me. If you get me mad, I vhas dangerous. Vhill you get dot book?"

"I can't."

"Dot settles it. Cobbler, you vhas a liar und a fraud, und if I meet you on der street some night I vhill make you howl for mercy!"

Somet'ings vhas wrong about my library, und my wife says I shall haf troubles, but pefore I can fix her a mans comes in mit some shoes to be half soled und says:

"Cobbler, oxcuse my tears, but I vhas full of grief today."

"Vhas somepody dead?" I says.

"No; it vhas not dot. I shust feel bad because der world vhas no better, und I long to be at rest. Mens vhas cold und cruel, und if I vhas in my grafe I should be glad. How vhas it about dot free library?"

"She vhas right here."

"So I see. Let me look. Haf you some book here called 'Vhen I Vhas Dead, Nopody Can Grieve Me Any More?'"

"I don't pellef I haf," I says.

"But vhy not? It vhas der best book you effer read. If you read her once, you shall cry for one week. Hunt around und find me dot book."

"I can't do it."

"Oh, you can't! You don't like to oblige me, eh? You like my custom, but you don't like to get me my books. All right, Cobbler, I can lick you in two minutes!"

"But vhy should you lick me?"

"Because you vhas a swindler und a pirate. From dis time on you look out. By jiminy, if I catch you down by der river you vhas a dead mans!"

One more person comes in. She vhas a womans. She haf a heel to put on a boy's shoe, und she says:

"Cobbler, you vhas der mans for me. Vhile you fix dis shoe I shall sit down und read dot book called 'She Loved Him So.' It vhas all about a womans who loved a mans more ash twenty years. I don't know if it vhas by Shakespeare, but she vhas all right."

She don't find dot book, und she likes me to go out after it, und vhen I don't go she screams und hollers und makes a great row, und more ash feefty peoples comes around und says I vhas a bad man und a liar. Nopody goes avhay yet, und dot womans likes to kick my shop oafer, vhen der fat policemans comes oop und yells at me:

"Another row, eh? Cobbler, vhat vhas all dis about?"

"I haf some free library py Shakespeare," I says.

"Vhat? Vhat? You say he vhas by Shakespeare?"

"He vhas."

"Und who vhas Shakespeare?" he yells ash he shakes his club at me.

"I dunno."

"No, you don't know, und yet you ge some books by him und leaf me out. Does Shakespeare run dis ward?"

"I can't say."

"Vhas he as big as I vhas?"

"I dunno."

"Can dot Shakespeare make you shovel snow off der sidewalk or bring out your ash barrels? Can he put out a bonfire or stop a German band? Can he arrest a dog mitout any muzzle on or make a street car stand still? Speak up, cobbler, und tell me."

"I dunno."

"Den I make you know!" he says, und he knocks me around till I vhas dead und tells my wife dot vhen I wake oop to say to me dot he vh come back next day und gif me a fe more.

M. QUAD.

Systematic.

Lady—Why don't you brace up? You don't know where your next meal is coming from.

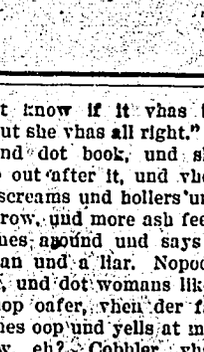
Tramp—Sure I do! Ain't I got me schedule?

Explained.

She—How did you ever become a drinking man, Colonel Sourmash?

He—I have a strong suspicion, Miss Easterly, that thirst had something to do with it.

Silas Lost.



Cyrus—Say, Silas, I bet yeou my barlow against your pipe that I know a place where they raise and ship grain all in one day.

Silas—I go yeou. Now, where is it?

Cyrus—The grain elevator.—Chicago News.

How It Happened.

"What brought you to this?" asked the student of social conditions as the hobo was arraigned.

"Good luck," answered the weary one, trying to steady himself.

"Good luck! Surely you don't call it good luck to be arraigned in a police court."

The weary one was too weary to answer.

"If he hadn't been accidentally locked in a saloon over night, he wouldn't be here," explained the officer.—Chicago Post.

Great Scheme.

"Haven't made a dollar this year," said the Georgia man, "but I've struck it rich at last!"

"You have?"

"Yes; I'm going to enter the race for office and get the other candidates to pay me a dollar apiece to drop out!"—Atlanta Constitution.

An Insinuation.

Softleigh—How vewy dweadful pawents must feel when theah offspwing is bawn an idiot, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Yes, indeed. I have always felt sorry for your parents.—Chicago News.

Prospects Out of Sight.

Tess—Bess is going to marry an optician.

Jess—Is he wealthy?

Tess—I think so—at any rate, she says there's a lot of money in sight for him.—Philadelphia Press.

Driven Desperate.

She—If I should refuse you, Mr. Ardent, would you go off and do some foolish thing?

He—Yes; I'd marry some other girl, no doubt.—Smart Set.

Not Fussy.

The Missus—No; I tell you I object to giving money at the door!

The Tramp—Well, marm, perhaps you'll hand it out of the window. I'm not pertikler!

Hard.

"What! Seven years old and can't spell your name yet! What is your name?"

"It's Obereckeckel-stopper, sir."—New York Journal.

Wise Willie.

Caller—Your sister expects me to stay to supper, doesn't she, Willie?

Willie—Sure! And she said if you stayed as long as you did last night she thought she would ask you to stay to breakfast.

The Small Boy's Hunger.

"If you don't quit eating so much, Willie, you will be sick."

"Won't it be time enough to quit then?"—Indianapolis News.

The Unusual.

Husband—How did you suspect that I had been drinking?

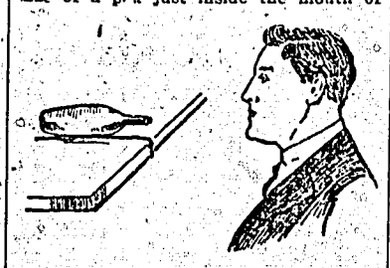
Wife—By your polite manner.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Bottle and Cork Trick.

If you want to surprise your friends with a trick, you will try this one:

You will place an empty and perfectly dry bottle on the edge of the table (an empty soda water bottle will do). Then you put a small piece of cork about the size of a pea just inside the mouth of



"BLOW HARD!"

the bottle, and when everything has been arranged you ask your friends to test the power of their lungs.

They may blow as hard as they please, but they will never succeed in blowing that piece of cork into the bottle. Everybody will think that it can be done with the greatest of ease, and they will be astonished to find that it cannot.

Pointers About Diving.

Almost every small boy who has ever been in swimming knows how to dive after a fashion, but few of them can dive properly or in such a way as to run no danger of being hurt while enjoying the sport. If you know how to do it, you can dive about as well in two feet of water as in 20 and with equal safety. In various parts of the country there are now professional divers who are nightly making crowds of spectators hold their breath with apprehension while the diver drops from a height of 50 feet or more into a small tank of shallow water.

When you dive, draw the head down slightly toward the chest and stretch the arms forward on a level with the breast, not raising them above the head. Bend the knees a trifle and make an oblique plunge, taking care not to keep the body too stiff. Don't push too hard with the feet or you will come down on your back or side. After entering the water instantly throw the head back and turn your face toward the surface. This will make your body assume a crescent shape, bending upward, and you will slip to the surface like a greased eel. If you have made a deep dive, a swift stroke or two downward with the hands will make you rise very quickly. When jumping from a great height, the legs, arms and head should be kept perfectly rigid. A feeling of fright and an odd sensation in the bowels give one a desire to spread the legs and arms or to bend the body. Doing this will be sure to result in disaster. Don't try to make any high dives unless you have had long practice in diving.

"My Mother Said."

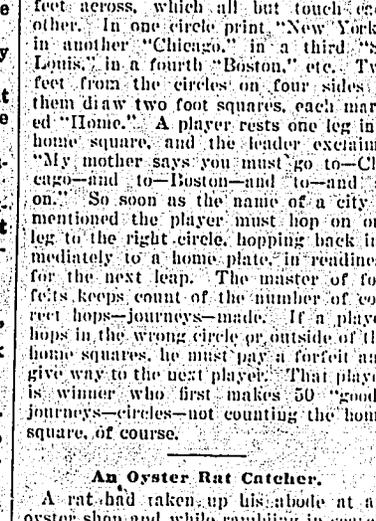
Chalk on a wooden floor or on the sidewalk a group of seven circles, each two feet across, which all but touch each other. In one circle print "New York," in another "Chicago," in a third "St. Louis," in a fourth "Boston," etc. Two feet from the circles on four sides of them draw two foot squares, each marked "Home." A player rests one leg in a home square, and the leader exclaims, "My mother says you must go to—Chicago—and to—Boston—and to—and so on." So soon as the name of a city is mentioned the player must hop on one leg to the right circle, hopping back immediately to a home plate, in readiness for the next leap. The master of forfeits keeps count of the number of correct hops—journeys—made. If a player hops in the wrong circle or outside of the home squares, he must pay a forfeit and give way to the next player. That player is winner who first makes 50 "good" journeys—circles—not counting the home square, of course.

An Oyster Rat Catcher.

A rat had taken up his abode at an oyster shop and while rambling in search of dainties chanced to get his tail between the open valves of an oyster, which at once closed upon it like a vise. Then the intruder lost all self command and bolted. He made straight for his hole, only to find that, although he could enter it, the oyster was too big to be pulled after him, and there he had to stay, head downward, tugging frantically, but in vain. The owner of the shop, on arriving next day, pulled the rat out of the hole, though not without a severe tug, and threw it to the dog. The rat showed fight, but after a brief struggle all was over. The oyster held on all the time.—Chatterbox.

Dot's Query.

Dot and her father saw a yacht
A-sailing on the sea.
"What kind of a boat is that?" said Dot.
"A catboat, dear," said he.



A question rose in Dotty's mind.
She watched the sloop afloat;
Then said, "Is that one tied behind
A little kitten boat?"

—Carolyn Wells.

A Boy's Bones.

Even when little boys do all sorts of venturesome things they probably do not know that the bones of a human being will bear three times as great a pressure as oak and nearly as much as wrought iron without being crushed. But the knowledge of this fact should not make them forget that their bones are not as strong as a grown up person's and that it is a wise thing to be careful anyhow.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

THE GALLUP FAMILY.

AN EVENING OF LAMENTATIONS BY THE AILING WIFE.

She Knew Her Time For Departure For the Other World Had Come, and She Was Anxious to Become an Angel, but There Were Drawbacks.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

Mr. Gallup had finished his supper, removed his coat and shoes and sat down in the rocking chair to read the copy of The Chemung County Gazette he had brought home from the postoffice when Mrs. Gallup dropped down on the lounge with a sigh and began:

"Samuel, if you could spare a dyin woman three or four minits of your time I should like to talk to you. I know you don't like to be bothered when you are readin, and I wouldn't say a word if it was only a bile on my leg or one of my back aches, but it's more serious than that, Samuel—fur more serious."

Mr. Gallup stretched his legs out to their fullest extent and made his toes crack, but he never looked up from his paper.

"I don't want to give you no sudden shock," continued Mrs. Gallup as the tears began to stream down her cheeks and her nose to twitch, "but it's my duty to tell you, so you kin prepare yourself. Samuel, you'll be a widow before Saturday night! Tonight is Tuesday night. Before sundown on Saturday night the funeral will be over, I'll be an angel, and you'll be free to go out somewhere every evenin and play checkers. Do you hear me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup may or may not have heard her, but if he did he paid not the slightest attention.

"Yes; I've got my call to go," she resumed as she wiped her eyes on her

"SPARE A DYIN WOMAN THREE OR FOUR MINITS."

apron. "I've had rheumatiz, fever, consumption and heart disease, and many and many a time I've expected to go, but I have never felt like this before. My heart goes tunk, tunk, tunk, my lungs seem to be hitchin around, and now and then my breath shuts off on me the same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this very way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. It may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrer, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't blame me fur dyin, will you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup turned his paper over, pulled in his feet and crossed his legs, but made no reply.

"Folks can't help dyin, Samuel—that is, I can't. I hate to go before I've made the soft soap and put up the fall pickles, but I can't help myself. It was so with Mrs. Watkins. She had the soap grease all ready and was all ready to dye rags fur a new carpet, but when Gabriel's horn sounded she had to spread her wings. You'll miss the soft soap, Samuel, fur you're a great hand to wash up, and you'll miss the pickles, fur you love sour things, but will you miss me?"

Mr. Gallup held the paper in his left hand and reached down his right to scratch his heel through his sock, but he was dumb. Mrs. Gallup looked at him through her tears for a time and then choked down a sob and said:

"Well, if you don't miss me I can't help it. I've allus had hot water ready when you wanted to wash your feet, and you've never found me without stickin salve fur sore fingers. I've nursed you through colic and sot up with you through fever. You've never had to tell me my bread was heavy or the biscuit tasted of saleratus. And when I'm laid away, Samuel, you'll remember that I wore the same bonnet and shawl fur 21 years and that I allus made a pair of shoes last three years. Haven't I done purty well all things considered?"

Mr. Gallup might have agreed with her, but if he did he didn't say so aloud. He crossed his legs the other way and scratched the other heel, and when Mrs. Gallup could restrain her tears she observed:

"I ain't leavin this house the way some wives would, Samuel. When I am gone, you'll find your shirts and socks and everything in the usual place, and you won't have to sew on a button. I'll even scald out the teapot and scour out the dishpan if I have time. If angels can look down from heaven, then I want to look down and see that I've left everything in order. I want to ask you about angels, Samuel. Are they all old or young angels, or are they sorter mixed up? Will I be set back 30 or 40 years, or will I be an old woman angel?"

She looked directly at Mr. Gallup and waited for a reply, but he was reading how to make a hammock out of a flour barrel, and he paid no heed to the question.

"And are all angels purty, Samuel?" she continued after awhile. "I've never been purty since I was a baby and fell out of the winder. But if I've got to be an angel I want my face made over as soon as I get up there. I'm not goin to be p'inted our fur my homelikeness as I fly around. If I was, I know I'd make up faces at some of 'em. Will I be changed in the twinklin of an eye and made as purty as the rest of 'em?"

Something like a smile flitted over the face of Mr. Gallup, but it was probably caused by the article he was reading.

"And about the music, Samuel? I can't play on no harp without lessons. I have never even seen a harp. When we was first married, I used to play on the accordion fur you, but it was awful poor playin, and you soon got sick of it. Is it goin to be expected that I kin fly right up to heaven and begin playin on a harp the very first thing? If it is, then I dassn't as I want to die. I never could a-bear havin folks laugh at me. And the singin, Samuel—the singin! My voice is cracked, and I sing through my nose, and is that goin to do up there? I s'pose I could walk around with a robe on and talk and visit, but I can't sing nor play, and they needn't expect it. Samuel, shall we talk about whether you'd better take a second wife or not? Sometimes I think you had, and sometimes I think you hadn't. What do you think?"

Mr. Gallup turned from the hammock article to one on natural gas in Ohio, and he extended his legs again and prepared to digest it thoroughly. It might have occurred to him that Mrs. Gallup was in the room and that she or some one else was talking to him, but he answered not. Ten minutes had gone by when he finished the article and looked up and around as if he had suddenly missed something. Mrs. Gallup lay curled up on the lounge fast asleep, and in the corner of each eye still glistened a big tear.

M. QUAD.

HER "SUSPICION CURE."

It Made Life One Lingering Honeymoon For Mrs. Jones' Adviser.

"I would be quite happy if my husband would not spend so much of his time at his club," said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh.

"Why don't you try the suspicion cure?" said her intimate friend.

"What in the name of Susan B. Anthony is the suspicion cure?" asked Mrs. Jones in amazement.

"Well, my husband got in the habit of spending his evenings at his club, and I worried over it for some time before I hit upon a plan to keep him at home. At first I pleaded with him, telling him how lonely I was at home when he was away, but he would only laugh and promise to be home early, which meant midnight or later. Then I changed my tactics. Instead of asking him to remain at home I urged him to go to his club. The way he raised his eyebrows the first time I suggested it showed me I was on the right tack, and I resolved to keep it up. One night when he came home for dinner he announced that he had a severe headache and would remain home for the evening. I opposed the idea and pointed out that an evening at his club would cause him to forget his headache and do it good. He gave me a hard look, but acted on the suggestion and left for his club. Something told me that he would be back within an hour, so I made an elaborate toilet and waited for him to return. He came home, as I expected, with the plea that his head was worse and that he couldn't stand the noise at the club. I condoled with him and ignored his question concerning my elaborate toilet. He hasn't been away for an evening since. It is almost like the old honeymoon, only he appears to have something on his mind that he is not entirely satisfied about."—London Answers.

Baldness.

It has been found on study of 300 cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men, which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bachelor may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In woman it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair. Heredity is a factor. If one has baldheaded ancestors, all the drugs of the pharmacopœia will not bring out flowing locks.

Four to One.

An English officer in Malta stopped in riding to ask a native the way. He was answered by a shrug of the shoulders and a "No speak English."

"You're a fool then," said the officer.

But the man knew enough English to ask:

"Do you understand Maltese?"

"No."

"Do you know Arabic?"

"No."

"Do you know Italian?"

"No."

"Do you know Greek?"

"No."

"Then you four fools. I only one!"—Youth's Companion.

An Incredulous Lawmaker.

It is recalled that when the projector of the railroad up Mount Washington sought a charter from the New Hampshire legislature one of the lawmakers, in his speech on the subject, said, "Give the fool permission, but he might as well ask for a railroad to the moon!" But the railroad is still running to the Tip Top House.

A married man says that a wife should be like a roast lamb—tender and sweet, nicely dressed, but without sauce.

When a man approaches you and begins telling how honest he is, hold your hands on your pocketbook.—Atchison Globe.

SELECTIONS

DANIEL WEBSTER.

A New Yorker's Recollections of His Visits to the Astor House.

Mr. Parsell, who is in business at 127 Liberty street, is an old New Yorker who has known the city hall region of the city from childhood, and he is a man well on in years now. He was born in a house that stood in Broadway, opposite City Hall park, near Murray street, and his wife was born in another house near by, one that stood where now is the Chemical bank. Speaking of the old times one day, he said:

"When I was a boy I ran errands and helped in various ways in a haberdashery store that was in the Astor House, corner of Vesey street, the place now occupied as a ticket office by the Pennsylvania railroad. Daniel Webster was at the Astor House frequently in those days, and I remember him very well. He used to buy a great many things in our store, and always had them sent into the hotel to be paid for there. He never had any money. I have carried many purchases to him. He had a parlor up one flight, I think, and there always was a crowd of people about him there. The champagne and other things that went to that room for him and his friends to drink would float a ship. We always understood, and I guess it is true, that he never paid anything at the hotel, did not even pay for the things that he bought and had sent to him there C. O. D.

"Coleman & Stetson kept the hotel then, and I guess they made money enough by keeping him free and paying his bills. There was a constant stream of wine going to his room, which his callers bought and kept flowing. The hotel could well afford to make no charges against him in view of the custom he brought. He was magnificently indifferent about what anything cost. He used to buy his gloves of us for one thing, white kid when he was going to lecture or speak in the evening. He wore an 8½ glove, and he would split or ruin three or four pairs before he got one to suit him. As fast as he tore or split a pair of gloves he would throw them on the floor. When he had selected a pair and got them on without ruining them, he would tell us to send them into the hotel and get our money for them. We always gathered up the torn gloves from the floor, putting them in with the others and charging them in the bill. We always were paid without a word.

"The Astor House in those days was the chief resort for great men. Kossuth and Henry Clay and Edwin Forrest, I have seen them all there. But Webster was the king of them all, a thickset, rather short man, as I remember him, and very pleasant and affable. He used to call me 'Bub,' and one day he gave me a ticket to one of his lectures. I went, but I might as well have staid away. He swam in too deep water for a boy like me. I don't believe there ever was a worse bored boy than I was that night at the great Daniel's lecture, and I never wanted to go again."

Kansas 1904 Exposition.

Kansas, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her admission into the Union as a territory, purposes to hold in 1904 at Topeka, her capital city, an interstate exposition, to which the world will be invited. A strong organization has been effected to plan and carry forward the undertaking, and the preliminary work has already vigorously begun. F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas board of agriculture, is the present head of the directory, and Captain H. M. Phillips of Topeka is the secretary and has matters directly in charge. The promoters of the enterprise promise that Kansas through this 1904 exposition will reveal herself to the world in an attractive light hitherto little expected by those who at a distance have unwittingly regarded her as merely a part of the wild and woolly west.

World Rebuilt Thrice a Century.

Abram S. Hewitt recently said during a discussion of the iron and steel trade of the world:

"The world is practically rebuilt about three times in a century. Thirty-five years ago my firm furnished the ironwork for the first iron fireproof office building erected in New York. Today that building is being demolished, and another will be erected more in keeping with the advance in office buildings during the last ten years. It is of course not to be expected that the 'skyscrapers' of today will be supplanted by others within the third of a century, but the general advance in the world and the progress of civilization are of such a magnitude that, broadly speaking, it is true, as I stated, that we rebuild the world about every 30 or 35 years."

A New Kind of Cartridge.

Consul Hughes at Coburg says: "An Italian electrician has invented an electric cartridge, which he offers as a substitute for dynamite and smokeless powder in mines, rock blasting and for heavy ordnance. The composition used in the cartridge is made up of carbonates of potash and chloride of ammonia, the proportion varying according to the use. The discharge is effected by an electric spark, which produces electrolytic effects upon the chemicals. The inventor claims that the cartridges, until subjected to the effect of electricity, are entirely inoffensive and perfectly safe, so that there will be no necessity for isolating the magazines where they are stored.—Consular Report.

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MASSES

BY

THE INDEPENDENT PRINTING COMPANY.

BASEMENT OF FLACK BLOCK, HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE.

A week, 5 cents; month, 15 cents; three months, 35 cents; six months, 65 cents; one year, $1.25.

ENDORSED BY THE TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL, THE VANCOUVER LABOR PARTY AND THE BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL.

The Independent can always be had at Galloway's book store, arcade.

SATURDAY.....MAY 10, 1902

John Oliver is now an out-and-out opponent of the government. John can't be bought.

Jimmy Dunsmuir, our alleged premier, thinks—no he doesn't think or he would resign.

The canners are on to the government's curves. They get everything from it in writing now.

It would serve our picayune civic police committee right if the firemen did resign in a body. Whether they were granted an increase or not they should have been heard.

If the daily papers happened to get the headings on the legislature proceedings and the revolution in San Domingo mixed the public would never know the difference.

John Houston, of Nelson, characteristically told the speaker he wouldn't go 'way back and sit down. And the political flunkeys couldn't make him take it back, either.

"Write me down an ass," said Shakespeare's dull old Dogberry. "Let me only deliver a budget speech," said young Mr. Prentice. He did it with the same result.

Greenshields out of it and Burdis in it. The next agent-general at Ottawa, vide Mr. Eberts' speech on the fishery license question, will be our own and only William David Burdis.

It will be noticed in the communication of "Old Settler, 1862," that the Vancouver Coal company, of Nanaimo, for a great number of years—since 1862 any way—has observed the eight-hour day.

Lord Strathcona has telegraphed Sir Wilfrid Laurier that 600 seats have been placed at his disposal and good loyal Canadians can procure these at ten shillings a day each to see the great burlesque par excellence.

The McInnes, whose Christian names are William Wallace Bruce, has found it terribly difficult these days to live up to them. He must often surely ask himself, Why the deuce did dad put such a top weight on me soon after I first saw daylight?

"The situation in Victoria is rapidly becoming a disgrace to the country. It is most unfortunate that British Columbia should be compelled to put up with government by expediency, which is practically the state of affairs existing to-day."—Vancouver Province. Geo. McL. must have pulled the string.

The debate in committee which lasted an hour and a quarter on Mr. Hawthornthwaite's Workmen's Compensation bill the other day at times was very personal, "political agitator," "tin-horn politician," and "blackguard" being some of the expressions used. And, mind you the house opened with prayers.

Hair on you, McPhillips. However one may disagree with your opinions on public questions or your long-winded speeches, you had the nerve and the honor to refuse to be coerced into voting for one of the worst swindles ever perpetrated in Canada. Helmcken—with a sunny smile and a yellow streak—submitted.

It is useless, of course, to discuss the position of affairs in the legislature at Victoria. No amount of argument or condemnation on the part of the people or the press will make the disgraceful outfit in Victoria flinch from their desire of holding on to office. Scandalous as have been the railway proposals of this government it is not half as vicious as the continuation of the vacancy in the constituency of North Victoria. No cause has been given for it, and we can only assume that the government is afraid. What is the lieutenant-governor doing. Here is a portion of the people unrepresented, while the government is passing estimates and endeavoring to give away tremendous sums of money and land. Are we living under a constitutional government or at the will of a dictator? Did the people of North Victoria refuse to pay their taxes they would be doing right—notwithstanding the accusation of treason by Dunsmuir's political lackey, Eberts.

The firemen have Ald. Wood to thank for the council recognizing at all the petition for an increase of salary. Had he not been so persistent, even after the mayor had threatened to have him ejected from the chamber by the chief of police, the fate of the petition would have been settled. The firemen are poorly paid, and the council should be prepared to increase their salaries. The argument that "plenty of men can be got to work for the wages paid them" is not manly, but mean and selfish. Is it any wonder that men will form unions? The city should be a model employer.

Concerning the foreshore trap rights on Vancouver Island, the attorney-general said on Wednesday night, after stating that he had arranged matters satisfactory with the canners, "Having satisfied those chiefly concerned in the fisheries, I don't think there is any reason why Mr. McBride should worry." Strange to say, however, Mr. McBride was not quite satisfied with this answer and ventured to suggest to the attorney-general that the people of B. C. as well as canners appeared to him to have some rights in the fisheries. If the government have squared the canners, heaven help the common herd.

Mr. McPhillips, speaking in the legislature Tuesday, said he had told the deputation in the afternoon that he would vote against the Government on every occasion.

Mr. Curtis—"The hon. the second member for Victoria can't be bought."

Hon. Mr. Prentice—"Worthy of the mind of the hon. member for Rossland."

Mr. Curtis said he couldn't say as much for members of the government.

Hon. Mr. Prentice said he would call Mr. Curtis' insinuation a lie if the expression were parliamentary.

These home truths of Curtis' hurt.

A communication has been received by the barbers from the general secretary-treasurer stating that out of 1,000,000 bottles of Coke dandruff cure sold by that company about 600,000 were used by barbers. The Coke people refused to pay the paltry sum of $36 a year for an advertisement in the journal of the union, saying that that amount was just so much money thrown away. The barbers didn't do a thing. They only just quit using the famous hair tonic. The result is that a full-page ad. now regularly appears in the Barber's Journal, which costs about four times as much as the former one did. Advertising in a union paper pays after all.

A SOCIALIST DELEGATE'S VIEW.

Citizen and Country, of Toronto, prints the following article:

"The Kamloops convention undoubtedly marks the beginning of a new era in the politics of British Columbia. The meeting was of a most representative character, and its deliberations were characterized by both good feeling and moderation. About 24 of the 64 delegates present were members of various socialist societies, but only seven of these represented socialist leagues, the others being delegates from various trade unions. The result was that at no stage of the proceedings did the socialists act as a unit, a number of the most vital demands of the socialist platform being voted down by socialists representing trade unions, who claimed that they were acting under instructions laid down by the bodies they represented.

"To the socialist the most important episode was the debate on an amendment to the government ownership plank, declaring for collectivism. The two main speeches in support of the amendment were made by E. Burns, of Vancouver, and J. Kingsley, of Nanaimo. None of the speakers in opposition attempted to contravert the correctness of the socialist position, but contented themselves with opposing all radical planks, on the ground that they wanted to build a platform which would arouse no particular opposition, and allow them to get a number of men elected to the legislature. The result was that every vital issue to labor was either ignored or straddled, and the platform finally adopted was of a weak and indefinite description.

"The fate of this new party is hard to forecast. At the first election they will discover the folly of toning down their demands to suit the prejudices and capitalistic instincts of the average voter. They will succeed in deceiving no one, and the opposition to their candidates will be just as bitter as if they stood on a platform advocating the abolition of the wage system. Such a party cannot stand still. It will either go forward and become a clear-cut socialist party, like the Independent labor party of Great Britain, or it will fall back into the mire of capitalistic politics.

"The position of the socialist is clear and unmistakable, while we recognize the advance made in cutting loose from old party politics, we must never for a moment falter in our propoganda of education and agitation, which will in time show these sincere but misguided wage-earners that all political movements that fail to recognize the co-operative commonwealth as the final goal are both useless and reactionary."

CURRENT OPINION---ALL SORTS.

Somebody Lying.

Joe Chamberlain contemplates visiting Canada next Summer. If he plays the date we can see a first-class opening to pull off a ten-round slang-whanging bout between he and Canada's sunny artist, Wilf Laurier. Chamberlain advised British Columbia to put on a Natal act; then Wilf put the kibosh on the anti-Mongolian legislation and tried to shuffle the blame on the colonial secretary. In view of these circumstances, if the people of B. C. can manage to bring Laurier and Chamberlain together somewhere in the neighborhood of the Pacific coast, with Joe Martin as interlocutor, the subsequent proceedings should be decidedly interesting. Somebody certainly is lying about this Mongolian business, and if what has been said and written about Joe Chamberlain is any criterion, Laurier's version would not be allowed to go by default.

New Books Needed.

The question of school books was taken up at the labor convention here and it was decided that the government should print and supply at cost all the books required in the public schools of this province. A new set of books altogether would be a decided benefit. Some of those now in use are not worth the paper they are printed on.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Will Repudiate.

If the British Columbia legislature passes the Canada Northern swindle the Provincial Progressives will undoubtedly declare for repudiation, and will sweep the country on that policy. Outside of the grafter constituencies on Vancouver Island, not one per cent. of the electors are in favor of the bill. —Sandon Paystreak.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A HINT TO McINNES.

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT:

Sir,—In your issue of May 3rd you quote William Wallace Bruce McInnes, M. L. A., as stating in his speech of four hours' duration that the premier had, years ago, introduced the eight-hour day. Now, sir, will you kindly inform William Wallace Bruce McInnes that the present premier's father, when an employee of the Old Vancouver Coal Mining company, and as an employee of the Hudson Bay company, did only work eight hours a day coal cutting in their mines; also tell the said William Wallace Bruce McInnes that this was long years before he (W. W. B. McInnes) knew there was such a place as British Columbia, and request him to ask the premier to enlighten him upon the eight-hour day question, as the premier well knows that eight hours a day was an established rule when he trotted to the old log school house to learn his A B C's. Honor to whom honor is due is my motto. Not honor to whomsoever pays for it.

OLD SETTLER 1862.

British Columbia, May 8, 1902.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION BILL.

The Victoria Trades and Labor council held their regular meeting on Wednesday evening. Reports of various committees were received. The report of the delegate to the Kamloops labor convention was left for a special meeting on Wednesday night next, to deal with. The Workmen's Compensation act, now before the legislature, was discussed at length, and the following resolution adopted: "Resolved—That the Trades and Labor council of Victoria object to any change being made in the fundamental principle of the Workmen's Compensation act before the legislature, as outlined in section 2, sub-sections a, b and c of the bill, nor to any change whatever not introduced by or acceptable to the author and mover of the act, J. H. Hawthornthwaite, M. P. P. for Nanaimo.

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Cold type and printers' ink afford but little satisfaction in describing the Dress Goods we are showing this season, nor does the reading of prices convey an accurate idea of values.

The goods must be seen to be appreciated, and those who come always find something worth seeing. We believe our showing is bigger and better than ever, and that the fabrics are what women of taste and style demand. Our goods were chosen from reliable sources, and are guaranteed by the makers to be reliable. All we ask is the privilege of showing you our fine goods. We'll do that cheerfully, even though you don't think of buying right away.

If you can't come to the store, write for samples. We'll gladly send them.

DRYSDALE'S

170 Cordova St., Vancouver.

CHINESE RESTRICTION.

The Nanaimo Trades and Labor Council has sent out the following appeal to the Trades and Labor councils of Canada regarding the restriction of Oriental immigration:

Gentlemen,—For years the trades unions and trades councils of British Columbia have agitated for the enactment of laws to restrict the immigration of Orientals, especially Chinese, as it has been found that these people have a tendency to drive white men out of the different industries by working for wages so low that civilized conditions of living become impossible. As a direct result of this agitation the Dominion Parliament raised the poll tax on Chinese from $50 to $100, which, however, has proved inadequate, and the demand for a further increase has been constant and insistent from the trades unionists of British Columbia. The Provincial government, realizing

The Importance of the Matter

to British Columbia have, from time to time, passed laws calculated to so hamper the Chinese and Japanese that they would be forced to leave the country, but the Dominion authorities have invariably disallowed them, saying either that they were unconstitutional or that the policy of the Imperial government demanded their disallowance. Recently, however, the Dominion government appointed a Royal Commission to enquire into the question, and after an exhaustive research, in which public evidence from all classes of people was taken, this commission has now handed in its report declaring the advisability of

Excluding This Class of Labor

entirely, and recommending that the poll tax on Chinese be raised from $100 to $500, and if that is not found effective that a TOTAL EXCLUSION LAW BE ENACTED. It now lies with the workingmen of Canada to say whether this recommendation shall be carried into effect. At a recent interview with the Trades and Labor Congress delegation Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that nothing could be done until the people of Eastern Canada had an opportunity to inform themselves through the medium of the report of existing conditions. We feel that unless strong efforts are put forth to keep up the interest in this question that it will be allowed to drop out of sight entirely, and therefore appeal to our fellow unionists all over Canada to agitate the question in every way, pass resolutions against the

Horrible Yellow Scourge,

and send the same to your representatives in the Dominion house of parliament. Tell them that organized labor expects their vote for the enactment of the recommendations of the Oriental commission which have just been presented. We believe that if every union man does his duty it will not be long before the lines of trade and employment at present controlled by the Chinese will be in the possession of their rightful owner (the white citizen). Agitate the question in your trades council, union and political meetings, and earn the everlasting gratitude of your fellow workers in British Columbia.

Nanaimo, B. C.

The Mint

Is the new saloon at the corner of Carrall and Hastings streets. Case goods are the best, and the prices O. K. Seattle Rainier beer, 5 cents.

Christie's Social Tea Biscuits. One pound tins, regular price 35 cents per tin. Now 2 for 35 cents, at the City Grocery.

Fishing Tackle!

Rods, in Greenheart, Steel, Split Cane, Lancewood, Steel Centre.

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Wait a Minute!

a day—a month, is the common excuse. It was what the captain of a vessel said—on returning from the voyage he would insure. But he never came back. The vessel was wrecked; he was lost; his family was stranded, too, financially, by his procrastination.

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It may be a little early to push the sale of Straw Hats for a few days yet, but on opening our stock to-day we found such a beautiful variety of shapes and braids that we could not refrain from inviting the public to inspect our goods before buying. A visit from you will always be welcomed, whether you purchase or not.

THE PANAMA SHAPE

is one of the newest for men. We are showing them in fine and coarse braids, from $1 to $2.50 each.

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is a small, narrow-leafed style, in coarse braid, with deep brim; this is one of the latest.

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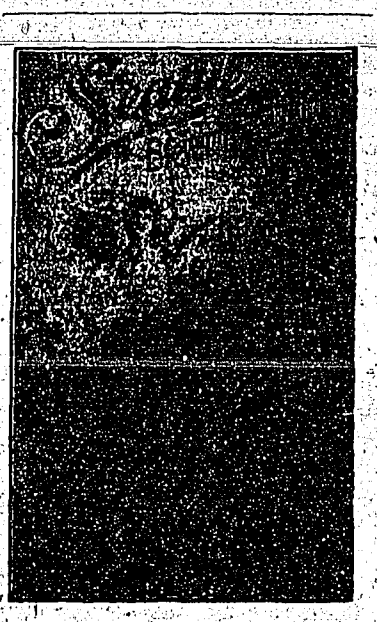

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THE CIVIC SOLONS.

Ald. McGuigan was absent at last Monday night's meeting of the city council.

A petition was received from a large number of merchants, asking that the services of Nightwatchmen Purdy (employed by the city for nine years) and Calbick (four years) be retained; that they were willing to pay their share towards their salary. Referred to police committee.

Another petition was received from the firemen, asking for an increase in their wages.

A motion was offered to refer it to the police committee.

Ald. Wood said that the firemen had applied to the police committee for an interview before, but had been turned down. He (Wood) thought that the committee did not propose to hear them.

Ald. McQueen said that the police committee did not refuse to hear the firemen. The council decided not to increase their salary. Therefore, the committee had no right to interfere. He believed that the firemen's salaries should be fixed by by-law. This would put an end to such petitions.

Ald. Wood was agreeable that the petition should go back to the committee if it would act on it. He did not think that the resolution not to increase their salaries could be found on the minutes, and asked that it be read. If it was passed then it was irregular to raise the chief's salary $25 a month.

Mayor Neelands—We won't discuss the matter.

Ald. Wood held that the resolution was not on the minutes.

Ald. Brown—It was never stated in the report that the committee refused to hear the firemen.

Ald. Wood—We've only got the committee's report to show it.

Ald. Brown said that Ald. Wood's statement was not true. "You can get any kind of a statement you like, Ald. Woods." The committee did hear the men.

Ald. Wood—My statement is true.

Ald. McQueen rose to a point of order. He had taken exception to the minutes at the time——

Mayor Neelands—I won't have any more discussion. Sit down, Ald. Wood.

Ald. Wood—"I want to rise to a question of privilege. I want to hear the copy of the minutes bearing on this matter read."

Mayor Neelands (hitting his desk)—Take your seat.

Ald. Wood—You are over-riding your privileges as mayor of this city.

Ald. Bethune—If you are going to re-open the question of salaries, you must open them all up.

Ald. Wood—"Your worship, I merely ask to have this resolution read. As a man and mayor of this city, I ask, aren't you going to see fair play."

Mayor Neelands—I rule this out of order.

Ald. Wood took exception to the ruling and asked for a show of hands. His worship's decision, however, was sustained by the aldermen.

Mayor Neelands—Is the chief of police present. You'll take your seat, Ald. Wood, and if you don't you'll leave the council.

Ald. Wood—I'll take my seat, but will bring up this matter again, and will find out if the resolution was ever passed or not.

The next order of business being "enquiries," Ald. Wood immediately rose, stating that he wished to enquire if there was any mention on the minutes of the council where the aldermen had refused to consider the application of the firemen for an increase of salary.

The clerk read the minutes, showing that the matter had been considered.

Ald. Wood said that he was "satisfied for the present."

Ald. Wood asked if the board of works intended making any sewer extensions on Mount Pleasant or Fairview. There were portions of the west and east ends included in the sewer by-law which were yet without sewers, while outside districts were being sewered. He thought that this left room for a just complaint. Something should be done at once.

Ald. Wood asked when the fire and police committe was going to take up the question of building new fire halls.

Ald. Wylie said he was opposed to any further expenditure, and intimated that this matter would not come up this year.

Ald. Brown called attention to the undesirability of allowing green grocers to place eatable goods on the sidewalk in front of their stores, owing to the contact resulting with dust, dirt, dogs, etc.

Ald. McQueen called attention to the accumulation of water on Pender street in front of the Fairfield block, which occurred after every rainfall.

Ald. Cook asked whether Vancouver's interests were being properly looked after at Victoria during the passage of the V. V. & E. and other railway bills, and suggested that some action be taken. His worship intimated that the city members would be communicated with.

Ald. Wood suggested that the mayor should call a public meeting to consider the question of holding a joint celebration for coronation day and July 1st.

Ald. McQueen introduced the by-law to close saloons from 12.30 to 6 a. m. nightly, and moved its first reading, Ald. Wylie seconding the motion.

Ald. Wylie produced a bill in favor of Mr. Hunt, city tailor, for civic uniforms, $159, stating it included uniforms for two men whom it had been decided not to provide with civic clothes this year; he understood, however, that their suits had been ordered prior to the action of the council.

Ald. Wood said that Ald. Wylie had opposed this matter before. Now he wants to buy the clothes. Ald. Wood voted against the payment of this bill on the ground that all officials should be treated alike. If one were entitled to a suit of clothes they all were.

Deviled Ham, 3 tins for 25 cents, at the City Grocery.

MACHINISTS' STRIKE.

Wednesday week the Kingston, Ont., Whig interviewed Arthur W. Holmes, Toronto, the second vice-president of the international association of machinists, who has been in that city for the past month attempting to effect an amicable settlement of the difficulties between the locomotive works company and its employees, 70 of whom have gone on strike. Mr. Holmes showed a copy of the agreement submitted to the company last November, and which they were given until April 30th to sign. "You see, we were taking no unfair advantage of them," remarked Mr. Holmes. The two main points at issue are embodied in the following clauses in the proposed agreement, viz.:

Clause i.—A machinist is classified as a competent general workman—floor hand, lathe hand, vise hand, planer hand, shaper hand, milling hand (machine), slotting machine hand, boring mill hand and tool maker."

"Clause vii.—There shall be one apprentice for the shop, and in addition not more than one apperntice to every five machinists. It is understood that in shops where the ratio is more than the above that no change shall take place until the ratio has reduced itself to the proper number by lapse or by the expiration of existing contracts."

Said Mr. Holmes: "The company and the men agree on everything except these two classes. The company wants the privilege of putting laborers on machine work. This means the displacement of machinists, and that's really why the men are out to-day. To grant what the company asks would be a blow at the very bulwark of the union's constitution. Machinists, who have spent long years acquiring their trade, must protect themselves from laboring men who have not served an apprenticeship, being placed on machines."

Choice Electric Soap, 10 bars for 25 cents, at the City Grocery.

ON THE RAIL.

MACHINISTS.

Messrs. J. G. Webster and E. H. Wilkinson, of Revelstoke, representing the machinists of that town and vicinity, was in this city the fore part of the week. They left for Winnipeg on Thursday to meet the general committee regarding the proposed new schedule. They called on The Independent and speak hopeful of their mission.

TELEGRAPHERS IN MONTREAL.

The chairmen of all the divisions of Railway Telegraphers on the C. P. R. system arrived in Montreal last week. They have come to Montreal with the intention of conferring with Vice-President McNicoll and President Shaughnessy, having failed in their attempt to have divisional superintendents agree to the new schedule of wages which they will now present to the management. They ask that the minimum wage be increased from $40 to $53. Among the chairmen in Montreal are Mr. A. E. Stevens, of Vancouver, Pacific division; C. H. Hood, of Swift Current, Western division; John Wagner, Lake Superior division, and W. H. Allison, general chairman of the entire system.

RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

Last week the Winnipeg Voice gave some prominence to an article relating to the state of affairs existing there between the C. P. R. freight agent, Mr. Warner, and the employees of that department. Ever since Mr. Warner was advanced to his present position, friction more or less has existed in the department. He is supposed to owe his advancement in some degree to the fact that he helped, during the last Telegraphers' trouble. Mr. Warner's motto is, "Get the most work for the least money." His reputation for economy has been earned at the expense of the underpaid men who work under him. The wages he has offered and compelled to be accepted, through sheer necessity, are a disgrace to human-kind. A reference to the language used by Mr. Warner to our reporter when he was, as he knew, speaking for publication, will give an idea of the choice vocabulary he has at his disposal when displeased with the workmen under him. It is little wonder his treatment is resented.

THE TRACKMEN.

The Winnipeg Voice says that Messrs. John Wilson and A. B. Lowe, president and vice-president of the Railway Trackmen of America, have been in Ottawa for the purpose of opening up negotiations with the railway department for an increase in the wages of the trackmen on the Intercolonial to a minimum of $1.50 per day. An excellent schedule of terms had previously been arranged with the manager of the road, but he cannot deal with the wage claims, so that part has to be referred to the minister of railways. The Trackmen's representative had an interview with that gentleman, and also with the premier. Nothing definite was accomplished, but it is believed that assurances were obtained that matter will be dealt with on the rising of parliament, and the statement of the minister in the house confirms this belief.

The Trackmen have finished their schedule-making interview with the C. P. R., and the committee have returned to their homes. All the details have been satisfactorily arranged and the question of wages is to be arbitrated. Chancellor Boyd, of Montreal, has been selected as the third man to arbitrate the differences between the United Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen and the C. P. R. J. T. Wilson, representing the Trackmen, Mr. Gutoilers representing the company, and Chancellor Boyd, held their first meeting on Monday at Montreal.

C. P. R. FACILITIES AT PHOENIX.

As an immediate result of the fast increasing ore traffic from the mines at Phoenix and its neighborhood, the officials of the C. P. R. have decided to at once begin the work of extensive betterments of the company's property in this locality, says the Phoenix Pioneer. During the last year something of this kind has constantly been going on, and this year even more of it will be done. Inasmuch as the Phoenix branch is said to be the best paying piece of track owned by the C. P. R., from ocean to ocean.

These improvements were definitely decided on last Saturday, when a large party of C. P. R. officials visited the city, coming in by special train. The party included Richard Marpole, Vancouver, general superintendent Pacific division; R. Armistead, private secretary to Mr. Marpole; H. J. Cambie, chief engineer; William Downie, Nelson, superintendent Kootenay and Boundary division; J. Wilson, Vancouver, superintendent of telegraphs; W. O. Miller, car service and fuel agent; Grant Hall, master mechanic, Revelstoke; R. A. Bainbridge, Nelson, engineer Kootenay and Boundary; H. McIntyre, district inspector of telegraphs.

In the course of the next ten days the new rolling stock of the Boundary passenger train will begin to arrive. It will consist of combination buffet and parlor cars and first-class passenger coaches, the former being the first to be placed in service.

AN EMPLOYER OF SPIES.

One phase of the trouble at the C. P. R. freight sheds at Winnipeg that disgusts all decent men is the using of a miserable cur to report to his boss the proceedings of the meetings of the Railway Employees' union. If there is any distinction between the contemptible sneak who did the work and the man who employed him we would be glad to have it pointed out. The sin and shame of placing a person who would be guilty of such conduct in a position where he controls the employment of a hundred or more men is indeed hard to bear, and that a protest against him had to come sooner or later was inevitable. It is now known that every detail of the union meetings was "faithfully" reported to the "boss" by some spy. A nice combination for decent men to be antagonized by—a sneaking, crawling spy—and the employer thereof. If the C. P. R. can stand for this sort of thing it must have a gullet like an ostrich. It disgusts and sickens all normally constructed people.—Winnipeg Voice.

AUTOMATIC RAILWAY COUPLINGS.

The report of the Inter-State Commerce commission to June 30, 1901, deals with the first year in which all railway freight cars not equipped with automatic couplers have been turned off the United States lines and only automatic couplers used. This act was passed in 1893. At first it was not compulsory and the U. S. railways proceeded very slowly to alter their rolling stock and to fit automatic couplers. Nevertheless, even with such partial equipment there was a steady decrease in accidents year by year, but slow progress made it necessary to resort to compulsion. The tables of figures given in that report and reports from 1893 onwards reveal that the number of men annually killed and injured when engaged in coupling and uncoupling cars has fallen since 1893 no less than sixtythree per cent. in killed and over eighty per cent. in injured. The number of men employed in shunting in England is nothing like as great as that on the American railroads, nevertheless during 1900 (the last year for which full returns have been issued) was nearly as bad as the United States record for 1893. Had this terrible record being continued in the United States year by year to this date no less than 1,685 killed and 42,333 injured—in all 44,118—more railroad men, who now have been saved by automatic couplings, would have suffered, while had that law been made compulsory when first passed at least 15,000 more would have been added to the large army of industrial workers who are yet alive and at work. Mr. Bell, M. P., recently stated that in twelve and a half years every shunter, and in fifteen and a quarter years every goods guard, will be killed and injured in Great Britain unless protected by the adoption of automatic safety couplers.

PAPER AND WOOD PULP.

The manufaoture of paper from wood pulp has grown to be one of the leading industries, says the Kamloops Sentinel. The former sources of supply are showing signs that they cannot much longer be depended upon and that other localities must be looked to. Canada is recognised as the one new storehouse from which an almost inexhaustible supply of pulp making material can be drawn. Much of the pulp now manufactured in Canada finds its way to England, where it is made into paper, and the demand is on the increase. British Columbia is well adapted to come to the front as a pulp making province. The vast stores of timber suitable for the purpose have already been looked over and their value recognised, and, it is alleged, several pulp enterprises are contemplated at or near the coast. In this interior section, continues the Sentinel, there are vast areas of timbered lands covered with the proper growth of trees suited for pulp making. Not only is there the timber but there is the water power ready and available for driving the machinery requisite in its manufacture. The Shuswap lake, by the peculiar formation of the long arms that run for miles in all directions, taps a country that is well worthy the attention of those who have in mind the establishing of a pulp making plant. Not only could the pulp be made but the farther step, the manufacture of the pulp into paper, might be undertaken by the same concern. Men who are qualified to speak have spoken in most favorable terms of the Shuswap lake country as adapted for the pulp industry.

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PLATFORM OF THE PROVINCIAL PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

Following is the platform adopted at the Kamloops convention of the Provincial Progressive Party:

That this party lays it down as a first principle that they will nominate, endorse or support only such men as will place their signed, undated, resignation in the hands of the convention which nominates or endorses them; that this resignation be sworn to; that this resignation may be handed in to the lieutenant-governor in council whenever a majority of the convention shall consider such action advisable.

1. That we gradually abolish all taxes on the producer and the products of the producer, shifting them on land values.

2. Government ownership of railways and all means of communication.

3. That the government establish and operate smelters and refineries to treat all kinds of minerals.

4. That the franchise be extended to women.

5. The abolition of property qualifications for all public offices.

6. Farm improvements, implements and stock not to be taxed, and wild lands to be assessed at the price asked for them by speculative holders.

7. No land or cash subsidies. Lands to be held for the actual settler.

8. Ten per cent. of all public lands to be immediately set aside for educational purposes and education of all children up to the age of 16 years to be free, secular and compulsory, text books, meals and clothing to be supplied out of the public funds where necessary.

9. Compulsory arbitration of labor disputes.

10. Restriction of Oriental immigration by a law on the lines of the Natal act, and if said law be disallowed, it be repeatedly re-enacted until the end sought is attained.

11. That to protect us from Asiatics already in the province the government insert a clause in all private acts to this effect: "This act shall be null and void if the company fails to enter into an agreement with the government as to conditions of construction and operation," and that the house pass a resolution to prohibit the employment of Asiatics on all franchises granted by the provincial house.

12. Conservation of our forest riches, pulp land leases to contain a provision for re-foresting so as to produce a perennial revenue and make pulp manufacture a growing and permanent industry.

13. That the act compelling the scaling of logs by government scalers be enforced.

14. Absolute reservation from sale or lease of a certain part of each known coal area, so that state owned mines, if necessary, may be easily possible in the future. All coal leases or grants hereafter made to contain a provision enabling the government to fix the price of coal loaded on cars or vessels for shipments to B. C. consumers.

15. Municipalization and public control of the liquor traffic.

16. The right to a referendum where a valuable subsidy or franchise is to be conferred.

17. That all transportation companies be compelled to give free transportation to members of the legislative assembly and supreme court and county judges.

18. Election day to be a public holiday, and provision made that every employer shall be free from service at least four consecutive hours during polling time.

EMPLOYER ADVOCATES HIGH WAGES.

Former President Morehouse of the United Typothetae of America, a well known employing printer of Connecticut, in an address at the Boston Typothetae's dinner, advocated high wages as a good business policy. "If the master printers of Boston," said he, "had increased the pay of their men $5 a week instead of $1, the money would not have come out of their pockets." At the annual convention of the Typothetae in New Haven three years ago President Morehouse was a strong champion of the eight-hour day.

C. Ellis, corner Cambie and Cordova streets, is the place you can get your hair cut in an artistic manner.

Union Directory.

THE VANCOUVER TRADES AND Labor Council meets first and third Thursday in each month, at 7:30 p. m. President, W. J. Lamrick; vice-president, F. J. Russell; secretary, T. H. Cross; financial secretary, J. T. Lilley; treasurer, C. Crowder; sergeant-at-arms, C. J. Salter; statistician, J. H. Browne.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF Electrical Workers, Vancouver Local 213.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday in Union hall, room No. 4. President, Geo. Coulins; vice-president, R. P. Irwin; recording secretary, A. D. Hotson, 635 Richards street; financial secretary, John Dubburly.

JOURNEYMEN BARBERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION, No. 120—President, G. W. Isaacs; vice-president, Fred Haw; corresponding-financial secretary, J. A. Stewart, 51 Cordova St; recorder, C. D. Morgan; treasurer, E. Morgan; guide, N. A. Bradley; guardian, P. J. Bennett; delegates to T. & L. Council: G. W. Isaacs and Fred. Haw. Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Union Hall.

COOKS, WAITERS AND WAITRESSES' Union, Local No. 28. President, Wm. Ellender; vice-president, W. W. Nelson; recording secretary, Miss Adella Connant; financial secretary, J. H. Perkins; treasurer, Wm. Ellender. Meeting every Friday at 8.30 p. m. in Union Hall, corner Homer and Dunsmuir streets.

VANCOUVER TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 226 meets the last Sunday in each month at Union Hall. President, C. S. Campbell; vice-president, W. J. McKay; secretary, S. J. Gothard, P. O. Box 65; treasurer, Geo. Wilby; sergeant-at-arms, A. F. Arnold; executive committee, F. W. Fowler, G. E. Pierrott, W. Brand, Robt. Todd; delegates to Trades and Labor Council, W. Brand, S. J. Gothard, F. Fowler; delegates to Allied Trades Council, F. A. Fowler, W. J. McKay and C. J. Marshall.

STREET RAILWAY MEN'S UNION—Meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month, in Sutherland Hall, corner Westminster Avenue and Hastings Street at 8 p.m. President, H. A. McDonald; vice-president, John Gardiner; secretary, A. G. Perry; treasurer, H. Vanderwalker; conductor, Geo. Lenfesty; warden, D. Smith; sentinel, J. Dubberley; delegates to Trades and Labor Council: H. A. McDonald, J. C. Barton, C. Bennett, Robt. Brunt and A. G. Perry.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS and Joiners—Meets every second and fourth Thursday in Union Hall, room No. 3. President, G. Dobbin; vice-president, J. M. Sinclair; recording secretary, W. T. MacMullen; financial secretary, H. S. Falconer; treasurer, J. Ferguson; conductor, R. MacKenzie; warden, J. McLeod; delegates to T. and L. council: Robt. Macpherson, G. Dobbin, J. M. Sinclair.

TEXADA MINERS' UNION, No. 113, W. F. M., meets every Saturday at 7.30 p.m. in Foresters' hall, Van Anda. President, R. Aitken; vice-president, C. A. Melville; secretary, A. Raper, Van Anda, B. C.; treasurer, H. V. Price; conductor, P. Burt; warden, John Linklater.

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF Machinists.—Beaver Lodge, No. 182.—Meets second and fourth Wednesday in each month in Union hall. President, J. Arnell; vice-president, J. R. Edwards; recording secretary, A. J. Thirtle, address, Vancouver P. O.; financial secretary, H. J. Littler, 573 Hastings street, east; treasurer, E. Timmins; conductor, S. H. Bossisstow; guard, F. Coughlin.

JOURNEYMEN BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS' International Union of America. Local No. 46, Vancouver, B. C. President, Wm. H. Barnes; vice-president, Fred. Jay; recording secretary, Sam Walker, 1042 Seaton street; financial secretary, N. McMullin, St. George street, Mount Pleasant; treasurer, W. A. Woods.

CIGARMAKERS' UNION NO. 357—Meets the first Tuesday in each month in Union Hall. President, A. Koehel; vice-president, P. Crowder; secretary, G. Thomas, Jr., 148 Cordova street west; treasurer, S. W. Johnson; sergeant-at-arms, J. W. Brat; delegates to Trades and Labor Council, J. Crow, C. Crowder, C. Nelson.

BROTHERHOOD OF PAINTERS AND DECORATORS, Local Union No. 138. Meets every Thursday in Labor Hall. President, W. Pavier; vice-president, W. Halliday; recording secretary, E. Crush, 767 Eighth avenue, west; financial secretary, A. Gothard, 822 Howe street; treasurer, H. McSorley.

JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' UNION OF AMERICA, No. 178 — Meets alternate Mondays in room 1, Union Hall. President, F. Williams; vice-president, Chas. Whalen; recording secretary, H. O. Burritt; financial secretary, Walfred Larson; treasurer, W. W. Toombs; sergeant-at-arms, J. McPherson.

THE RETAIL CLERKS' INTERNATIONAL PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION meets in O'Brien's Hall, the first and third Tuesdays of each month. D. McLean, president; W. J. Lamrick, secretary, 248 Princess street. labor ..galley 7.

VANCOUVER FISHERMENS UNION No. 2. Meets in Labor Hall, Homer St., May 10th at 8 p. m. Sydney Harris, secretary, care of water works shops, Powell St.

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FRESH CUT FLOWERS. UNION-MADE DOMESTIC CIGARS.
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THE ANTIQUE RUG.

IT IS RARE AND COSTLY AND IS FREQUENTLY COUNTERFEITED.

Those of Highest Value Come From Persia and India—The Colors Never Fade—The Bank President's Persian Rug.

To be the possessor of an antique rug is the ambition of many and the achievement of few. Of those who congratulate themselves upon their ownership of such a valued article many would have the bubble pricked in an instant if they were to submit their rug to an expert.

"There are not 200 genuine antique rugs for sale in this country," is the statement of one of the most experienced men in the business. "Those who own them hold on to them, for their value increases every day. To be an antique a rug must be at least 100 years old, so what do people mean by coming to me and saying that they have an antique rug which they bought when it was new 20 years before?

"One man thinks because a rug looks a little dingy and because he pays a good price for it that it is a genuine antique, but new rugs are doctored to give them the appearance of age. See this one. It has been sent here to be repaired, and the owner believes that it is a real antique, but it has the dry rot. I can tear it, and I could not do that if it were real. Doctored rugs are put in a boiling solution with an infusion that gives the yellowish cast, such as this one has. Always beware of a rug with that tone. It is likely to have been treated, and that will ruin it for wear.

"A bank president bought a handsome rug for his office, paying $450 for it. I knew that it was a modern rug the minute I laid my eyes on it, but he thought I was mistaken. One night there was a fire in the rooms above the bank, and three inches of water stood on the rug for several hours. If it had been what it was said to be it would have come out of its bath as good as ever, but, being a counterfeit, the water ruined it. The insurance company found it out and refused to pay the $450. The firm that sold the rug was threatened with exposure and suit for selling the rug as an antique and decided to take it back and refund the money.

"The best rugs come from Persia and are named after the provinces in which they are made. Once in awhile a rug that is made in a certain province has the appearance of one made in another, and the only way one can tell to which class it really belongs is to dissect it and find how the knots are tied. The manner of making these rugs has come down from generation to generation and from century to century. The same patterns persist and are done in the same colors. The people are not inventive; neither are they imitative. They know how to do one thing well, and they keep on doing it as long as they live, and their children take it up when they lay it down. A few years ago aniline dyes were introduced into Persia, and a wail of despair went up from artistic people everywhere. The exports from Persia fell off, and the shah, on learning the cause, forbade the importation of these dyes, and so the native rug and carpet makers have gone back to their beautiful vegetable dyes that will endure forever.

"The colors of the best oriental rugs never fade. The dust and other foreign particles that they accumulate in the course of time soften the original colors, but nothing of their primal quality is really lost. Moreover, they can be cleaned thoroughly over and over, and neither the texture nor the coloring will be the worse for it.

"The Persians will do nothing aside from their own methods, but the people of India are excellent at copying and will reproduce a rug from a colored design, if they do not have the original, so perfectly that one cannot be told from the other. They are able even to get the time softened effects in copying from the old rug. Two rugs are being made in India to match a large sixteenth century rug for one of the Vanderbilts, the design having been sent from here.

"Another rich family is having rugs for their entire house made in India, from designs prepared by an artist to match the furniture and decorations, almost all being in the French renaissance style, although this is against the advice of architect and decorator.

"Good antiques cost hundreds and many of them thousands of dollars; $8,000 and $10,000 are not exorbitant for rugs of good size and quality.

"For $15,000 you may buy a lovely silken rug whose authentic history is lost in antiquity, but it is supposed to have been made by a princess, as no one else would have had time enough to weave it. There are about 1,200 knots to the inch.

"Almost all the old patterns have been repeated and are still being used, the exceptions being those of a few rugs in the mosques, of which no copies are permitted.

"The Armenians have brought over a great many spurious rugs within the last few years and have demoralized taste and trade. The wool in these rugs is colored with the mineral dyes, and the weaving is less skillful."—New York Press.

To Rid a Room of Insects.

A family moving into an old house a year or so ago was unpleasantly surprised to find that the former occupants had been lacking in housewifely qualities, and after sleeping in the house a night or so it was discovered that there was more insect life than was agreeable. To follow old fashioned methods was too slow, and instead three sulphur candles were purchased, the house was shut up after the candles had been lighted and left to itself for three hours. At the end of that time everything living inside had been killed, and there was no trouble afterward. The family moved to another floor in the same house, repeated the same operation, with the same success, and, removing again to their original floor, for a third time repeated the operation. It worked without fail, but metal of any kind in the room had to be taken out or it would have turned black.

Nursery Measures.

One teaspoonful of liquid is one dram, one tablespoonful four drams, or half an ounce, two tablespoonfuls eight drams, one pint 20 ounces. These measures are used when a baby is brought up by hand, so that the barley water and milk, which form the chief food of the hand fed baby, may be mixed in the proper proportions. The proportions vary with the age. If sugar is added to the food, the ordinary kind should not be used, but milk and sugar, which can be procured from any druggist.

FRA ELBERTUS' RISE

HOW THE FOUNDER OF THE ROYCROFT SHOP BEGAN LIFE.

The Personal Characteristics and Career of Elbert Hubbard, the Head of the Unique Industrial and Artistic Colony Near Buffalo—A Delightful Personage, Well Known to Canadian Book Lovers.

To the Roycroft shop, at East Aurora, eighteen miles out on the Buffalo branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, many book lovers from Canada pay visits from time to time. Indeed some well known Canadians, noted in bookbinding and artistic circles, have formed homes there. Who the Roycrofters are and what they are doing and how they do it the reading public pretty generally knows, though it perhaps may not be wholly familiar with the personality and career of Fra Elbertus, the founder and head of this unique and industrial and artistic colony.

"The father," as Elbert Hubbard is called by his associates, is a man of kindly and gentle mien, though withal a man of great force and determination, possessing the stern characteristics which mark the successful leader of men, the managers of large affairs. One might think from the biting sarcasm which

ELBERT HUBBARD.

frequently flows from his pen that he was cold, harsh and cynical, but he is none of these. His voice has a deep minor key, but one might believe that it could roll deeply and thunder loudly upon occasion. He has a striking face and head. Both are large, broad and round. His forehead is of the Websterian type and his features generally are massive and strong. The complexion is brunette, health hued and weather beaten. The mouth and eyes are large and strong, yet tender in their undertones. The deep hazel eyes, with a pronounced flush of dark gray, are deep set, with heavy, cavernous lids and long, well arched brows, and there comes from them a kindly but penetrating gaze.

The head of the Roycrofters was born in central Illinois just a hundred miles south of Chicago forty-five years ago. His father was a country physician, and the boyhood life and experiences of young Hubbard were pretty much the same as those of other lads in the semi-pioneer times of the middle west. He went to the district school in the winters and did chores and worked on a farm in summers.

At fifteen he quit school altogether and began "doing a man's work for a boy's pay," a not unusual experience of country boys of that age. One day while plowing in the field Elbert concluded that he had had enough of it. He tied the horses to a rail fence, climbed on board a passing freight train which was going slow on the up grade and went to Chicago, sending back a note to his parents that he was going west to make his fortune. It did not return for ten years, but when he did if he did not have a fortune he had a pretty fair start toward it and a varied experience which brought into full play his native resources and laid the foundation for his future successes.

For a time he was a cowboy in the far west, but this was not quite to his liking, and he returned to Chicago, where he engaged in various occupations—worked in a printing office, peddled soap from house to house, shoved lumber on the docks, acted as a traveling salesman and was a newspaper reporter and correspondent.

Later he came to Buffalo and worked in a soap factory, afterwards becoming manager of the establishment and subsequently a partner. He invented a new process in soapmaking which was a great money maker for the concern. Shortly after he sold out his interests for $75,000 and invested a portion of this in a stock farm at East Aurora, where he raised trotting horses. He took a short course of study at Harvard University and traveled extensively through Europe. He met William Morris, the English author, artist, decorator and economist, from whom he received much of the inspiration which led to the establishment of the Roycroft shop.

About this time the literary ambition, always strong in him, asserted itself. He wrote two or three books, one of them being the now widely read "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Men," but no publisher would take them. Indignant but undismayed at his failure to find a publisher, he resolved that his thoughts should have expression on the printed page, so he started The Philistine, a monthly magazine, hiring it printed at the little country printing office at East Aurora, subsequently buying the office, at which he also printed in monthly installments the "Little Journeys."

This is how the Roycroft shop, known the world over for its beautiful books and articles of virtu, came to be established at East Aurora, a quiet little village of less than 2,000 people. The plant now represents an investment of $250,000, and something over 300 willing and contented workers find congenial employment and instruction in its various industrial and artistic departments.

"Children of the State."

In the industrial department of the English Poor Law schools of London about 1,000 girls are annually trained to become good servants. They are called "children of the state," which term designates that these girls have been brought up at the public cost. Through an organization for befriending young servants it is possible to form an estimate of their after careers. About 70 per cent can be classed as satisfactory, which is considered remarkable when it is remembered that the "raw material" as it comes into the school is from poverty, neglect and ill treatment the worst in the community.

There is a certain individuality in the training given in each school, and the Holborn school at Mitcham, for instance, turns out capable nurses for children. In charge of the infants here is a highly qualified matron who selects from among the elder girls those she needs to help her in washing, dressing and tending the youngsters. Cooking is especially well taught at the central London schools, Hanwell, where the cook, with her two kitchen maids, gives practical instruction, as she has to provide for no fewer than 70 resident officers of the establishment an elaborate menu. In many of the schools a year of practical training in housewifery is given, six months being in the matron's private kitchen and six months in parlor and nursery work.

Born Sanitarians.

It is somewhat reassuring, after the oft repeated asseveration of the family physician, that women are altogether too prone to rush in with their advice and remedies where the skillful practitioner almost fears to tread, to be told that after all "women are born sanitarians." This from no less a source than a prominent member of the Pennsylvania board of health. This tribute is still further enhanced by the statement that whereas women are born sanitarians, men must be taught. "This fact," the speaker declares, "is based upon the evolution of the race, as the role that cleanliness plays in civilization is undoubtedly due to women. Advantage of this gift should be taken in our national housekeeping. Women by office and evolution are the housekeepers and health officers of the family. Let them become publicly and officially our health officers and sanitary managers. The marvelous ability and success already shown by them in this field warrant every confidence. There are millions of unoccupied women who can thus find a work that will bring gladness to giver and receiver and that will lift us a long way in the progress of civilization.—Washington Star.

No Sweet Sixteen In China.

In China there is nothing of the sweet girlhood which is enjoyed in this country—in fact, one rarely sees girls in China, says a writer in the London Mail. They marry so young that they appear to spring from childhood to maturity without any intermediate stage of girlhood. There is no "blushing 15" or "sweet 16," no flirtations, no balls, no picnics, no billets doux. The child has not ceased to play with her doll before she has a baby to dandle.

The only joy of a woman's life is in dressing her hair. This is done with an elaborate, artistic science curious to see. Their hair is invariably black and very long. It is drawn tightly from the face and stiffened with gum. It is then piled up in coils and wings and loops that stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, pugs or hairpins.

There are no spinsters in China except the nuns who dedicate their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like priests and thus deprive themselves of the only Chinese sign of gender—the hair dressed a la teapot.

How Best to Eat.

At a recent meeting of medical men Dr. F. A. Burrall spoke of the amount of mischief done by the very common habit of eating the meals rapidly. Thorough mastication was of the utmost importance, and of course this presupposed a proper condition of the teeth. Gastric digestion was often weakened and much distress was caused by taking in too much fluid with the food, particularly at the beginning of a meal. Another factor in causing dyspepsia was the habit of eating food in silence or without that mirth and good fellowship so necessary to insure the normal action of the digestive organs. These little details might seem trite and unimportant, but it was the duty of the careful physician to instruct his patients in regard to them. The long continued and free use of digestive agents served to make the digestive organs lazy and inactive.—Medical Record.

To Remove Splinters.

A splinter is a little thing, but capable of creating a great deal of mischief, discomfort and pain. Every mother of small children, says a writer in Harper's Bazar, should provide herself with a pair of sharp pointed forceps for this emergency. When the splinter is imbedded in the flesh of hand or foot, the point of a small pair of scissors—a manicure pair will answer well—should be inserted directly over and following the path of the splinter and a small incision made. If there be any bleeding, stanch it by a little pressure, then open the wound by stretching it a little and with your forceps pick out the offending object. When the splinter is under the nail, cut a little V shaped piece out of the nail, and with the forceps the splinter is easily removed. Protect the cut made with a little collodion or a finger cot.

A Luncheon Served In Seven Courses.

For a seven course luncheon there should be first either soup or fruit. A half shaddock, during the season, makes a good beginning or a few strawberries, served with the hulls on. Then a fish dish, as creamed or deviled fish, served with rolls or bread; creamed sweetbreads, served in paper cases or pate shells. Next either broiled chops, broiled chicken, chicken a la Maryland or fricassee, with boiled rice or peas. Then the salad course. Better, of course, a green salad with French dressing, and pass with it cream cheese and wafers. Any dainty dessert, as charlotte or ice cream, cake and coffee.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Order of Colored Nuns.

In New Orleans is an order of colored nuns, founded many years ago. It was instituted for the special purpose of giving education and moral training to young colored girls and to care for orphans and aged, infirm persons of their race. In its orphan asylum are children of all ages up to 14 years.

The convent is a stately building more than a century old in the old French quarter of New Orleans and once was an opera house and ballroom.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 6.

Text of the Lesson, Acts ix. 1-20. Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, Acts iii, 19—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1, 2. Saul yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord.

What an evil breath he had! The word translated "breathing out" is used only this once and means to breathe in or out, to breathe, to live. His very life was to hate Christ and Christians, and yet the time came when he could truly say, "For me to live is Christ" (Phil. i, 21). Our first introduction to him is in chapters vii. 58; viii., 1, 3, in connection with the death of Stephen and the persecution following, which at this time was still going on. Saul's own account of his life in those days is found in chapters xxii, 3, 4; xxvi, 9-11; Gal. i, 13, 14, but in Eph. ii, 1-3, he speaks of it all as being under the prince of the power of the air.

3, 4. Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

Thus spake Jesus of Nazareth to him in the Hebrew language (xxvi, 14) and arrested him in his mad career, for God had determined concerning him, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further" (Job xxxviii, 11). Whoever touches a Christian touches Christ Himself, but not even the devil can go one step beyond God's permission (Job i, 10; Dan. iv, 35; Zech. ii, 8). Though it was midday, this light from heaven was above the brightness of the sun, and Saul could not see for the glory of that light (xxvi, 13; xxii, 11).

5, 6. The Lord said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.

He recognizes a superior and asks, "Who art Thou, Lord?" The answer fills him with trembling and astonishment, for Jesus of Nazareth is actually speaking to him. Seeing Him to be indeed the Christ, the Messiah, whom the prophets had foretold, he at once acknowledges Him as Lord and meekly asks what he is now to do. Thus suddenly shall Israel as a nation be surprised some day, and, looking upon Him whom they pierced, they shall be filled with true penitence and, accepting Him as their long expected Messiah, shall say: "Lo, this is our God. We have waited for Him, and He will save us" (Zech. xii, 10; Isa. xxv, 9). Saul's conversion was a pattern or type of the conversion of the nation (I Tim. i, 16).

7-9. He was three days without sight and neither did eat nor drink.

The men who were with him fell to the earth, seeing the light and being afraid. They also heard the voice of some one speaking, but did not hear the words, for those were for Saul only. Compare xxii, 9; xxvi, 14. It was somewhat like the experience of Daniel and of our Lord as recorded in Dan. x, 7; John xii, 28, 29. That Saul really saw Jesus is evident from verse 17 and I Cor. xv, 8. What Jesus said to Saul as He commanded him to rise and stand upon his feet is fully stated in Paul's testimony before Agrippa in xxvi, 16-18. Consider him three days blind and fasting, the world shut out, the body mortified, dying to self, God dealing with his soul. It is the period of death preceding resurrection (Gen xxii, 4; xlii, 17; Jonah ii, 17; Hos. vi, 2; John ii, 19; Rev. xi, 11).

10-12. Inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus, for, behold, he prayeth.

Thus said the Lord to Ananias, a devout disciple and one who had a good report of all the Jews at Damascus (xxii, 12). He, like Philip in a previous lesson, is prompt and obedient, one on whom the Lord could rely to do His bidding. His reply reminds us of Samuel and Isaiah (I Sam. iii, 4, 6, 8, 10; Isa. vi, 8). These three days find Saul and his Lord in intimate communion. Saul talks with the Lord, and the Lord in vision reveals Himself more fully to Saul. From Jesus Christ by revelation he received the gospel and from Him also all his future instruction (Gal. i, 11, 12, 15, 16).

13-16. He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name.

Ananias hesitates just a little as he thinks of Saul's reputation and authority and his madness against Christians. The Lord graciously bears with Ananias in his objections, but repeats His command to go and assures him that Saul is to be His special messenger to the gentiles. One would think that the Lord's first assurance to Ananias that the persecutor was praying would have been sufficient encouragement, but we are so slow to expect wonders from Him whose name is Wonderful. Saul is not only chosen to bear the name of Christ, but also to suffer, for faithfulness to Christ and suffering for His sake are inseparably connected in this present evil age, while the whole world lieth in the wicked one (Gal. i, 4; I John v, 19, R. V.). See also John xv, 18, 19; xvi, 33; Phil. i, 29; II Tim. ii, 12; iii, 12, but be encouraged by Rom. viii, 18; I Cor. x, 13.

17-20. Receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

Thus said Ananias to Saul as, having found him just where the Lord said he would, he put his hands upon him and told of the Lord's commission. He received sight, both natural and spiritual, confessed Christ in baptism, took food for the body and was strengthened and immediately preached in the synagogues that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the Son of God. Old things are passed away, all things are become new. The Spirit has clothed Himself with Saul (Judg. vi, 34, R. V., margin) [illegible] he does but one [illegible] Master, and for [illegible] down his life.

THE FOXY MAJOR.

HE ORGANIZES A NEW SYNDICATE FOR THE BENEFIT OF A CREDITOR.

The Grand Promoter Tries His Latest Banko Game on Another Victim, Who Is Equal to the Occasion and Refuses to Bite.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

It was a young man with long hair, well worn raiment and the enthusiasm of art in his eyes who knocked at Major Crofoot's office door and was bidden to enter. The major's face lighted up with pleasure as he turned from his desk, and he rose and advanced with outstretched hand and cheerily exclaimed:

"My dear boy, I was just this moment writing a note to ask you to call.

"SHAKE HANDS WITH ME."

Shake hands with me. Shake heartily. I think I have prepared an agreeable surprise for you."

"Major Crofoot," replied the young man as he sat down stiffly, "four days ago I came here with three paintings for sale."

"Four days ago exactly," said the major as he rubbed his hands together.

"They were landscapes, gems of art, my own work."

"Perfect gems, as I am glad to say."

"You did not care to buy, but you told me you had a friend who would probably take the three and pay me a fair price for them."

"I did, my boy, I did. You are perfectly correct about that."

"I left them with you," continued the young man, "and the next day, as I learned, you ran them into a pawnshop. Sir, I am here to demand the return of the gems. It was a scoundrelly action on your part to pawn them."

"My dear boy, my dear boy, how glad I am that you called for an explanation!" replied the smiling promoter as he paced up and down. "At the first go off my action appears inexcusable to you, but listen. I took you for a young man of perspicacity as well as a born artist. I saw you looking about this somewhat dilapidated office. I saw you regarding my somewhat threadbare wardrobe. I saw commiseration in your eye. When I pronounced your pictures perfect little gems, but informed you that I could not buy, I supposed that you caught on to the fact that I was temporarily hard up."

"Nothing of the sort," exclaimed the artist.

"Then it was a mistake for which I beg your pardon, although I am not satisfied that it was a mistake. Knowing my financial situation, you desired to extend me aid, and it does you great credit that you extended it as you did. Instead of offering me money you left the pictures behind to be converted into oof. Sir, it was a master stroke on your part. Any other course would have humiliated me. I can scarcely think of it without tears starting to my eyes."

"I never left those pictures here for you to sell or pawn, and you know it."

"That is right, my dear boy. Deny it as vigorously as you will. True charity is always veiled. You did a thing for me I can never forget, and you did it without hurting my sensitive feelings in the slightest. I took those pictures out and raised a dollar and a half on them, just as you calculated I would, and it was the turning of the tide."

"A dollar and a half on three gems worth $25 each!" shrieked the young man as he rose up.

"A dollar and a half from my uncle," soothingly replied the major. "He said he would like to advance $50 on them, but it was his busy day. The dollar and a half was enough, however. It pulled me out of a hole and turned the tide, and now your bread cast upon the waters shall return to you. You will not have to paint any more gems for a living. A month hence you will be president of a bank."

"Don't talk to me, you old scoundrel! You lied to me and robbed me, and if there's any law in this country I'll have you behind the bars!"

"Yes, my dear boy," softly continued the major, "you will be a bank president and own your own yacht and a country residence. Yesterday I promoted the Old Boot and Shoe syndicate, with a capital of $1,000,000. The title is not a high sounding one, but wait a minute. The number of old boots and shoes thrown away every year in this world is 5,000,000,000 pairs. The number of these discarded pairs that can be cobbled up and resold again is 4,000,000,000 pairs. You buy up the discarded shoes for an average of 5 cents a pair. Your cobbling costs an average of 20 cents. Your sales average 40 cents, or a clean profit of 15 cents per pair. You can figure as well as paint. Tell me what the annual profit will be."

"Blast your old boots and shoes! I want my pictures!" shouted the young man as he got another fit.

"The profits will be millions, my dear boy, tens of millions, and all we have to do is to bank it as it comes in. We give employment to 500,000 buyers, to 500,000 sellers, to 1,000,000 cobblers. We are philanthropists as well as money makers—millions of money, my boy, and you shall be treasurer of the syndicate. When you left those gems behind me to pawn, when you relieved the financial situation so neatly and delicately, I made up my mind to do for you. Let me congratulate you, dear treasurer, heartily congratulate you. I shall ask for no bond, but repose perfect trust and confidence in you. Sell out your studio, throw away your brushes, get that green paint off your nose and prepare for the great change in sight."

"Look here now—I want my pictures!" exclaimed the artist—as his eyes flashed in anger.

"And come in again soon, come in to sign the papers and see about renting an office," replied the major as he stepped on his toes and backed him to the door. "As soon as we open this business"—

"What are you crowding me for?"

"We'll want to drive it for all it's worth, you know. Your salary for the first year will be $25,000, but we can double it for the second. You'll also want a block of stock, and I guarantee"—

"I say I want those pictures!"

"Guarantee at least 20 per cent dividends. Goodby! Goodby! I'll look for you tomorrow or next day."

"You sleek swindler!" shouted the artist from outside the locked door.

No reply.

"You blamed old robber!"

No reply.

"You thief and deadbeat!"

But the major had returned to his desk and the business of making out the papers of the O. B. and S. syndicate.

M. QUAD.

Inadvertent.

"I very much admired your intelligent delivery of the lines of Hamlet," said the genial friend after the performance.

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I have practiced elocution a great deal."

"And your vivid facial expression."

"Yes; I have practiced facial expression a great deal."

"And your graceful and easy walk."

"Yes; I have practiced walking a great deal."—Washington Star.

Wilson and the Author.

An embryo librettist recently approached Francis Wilson, the comedian, with a manuscript and received rather a bewildering reception.

"I cannot agree to read it," said the comedian amiably. "I am a weak person influenced by merit."

"But my book is very good," argued the librettist.

"Just what I fear, my dear boy," replied Mr. Wilson. "If it proved to be good, I might be tempted to produce it—and lose $20,000. If I did not produce it, I should be uneasy, and I do not wish to add to my discomfort. However, I will read the book on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you assure me your book is downright rubbish."

"But it isn't."

"Then I can do nothing for you. Good day."—New York Times.

What Is the Shape of the Earth?

The exact shape of the earth is a question which cannot be settled without fresh evidence from the antarctic. For this purpose two at least of the expeditions have been provided with pendulum outfits. By noting the exact length of time occupied by the swing of a pendulum the distance of the place of observation from the earth's center can be determined. It is held that the south polar region projects farther from the plane of the equator than does the north polar region. According to one estimate, the south pole is slightly more than one-hundredth farther from the earth's center than the north pole.

The Art of Washing.

A school of instruction for laundry girls is to be established in Chicago. The School of Domestic Arts and Sciences established in that city a year and a half ago by a number of philanthropic women is to bring about the innovation, and the laundry school is to be a department of this institution. Miss Isabel Bullard, head of the school, says that washing is just as much of an art as making pie or baking bread, "and as for ironing—that is a fine art."

Lifted Up Forever.

Mazzini, whose name is associated with the liberation of Italy, was once asked what he would have taught in school.

"One thing, at any rate, in all," replied Mazzini, "and that is some knowledge of astronomy. A man learns nothing if he has not learned to wonder, and astronomy, better than any science, teaches him something of the mystery and grandeur of the universe.

"Now, a man who feels this will soon feel something of his own greatness and mystery, and then for the first time he is a man."

One Cold Saved.

Logic is logic, whether it touches the affairs of nations or a cold in the head. The conviction, says Tit-Bits, was forced upon a Liverpool woman whose coachman, although he had been ill for several days, appeared one morning with his hair closely cropped.

"Why, Dennis," said the mistress, "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?"

"Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whinever I have me hair cut I take a bad cowld, so I thought to meself that now, while I had the cowld on to me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cowld. Do you see the power of me reasonin', mum?"

THE INDEPENDENT

VANCOUVER, B. C.

IN WINTER.

You may talk erbout your summer an' the pleshurs of a spoon
On the porch or in a hammuck by the shinin' of the moon,
When the firebugs glance an' glitter 'g'in the shrub'ry by the fence
An' the owl' hoots in the wood lot, 'an' you're young an' got no sense.
It's all right an' fine, I reckon, but there's allus skeeters round,
An' it's long colds that the hammuck comes a-tumblin' to the ground.
If you're hefty like, es I be, an' the gal is hefty too;
But, anyway, the winter is the time I like to woo.

Bundled up in a neat cutter, where the seat ain't none too wide,
A bright eyed, red cheeked, laughin' gal a-settin' by your side,
A speedy, one hand drivin' hoss, the snow well trodden down,
A soapstone in the laprobes—an' a good safe ways from town.
You talk erbout the weather, an' the lit'ry, an' the bee
They had down to Si Hoskins'—an' your arm keeps workin' free.

Bimeby she looks up at you in a cunnin' kind of way,
An' your heart beats like the mischief, an' you don't know what to say.
Your arm slides 'long the lazyback-an' then draps down to hern,
An' she—jest sorter snuggles, an' you do not give a dern.
That's me. That's when I'm happy, an' I keep that way until
I git back to the stable an' the liv'ry keeper's bill.

As She Would Have Been.

A gentleman in Paris paid a visit to a lady, in whose parlor he saw a portrait of a lovely woman of, say, five and twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady her visitor naturally asked her if the picture was a family portrait and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Is it long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas, sir," replied the lady, "she died just after her birth, and I had a portrait painted to represent her as she would have appeared if she had lived until now!"

The Publisher of the Best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states :

I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitations.

"Doesn't the soprano's voice sound metallic to you?"

"Yes; but then you know, there's money in it."

Fever and ague and bilious derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Blobbs—"Do you believe in the efficacy of prayer?"

Slobbs—"Well, I belive that if you pray for rain it's bound to come, if you pray long enough."

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Gossip uncovers a multitude of sins.

Many a man who thinks he is a martyr is only a chump.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other di eases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It sometimes happens that education unfits a man for earning an honest living.

There are two sides to every story—and a lot of them should be turned.

Always on Hand—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought some of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I have ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

He who pokes his nose into everything will occasionally poke it between a thumb and finger.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

Wise is the candidate that can convince the voters that the office is seeking him.

EVOLUTION OF PRIVATE KELLY.

Private Kelly, of the 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, is officially dead and buried. The war office says so, and it ought to know. Yet there is joy in Kelly's home at Byker, for Private Kelly is alive and in the flesh—unofficially, of course. Word was sent from Nooitgedacht, after the fight on December 13, 1900 that Kelly had been killed. However, it was the wrong Kelly who had been buried with military honors on the field, and so Private Kelly is home, alive and well, even though a disgusted insurance company has paid over the amount due upon his death.

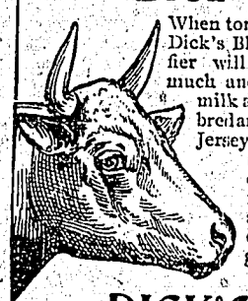
Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Cures Coughs and Colds at once. It has been doing this for half a century. It has saved hundreds of thousands of lives. It will save yours if you give it a chance. 25 cents a bottle. If after using it you are not satisfied with results, go to your druggist and get your money back.

Write to S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea corrects the Stomach

A Common Bred Cow



When toned up by Dick's Blood Purifier will give as much and as rich milk as a highly bred aristocratic Jersey cow gives upon ordinary feed, and a Jersey cow when given.

DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER

will wonderfully increase her yield of milk. It saves feed too, because a smaller amount of well digested food satisfies the demands of the system and every particle of nourishment sticks.

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

Write for Book on Cattle and Horses free.

YOUNG WOMAN—AGED 21—just come into possession of $14,000—wishes to correspond with honest, intelligent man, who would appreciate a good wife. Box 2,538 Toronto Ont.

When a widow calls a man by his first name it indicates that she has designs on his last name.

The stingy man who gives away th? things he can't use imagines he has a strangle hold on charity.

BLOOD TROUBLES

MANIFEST THEMSELVES IN MANY DISAGREEABLE WAYS.

Such as Scrofula, Eczema, Boils and Pimples—The Blood Should Be Purified During the Spring Months.

XThe spring season is the time fot blood cleansing and blood renewing. Blood troubles are many—and dangerous—and manifest themselves in a score of painful and offensive ways such as scrofula, eczema, boils and pimples. The impurities that get into the blood pursue their poisonous way all over the body and are responsible for a large portion of all diseases, various in their nature but dangerous in the extreme. To have pure blood and plenty of it, you need a tonic and blood builder, and for this purpose there is nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills cure all diseases due to impurities in the blood by promptly cleansing and freeing the blood from all poisonous and offensive matter. If your blood is thin or insufficient; if you suffer from exhaustion at the least exertion; if you are pale, easily get out of breath, and feel constantly languid and fagged out, Dr. Williams Pink Pills will cure you by filling your veins with new, rich, red blood, Mr. Robt. Lee, New Westminster, B. C., says:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result, pimples, which were very itchy, broke out all over my body. My appetite was fickle and I was easily tired. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes and by the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, and my skin was smooth and clear. I shall always speak a good word for these pills when opportunity offers."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MARKETS.

WHEAT.

We have to record another week of dull trade and declining prices in the wheat markets. There is still no radical change in the situation in regard to present or prospective supply and demand, or prospects for coming crops, but the speculative markets in the States lack the support of buyers, and are weakened by wheat bought at much higher prices some time ago, being continually let go by tired holders, and also by offerings made by professionals who consider the selling side the safe one. The course of these markets have been up a little one day and down again the next, but the result is a decline of 1½c. on the week. During the last two days a notable increase in export sales is reported from the Atlantic seaboard, showing that, as the price dips down, European buyers are ready to take advantage of the situation and increase their supplies.

During the week the market for Manitoba wheat has been mostly dull, but on Wednesday and Thursday the decline in American markets induced some letting go on the part of large firms, and exporters took considerable wheat at the decline. There has not been much change in prices from a week ago, until Friday, a decline of ½c to ¾c was shown, and we quote values of 1 Northern, 70½c and 2 Northern, 67½ in store at Fort William, Port Arthur or Duluth, March delivery. For May delivery, 1 Northern, 72½c, and 2 Northern, 69c.

COUNTRY WHEAT—The storm and bad roads have stopped farmers' deliveries to a great extent and we note a light movement this week. Prices range from 55 to 60c per bushel for best wheat to farmers.

Liverpool Prices.—No. 1 northern spring wheat sold at Liverpool on Saturday at 6s 1d.

FLOUR—Standard brands are as follows: been pretty steady as regards prices for some time, but the monotony has now been broken, and we note a decline of 5c per sack this week. Standard brands now rule as follows: Ogilvie's Hungarian Patent, $1.95 per sack of 98 lbs.; Glenora Patent, $1.80; Alberta, $1.60; Manitoba, $1.40; Imperial XXXX, $1.20

MILLFEED—Bran, in bulk, per ton $14.50; shorts, $16.50. Delivered in bags, the prices are $1.50 higher.

GROUND FEED—Oat chop is quoted at $27 per ton delivered to the trade; barley chop, $22 per ton; mixed barley and oats, $25 per ton; oil cake, $27 per ton.

OATS—There are plenty of oats coming to meet all demands and prices are steady at last week's range. Reports from Quebec where most of the surplus of western oats is being shipped say that the market there is easier. Seed oats are being freely enquired for but so far there has been very little actual buying done. Sellers are asking 45 to 50c per bus. for seed oats; 35 to 36c bushel for feed grades in car lots on track in Winnipeg. Prices being paid to farmers at country points for No. 2 white oats range around 28 to 31c, Brandon rate of freight.

BARLEY—There is but very little doing in barley here. The market is firmer and we quote now 37c to 38c per bushel of 48 pounds for feed grades, and 40c per bushel for malting, on track in Winnipeg.

HAY—The market for hay is dead. Offerings are large and owing to poor roads, etc., there is but little demand. The general idea of the value is $4.50 per ton for fresh baled on track. Loose hay is worth about the same as baled.

DRESSED MEATS—Beef is very firm owing to prevailing scarcity of cattle. We quote: Beef, city dressed, 7 to 8c per pound; country, ½c under these prices; veal, 8 to 9c; mutton, 8c; lambs, 8c; hogs, 7½c.

POULTRY—Demand is good, and all offerings are readily taken by dealers at figures we give. Quotations are: Fresh killed chickens, 11 to 12½c per pound, delivered here; ducks and geese, 10 to 11c; and turkeys, 12½ to 14c.

BUTTER—Creamery—Winnipeg buyers are paying 24 to 26c per lb. net for their supplies at present.

BUTTER — Dairy — Dealers say they have never known butter to be so scarce as it is at present. That is good butter. Inferior grades are not wanted and no interest is being taken in them. Wholesale dealers are paying 20c per pound, commission basis, for fine butter in tubs, bricks or prints; 16 to 17c for ordinary qualities. Seconds are only worth 10 to 12c per pound, and some of the receipts do not bring that much.

CHEESE—Jobbers are getting 11½ to 12½c per pound for cheese. Stocks now in hand are from Ontario.

EGGS—Quotations are still in the neighborhood of 12½c per dozen for fresh candled eggs, commission basis, here. Dealers are advising their country customers not to pay more than 10c per dozen for eggs at country points.

POTATOES—Farmers' loads, delivered in Winnipeg, are worth 20 to 30c per bushel.

HIDES—No. 1 inspected hides, 6½c per lb. delivered in Winnipeg; No. 2, 5½c; No. 3, 4½c; kips and calves, same price; deakins, 25 to 40c; horsehides, 50c to $1.

WOOL—Market nominal.

TALLOW—The local price for tallow is 4½ to 5c per pound.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Beef cattle are very scarce and butchers cannot secure enough to supply their wants. In view of this fact prices have been advanced ½c this week, and we quote now for best cattle 4¾c per pound. From 4 to 4½c is paid for commoner sorts. Buyers are out through the country looking for stockers, and we understand that everything in sight is being taken at prices which average about $14 per head for yearlings and from $18 to $20 for two year olds.

SHEEP—There is no movement at present as butchers are supplied with frozen mutton.

HOGS—The market is steady at 6c per pound for choice packing hogs delivered at Winnipeg.

ASTONISHING PROGRESS

MEDICAL SCIENCE HAS ADVANCED BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

Now an Absolute Cure for Rheumatism has been Discovered—It is no Experiment, having been Successfully Proven in Many of the Very Worst and Apparently Helpless Cases.

Sundridge, Ont., March 29. (Special).—Physicians and others who study the treatment and cure of disease have been greatly interested in the case of Mr. Wm. Doeg, a farmer living in Strong Township about four miles from here.

Mr. Doeg had Rheumatism so bad as to be a cripple for years and was completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

In order to verify the report he was visited at his home and the following signed statement of the facts secured :—

"For four years I suffered excruciating torture. I was scarcely an hour free from pain. The trouble commenced in my back where it often remained stationary for months, and so intense was the pain that I could not lie down or take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

"The pain would then move to other parts of my body and when in my knees I was unable to walk and confined to my room.

"I was treated by several doctors and also tried many medicines without receiving any benefit. Almost in despair I feared I would never again experience the pleasure of being free from pain!

"My attention was at last directed to some remarkable cures of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I bought a box and began to use them. I soon found that they were helping me a little and so I continued the treatment.

"In a few weeks I was well and able to go about my work which I not been able to do for over four years.

"This was years ago and I have not since had the slightest seturn of the trouble. I have worked on the farm steadily ever since and have always felt strong and well.

"I know that Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life and restored me to health and strength.

"I believe they will cure any case of Rheumatism, for I never knew as bad a case as my own and they cured me."

Never tell a man that he has made a fool of himself. If he knows it he will get angry—and he will get angry also if he doesn't know it.

A WINNIPEG MOTHER

Tells How She Keeps Her Little One Healthy and Happy.

All prudent mothers always keep at hand the means of treating the minor ailments of her little ones the moment the emergency arises. For this purpose there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets, as has been proven by many a Winnipeg mother. Mrs. A. J. Waite, 56 Victoria St., says:—"Some time ago I sent for your little book on the care of infants and young children and have found it very useful. I have also used Baby's Own Tablets and can truthfully say that I would not be without them in the house for anything. My baby is nine months old and she has never been sick a day since I began the use of the Tablets. I have recommended the other mothers who have had similar good results, and I thank you for all the good your wonderful little Tablets have done my baby."

Baby's Own Tablets are a positive cure for all the little ills of children such as indigestion, colic, sour stomach, constipation, simple fever and diarrhoea. They break up colds and prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all druggists at 25c per box, or sent post paid by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There's no fool like a young fool who tries to act like an old fool.

Give a baby half a chance and it can smash more dishes than an imported domestic.

It doesn't matter how pretty a girl looks at the piano; if she does not sound well it spoils the effect.

A man seldom says what people expect him to say.

ADVICE TO MEN

Who are Old While Young,
Whose Vitality is Wasted,
Whose Nerves are Shattered,
Who Find Life Burdensome,

I can cure you with Electricity, as I have cured thousands of others. I can make the blood circulate in your veins, the nerves tingle with vigorous life and the spirit of energy show itself in every move of your body. My

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

Is a Model, a Modern Home Treatment

My twenty years of study are shown in this grand appliance. You wear it with comfort at nights and the Electricity infused into your body cures all Nervous and Vital troubles, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Indigestion, Weak Stomach and all forms of pain and weakness. It restores the life while you sleep, and must cure. **Any one who will secure me can use my Belt and**

Pay When Cured.

Do You Suffer? If so, don't hesitate, don't waste your time on drugs, which give no strength. Wear this life-giving appliance as I direct and it will cure you.

SPECIAL NOTICE—If you have an old belt of another make which has burned and blistered you, or one that did not possess electricity, bring it in and I will allow you one-half the price of mine for it.

I give a free test to all who call. If you can't call I will send you my beautifully illustrated book with full information FREE. Call to-day if possible and I will prove to you that my belt is all I represent it to be.

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Notwithstanding the great advance in price of Ceylon Tea, Blue Ribbon is sold at old figures and good judges say the quality is better than ever.

Eddy's Parlor Matches

For Sale Everywhere

Try our Parlor Matches. They produce a quick LIGHT without any objectionable fumes.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., LIMITED, HULL, CANADA.

HORSE MEAT.

Upward of 16,000 maimed, crippled and diseased horses are slaughtered annually in and immediately about Chicago, and, according to Assistant Pure Food Commissioner Rudolph M. Patterson, much of the flesh finds its way to the public market, presented as a healthful food product, under the guise of dressed corn beef. One large institution is located within a stone's throw of the western city limits of Chicago, and to gather a supply of diseased and decripit animals, receiving stations have been established in all sections of the city.

THE BEST PILLS—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilited constitutions these pill act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

There is no more land open for entry in Duck lake land district.

Last year there were 87 new schools osganized and opened in the Territories.

Monkey Brand Soap is a cleaner and polisher combined, but won't wash clothes.

Dr. Forbes, of Macleod, has been appointed Dominion medical officer for Southern Alberta.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stopped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

A small boy doesn't care for a book that is instrurtive as well as amusing.

Genius cannot supply the place of virtue.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

People who have the least to say invariably talk the most.

Inventors of new wrinkles are not popular with the ladies.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One woman with Sunlight Soap will do better work than Two will with impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost. 3

EVERYBODY who plants seeds of any kind, either in the home or market garden, will secure the best results from using **SEEDS** from J. M. PERKINS, Seedsman, 220 Market St., WINNIPEG. 1902 Seed Annual free.

Friend—"Was it a serious accident?"

Chauffeur—"Not at all. Only two pedestrians killed, and the automobile wasn't even scratched."

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

When doctors cannot otherwise agree thay call it heart failure.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while toothing, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Judge—a man by the depth of his knowledge rather than by his waist measure.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The Colonel (a bachelor)—"Ah, Professor, here's to woman and wine, equally intoxicating, and always inseparable."

The Professor (benedict)—"Quite so; if ever you marry, you'll find that no woman is without her whine, and like your port—as she gets older she gets crustier."

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

That plackguard's hooking it with von of my coats on. Fire at hith trousers, Ikey.

Hustling, bustling men waste half their energy in kicking up dust.

Mr. Fijjit—I wonder what Lot said when his wife turned to salt?

Mrs. Fijjit.—I presume he said "I told you so!"

The Caller—You are never naughty are you?

Margery—Well, I shouldn't think you'd ask me that! Mamma says it isn't good manners to hurt peoples' feelings.

...Sale of...

Blouses and Shirt Waists

We secured TEN CASES OF BLOUSES AND SHIRT WAISTS that were not delivered to the party to whom they were shipped.
We got 'em at a big bargain. They are the finest lot ever shown here and were well bought to sell at from $1.25 to $6.50 each.
We are selling them at from

75c to $4.00 Each.

Sizes 32 to 44, and a broad range of colors and patterns to choose from.

G. W. KENNEDY,
(Successor to Scott & Kennedy)
303 Hastings Street, Vancouver, B. C.

OXFORD... ...SHOES

Ladies and Gentlemen will find our stock complete.
We want your business.
Give us a call.

THE PATERSON SHOE CO., LD
301 Hastings St.

NEWS OF THE LABOR WORLD

CANADIAN.

Trade at Nelson is reported quiet.

The painters of Toronto have obtained the increase in wages asked for.

Halifax ratepayers have voted for a bonus of $100,000 towards a ship-building plant in Halifax harbor.

It is announced that arrangements have been completed for the erection of a union depot at Port Arthur.

Halifax builders' laborers, numbering about sixty, went on strike this morning for twenty cents an hour. They were getting fifteen.

The retail clerks at Calgary are making an effort to form a union, and will affiliate with the Trades Council of that city.

A Quebec dispatch says that the ship laborers' society held a meeting and refused the offer of the Leyland line to pay 25 and 30 cents per hour. The men want 37 1-2 and 50 cents. The Leyland line declares it cannot pay this rate and compete with Montreal. Disinterested parties are endeavoring to secure a compromise.

The Preston bill, passed in the Ontario legislature this year, provides that in the case of a labor dispute involving ten or more employees, threatening to result in a strike or lock-out, it shall be the duty of the registrar, when requested to do so, to visit the locality and seek to mediate between the parties.

A meeting of the C. P. R. employees at Calgary was held last week to discuss the formation of a library and reading room. A committee was appointed to interview the Y. M. C. A. regarding the amalgamation of that association with the railway employees. If that is done it is probable that a new building will be erected and a very strong organization formed.

The charter of the Phoenix tailors' union has been received. It is called Journeymen Tailors' Union, No. 345 of Phoenix. The officers are: President, Austin Driscoll; secretary-treasurer, Julius C. Carson. At the outset the union has five members, but expects tailors in Grand Forks and Greenwood will desire to affiliate, as this is the first organization of the kind in the Boundary.

A short time ago the lathers reorganized their forces at Winnipeg, and May 1st they ceased work because an agreement acceptable to the men could not be arranged with the boss lathers. The strike affects 16 men, who are divided into three classes and paid respectively $3, $2.75 and $2.50 for a day's work of 10 hours. What they are after now is a nine-hour day with 35, 30 and 25 cents per hour respectively. The chief claim they have to consider is that their work only keeps them busy for something like six months a year. The remaining half of the year they have to lay off and live as best they can on their savings. It is anticipated there will be no difficulty when once the masters meet, in settling the dispute on the terms demanded by the men.

The result is that May Day found over thirteen hundred men on strike in Toronto alone, those going out on May 1st being as follows: 400 carpenters, 350 bricklayers, 175 carriage and wagon makers, 80 machine woodworkers, 75 wood and metal lathers. Previous to May 1st the following had gone on strike and were still out, namely: 80 jewelry workers, 65 machine woodworkers, 40 street railway mechanics, 26 stove mounters, 15 pattern makers, 8 printers and pressmen.

The union bakers of Winnipeg are out on strike. The trouble which has been pending for some weeks has come to a crisis, the bosses refuse the moderate demands of the men or even to consult with them in a body. The men ask for some amendments to their schedule, but the main thing is a demand for a wage of 25 cents an hour for men and 30 cents an hour for foremen. This the bosses flatly refuse, two only accepting. The Trades and Labor council are moving to erect a labor temple.

AMERICAN.

The hod carriers of Chicago got a raise from 30 to 35 cents per hour without a strike.

Olympia, Washington, is about to organize a Central Labor union from the eleven total organizations in that city.

It is said that 600 freight handlers lost their jobs through the civic federation's settlement of the recent teamsters' strike in Boston.

The stage employees of Seattle had a little strike last week, but it only lasted twenty-four hours and resulted in a square concession from the employer.

A labor temple is proposed for St. Paul, where all of the interested wage earners are said to have contributed one day's pay each toward the building.

The plumbers' strike in Spokane has been endorsed by the council of labor and it is said to be probable that it will ultimately involve several hundred men.

A national union has been added to the roster. The official title is Ship Builders' and Calkers' Union of America. The headquarters are at Toledo, Ohio.

It is interesting just now to observe that the Columbus street railway has announced a voluntary raise of wages from 18 to 20 cents an hour, effective June 1st.

The United Brotherhood of Leather Workers has accepted its first female member. She is Miss Maud Dennison, of Chicago, and is said to be a first class mechanic.

By an agreement with the Master Builders' Association of New York city 15,000 bricklayers and seventeen other building trades secured an advance of five cents an hour.

The Fishermen's union of Astoria is said to have agreed to a schedule by which they receive the rate of six cents on fish over 25 pounds, and 5 cents for those of less weight.

The Central Labor Union, of Saginaw, Mich., has set aside Saturday, May 17, as a general holiday. This is the day when the miners of America will enter a general and unanimous protest against government by injunction.

During the week beginning May 19th the unions of Rochester, N. Y., will have a public exhibition called the union card and label industrial display.

The non-union publishing firm of Hill & Co., of Chicago, is said to have failed through the pressure of the boycott and the business has passed into the hands of the sheriff.

The biggest labor consolidation of recent years has taken place in New York, where the two bodies of building trades unions have united. The total membership is about 75,000 men.

The Car Builders' and Repairers' union is making rapid growth throughout the country. Several points in the west have recently been organized and similar reports come from the east.

There is a miner's strike on at Mackay, Idaho, involving one thousand men. The trouble is the refusal of the White Knob Copper Company to grant increased wages and a shorter working day.

The Zanesville Labor Journal says that the firm of Rice & Hutchins is the only shoe manufacturing house in the United States which is now considered hostile to the Boot and Shoe Workers' union.

The representative of the Portland unions, who has completed a tour of Oregon in the interests of the convention of the State Federation of Labor, to be held in May, reports that about sixty delegates will be in attendance.

FOREIGN.

The sea-going firemen of Denmark have been on strike since January.

The Aberdeen branch of the Bakers' union are agitating for an eight hours' day.

Musselburgh tailors have received an advance in wages to the extent of 1-2d. per hour.

The miners' strike at West Calder (Scotland) has been settled and the men resume work on a compromise.

The strike of tailors at Aberystwyth (Wales) has ended in the men's favor. They now get 4 1-2d. instead of 4d. per hour.

The Swansea harbor trustees have decided to grant all their employees two days' holiday with pay on the occasion of the coronation festivities.

Since the Cardiff corporation have come into possession of the electric tramways the number of applications for employment have reached the huge total of 3,500!

Owing to the stoppage of pits in the neighborhood of Uddingston 1,200 miners are idle. A continuous flow of water has led to the stoppage of one of the mines responsible for about half the idle men, the other half of the men being out on strike.

The executive committee of the Boiler Makers' and Iron Ship Builders' society, in their monthly report, say in reference to the recent decision in the Cardiff case: "Legal decision upon legal decision comes with astonishing rapidity and goes to show how careful and discreet everyone should be in conducting trade union work. The fullest discretion must be used until the time arrives to get the trades unionists' position properly defined. We want no favors, but we do want equality. If employers can with impunity single out a workman and thus injure him by preventing him from obtaining employment, then surely they should be equally liable with the trade union official who does similar acts."

The case of the grocers' porters of Dublin has just been stated by one of their number in a letter published in a London paper, and if the writer's version of it be correct, they would certainly seem to be a very much overworked and underpaid body of men. He says the grocers' porters of the city often work sixteen hours a day for six days of the week, and frequently four hours on Sundays and are usually paid from 12s. to 14s. per week. The petty tyranny, he adds, which they are subject to and which the grocers' assistants are encouraged to exercise towards them by their employers in most cases, is simply unbearable. Very often the assistants complain of them, not for insobriety, but for not doing enough, with the result that they are very often dismissed from thei remployment at one o'clock on a Sunday morning without a recommendation and then find it impossible to get any other respectable employment and, consequently, many of them have to leave their own country and join the British army. The writer makes the suggestion that they should form a self-preservation society.

The Mint.

Is located at the corner of Carrall and Hastings streets. The bottled goods are all first-class and the prices right for every one. Seattle Rainier beer, 5 cents.

Ask for Venus Flour. Guaranteed to be one of the best flours on the market. Sold only by the City Grocery Co.

The Salt of Life

is business. We want more of it. We'll get it if an out and out bargain will fetch it.

How is This

A two-quart
Hot Water Bottle
or
Fountain Syringe
75c.

The McDowell, Atkins, Watson Co., Ltd. Liability
UP-TO-DATE DRUGGISTS.

TO BE SEEN OF MEN.

I met a housewife hustling down the street,
She looked the very picture of distress,
'Twas bargain day—she rushed through snow and sleet—
Her petticoat hung lower than her dress.
It was the color of Spring mud.

I met a schoolma'm on her way to school,
She looked just like an old maid governess,
Her right hand held a skirt, her left a rule,
She wore her petticoat below her dress.
In color it was fiery red.

I met a college girl the other day,
Her classic face bore looks of thoughtfulness,
As she came near I saw a great display
Of petticoat that hung below her dress.
It showed the college colors.

I met an office girl not long ago,
She looked like one who had achieved success,
As she passed by I turned around, and lo!
I saw her petticoats below her dress.
In color it was business black.

While sitting in a church one Sunday night,
I thought of several creeds the church professes,
The ladies rose, and heavens! What a fright!
They all had petticoats below their dresses.
In various theological colors.

At times I fall into some deep reflection
Upon the crimes of men—their vain excesses,
But strange I am so prone to make inspection
Of petticoats that hang below the dresses.
There's something rotten somewhere.

March, 1902. —I. R. Aikens.

Genuine Old Brown Windsor Soap, 35 cakes for 25 cents, at the City Grocery.

UNION BARBER SHOPS.

The following is a complete list of union barber shops in Vancouver. Is your barber on the list?

Elite barber shop, Hastings street.
Bon Ton barber shop, Hastings street.
Commercial Barber Shop, Cambie street.
C. Ellis, Cambie street.
Savoy Barber shop, Cordova street.
Smalley's barber shop, Cordova street.
Oyster Bay barber shop, Carrall street.
Union barber shop, Carrall street.
A. O. McCutcheon, Mount Pleasant.
Boulder barber shop, Cordova street.
O. K. barber shop, Hastings street, east.

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W. Murray, Prior street.
Robt. McDonald, Avenue Bakery, Westminster avenue.
Montreal Bakery, Westminster avenue.
F. Adams, Scotch Bakery, Hastings street.
W. D. Kent, 56 Cordova street.
Toronto Candy Company, Cordova street.
J. Oben, Hastings street.
Minchen Co., Granville street.
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