

ODD OR EVEN.

The towns of St. Vincent, Minn., and Emerson, Man., are less than two miles apart and between the two runs the international boundary line marked at each mile by an iron post upon which appears "Treaty of 1818." In each town there is an Episcopal church. Those who are familiar with the service of the Episcopal church know that a prayer is offered for the ruler of the country. While one pastor of these two churches was invoking the divine blessing upon President Harrison, the pastor of the other church, almost within sight, was supplicating for the blessing of Queen Victoria. East of these two places, 100 miles or more, the international boundary line is not so clearly defined, and when one travels by a little steamer on Rainy lake it is never a sure thing whether the steamer is in American or Canadian waters. The boundary is the channel, and the lake being full of little islands, the steamer is liable to take a different course on each trip. It is said that a clergyman was once holding service en route through Rainy lake, and not being certain which country he was in hesitated a moment when he reached that part of the service. He pulled out a dollar and looked at the date, having previously agreed with himself, "even Victoria, odd Harrison." It was dated 1884, and a prayer was offered for the Queen.

THE HEROINE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

In the Franco-German war of 1870 the uhlans in particular played havoc with the French wires. On arriving at a village they would ride up to the telegraph office, cut the connections, and carry off the apparatus, or else employ it to deceive the enemy. They were outwitted, however, on one occasion, and by a woman. Mlle Juliette Dodu, a girl of eighteen, was director of the telegraph station at Pithiviers, where she lived with her mother, when the Prussians entered the town. They took possession of the station, and, turning out the two women, confined them to their dwelling on a higher floor. It happened that the wire from the office in running to the pole on the roof passed by the door of the girl's room, and she con-

ceived the idea of tapping the Prussian messages. She had contrived to keep a telegraph instrument and by means of a derivation from the wire was able to carry out her purpose. Important telegrams of the enemy were thus obtained and secretly communicated to the sub-prefect of the town, who conveyed them across the Prussian lines to the French commander.

Mlle. Dodu and her mother were both arrested, and the proofs of their guilt were soon discovered. They were brought before a court-martial and speedily condemned to death, but the sentence had to be confirmed by the Commander of the Corps d'Armee, Prince Frederick Charles, who, having spoken with Mlle. Dodu on several occasions, desired her to be produced. He enquired her motive in committing so grave a breach of what are called the "laws of war." The girl replied: "Je suis Francaise," (I am a Frenchwoman). The Prince confirmed the sentence, but, happily, before it was executed the news of the armistice arrived and saved her life. In 1878 this telegraphic heroine was in charge of the post-office at Montreuil, near Vincennes, and on the 13th of August she was decorated with the Legion of Honor by Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic.

TO BE SURE.

"You are a very handsome little girl," said a gentleman to a precocious miss in a street-car.

"Am I?" she replied.

"You are indeed."

"I do not consider myself very handsome, but I am passing fare," and she handed a nickel to the conductor.—National Weekly.

A GOOD ONE ON PAPA.

There is a story told of a veteran night editor who, for some reason, had a couple of days off. For years he had reached his home at about 6 o'clock in the morning, slept until late in the afternoon and had been obliged to rush off to his work. His children naturally saw but little of him. On this occasion he found it necessary to correct his youngest daughter for some flagrant breach of discipline. The child rushed to her mother, flushed with indignation:

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "that man wiv whiskers that sleeps here

daytimes 'panked me."—N.Y. Mercury.

Geo. R. Jackson, the Government street tailor, has ordered a large and well selected stock of Irish serges, tweeds and summer frieze suitings, which will arrive here in the course of a few days. Reserve orders.

Chas Rattray,



COAL OFFICE

28 Store Street, Victoria.

TELEPHONE 197.

PRESCRIPTION.

C. H. BOWES & CO. PHARMACISTS,

27 Johnson St., near Store St.

TELEPHONE 425.

NIGHT BELL.

Victoria Marble Works.

Monuments,
Tablets,
Mantels,
Furniture
Work, Etc.

RED AND GRAY GRANITE
MONUMENTS.

135 DOUGLAS ST.

SPRING GOODS

NOW ARRIVING.

FULL SUITS Cheaper Than Ever

There will be no necessity for you to send East for Cheap Suits. LOWER THAN THE LOWEST is my motto.

CAMPBELL THE TAILOR.