Our Scotch Corner

Bad or Useless.

A farmer in the neighborhood of N—

in Aberdeenshire, somewhat advanced in his political views, in the ourse of a discussion on the abolition t landlords and clergymen, said, "He ouldno' say which was the maise eesless useless), but he kent which was the varst, it wis dootless the ministers, for airds made nae pretence o' deein' ony mid."

A Possible Inference.

A Possible Inference.

It was once the prevailing custom in scotland that the precentor read each single line before it was sung by the congregation. This practice gave rise to a somewhat unlucky introduction of a line from the first Psalm. In the parish thurch of Fettercairn, one communion Sabbath, the precentor observed the moble family of Eglantine approaching the tables, and likely to be kept out by those pressing in before them. Being very zealous for their accommodation, he called out to an individual whom he considered to be the principal obstacle in clearing the passage, "Come back, Jock, and let in the noble family of Eglantine"; and then turning to his psalmbook, took up his duty, and went on to tead the line, "Nor stand in sinners' way."

The Scotchman and His Sixpence,

The Scotchman and His Sixpence.

A Scotch pedestrian attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, but was at last overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty; but were not a little surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending, at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues; "if he had had eighteenpence, I suppose he would have killed the whole of us."

The Rim o' the Riddle.

Bishop John Skinner, while making some pastoral visits in the neighborhood of the town of Aberdeen, took occasion to step into the cottage of two humble parishioners, a man and his wife, who cultivated a little croft. No one was within; but as the door was only on the latch, the bishop knew that the worthy couple could not be far distant. He therefore stepped in the direction of the outhouses, and found them both in the barn winnowing corn, in the primitive way, with "riddles," betwixt two open doors. On the bishop making his appearance, the honest man ceased his winnow. ance, the honest man ceased his winne operations, and in the gladness of his heart stepped briskly forward to welcome his pastor; but in his haste he trod upon bis pastor: but in his haste he trod upon the rim of the riddle, which rebounded with great force against one of his shins. The accident made him suddenly pull up; and, instead of completing the reception, he stood vigorously rubbing the injured limb; and, not daring in such a venerable presence to give vent to the customary strong claculations, kept twisting his face into all sorts of grimnees. As was natural, the bishop went forward, uttering the usual formulae of condolence and sympathy, the patient, meanwhile, continuing his rubbings and his silent but expressive contortions. At last Janet came to the rescue; and, clapping the pishop coaxingly on the back, said, "Noo, lishop, jist gang ye yir wans into the hoose, an' we'll follow fan he's had time to curse a fyllie, an', I'se warran' he'll seen be weel eneuch!"

The Sense of Ability.

A late minister of Caithness, when examining a member of his flock, who was a botcher, in reference to the baptism of his child, found him so deficient in what he considered the needful theological knowledge, that he said to him, "Ah, Sandy, I doubt ye're no' fit to haud up the bairn." Sandy, conceiving that reference was made not to spiritual but to

A elergyman of Aberdeenshire, who sacrificed rather freely to the jolly god, having made his libation one Sunday morning, he proceeded to the discharge of his ministerial duties. The melody of the psalm, operating with the inward potation, fulled him asleep, and the people had finished their praises ere he had gut out of his nap. The precentor finding it necessary to wake him, gently touched him, and whispered, "It's done." 'Weel, weel, there's plenty mair, fill the bottle out o' the muckle pig."

Rob Roy Macgregor.

Rob Roy Macgregor.

When this chieftain was on his deathbed, a gentleman, whom he had reason to consider as an enemy, came to see him. On being requested to admit the visitor to his bedside, he said, "No enemy shall see Rob Roy in the posture of defeat. Raise me up, put on my clothes, buckle on my arms, then admit him." He was obeved; the guest was received with cold civility by the dying man, and in a short time departed. "Now," said Rob Roy, "help me to bed, and call in the piper." The piper appeared; Rob Roy shook hands with him, and desired him to play "Cha Tuile mi Tuileadgh," and not to case while he continued to breathe. He soon expired, with the "voice of war" pealing around him.

A Sturdy Jacobite.

David Tulloch, tenant in Drumbenan, under the second and third Dukes of Gordon, had been "out" in the '45-or the fufteen. or both-and was a great favorite of his respective landlerds. One day David having attended the young Lady sinsan Gordon (afterwards Duchess of Manchester) to the "chapel" at Huntly,

David, perceiving that her ladyship had neither hassock nor carpet to protect her garments from the earthen floor, respectfully spread his plaid for the young lady to kneel upon, and the service proceeded; but when the prayer for the king and royal family was commenced. David, sans ceremonie, drew, or rather "twitched," the plaid from under the knees of the astonished young lady, exclaiming not sotto voce, "The deil a ane shall pray for them on my plaid!"

Not a Client's Business.

A countryman applied to a solicitor for advice in a certain matter. On being asked if he had stated the exact facts of the case, he replied, with more truth than discretion: "Ou ay, sir; I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lees till't versel'.

Off and On.

An old servant of Fletcher of Saltoun, a gentleman with an ungovernable temper, became at last so weary of his master's irascibility, that he declared he must leave, and gave as his reason the fits of anger which came on and produced such great annoyance that he could not stand it any longer. His master, unwilling to lose him, tried to coax him by reminding him that the anger was soon off. "Ay," replied the other, very shrewdly, "but it's nae suner aff than it's on again."

With Her Compliments.

Here is the case of literal obedience to orders which produced a somewhat startling form of message. A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, etc., with strict injunctions always to add, "With her compliments." At length, one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message, "Miss S.—'s compliments, and she de'ed last nicht at aicht o'clock."

Jock and Tibbie.

Jock and Tibbie.

A mistress, observing something peculiar in her maid's manner, addressed her, "Dear me, Tibbie, what are you so snappish about, that you go knocking the things as you dust them?" "Ou, mem, it's Jock," "Well, what has Jock been doine?" "Ou (with an indescribable, but easily imagined toss of the head), he was angry at me, an 'misa'd me, an' I said I was just as the Lord had made me, an' "Well, Tibbie?" "An' he said the Lord could hae had little to do whan he made me." The idea of Tibbie being the work of an idle moment was one, the deliciousness of which was not likely to be relished by Tibbie.

The Parritch-Pan.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentle-man's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article, a Roman patina, which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the distinguished baronet at a high price. Sir Walter was exces-sively amused during the time of bidding, to observe how much it worked the to observe how much it excited the aston-ishment of an old woman, who had evi-dently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principl "If the parritch-pan," she at last burs out—"if the parritch pan gangs at tha what will the kail-pat gang for?"

Her Beauty Sleep.

Her Beauty Sleep.

Beauty sleep, to fulfil its name, must be taken under certain marked conditions or it fails to accomplish its purpose. For instance, ventilation and proper temperature form a most important part in the treatment, for there should be a free circulation of air and no draught. To secure fresh air it is better that the windows shall be open at the top than at the bottom, for the former way makes it possible for impurities to escape, from the room, says the New York Evening Telegram. By all means the most is the obsolidered the needful theological knowledge, that he said to him. "Ah sandy. I doubt ye're no' fit to hand up the bairn." Sandy, conceiving that reference was made not to spiritual but to hipsical incapacity, answered indignantly. "Hout, minister, I could hand him up than he were a twa-year-and stirk."

The Frightened Scotchwoman.

A farmer from the neighborhood of the state of the s

Quaint "How D'ye Do's."

A French journal has been looking into the question of how different races express 'How do you do?" and gives some curious examples. The Coreans, for instance, greet each other with the remark, "You do look old," and no offence is given or implied. Persians say "May Allah preserve your beard and cover it with benedictions." Among a tribe of Fiji Islanders the correct form of salutation is to pull one's ear. A Caroline islander kneels before his friend, whose foot he grasps and slans himself oline islander kneels before his friend, whose foot he grasps and slams himself vigorously in the face with it. In the Soudan a traveller was addressed by a native chief as "Mighty Sun," the said chief finishing up with "Glory to thee, O splendid moon," the remark being accentuated by spitting in the traveller's right hand.



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Nos. 657-714.—All designs in underwear that tend to increase the flare at the lower edge while keeping a smooth, close fit about the waist, are much in vogue. A pleasing mode of this order is here illustrated. The corset cover is made with the front fulness gathered to a round yoke, which affords a good place for a simple design in hand embroidery. The drawers are cut on excellent lines, and being circular in shape, provide the necessary fulness without extra bulk. French cambric, with lace, nand embroidery and ribbon-run beading is represented, but several materials such as nainsook, lawn and longcloth are adaptable, and any preferred mode of decoration may be used. For 36 56ches bust measure 1 1-8 yards of 36-inch material will be required for the corset cover and 2 1-2 yards for the drawers.

Ladies' Corset Cover. No. 657. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Ladies' French Open Drawers. No. 714. Sizes for 22, 24 26, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

28. 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents for each in silver or

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get pattern

NEWS FROM THE OLD LAND.

Many Interesting Happenings Reported From Great Britain. Reported From Great Britain.

(London Daily Mail.)

Two inquests, held on Wednesday, on the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Hughes, of Kenilworth-court, Putney, a young couple who were found shot dead in two separate trains on the London Brighton, and South Coast Railway or Monday broads Monday, brought out only one probable cause of the tragedies. Several witnesses referred to the fact that Mr. Hughes cause of the trage...
referred to the fact that Mr. Hugnhad not been in good health lately, one
witness stating that he lived in dread
of consumption, his father having died

I at once sent a telegram to my daughter.

Mr. Ames, continuing his evidence, said that he next received a telegram from his daugher saying that she would arrive at 6.35. "I next heard that she had been found dead," said Mr. Ames in almost inaudible tones, and evidently suffering from great emotion. Eventually he broke down completely and sobbed audibly.

A revolver, five-chambered, small, nickel-plated, and of American make, was next produced. Mr. Ames identified it as belonging to his daughter. There

the said. She was an expert shot, and was query expert shot, and was quite accustomed to manage a revolver. She had used a revolver for six

was quite accustomed to manage a revolver. She had used a revolver for six or seven years past.

Mr. Kenneth Martin, residing at 12, Grassington-road, Eastbourne, said that he followed no occupation, but was a director of a public company in London. He had known Mrs. Hughes about eight years, and her husband for almost the same period. While in the Pullman car leaving London Bridge for Eastbourne on Monday at 5.5 p. m. he saw Mrs. Hughes rush along the platform. She was only just in time to catch the train. She entered the car in which he was seated, and, added Mr. Martin, "she showed me the telegram she had received.

"Mrs. Hughes said she was going to get out at Lewes, and I said that if she would sit still I would get out and make inquiries for her. She made me promise to tell her the whole truth. I made inquiries and returned and told her, that her husband was dead. She was very discressed—very much indeed—and she asked me to leave her alone for a little in ak-hollday for me," he declared, "the

while, so I walked away and talked to the car attendant.

"In a little time I missed Mrs. Hughes and went with the car attendant to the ladies' lavatory. The door was not lock. ed. Inside the lavatory we found Mrs. Hughes curled up, and as I helped to lift her a revolver dropped from her right hand."

The jury found that Mrs. Hughes died from a self-inflicted bullet wound, and

from a self-inflicted bullet wound, and that her mind was unhinged with grief

"I was plain Tom Price when I was a nobody, and I'm plain Tom Price still." These few words portray more vividly than much description the character of the Hon, Thomas Price, the Wetsman who, from being employed as a stone-mason on Parliament House, anth Australia, has risen to the dignity of sitting in it as Premier. He arrived in London on Wednesday to represent his colony at the Franco-Rritish Exhibition. One of the first people to greet him in London was the Prince of Wales. The interview—an accidental one—occurred

first I have ever had. First I am going to look round this great city. How it has altered since I was in it some thirty years ago." He will certainly visit Liverpool, as he spent the days of his youth there, and will also go to Denbighshire, where he was born.

Mr. Price was born in 1852, and got his education at a penny school and a night school in Liverpool. He emigrated to Adelaide with his wife in 1883, and tramped the streets in search of work. He was elected to the Colonial Parliament ten years later, was appointed leader of the Labor party in 1991, and became Premier in 1995.

Mr. Price desires to arrange the reflotation of a £4,000,000 loan about to fall in in South Australia.

AERIAL FLYING FISH.

A totally new type of aeropiane has been designed by Aim. Voison for Mr. Farman, the winner of the £2,000 prize for a circular flight of one kilometre, and is now rapidly nearing completion.

The new aeropiane consists of a long spindle-shaped framework, measuring 46 feet from head to tail, near the centre of which are placed the motor and driver. Three pairs of wings, arranged side by side, and not above one another, as in the former machine, and measuring 201-2 feet from tip to tip, and 3 feet in depth, are fixed above this frame in front of the driver.

These are the main sustaining planes, but right in the rear are arranged two smaller pairs of wings—15 feet by 3 feet—the rear pair of all being pivoted, so that they can be deflected upwards or downwards to regulate the course of the machine. A rudder fixed to the tail of the main frame steers the aeroplane to left and right. Both these steering devices are controlled by a single steering-wheel acting through levers and wires.

The screw in the new machine is plac-

mires.

The screw in the new machine is placed in front, has a diameter of 8 feet, and is driven at 1,100 revolutions a minute by a 50-h.p., eight-cylinder, aircooled motor, of a new type, weighing 315 pounds. The aeroplane runs along the ground before rising into the air on three pneumatic-tired wheels, the front pair of which are steered by the steering-wheel, which simultaneously works the rudder. In its general lines the aeroplane recalls in a striking manner the appearance of a flying fish, and has been so named.

A speed of sixty miles an hour is projected, while a speed of forty-five miles is necessary to leave the ground. After the first experiments Mr. Farman intrads to go to the Beauce district, in Central France, where flat plains stretch for miles in every direction without any obstueles in the way of this wonderful racer, weighing half a ton, hurtling through the air at the speed of an express train.

Mr. Farman intends to make his first aerial voyage in Great Britain at Yarmouth, on the South Denes, where the Corporation racecourse is laid out.

MARTYRS TO SCIENCE.

Three heroes in the cause of humanity are to-day working in the London Hospital. The recent case of Dr. Hall Edwards, of Birmingham, who, as a result of his X-ray investigations, had to have his arm amputated, has drawn attention

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The London Hospital was a pioneer in The London Hospital was a pioneer in the enterprise of treating disease by the use of X-rays. During the eleven years its radiographic department has been in operation hundreds of poor sufferers have been cured or their cases have been

The hands of Mr. Wilson and Mr. The hands of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Blackhall are coated from the nails to the knuckles with dried cancerous ulcers, which are steadly eating away the hands and spreading up the arms. Mr. Wilson has recently lost one finger, and another is threatened. Mr. Blackhall, whose arm is in a sling as the result of an operation only a few days ago, was in a worse state, if anything, than his colleague. The pain at times is exeruciating.

ating.

Mr. Blackhall was asked why he did
not take a holiday. "I really cannot,"
was his reply. "I have cases of poor
sufferers from lupus, rodent ulcers,
ringworm and cancerous cases, and am

lives upon the crocodile. My examina-tions showed that crocodile blood was its main diet, and therefore I suggest that with the destruction of the croco-dile you will destroy the fly also. The crocodiles could be greatly lessened in number, if not entirely destroyed, by collecting their care." collecting their eggs.'

PRISON COMEDY

The presence of the ringleaders of the recent disturbances at Maidstone and Dartmoor has not tended to make Portland prison dull, and ever since their at there have been frequent out

Within the last month two convicts have attempted to escape, but have been recaptured. Recently one of the convicts transferred from Maidstone learn

recaptured. Recently one of the convicts transferred from Maidstone learned that his time was nearly up, and he proceeded to celebrate the news. He was one of the first quarry gang, and, as soon as he got to his steam crane he broke from the party and climbed the mast of the crane.

On reaching the flat cap at the masthead, he lay flat on his stomach and commenced cheering. He refused to climb down, and as a high wind made it too dangerous to remove him by force he was left to enjoy himself. At the end of two hours he wanted to descend. Exposure to the strong cold wind, however, had so numbed him that he could not come down without help. Two convict riggers were sent for and lowered him to the ground. He could not stand alone, however, and was removed to the infirmary.

A free light recently broke out among another gang. Help was obtained, and the pugilists were marched away.

CHILDREN THROWN FROM WIN-DOW.

Exciting scenes were witnessed at a fire which broke out shortly before noon on Tuesday at a house in Albert street, Barnsbury, one of the poorest quarters in London, two children being killed, another badly injured, and several persons burned.

burned.

The house, which has a basement and

two upper floors, was occupied by five families, and an elderly couple who lived in the basement were boiling pitch with the intention of repairing the ceiling. Their attention was called away for a few moments, and in the meantime the pitch boiled over and burst into flames, which spread rapidly upstairs.

The occupants of the upper floors cried for help, and several dashed into the street. In the topmost story lived a woman named Mrs. stoneman and her three children, Dolly, aged five, Nancy, aged two, and Sydney, aged twelve months. Mrs. Stoneman became frantic with fear when she found the avenues of escape cut off by the fire and smoke.

She appeared at the window and shrieked to the crowd below, 'I am going to throw the children, cath them.'' She at once proceeded to carry out her intention, despite the warnings of the people in the street. Dolly, the eldest, was the first child to be dropped, and she fell into the area, where the fire was raging most fircely. She was dead when picked up. Nancy was the next child dropped out of the window by her mother. She fell on the iron railings in front of the house, and was taken to the hospital, where she died subsequently. The third child, Sydney, was safely caught by Mrs. Bell, a neighbor.

"It was too terrible for words," said Mrs. Bell. "After I had caught the child the woman lowered herself from the window, and hung by her hands to a narrow ledge below the sill. We thought that she was going to drop into the flames beneath, and a great groan went up from the crowd. Then a man, leaning from the window of the house next door, called her, and gradually the woman began working her way along the ledge, hand after hand.

"It seemed as if she must fall, but she managed to hold on. Nearer and nearer she got to the man, and I think everyone in the crowd held their breath. The man leaned farther out of the window. He seized the woman and with a tug pulled her into safety.

SHIP WRECKED BY METEOR.

POLICEMEN PUPILS.

Miss Whitley, a British woman who is teaching the Paris policemen to speak English, has a class of some twenty constables at a time. The stalwart pupils, swords and helmets hung on the walls, bend intently over their copybooks at a long table and listen with grim determination as Miss Whitley expounds the caprices of English irregular verbs. Each pupil has a number, and Miss Each pupil has a number, and Miss

the caprices of English frequent verse. Each pupil has a number, and Miss Whitley adopts a military manner of speaking. "Silence! I hear someone whispering," she says, sternly, and a blushing policeman fidgets, deeply whispering, sue and fidgets, deeply blushing policeman fidgets, deeply abashed. Next she gives a painstaking abashed. Next she gives a painstaking exhibition of how to pronounce the Eng-lish "th," and a policemen, perspiring freely, says, "Oui, miss," and makes frantic efforts to imitate her.

frantic efforts to imitate her.

No. 14 will insist on addressing the teacher as "thou." "No one ever uses the second person singular in English." she retorts severely, "except in poetry and saying prayers—stand up, please—so you, No. 14, need not trouble, as you will never write poetry or pray with the passer-by. Sit down." And No. 14 sits down with burning checks.

Recent Excavations in Greece.

ringworm and cancerous eases, and am booked up to January next."

WAR ON CROCODILES' EGGS.

Dr. Koch. the famous bacteriologist, is one of the principal delegates to the sleeping sickness conference now sitting at the Foreign Office. The object of the conference is to arrange for the creation of an international central bureau which will collect facts about the disease and assist to stamp it out.

"The disease is due to a fly which exists in the virgin districts of Africa," said Dr. Koch on Wednesday.

"The fly is a bloodsucker, and I found that where there are no human beings it lives upon the crocodile. My examinations showed that crocodile blood was to the conference where the conference where the conference were some coins of Justin II.

A. D. 570, which were found at about the same depth as the pavement.

Soft Disc Cuts Hard Stee!.

Soft Disc Cuts Hard Steel.

The curious phenomenon of a soft steel disc revolving at a high speed cutting hard steel, has attracted the attention of numerous observers, and F. W. Harbord has endeavored to throw light on the subject by publishing in the Engineer the results of a microscopic examination of the revolving disc and of the material subjected to its action. He finds that the material acted upon is heated at the point of contact to a temperature approaching, if not equal to, the melting point of steel, and that this high temperature is confined practically high temperature is confined practically to the surface in contact with the disc.

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One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;
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sour, impure blood.

The ingredients can be procured at

The ingredients can be procured at any good drug store, and being purely vegetable and entirely harmless, can casily be mixed at home.

If you have a suffering friend show this to him, as he will undoubtedly be pleased to learn of so simple and highly recommended a remedy.



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