POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033



**THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH**

is issued every Wednesday and Saturday by The Telegraph Publishing Company, of St. John, a company incorporated by Act of the Legislature of New Brunswick.

JOHN RUSSELL, JR., Mgr.
E. W. McCREADY, Editor.

**ADVERTISING RATES**

Ordinary commercial advertisements taking the run of the paper, each insertion, $1.00 per inch.

Advertisements of Wants, For Sale, etc., one cent a word for each insertion.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 25 cents for each insertion.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

Sent by Mail to any address in Canada at One Dollar a year. Sent by mail to any address in United States at Two Dollars a year. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**

All remittances must be sent by post office order or registered letter, and addressed to The Telegraph Publishing Company.

Correspondence must be addressed to the Editor of The Telegraph, St. John.

**AUTHORIZED AGENT**

The following agent is authorized to canvass and collect for The Semi-Weekly Telegraph, viz.:

Wm. Somerville

Semi-Weekly Telegraph

ST. JOHN N. B., OCTOBER 30, 1907

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH
THE EVENING TIMES

New Brunswick's Independent newspapers.

These newspapers advocate:
British connection
Honesty in public life
Measures for the material progress and moral advancement of our great Dominion
No graft!
No deals!

"The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine, The Maple Leaf forever."

## HON. MR. BARNES AND THE JAPS

The Hon. James Barnes signalized his admission to the Robinson cabinet by a period of silence so prolonged and so well timed as to advance him appreciably in the public estimation. There was nothing to say, and he said nothing—an approach to wisdom the more remarkable at a time when other cabinet ministers who had nothing to say were prodigal of speech. Foolish critics in some instances misjudged the brooding silence of the Kent county statesman, going so far as to say it argued a suspension of cerebration, or a realization that the things he was pondering would not sound well if confided to the public. But there were other and wiser observers who felt that in the fullness of time Mr. Barnes would thaw out to some purpose. They said of him that he was a deep one and that he would presently come to the assistance of the administration with some progressive utterance which would instantly fix public attention and bring him at one stride to the centre of the stage. And they were right. Mr. Barnes had not been stricken dumb. His thinking cap was on. He was surveying the field to find some subject upon which a radical pronouncement by himself would gain for him in a day the laurels for which other men strive for years and often miss altogether.

And now we have it. To quote a journal supporting the local government, "Hon. James Barnes thinks it would be a good move if the government and the owners of the undermanned Minto coal mines were to get together and arrange for the importation of Japanese laborers."

It is a moving thought—simple, but strong. The long silence of Mr. Barnes is now easy to understand. He was perfecting his Great Plan. The mere announcement of it should be sufficient to advance its author from the fo'castle to the quarter deck. Possibly because the scheme is of Imperial significance, the government journals feel that it should have been made public by Premier Robinson, instead of by the most recently appointed of his lieutenants. At all events one of these journals says, with the brutality which the utilitarian politician assumes toward the Man in Advance of His Time, that the value of Mr. Barnes' scheme "would depend upon which direction the government wants to move. If it yearns towards the cool shades of opposition it can attain its desire in no easier way than by following Mr. Barnes' advice." "New Brunswick," it adds, "does not want and does not need Oriental labor, and we are confident that the government realizes this fully."

This might persuade a smaller man than Mr. Barnes that he had raised an unfortunate issue; but we have no idea that the man from Kent will accept dictation in a matter of this magnitude. He has staked his political future and that of his colleagues—one is not sure about the size of the stake—upon the proposition that what we need in New Brunswick is Japanese labor. Other members of the cabinet have no doubt conferred with Mr. Barnes over this momentous issue and are at one with him in regard to it. Doubtless they regard the plan as a vote-getter. The Mikado may be disposed to confer upon Mr. Barnes the Order of the Rising Sun. Of course, the people of New Brunswick will vote against Mr. Barnes and those of his colleagues who admit above a whisper that they share his views; but that is a mere detail. No defeat at the polls, no matter how overwhelming, can rob Mr. Barnes and his associates of the prestige that will attach to them because of the remembrance that notwithstanding the pressure of local issues, the annoyance of the road law failure, the strain of the prolonged search for an Attorney-General, the uncertain condition of the public accounts, and the shadow of the Next Election, they did not hesitate to raise and nail to the mast the standard of Japanese labor for good old New Brunswick. The public will anticipate Mr. Barnes' next utterance with pleasure. He should speak often.

## THE SPECULATORS

There is much reason for thinking that the big men of the American financial world who are standing under the stock market today, for the purpose of steadying public confidence and preventing a national disaster, and to protect themselves, will succeed in concealing from the public many such conditions as were exposed by the fall of the Knickerbocker Trust Company. Some London critics express the feeling that the financial health of the United States would be better in the end, or some months hence, if the present panic were allowed to run its course, weeding out the unstable and crooked elements which constitute the weakness of the situation. The reply from New York to this line of suggestion is that by bridging the present difficulty—if that be possible—the innocent and the honest men who would go to the wall, through no fault of their own, in case of a prolonged suspension of credit and of confidence, will be saved, legitimate investors will be protected from ruinous loss, and the public will be prevented from extensively withdrawing its money from circulation and retarding production and expansion of business. Unfortunately there is little reason to believe that the exposure of rotten financial methods during the last few days, striking as it has been, will prove sufficient to prevent a repetition of the methods which have upset the American financial world. "Get rich quick" is a doctrine whose followers are so numerous, so persistent, and so reckless, that half-measures will not discourage them. They ignore the thousand examples of failure and disgrace and exalt the exceptional gambler who has won.

The New York Post, in an article on "The Business of Banking", inspired by the developments of the last few days, makes a strong plea for the elimination of speculation and a return to the safe and conservative banking of a former day. It shows how the legitimate trader is made to suffer by and for the speculators:

"What have we seen in New York during the past half-dozen years? Great banking institutions prostituted into tools of unscrupulous speculators. Old names have counted for little. 'Whose bank is that?' 'Oh, the Standard crowd have got that.' 'That's one of Morse's string.' 'Ryan is behind it.' Such have been the common remarks for years past; and the inference is clear. People have bought into banks for the sake of 'control,' that control meaning use of banking resources primarily to finance speculation, and only secondarily to provide regular business with its regular advances of capital.

"Under such a twisted and malign conception of banking, business can, for a time, make shift to get on. But let a period of restricted credit befall, as in the past six months, and what is the result? It is legitimate business that is first made to suffer. Speculation is left untouched as long as possible. It is the merchant, the manufacturer, whom the president of the bank sends for and says that he is sorry, but that he is compelled to ask him to cut down the 'line' that the bank is carrying for him by one-third or one-half. And interest on loans is marked up, even for old customers. But all the time, there is too much reason to believe, the resources of these 'controlled' banks were being put as freely as possible—perhaps more freely than the law permits—at the disposal of promoters and speculators. In other words, to make it easy for them, legitimate business has found it made terribly hard for it. The hold of stock gamblers upon banks has really been a grip upon the throat of business. What many people have vaguely felt throughout the summer has now been brought home to them with all the force of a demonstration; speculators, through their ownership of banks, have been squeezing blood from the business men of this city."

The glimpse which the world has had of Wall street is not reassuring. Only a part of the truth is known. If the public knew all of it Mr. Morgan and the other giants would probably be unable to keep the house of cards from falling.

## THE PANIC

Wall street still staggers. Distress signals were hoisted Friday in New York, clearly proclaiming conditions more desperate than have been experienced for many years. The grave nature of the disturbance may be measured by the drastic remedies applied—the issuing of clearing house certificates, the retreat of the savings banks behind the sixty-day clause, and the liberal supply of money for loans forthcoming from financial captains anxious to check the panic and to turn an honest penny by taking the prevailing interest. The people who would have rushed the savings banks, who want to feel their money in their hands and to let the explanations go hang, have been told that they must wait. This means that the savings banks will not be compelled immediately to withdraw their deposits from the other institutions which are so hard pressed for funds. These are desperate remedies, and they should suffice to save many banks which without this artificial aid would have closed their doors and added street violence and popular despair to the existing troubles.

Public men and newspapers in New York are uniting in an effort to convince the public that the worst is over, but if the public continues panicky the worst is yet to come. In any event a long period must elapse before the American financial world will resume its normal condition. Shaken confidence will shorten credits and check legitimate enterprise materially. Mr. Morgan once coined a phrase about "undigested securities." The market is likely to suffer for some time to come from slow digestion. The amount of stuff to be marketed is almost unparalleled, and the willingness and capacity of those who are expected to do the absorbing have been greatly weakened. The people who are watching Wall street are hoping for the best, but the worst would not surprise many after the developments of yesterday.

## ANOTHER DOUMA

Speaking of the next Douma, the Montreal Witness says the fear of the Czar ever since the matter of a Russian Parliament was mooted has been of an assembly that would insist on revolution and the confiscation of property. The quality and action of both the dismissed doumas tended to increase this apprehension in his mind, which was forever under the influence of persons who had no other idea but to repress the people. Extremely repressive conditions have been imposed upon the Douma which has now been called, in the hope that thereby may be obtained a body with which the imperial power will be able to co-operate. The information that reaches us with regard to the progress of the elections, the Witness continues, is meagre. It is said, however, by those who claim to know that, notwithstanding all the gerrymandering and suppression of classes, it is going to be almost as radical as its predecessors. At least the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Jewish World writes that in defiance of the encouragement given to the "Real Russians," and in spite of the policy of repression, the election campaign returns so far ascertained show the government beaten all along the line. The prospect is, therefore, that the third Douma, when it meets, will be in opposition by a large majority. In Moscow, St. Petersburg and all the large towns the Left has won the elections. Officially it is stated that "non-partizans" are the successful candidates. This, he explains, is the well known official designation for members of the Left. Another correspondent remarks on the total absence of interest in the elections among all classes. He says the official accounts of the results of the voting are absolutely unreliable. The majority of the elected candidates are afraid to state to which party they belong and style themselves Independents, while others purposely register their names amongst the members of the Right in order to mislead the authorities, as they did during the second campaign. Nevertheless, he says, the official returns confirm the defeat of the Real Russians, though they speak of the election of a large number of Monarchists and other opponents of constitutional reforms. At many places the electoral colleges are said to be more than half "extreme left." The Rossia, organ of the Real Russians, is disgusted with this state of affairs and predicts the early dissolution of the third Douma. If dissimulation is being practiced as to the real attitude of some of those who are being elected, the Witness concludes, time only will show which party has been most deceived.

## CIVIC NEEDS

The Union street deal between the board of works and the street railway will fall through if Recorder Skinner's opinion is reversed by the courts. The theory that the board of works has powers other than those it may receive from the Council is one whose soundness must be suspected. No self-respecting alderman will care to have the question left in doubt. No aldermen, we must assume, would now hesitate to press for a final and authoritative interpretation of the laws referred to by the Recorder. For many reasons the position and the future of the board of works should receive careful thought from the taxpayers. How or why Ald. McGoldrick was made chairman of this committee after the last civic elections never was satisfactorily explained. The other aldermen seemingly lacked the courage to deprive him of a position which he demanded, which he received, but which must one must now suppose he will not occupy for more than a few months longer. His astonishing speech in advocacy of his friends of the street railway should settle that. That speech marked him.

Failure to appoint a director of public works has left many things at sixes and sevens. There are men and interests who are better pleased without a director than they would be with one. It will presently become necessary to inquire how much longer these gentlemen are to have their own way. The present plan, under which one or two aldermen are permitted to deal with questions in which they are personally interested, and which should be handled by a competent engineer serving only the interest of the taxpayers, cannot well be pursued much longer. A director of public works is needed. If a suitable man is not now available the aldermen should at least tell the public to whom—if to anyone—they have given authority to deal from day to day with the matters coming within the director's department. It is better to know all about these things.

## STRENUOUS WALKS

An Ontario man of fifty-seven, who walked 138 miles in thirty-six hours is now being praised and admired by his neighbors. One Toronto newspaper says of the feat:

"There is a great deal more in this feat than a mere record of physical power. There are plenty of ways of getting to Port Hope and back in less time than thirty-six hours. But the important thing is the general soundness, physical, mental and moral, that is required for a man of fifty-seven years to walk 138 miles in thirty-six hours, or to come anywhere near accomplishing that feat. The courage, the hopefulness, the power of endurance, are all parts of that soundness. A nation whose citizens were in that condition need have no fears about the future."

There is no nation whose citizens are in that condition. Every nation under the sun could discover some men of three score who would be equal to this walking feat, but the average citizen of any nation who undertook it without preparation would collapse. The average man of fifty or sixty would be foolish to try it, the risk of over exertion being great and the advantages to be gained being small. The average man of that age has too much sense to be strenuous. He is short of breath from lack of proper breathing exercise, and his endurance is good for about ten miles at a pinch, or twenty under exceptional circumstances. The exceptional man can do his 138 miles in 36 hours without distress. The wonder is that more men are not equal to sustained effort of this character. Such ability tells of careful living and intelligent exercise.

## A TIME FOR CAUTION

Most of the St. John men who are directors or stockholders in the company owing and operating the street railway are people of high reputation in business and in private life, and they would not uphold the management of the company in pursuing any but legitimate methods in operating and extending the road. There is in St. John no prejudice against corporations, so long as they exhibit a determination to act fairly and to refrain from improper activities. The corporation which meddles in civic politics is bound to be suspected of desiring to secure by influence privileges to which it is not justly entitled. The corporation whose servants are active in civic political circles is watched for the same reason. The corporation which resorts to lobbying at Fredericton, or at City Hall, and which pursues methods to which not every stockholder would subscribe, is hunting for trouble.

The street car company has not extended its system fast enough to meet the public desire, but perhaps it has made extensions almost as rapidly as its business warranted. In any event there is no desire to prevent it from putting down rails except in thoroughfares which are not suited for street car traffic. Union street is a case in point. A single track there is all right. The people do not want the double track, and a review of the steps leading up to the situation as it is today will convince the directors that the work should not have been done. The company is not fortunate in all of its agents. The front door at City Hall is a better one for business than any other. The Council is a larger and more representative body than the board of works. Although the street railway has been singularly successful with the board of works it will discover that it will pay better in the end to do business with the Council. The company has lost money before now through unpopularity. It was placed on the defensive at Fredericton two years ago, and the campaign was expensive. That sort of thing is easily avoided, and no doubt the directors and stockholders desire to avoid it.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

An elderly man at work for the Street Railway on Union street was struck in the back this morning by a sleeper and had to be taken home.—Globe.

Presumably "sleeper" means one of those who couldn't sleep because of the noise made by the street railway's hammers. The violence is beginning early.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt says the American battleships must go to the Pacific, and he adds that he will continue to attack the "predatory rich." His enemies charge him with courting war with Japan, and ruining business at home. But he persists, and many would like to see him re-elected, believing him forceful and honest, though somewhat impetuous.

* * *

The pleasant function in honor of the Minister of Public Works in his native town Friday was advertised as non-political. It appears from the list of guests that prominent Conservatives regarded the dinner as a good one to let alone. The affair was an enjoyable one, but no very warm campaign material was forthcoming. Dr. Pugsley, it is true, made an announcement about immigration. He seems to have forgotten that this question had been already settled by his old friend Hon. James Barnes of Kent. Surely Dr. Pugsley is not going to veto Mr. Barnes' proposal to bring over a lot of Japs.

* * *

Report has it that the Robinson cabinet is to be filled by the appointment of Mr. McKeown as Attorney General, the proposal being that he shall appeal for election in St. John county. This report may be confirmed speedily. If so there will be considerable speculation as to what is the state of mind of Hon. W. P. Jones, Solicitor General, of Carleton county. There was talk of a revolt in that quarter in case promotion came down the river in search of a man instead of going up. If the office seeks a man here and finds him, he will be opposed in the county, although the government would be materially stronger there than in the city.

* * *

If the Recorder is right we should at the annual civic elections vote for members of the board of works. We vote for members of the Council, but all members of the Council are not members of the board, and the board does not do business in public session. But the board, we are told, has power over the streets. The people ought to put an end to nonsense of that sort. An alderman, elected by one vote in Stanley ward, after a campaign like that of last April, describes himself as being "the whole thing." Whatever he is, he has too long been chairman of the board of works. That department needs shaking up. The aldermen who through fear or sympathy gave the chairmanship to Ald. McGoldrick have now seen the result of their folly.

Mistress—"Malvina, do you know anything about dill pickles?" New Girl—"I think I met him at a dance once, ma'am, but I haven't any acquaintance with him."—Chicago Tribune.

# ITALIAN WORKMEN DROWNED IN MAINE TRAIN WRECK

### Cars Went Through Trestle Into Water, and Victims May Number Five.

Millinocket, Me., Oct. 26—Three and possibly five Italians lost their lives today, and a train consisting of an engine and eleven flat cars loaded with ballast was overturned and submerged by the washing out of the foundation of a trestle on the Schoodick railroad now being built near East Millinocket and twelve miles below here. Altogether about a dozen Italians were thrown into the water which is from six to ten feet deep. The exact number was not known. The most of them swam to a place of safety. One was drowned and two and possibly three or four were buried beneath the loads of gravel and rocks.

All three of the trainmen saved themselves by jumping, and did not go into the water. As the casualties were placed between thirty and fifty by a tramp who brought the news here, there was much excitement for several hours until the true facts were known. The only victim whose name was known was Errico Sinicaldi.

The engineer noticed that the trestle, which extends across a small bay in the immense artificial lake completed and filled this week by the Great Northern Paper Company was settling under the weight of his train and tried to back off from it. In doing so the train buckled and the air hose was broken open, causing the brakes to set tightly. Then the entire train was overturned into the lake. A crew was set to work to recover the bodies.

# DENIES STORY OF CANNIBALISM AMONG KEEWATIN INDIANS

### Mr. Osborne Says He Never Told the Yarn; Likely an Old Tale Revamped.

Ottawa, Oct. 27—A report was circulated some time ago that Mr. Osborne of the Fort Frances Times had given an interview to the press that cannibalism was rampant among the eastern Keewatin Indians. Mr. Osborne has written Colonel White, comptroller of the Northwest Mounted Police, sating that he had given no such interview. The story had been previously published about eight years ago, that Indians, who were crazed with hunger, were kept alive by eating some of their companions. This was, no doubt, a repetition of that report.

It is said that the tribal custom still exists among the Indians of that district of killing the aged and infirm, but the mounted police will extend a patrol to eastern Keewatin and Ungava next year, when an end will be put to such doings, if they really exist.

E. A. H. Haggart, of Kingston, Jamaica, has been appointed trade agent of Canada in place of the late G. Eustace Burke.

Canada's trade agent at Leeds, writing the department, says that the quality of Canadian cheese is being maintained. Eggs and butter are scarce, and price high.

# MAINE MAN KILLED BY ITALIAN IN SUNDAY ROW

Millinocket, Me., Oct. 27—At 5.10 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Angus Grant, formerly of Bangor, was shot through the head and instantly killed in the dooryard of Fred Peluso's place in the settlement known as "Little Italy" in Millinocket. The murderer, an unidentified Italian, escaped.

As nearly as the authorities can ascertain, Grant accompanied by three men—Charles McKenzie and Ronald McDonald, two fellow-laborers, and the unknown Italian who subsequently did the shooting, assembled in the bar-room of Peluso's boarding house and demanded drinks. The Italian volunteered to get beer elsewhere.

"Go and bring me a gallon," Grant is alleged to have replied, "and I'll pay you anything in reason for it."

A bargain was struck and the Italian, followed by Grant, McKenzie and McDonald, hastily ascended the stairs and went out of doors. He had moved only a few steps from the doorway when he turned angrily.

"What are you following me for?" he cried to Grant. "I don't want you hanging around."

Exactly what followed the authorities have not yet been able to disentangle from the disconnected stories of the eyewitnesses. Grant and the Italian quarrelled. Then before anyone could prevent it, the latter whipped out a revolver and fired one fatal shot. It struck Grant in the left cheek, passed directly through the brain and came out at the back of the skull.

Grant came to Bangor about a year ago from New Hampshire, renting a house at 20 Pleasant street, and working with a section crew on the Maine Central. Late in July he moved with his family to Millinocket where he obtained employment with the Great Northern Paper Company. He was about forty years old and is survived by a wife and one child, two sisters somewhere in Massachusetts and his father, who resides in Vanceboro. He was known as a temperate and peaceable man.

# BURNED TO DEATH IN DESTRUCTIVE PRAIRIE FIRES

Winnipeg, Oct. 27.—Great damage was done to the cattle ranges north of Swift Current by fires which raged there all day Friday. Several ranches lost their winter's supply of hay.

Mrs. Ed. Farrell, of Campbell Lake district near Vermillion, (Alta.), was burned to death in the prairie fire which swept her farm Friday night.

Rollis—"Mr. Allmoney is all smiles." Molly—"Yes, he has captured a gridiron heroine." Rollis—"A gridiron heroine?" Molly—"Yes; a college girl who really knows how to broil a beefsteak."—Judge.

FREE $200.00 IN CASH

AND HANDSOME PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY

In view of the tremendous interest which has recently been created in England and the United States through the issuing of Limerick Competitions, we have decided to give away the sum of $200.00 in cash and many valuable premiums to persons who can supply the best last line to the unfinished verse that is written below. This money and the premiums are given for the purpose of advertising Red Cross Pills.

In order that everyone may have an equal opportunity to earn the cash prizes, we give below an example of Limerick verse:

There was a sick young man named Dent,
Whose money was nearly all spent;
Oh, Doctor, come quick,
For I am so sick,
But the Doctor, to him, our pills sent.

N.B.—Please note that the last line should rhyme with the first two lines.

Below will be found the Limerick WITH A MISSING LINE, which line we expect our competitors to supply:

There was a young girl who took chills,
She was told to use Red Cross Pills;
Said the Druggist, who knew her:
"I know they are pure

.....

(Fill in the line above). As a last WORD for the missing line, we would suggest the use of any one of the following words: 'PILLS,' 'BILLS,' 'FILLS,' 'THRILLS,' 'WILLS,' 'MILLS,' 'KILLS.' These all rhyme with the endings of the first two lines in the verse.

CONDITIONS

To the person who supplies the best and most appropriate last line, we will give the sum of $50.00 in cash; to the second best, we will give $40.00 in cash; to the third best, we will give $30.00 in cash; to the fourth best, we will give $20.00 in cash; to the fifth best, we will give $15.00 in cash; and to the sixth best, we will give $10.00 in cash; to the persons who supply the next best seven answers, we will give seven prizes of $5.00 each. We will also give valuable prizes, rings, pins, etc., in order of merit.

There is another simple condition attached to this contest about which we will write you as soon as we have received your answer to the above. THIS CONDITION DOES NOT INVOLVE THE SPENDING OF ANY OF YOUR MONEY.

The judging of the Limericks will be in the hands of a committee of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity who have no connection with this office. No employee of ours or any of their relations will be allowed to compete, and the committee's judgment must be accepted as final.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of three appointed by the Sawyer Medicine Co. and enter this competition on that distinct understanding.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State whether we are to address you as Mr., Mrs. or Miss .....

Please write very plainly. Cut out this copy and send it to us after filling in the blank line. The filling in of the missing line may take a little thought and time, but it is time and energy well spent. We guarantee that if you send in ANY KIND of an answer you will receive one of the above prizes, provided you comply with the simple condition about which we will write you. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY.

THE SAWYER MEDICINE CO. DEPT. MONTREAL

# PIGS IN CLOVER

### Pickwickian Case in London High Court

### Mr. Justice Darling and the Inebriated Witness.

(London Leader).

"Really, this reminds me very much of Mr. Pickwick!" said Mr. Justice Darling, leaning back and gazing joyfully at the gallery.

Indeed, it was all most Picwickian. It was an action for damages against the London Road Car Company by a gentleman whose profession is that of a rearer and a seller of pigs, and all the witnesses might have stepped clean out of the pages of "Pickwick." The plaintiff was a burly, red-faced old gentleman named George Warren, of North road, Wimbledon, and he complained of a "Blue Whizzer" running into him and his pony cart in the Bayswater road, knocking him into a drinking trough and injuring him "all over."

The plaintiff said that he hadn't paid Mrs. Brown or the solicitors or anybody—yet. "I'm no scholard," he added, "but my pigs—"

"Do I understand," put in the judge, "that the solicitor is going to take it out in pigs?"

Mr. Warren grunted an inaudible reply.

Then the neighborly nurse, Mrs. Dorcas Brown, was called. She is a dear old lady, with a very decided manner, a saucy bonnet sprouting with feathers, and an immense plaid shawl, with which she made great play all the afternoon. She said that when Mr. Warren came home "a hoppin' on one leg," and "werry bad before and behind," she "bathed him all over with hot water, and put vinegar to his head for a fortnight."

Counsel—"Was he in pain?"

"Yes, and so was his stummick, my lord!"

"You needn't call me 'my lord,'" said counsel.

"Very well," replied Mrs. Brown. "SIR!—will that do?"

Mr. Warren being "no scholard," Mrs. Brown instructed her daughter to write a letter to the solicitors.

"It was what we called a writ," said the old lady, folding her thin, brown hands and nodding to the judge.

"A writ?" said my lord.

"Yes, my lord! That's what we calls it. Now, if I was just to send you a line, my lord, I should say it was a writ!"

During the burst of laughter which followed this Mrs. Brown flung her great shawl around her more securely, waved her hand like Mark Antony, and cried:

"Gentlemen of the jury, AND gentlemen all in this court! It is not right to make game of—"

"Really, Mrs. Brown!" said Mr. Justice Darling. "this is not a public meeting. You mustn't make speeches like that here!"

Mrs. Brown—"Well, I say it isn't right—that's all."

Counsel read from the letter the list of things which Mrs. Brown (for Mr. Warren) had charged for. One item was:

Food for pigs—£1.

"Aren't Mr. Warren's pigs fed when he is well?" asked the barrister.

"Of course!" replied the lady. "But after the accident Mr. Warren couldn't look after them himself."

The judge—"Isn't that put down generally in cases of this type as "extra nourishment?"

"Mr. Warren had about thirty pigs, my lord—"

The judge—"And when he was ill they required a little extra?"

Witness—"Not that I'm aware of, sir."

After the accident Mr. Schmidt, the Road Car Company's manager, went down to see Mr. Warren. In that gentleman's absence Mrs. Brown saw him.

"I really don't know what happened," said Mrs. Brown, shaking her head. "I don't know whether the gentleman was out of his mind or—or—intoxicated. It was so extraordinary—"

The judge—"You are a qualified nurse?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you really think he was out of his mind?"

"Yes—I do."

The judge—"Well, Mr. Schmidt is in court, and we must ask the usher to keep an eye on him."

"I should just think he ought!" murmured the old lady sotto voce.

Mr. Schmidt was asked to stand up. He obeyed.

"Is that the gentleman?" asked the judge.

"Just come up nearer, young man, and let me have a good look at you. I've left my spectacles at home," said Mrs. Brown, beckoning across the court.

Mr. Schmidt obeyed, and the old lady peered closely into his face for about a minute. Then she said, with conviction: "Yes—that's him."

"Does he look sober now?" asked Mr. Justice Darling.

Mrs. Brown had another long look. Then she shook her head. "I don't know about his being sober," she said doubtfully. The court roared and Mr. Schmidt blushed.

In the middle of a long catalogue of questions from counsel for the defence the old lady assumed the Mark Antony pose and said: "I don't believe that any lord in any court would want me to answer the questions you are putting to me! It is ridiculous! You, a gentleman, and me—a woman!"

"I am trying to treat you like a lady, Mrs. Brown," replied the barrister, ready with a soft answer.

"Huh!" retorted the lady with a sniff. "It seems to me, my lord, that this gentleman wants a bit of fun with me. But I'm too old for that! I won't have it!"

"Very well, Mrs. Brown, I'm sorry. Do you know that Mr. Warren was in the habit of collecting the food for his pigs for nothing?"

The judge (sternly)—"That is a leading question. I can only allow it if the lady has been in the habit of nursing sick pigs."

Counsel—"It seems to be more an economic question, my lord, than a leading question."

Mrs. Brown having said that Mr. Warren hopped home on one leg on the day of the accident, she was asked how long it would take anybody to hop from the Bayswater road to Wimbledon.

"Can't say," was the quiet reply; "I haven't practiced that sort of thing myself!"

The next witness was Mr. Brown, husband and helpmeet of the above. His face was fiery, and vapid smiles wreathed round a pair of fixed and glassy eyes.

"How long have you worked for Mr. Warren?" he was asked.

Mr. Brown replied thus:

If you wazzeraskmequestionasmanagen'llnn (hic) I sh'shayaboutfortnight.

Then he laughed loudly and waved his arms like windmills.

"How long?"

Mr. Brown (fff.): FORT!

"A fortnight?"

The judge—"Excuse me putting a question to you, Mr. Brown."

Mr. Brown—"Cert'nly. No offence. No offence!"

The judge—"May I ask if you are a total abstainer?"

Mr. Brown—"A fortnight, sir!"

The judge—"I really hope you haven't been in this condition for a fortnight!"

Counsel—"This witness is a simple country lout, my lord."

The judge—"I have seen many simple country people—but not like this gentleman. I don't think his evidence will do your side any good."

Here the jury intervened and said plainly that Mr. Brown was very drunk.

"Just so—you may go, Mr. Brown," said his lordship.

Mr. Brown (with great joy)—"A fortnight!"

The judge—"For as long as you like, and perhaps the usher will assist you out of court."

So Mr. Brown and the court adjourned simultaneously.

## Child Killed by Pony's Bolt.

New London, Conn., Oct. 26—Catherine Sheffield, the nine year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Sheffield, of this city, and granddaughter of George St. John Sheffield, the prominent Yale alumni, was killed today while horseback riding at Oswegatchie, about four miles from this city. Her pony bolted and threw her.

## The Samaritan Woman

Again I climb the sunny, vine-set way;
Each year the road grows steeper and more steep.
I pant, I stay to ease my weary feet—
It was not so when He met me that day.

The strands of hair that drift across my eyes
Were thick blue-black—now they are white like snow;
My eyes were stars that on all men would glow
To draw them after me—a goodly prize.

That day beside the well, full in the sun,
I waited for the figure of a man;
I smiled and smiled as not all women can,
Such fatal work my grace had always done.

And then He came—the Master came;
His robe was stained with desert-dust, and torn;
But in his eyes the glory of the morn!
My pride was shrivelled in their god-like flame.

I slipped the golden bracelet off my wrist
That my last lover clasped an hour before,
And his great pearls from out my hair I tore
To drop them in the well like jewelled mist.

The Master's words! He knew my hateful all;
While I knew, oh, I knew that He was good,
And up to meet him rose my womanhood.
While down before him all my sin did fall.

At last he went, but he will come again,
Though he to heaven has gone, as some have said,
And others—they are false—that he is dead;
Yet I know that I watch not here in vain.

Ah! many a sinful tryst for many a year
Had I kept, heart-sick, listening at the door
For step of one I thought would come no more—
Then when hope died, behold! I found him near.

So now hope fades; but this last tryst of mine
With Heaven itself, I shall forever keep;
Though in the long-dried well the grasses creep,
Yet, never-thirsting, I quaff draughts divine.

Sometimes I think he may come in the morn
Just as I, breathless, touch the summit's crest;
Or I may see him 'gainst the flaming west
As I am turning back with step forlorn.

But, O dear Master, thou wilt come to me!
Look! how thy sky o'erflows with God's own light!
Thy face, thine eyes!—my tryst is o'er tonight.
Master, I come, I long have waited thee!

—Francis Bent Dillingham.

Zion's Herald.

ROOF RIGHT NOW

There is one roof that saves money because it will last 100 years. Guaranteed in writing for 25 years.

"ASHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES

This roof saves your work because its so easy to put on (does yours with a hammer and snips), and saves you worry because they are fireproof, windproof and weather-proof. The building story cover.

Write us about it and hear all about 207 ROOFING RIGHT. Address

The PEDLAR People (Ld) Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg