TUESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION

per will be stopped until all arrears reest at the option of the publisher e notice to discontinue is not suf cess a settlement to date has been

Will the Comptroller of Customs Into the Cabinet ?

MONTAGUE WANTS SOMETHING

OTTAWA, Aug. 21.—The fact that it is generally understood that there is to be a reconstruction of the Cabinat after Sir John Thompson returns to Ottawa is bringing the applicants for office here. Dr. Montague, who arrived here on Friday, has been going between Messra. Bowell and Patterson. He is pressing to get a seat in the Cabinet. He is not likely to get a seat in the Cabinet. He is not likely to get that far, but it is said that he stands a good chance of becoming Comptroller of Customs and that Mr. Clarke Wallace will get promotion. This would mean the retirement of Mr. Mackenzie Bowell.

This shuffle would not add much strength or prestigs to the Government; it, however, explains the proceedings at Sault Ste. Marie as the meeting of the Grand Lodge, when Mr. E. F. Clarke was refused to be made Grand Master and Sovereign of the Ordenuntil such time as Wallace was promoted. It also explains that to prevent being crowded to one side Mr. Bowell moved the resolution granting \$500 for "active aid" to the brethren in Ulster to resent Home Rule.

resent Home Rule.

New Evidence in the Bridge Enquiry.

MONTHEAL, Aug. 21.—The Government enquiry, which has been sitting here since June 6 to investigate the extraordinary expenditure on the two bridges built by the Dominion Government over the Lachine canal, was to have been adjourned on Saturday—sine die, the commissioners being of opinion that they had heard enough evidence. At the morning session, however, testimony was adduced which will necessitate at least one more sitting. It was stated by two witnesses, who had been employed in the office Mr. St. Louis, the contractor for supplying the labor on the bridges, that one occasion they were told by the clerk who had made out the pay sincets that he had augumented his list that week by \$500. In cross-examination they stated that they could not swear whether he meant that this had been done purposed by or that he had done it by accident and afterwards rectified the error. The clerk in question is to be called before the commission on to-day to throw what light he can upon the matter.

Safe-Blowers Mike a Haul.

CONSECON, Ont., Aug. 21.—The most daring burglary that ever took place here was committed here last night, when the postoffice was broken into and the safe blown open and the contents, which consisted of about \$100 in cash and postage stamps of the Postoffice Department, also two registered letters and about \$125 of private funds belonging to Mr. J. A. Johnson, the postmaster, were carried away. The work was evidently done by professionals, who first tried to work the combination by drilling a hole near the dial. Failing in this they drilled another hole on the top of the safe and filled it with giant powder. A burnt fuse over a foot long was still in the hole when first discovered.

Both Legs Taken Off.

Hamilton, Aug. 21.—Last evening about five o'clock a man named Chas. Hughson, 30 years of age, unmarried, tried to board an outgoing freight train for Toronto at the Junction cut and fell between the cars. Both legs were run over below the knee, and Hughson was taken to the city hospital, where one leg was amputated below the knee and the foot of the other was taken off. Husghon was in company with a man named William Simpson, and the pair were on their way from the Eastern States to Canada looking for work.

The Victim Dead.

HAMILTON, Aug. 21. — Hughson died hortly after being taken to the hospital.

New G. T. E. Bridge.

MONTREAL, Aug. 21.—The Grand Trunk
Railway has decided to build a new bridge
across the St. Lawrence at Montreal, as
the old single track bridge is too limited
for accommodation of the traffic. It will
be built alongside the old bridge and on
the old piles which will be extended. It
will be a double track open bridge. Work
will be commenced at once. The job will
be very expensive as the bridge is over
two miles long. New G. T. R. Bridge.

Who'll Get this Plum?

MONTREAL, Aug. 21.—Now that Sir
John Thompson is about to return to Canada, interest in the customs collectorship
increases. The French-Canadians are making a big fight for the position, and tonight's La Presse contains a long article in
favor of the appointment of a FrenchCanadian in preference to "Bob" White,
Vanasse, ex.M.P., is said to be their favortie for the post, but Mr. White seems likely
to get there. Who'll Get this Plum?

Drowned In Georgian Bay CLARKSBURG, Ont., Aug. 21.—Willie Rowswell, aged fourteen, son of the late George Rowswell, of Aurora, was drowned while bathing with several other boys in Georgian Bay, two miles east of Delphi. His body was recovered during the evering by Mr. Tyson and Mr. C. W. Hartman, of this place. The latter is uncle of deceased, with whom he was spending his holidays. Drowned In Georgian Bay Provincial Health Officers.

Provincial Health Officers.

Toronto, Aug. 21. — The Provincial Board of Health met on Saturday with Dr. J. J. Cassiddy in the chair. The report of the Committee on Epidemics was adopted. It says that the freedom of Germany and England from cholera at the present date may be taken as evidence that the splendid efforts of the authorities of these countries, so successful since the Hamburg epidemic of last year, will continue to prevent any serious outbreak occurring in either country. There have only been one or two cases in either country, and these have been promptly isolated. It states that the Provincial Board's action in adopting stringent quarantine regulations and arging action on local boards everywhere has industiess resulted in advancement in local sation throughout the province. Drs. Sanitation throughout the province of the provincial Board's action in adopting stringent quarantine regulations and arging action on local boards everywhere has industried to attend the American Public Health Association, which convenes at Chicago in October. Delegagies will be appointed to the International Sanitary Conference called by the President of the United States.

Escapes From Prison.

guise when his friend was half way to the West Indies.

The plan of making the jalles are unconacious oc-operator in the work of liberation was successfully tried in Mantua, where a military convict caused himself to be carted out of town with a load of rubbish, and may have suggested the still more ingenious trick of Frentice Feller, whose adventures entitle him to the name of the American Monte Cristo, but thus far cannot rival the secapades of Baron Trenk, the irrepressible Prussian life guardaman.

The exploits of that accomplished desparado are attested by the records of the Prussian archives, or it might seem incredible that on one-occasion he lasped from the tower of Fort Schwednitz, swam is the deep most, cut down the sentry on the parapet and escaped through a hallstorm of muskes balls. One of the pursuers who had followed his frack beyond the Silesian border was shot from sin bash, and Treak, ragged, familished and footsore, had to escasi him-



A DASH FOR LIBERTY. self for days in the outskirts of a Polish hamlet, but eventually made his way to St. Petersburg, where he found friends who straightened out his toilet and introduced him to her imperial majesty the Czarina Katherina.

him to her insperial inspersy lates. The strongest jail of the British empire is probably Dartmoor prison, in the Devon highlands, where in 1806 a whole mountain range was turned into a citadel for the detention of prisoners of war. The place is now used as a depot for convicts and is guarded by military sentries in addition to the keepers proper, but in spite of all precautions hardly a year passes without the escape of a daredevil who has contrived to outwit the wardlen and run the gantlet of the sharpshooters.

outwit the warden and run the gantiet of the sharpshooters.

In 1881 a convict escaped in a manner which for a time puzzled the shrewdest detectives of the committee of investigation, but which was afterward explained by the discovery of a tunnel leading from the basement of the prison to a rubbish heap in the outworks. The prisoner must have deprived himself of sleep for weeks to accomplish his work, and the penitentiary wardens of Columbus, O., still point out the spot where a number of Confederate officers dug their way to freedom with incredible toil.

The citizens of Nuremberg point out a

dug their way to freedom with incredible toil.

The citizens of Nuremberg point out a place in the walled embankments of the old city most where the Knight Eppstein spurred his horse to a salto mortale and actually reached the opposite bank in time to evade his pursuers and save his neck from the halter. But the most successful jail breaker of modern times was probably the Silesian bandit, Rose, who in succession escaped from Spandau, Granderry and Madgeburg, though the record of his exploits had made his jailers extra vigilant. In Granderry he had forced a plank in the ceiling of his cell and made his way to the roof, where one stormy night the sentry on the ring wall heard a peculiar wailing sound resembling the intermittent cries of a newborn child. After listening for awhile and trying in vain to imagine the cause of the noise he communicated his experience to

trying in vain to imagine the cases to mose he communicated his experience to another sentry, who likewise succeeded to hear the strange cries once or twice.

The voice of the storm soon after drowned all other sounds, and the guards gave up the hope of solving the mystery that night, but remembered their adventure when the

the hope of solving the mystery that night, but remembered their adventure when the next morning revealed the fact that the robber Rose had effected his escape by means of a rope attached to a beam on the opposite slope of the roof. He had availed himself of the noise and darkness of the stormy night to break through the roof and reached the road by a leap from a window sill of the third story after attracting the sentries to a point at a safe distance from the scene of his projected venture.

He was recaptured in the house of his inamorats, and the court then remembered that the Russians, too, claimed him for a robbery on the other side of the Polish frontier. He was accordingly turned over to the officials of the czar, who sent him to eastern Siberia, and his countrymen flattered themselves with the hope of having seen the last of him till two years later, when they were informed of his escape from the mines of Irkutsk.

In a manner not easy to explain the dauntless outlaw had evaded the sounts who pursued him in all directions, made his way back to European Russia and eventually to his native land, where he was at last killed in a midnight rafil on a solitary farmstead.

The wife of George H. Williams, ex-

eventually to his native land, where he was at just killed in a midnight rafil on a solitary farmstead.

Purified by Fasting.

The wife of George H. Williams, ex-United States attorney general, at Portland, Or., has for the past two years or more been preaching the doctrine of faith cure, having converted her husband's elegant residence on Nob hill into a sort of tabernacle, where her followers gather several evenings in the week. Within the past year two of her followers have died from the effects of fasting in accordance with her teaching, and one child, whose parents rejected medical aid for it, died in spite of their faith.

To a reporter Mrs. Williams explained that the object of the 40 days' fast ordered by her was to cleanes the blood of impurities and said: "It is only when my people are called upon by God to do so that they undertake to fast, and then he sustains life for them. They cannot die so long as they obey his commands. They live on the body and blood of Jesus Christ. At the end of their fasting they have no desire to sin. Their passions are dead. Married people do not live together as man and wife, and numarried people have no desire to sin. Their passions are dead. Married people do not live together as man and wife, and numarried people have no desire to sin. Their passions are dead. Married people have no desire to sin. Their passions are dead of the command of fod, and that Parr, another victim, attempted to play fast and loose with God, and when he violated his command and ate some food, death was the penalty.

A VALUABLE VALISE

Returning from New York city by the Birsting from New York city by the Birsting of the train boy a copy of a Cincinnati paper, in which I read a long account of the robbery of the City National bank of L.—, Ky., and the sudden disappearance of its teller, Harry W. Swope. As usual in such cases, he had been a trusted employee, a member of the church and a society young man. The robbery was a particularly cool one, the gentleman having quietly alipped \$90,000 in notes into a ralise on the previous Saturday afternoon after bank hours and walked out into the cold world.

That was the last seen of him, and it was not until after the bank opened on Monday morning that any one suspected anything wrong. The affair created an immense sensation. "Society" was shocked, the church acandalized and the bank directors furious. The newspapers printed long stories of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of existence the young man had led for a number of years, and numerous friends of the "lately departed" knowingly shook their heads as they told the reporters that they knew something like that was sure to happen soon. This sensation so interested me that when I reached Cincinnati I scarcely realized the express was, as usual, an liour behind time and had failed to make connection with the train to L.— I should therefore be compelled to take the last train going west that might, which would cause me to stop over night in a one horse town in Indiana that did not contain a comfortable hotel.

I knew Mr. Swope by sight, having come in contact with him on a number of occasions while doing business with the bank of which he was teller. The L.— papers I bought in the Union de-

come in contact with him on a number of occasions while doing business with the bank of which he was teller. The L—papers I bought in the Union depot gave further details of the affair and contained also the announcement that the bank directors had offered a reward of \$1,000 for Swope's capture and 10 per cent of the cash returned, which would make a total of \$10,000 if the ras-cal was caught before he got rid of his

booty.

After eating an unsatisfactory lunch I took a seat in the general waiting room of the depot and ruefully awaited my train. As I did so I noticed ayoung man approach my seat, and placing his valies on the floor alongside my own, to which it bore a strong resemblance, sit down while he looked cautiously around at the clock on the wall and then at the officials moving about.

officials moving about.

How long he sat beside me I don't re-How long he sat beside me I don't re-member, but after a time he slowly arose and walked over to the telegraph office at the farther end of the room. Before he came back a strong lunged individual in uniform stepped up to me and bawled out the names of the towns which the train about to start was bound for. Hur-ically relating up up values I made

train about to start was bound for. Hurriedly picking up my valise, I made
straight for the gate and was soon aboard
my train for the west.

The journey was made with the usual
discomfort and monotony. The depot
at N—— Y——, Ind., where I had to
stop over from 10 p. m. till 5 the next
morning, had been rebuilt since my last
visit to that town, and remembering too
well my hotel experience there a year
before I resolved to spend one night in
the depot waiting room with a few the depot waiting room with a few other passengers who shared my mis-

All that night the face of the stranger who had occupied a seat beside me in the Cincinnati depot haunted me. There was something about him that reminded was something about him that reminded me of Teller Swope. He was just his size and build. His mustache, to be sure, was wanting, but that he should shave off this appendage was to be considered a matter of course. The gold spectacles a matter of course. The gold spectaces he wore very much resembled those I had associated with the face of the intellectual looking teller, and I had observed on his fingers a number of rings, jewelry that Mr. Swope was said to be very partial to. As I turned the matter over in my mind the more convinced I felt that I had lost a splendid chance of capturing

had lost a splendid chance of capturing the thief and securing a \$10,000 reward. When 5 o'clock at last came round, I boarded the train for L—, not in the best of humor, and two hours later arrived at home feeling very blue. After taking a slight breakfast, I went down to the office, where the big robbery was still the talk of the clerks. Each of them had a theory of his own as to where the thief had gone, and when they appealed to me for my opinion I dolefully recounted my experiences of the previous evening. Of course they unanimously agreed with me that I had very foolishly allowed the fugitive teller to slip out of my fingers.

mousty agrees with the fugitive teller to slip out of my fingers.

Just before going out to lunch a messenger boy languidly entered the office and handed me a note from my wife. Thinking it was the usual commission to get a yard or two of "goods like the sample inclosed," I thrust it into my pocket and started out to dinner. I had not gone far before I suddenly stopped and took out the envelope the boy had given me, opened it and read it. At first I could not understand what it all meant; then I turned it over and went through it again. It ran as follows:

DEAS GEORD—Come home at once. In opening your valles to get your solied linen to send it to the laundry discovered it packed with bank notes! What does it mean? Is anything wrong? Come home at once.

My first thought was to hasten home, but upon reflection I resolved to step around to the bank and acquaint the officials there of my discovery. I found

but upon reflection I resolved to step around to the bank and acquaint the officials there of my discovery. I found the president of the bank in his private office engaged with several lynx eyed individuals whom I suspected from their appearance to be, as it turned out they were, detectives.

When I was granted an interview and explained my discovery, it created, very naturally, a sensation. At first the old gentleman was inclined to regard me as a crank, but when I asked him to allow a clerk to accompany me home he seemed

a crank, but when I asked him to allow
a clerk to accompany me home he seemed
to be satisfied I was in earnest. He consented to my proposal, but after a moment's thought he said an escort was unnecessary, thinking doubtless that the
handsome reward would be a sufficient
inducement to insure the safe delivery
of the precious valies.

As I left the bank and turned up the
street in the direction of home I was
toined by a young man who came run-

As I left the bank and turned up the street in the direction of home I was joined by a young man who came running out of the bank after me, hat in hand. He said "the old man" had reconsidered the matter and sent him to accompany me back with the money. This seemed to me to be quite satisfactory, and as the fellow was a very genial young man we immediately fell to discussing the robbery of his bank. He congratulated me on my good fortune and knowingly hinted that "the old gentleman" would treat me cleverly in the way of reward.

I said this young man was a very genial fellow, but somehow I soon began to feel an instinctive distrust in him. I plied him with questions concerning the habits and business methods of the missing teller, but he returned evasive

Persian Proverb.

To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives to a man of doing good.—Addison.

Some will always be above others: Destroy the inequality today, and it will appear again tomorrow.—Emerson. Covetous men need money least, yet mos affect and seek it; prodigals who need i most do least regard it.—Theodore Parker

[Copyright, 1838, by Charles B. Lewia]
"Sergeant, I like to speak mit you about
my son Shake," said Mr. Dunder as he entered the station house the other day with
a look of trouble on his usually placid

ontradicted himself, and finally, when a managed the managed him how long he into him he hand; he replied, after looking at me in a dazed sort of way, "Oh, about a year or two." At once the thought came to me: What if my "escort" was one of the young men! had seen outside the president's office. Perhaps he had overheard our conversation and had planned this neat little scheme of playing the role of a clerk of the bank sent me for "protection," as he manustrially put it. If so, I readily saw that he intended to make an effort toget his hands on the valles and then seize the first opportunity to bid me goodby.

This theory was strengthened when I noted that my "protector" seemed gradually to become very uncommunicative, and the conversation during the rest of the journey referred to passing objects and sights. Try as hard as I could I failed to get sarything satisfactory out of him concerning the robbery.

When I reached home, I politely saked the young man to take a seat in the hall while I stepped up stairs to get a glimpse of the treasure. I found my wife at the head of the stairs, very excited. In an adjoining room we examined the value, and at a rough estimate we placed the amount at about the figure the newspapers sais Swope had carried off with him—somewhere about \$90,000.

I did not tell my wife of my suspicions of the young man down stairs, but I resolved at sone to arm myself in order to be prepared for the worst. It is a well known fact that in Kentucky the sixth commandment has long ugo been declared unconstitutional, and I quickly made up my mind that if my bodyguard showed any signs of playing me false I would let him have a does of cold lead. Contrary to my expectations the young fellow made no offer to carry the valies eard or early one of the party to we are improved the party to the sixth of the stairs of the young fellow made no offer to carry the valies. a look of troune on as adaily exceptions as the looked up from his reports.

"Shake he goes by dat World's fair in Sheecago. I donn' like him to go, but mebbe it vhas all right. I gif him feety dollar, and he says dot vhas plenty, und vhen he comes home it vas shust der same as if he goes all oafter der world. Shake vhas a good boy, und I like him to haf a good time. Here vhas a letter he writes me, und I doan' make her quite oudt. He says:

"I goes by der poker department und

Contrary to my expectations the young

Opening my eyes I looked around the waiting room in a confused way and reached for my valise.

It was nowhere to be found!

My brusque arouser instantly took in the situation, and with a look of intense disgust on his face said as he turned

A Transporting Tale.

Mr. Ryan didn't deny that it was.
"Ah, well, I called to see if I couldn't t transportation for myself over your ad to White Sulphur."

"Certainly, sir, certainly; all yet

"Ah, many thanks. Do I get it from

"Oh, no, sir," bowed the polite Charles.

Va., is a remarkable stream. The creek passes a hamlet called Vivian, and about a mile below returns, runs around a tract of land about a half mile wide, and then passes under itself. This freak is caused by the lay of the land, which sinks spirally.—Exchange.

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

Phidon of Argos, 748 B. C., is believed to have been the first sculptor to employ

Apelles is said by Pliny to have invented the use of canvas in painting. He also em-ployed oaken tablets.

Perhaps the best work ever done by John Tenniel, the caricaturist whom the queen has knighted, was the fantastic illustration of "Alice Iu Wonderland." Mr. Tenniel is

Americanized.

Signorina Ada Negre, the new Italian poet, is only 21 years old and has supported herself and an invalid mother by arduous and ill paid teaching in the national schools. She has just been awarded a pen-

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

The electric railway has penetrated even the fastnesses of the Tyrolese mountains, a

the fastnesses of the Tyrolese mountains, a road 27 miles long being projected between Riva and Pinzolo.

Telephoneter is the new instrument that registers the time of each conversation at the telephone from the time of ringing up the exchange to the ringing off signal.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The relief that is afforded to mere want

as want tends to incr Whateley. Calumny would se

sion of 1,800 francs a year.

ticket.-Detroit Free Press.

metals in statuary.

now 73 years old.

"I goes by der poker department und lose \$20, und I hope you whill send her to me right away,"
"Sergeant, vhas dere some pokera on exhibition at dot fain"
"I shouldn't wonder."
"Vhell, I send Shake der money, und it wasn't three days before he writes me again. Dis vhas der letter, und he says:
"Fadder, I whas werry sorry to trouble you, but I goes by dot faro department und drop a ten dollar bill. I like you to send him on, und I vhas your dutful son, Shake Dunder."
"Sergeant, I can't make her oudt about dot faro. Vhas he machinery?"
"Not a great deal machinery," dryly replied the officer. "Did you send the money?"
"Oh, yes, but I wrote Shake dot if he drops some money he must pick her oop again. Fife days ago I get dis letter from him. He calls me dear fadder und says he he vhas well, und adds:
"I goes by dot keno department today to witness der progress of two centuries. She vhas wonderful. My hair sthand op. I put down ten dollar, und she vhas gone in feefteen minutes. I vhas always your loving son. Please send het to me. It whas shust as good to me ash if I make a trip to Europe."
"Sergeant, I can't make ondt about dat keno. Who whas she? If somebody take Shake's money, shy don't he make a fus und call in der police?"
"What else?" asked the sergeant as a grin spread over his face.

Contrary to my expectations the young fellow made no offer to carry the valies as we started on our journey back to the bank. At the end of the short street on which I lived we stopped to take a car. My friend had again become very affable, and as we stood on the corner he offered me a cigar. I took it, thanked him, and placing my valies carefully on the ground between my feet I struck a match to light it. Just as I was in the act of doing so I received a blow from the left that sent me staggering into the middle of the street. At the same moment my "protector" disappeared in the other direction.

"Look here, young man," said a gruff voiced fellow in uniform at my side as he shook me violently, "I thought you told me you were going to take the train west tonight. It has just pulled out, and you're left."

Opening my eyes I looked around the



₩ A TELEGRAM FROM SHARE. 'Vhell, I get dis letter last night. Shake

aways
"I guess that studentlike sport who
was sitting beside you has taken care of
your baggage. He passed me a few
moments ago on his way to the train
with a couple of valies. Next time you
go traveling, young man, you had better
take some one along with you to care
for you while you sleep."—St. Louis
Post-Dispatch. "Yhell, I get dis letter last night. Shake writes to me:

"Kind fadder, my interest whas growing deeper all der time. I whas in dot three card monte department today und lose ten dollar more. Der money whas nottings compared to dot progress of civilization. It whas shust as if I travel two years in Europe. Please send her to me at once, und I subscribe myself your loving son."

"Sergeant, I sent dot money, but I don' feel all right about her. Whas you in dot department when you whas at der fair?"

"Well, no; but is that a telegram you have there?" Charlie Ryan, who handles the passenger business of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad from Cincinnati, has also to handle some passenger business that requires Napoleonic genius—to wit, the pass fiends. One of these, a sleek, instructing fellow, walked into Ryan's office one day in June.

"Ah," he said, "is this Mr. Ryan?"

have there?"
"Yes, it vhas a telegram from Shake. I got it about two hours ago, und dat's vhy I come down. She says:
"Der progress of civilization continues to astound me. I goes by dot old sledge department yesterday und left all my money

Dascould me. I goes back, she vhas gone. I vhas, as eafer, your only son. Please send me twenty dollar.'
"Sergeant, did you see dot department? Did you leave your money on a table und go off und let somepody gobble her oop? Please explain all about dot World's fair to me." "You get it at the ticket office down stairs. We don't sell tickets up here," and the man was so overcome that he went down stairs and actually bought a

The Convolutions of Soup Creek.

Soup creek, in McDowell county, W.
Va., is a remarkable stream. The creek

The sergeant proceeded to give Mr. Dunder a number of pointers, some of which
were illustrated with playing cards and
other things taken from prisoners and preserved as relics, and when he had finished
his caller observed:
"So dot vhas it, ch? Dot loving son of
mine he goes aboudt und finds some new
departments for his dear fadder. He beliefs I don't know dot gondola department
from der kene department, does he? Vhell,
you shust wait. I doun' send him any more
money. In three or four days he come
home. Shust as queek as he sees me he begins aboubt dot wonderful progress of civilization in der 10 cent prize package department, but all of a sudden"

"Don't be unnecessarily harsh," advised
the sergeants.

the sergeant.

"Oh, no. I simply show my loving und dutiful son Shake dot. I haf some department myself. It vhas called der thrashing machine department—und when he comes machine department—und vhen he comes to see how der progress of civilization has improved dot machinery in 200 years he vhas made so tired und astonished dot it vhas better dan four years of travel in Eu-rope! Sergeaut, I vhas mooch obliged. Keep quiet; dere vhas some hens on. If you vhas oot my way in about four days, stop in. I like to show you how der prog-ress of civilization continues to astound eafer your loving and truthful son, Shake ployed oaken tableta.

The author of "Alice In Wonderland,"
Lewis Carroll, has two hobbies—children
and amateur photography.

Jules Verne is 66 years old and has written 66 books. The novelist leads a quiet,
retired life at Amiens and is a member of
the municipal council of that city.

It is only a few years since George Meredith permitted himself to be photographed
for the first time, and now he has allowed
his friend, the artist Watts, to paint his
portrait.

THE CASE OF MR. STEBBINS. He Didn't Want to Be a Victim of a Per-

He Didn't Want to Be a Victim of a Percelated Calamity.

A colored man, driving a woe begone ox in the thills of an old eart on which was loaded a quarter of a cord of freshly cut wood, turned the corner and was approaching the railroad tracks and the depot when the young negro who was filling the water cooler and sweeping out the walting, room caught sight of him and motioned for him to stop. The man with the cart pulled on the rope lines and brought his ox to a halt and asked:

"Boy, what yo' dun tellin me to stop fur?"

now 75 years old.

The painter Kanensky was once a favorite of the Czar Alexander II. He came to the United States some years ago, took up his residence in Kansas, married a girl of Swiss parentage and is now thoroughly Americanized. fur?"
"I'ze dun tellin yo' kase I'ze obleeged to,"
answered the boy. "I'ze dun tellin yo'
kase I doan' want to perceive an awful calamity on dem railrode tracks. Mistah
Stebbins, kin yo' read dat sign up dar?"
"What I got to do wid dat sign?" de
manded the old man in an indignant voice.
"Boy doan' wo' any wange argund wid me Faraday first practically used gutta percha as an insulator for wires in 1847. Street cars are being successfully pro-pelled in Paris by electricity applied through accumulators. "Boy, doan' yo' dun prance around wid me,

or I'll make yo' sorry!"
"Mistah Stebbins, kin yo' read dat sign?" "anstan Stebbins, kin yo'read dat sign?"
persisted the boy.
"Of co'se I kin? Does yo' reckon I doan'
know nuffin? Dat's de way wid dese young
upstarts—dey's gittin too fresh!"
"Mistah Stebbins, what does dat sign
say?"

"What it says? Boy, doan' yo' try to be too smart! I kin read dat sign a mile away. Yo' jest 'tend to yo'r bizness, or I'll make trubble fur yo'!".

"All right, Mistah Stebbins, all right. If yo' kin read dat sign, I hev nuffin furder to say. If yo' want to participate a tragedy, no one kin blame me,"

In a somewhat novel form of alarm in-vented by a Frenchman the current from an ordinary burglar alarm or bell circuit ignites and explodes a cartridge on the roof of the house, besides starting all the bells to ring. Thinking well is wise, planning well wiser, doing well wisest and best of all.—Persian Proverb.

"Heah, boy, what's de mattah wid vo'?

to walk ober to yo'r house an say to yo'r widder:

"'Missus Stebbins, dat ole man o' yo'rs won't pass de contribushun box in church no mo', kase he was hit by de bullgine on de speshual an elongated into eternity at a mint's notis!"

"Shoo!" exclaimed the old man as he made for his cart. "Boy, I reckon yo' am right 'bout signs and things. He-up, heah, yo' ole lazines! Now, den, yo' hump yo'r-self ober dat railrode wid dis cart an git a mile awny befo' yo' stop to breathe, fur if any calamity am to be dun percolated I doan' want to be one of de wictims!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Editor Takes a Hand In the Affairs of a Leading Financial Institution.

It DIDN'T FAIL.—On Tuesday of this week there were rumors around town that our local bank was on the eve of closing its doors. It is an institution which began business here three years ago and has enjoyed the full confidence of the public from the very start. It is needless to observe that banking business in the great and glorious west differs considerably from banking business in the contracted and effect east. The boys rabher left the matter in our hands, and our first move was to picket all the roads leading out of town, with orders to capture any bank official dead or alive who should attempt to skip. We then stationed a man in the alley in rear of the bank, and another in front of the house of the president. Then, taking five eminent citizens with us, we called at the bank and asked for a statement. The genial president at first informed us that the liabilities were \$29,000 and the assets only \$0,000, and that failure was certain, but a few minute's conversation changed everything about. His second statement showed assets at \$18,000 and liabilities nothing. We personally assisted to count the money and figure up the collateral, and when this task had been completed the genial president decided not to announce a suspension. We have over \$2,000 on deposit, but are not in the least arxious. Not one of the people connected with the bank can get out of this town without flying through the air. If there is any suspension under present assets and liabilities, the president and cashier will be promptly lynched and the secretary ordered to go ahead and open for business.

moses as usual. As a community we are peaceful and law abiding, but we have our idioms. One of them is to do business on the square. When a concern in this town goes up the spout, the boys feel that it is their inherent right to look around for assets and liabilities. There has got to be an eternal fitness of things, or some one is sure to get hurt. The There has got to be an eternal fitness or things, or some one is sure to get hurt. THE KICKER assures its readers that the Cascade bank is perfectly sound and deserving of confidence, and now that its officials thoroughly understand the situation they will probably issue a daily statement and esteem it an act of courtesy if a dozen or so of our people will drop in and loaf around during business hours.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Our valued co

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Our valued correspondent at Chicago has been released from the bastile into which he was plunged two weeks ago for exercising that freedom of speech guaranteed by the sacred constitution and now writes as follows:

"I had a ride on a gondola the other evening. Of course all our folks know what a gondola is, but it may be just as well to explain that she is neither a broncho, cayuse nor mule. She doesn't buck nor run away. She's a boat—a sort of cross between a wagon box and a man-of-war. The feller who on box and a man-of-war. The feller who bossed the outfit appeared to object to my style at first, but I lassoed his critter and bosed the other than the style at first, but I lassoed his critter and brought her up the bank and jumped in. A gondola neither gallops, lopes nor trots. She simply glides. The feller from Venice works her along with an oar, and the passengers just sit there and chaw and smoke and play seven up and imagine they've got, the herd quieted down for the night and no rain in sight. The one who worked our gondola kept his eyes shut most of the time, but he didn't fool me any. I know a Venetian blind when I see one, and I'm satisfied the critter was only making believe. As we slid from point to point through the slivery softness of the summer's night my soul rambled out upon unknown grazing grounds and got separated from the bunch. She was suddenly lassoed and brought back by a voice saying:

from the bunch. She was suddenly lasseed and brought back by a volee saying:
"Durn my hide, but this beats goin down the Laramie river straddle of a log durin a June rise!
"I knew who it was the minute he spoke. He was a cuss from Wyoming without any poetry in his soul, and he had no more business in that gondola than a grizzly bear has at a Sunday school piente. I was going to throw him overboard for spoiling the voyage, but he said he had come to Chicago to buy three miles of barbed wire fencing and had dropped into the show thinking it was a circus, and so we put in and threw him

buy three miles of barbed wire fencing and had dropped into the show thinking it was a circus, and so we put in and threw him on the bank. It's a heap o' cheek for a reptile who don't know whether Venice is in Vermont or South Carolina, and who never saw a Venetian blind nor a gondola in all his life before, to jump in and try to make himself at home, but that's the way with most o' those Wyoming critters. After we got rid of the unpoetic, uneducated and unsympathetic galoot we gild and wobbled and wriggled our way over the still waters of the roaring deep, and such was the deep silence that fell upon us that I plainly heard the gondolier bust a suspender as he jet go and got a better hold. We went somewhere and back for a quartet and when the pale moon slowly dispipeared from sight we got out and took a drink and kicked the cramp out of our legs. We felt for the first time in our life that a critter who will ride his 'borse into a saloon and begin shooting the necks off the bottles without any previous provocation has no right in the society of true gentlemen." CURIOUS CULLINGS.

A billygoat broke into the city hall of Argentine, Kan., and atomp the municipal

adise and hades.

The power to wag the ear is common among the West Indian half breeds and the Maya and other derivatives of Mexico and Central America, and many whites have the power who hardly realize the fact.

Both Hindoo and Mussulman women wear glass bungles, and in the northwest provinces they are regarded as sacred objects. If a glass bangle be accidentally broken, its pleces must be gathered together and kissed three times.

A San Autonio (Tex.) merchant put out

A San Autonio (Tex.) merchant put out a sign: "What are we here for—to loaf? No to sell! Come in, and if there's anything you want we'll sell it to you, eventit's the shirt on our back or our grandfather's clock. We mean business,"

"Tkin read dat sign lisses, but I dun forgot I reckon yo' had better Now

And no time should be lost preparing for the cold and dismal fall, which will surely follow the Autumn season, especially when now you have the double advantage of getting "first choice" and "Summer Sale" prices.

A NEW ROAD THE BEST YET

Whip Cords—very fashionable now 50 in. wide, and all wool, only 55c. Fancy Tweeds, 46 in. wide, at 25c, 42c, 50c, 60c, 75c, \$1.00 yd. Ladies clothes, always in style, for handsome suits and capes, at 420, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

55c, 75c.

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