Ready Now " For Bread ! for Italy ! for God!

The Patriot

PICCOLO MONDO ANTIO

—BY—

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

Author of "THE SAINT"

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REPRESENTATION OF MARITIME PROVINCES

Should Not Be Less Than That Assigned at Confederation, Argue Members.

OTTAWA, Jan. 28.—Hon. A. B. Aylesworth in the House today introduced a bill to amend the National Transcontinental Railway Act. In the statute of 1896 workmen on contracts let by the Government have a summary remedy to obtain their wages from money in the hands of the department should contractors fail to pay. The bill places workmen on the National Transcontinental in the same position.

Mr. Foster dropped his resolution which declared that it was advisable to eliminate party patronage from the public service of Canada, and that appointments be made on the basis of character and adaptability, and that supplies be purchased in respect to quality and price alone.

Mr. Hughes (Prince Edward Island) moved that an address be presented praying the Imperial Government to cause a measure to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament for the purpose of amending the British North American Act so that the maritime Provinces of the Dominion comprising the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, shall not at any time have fewer representatives in the House of Commons than the number that was asigned to each when it entered the Confederation.

In support of his resolution Mr. Hughes said it was the intention of the fathers of the Confederation that the representation of the Maritime Provinces in Parliament should not be decreased.

Dr. Daniel (St. John) and Mr. Martin spoke in support of the motion, and Mr. Aylesworth followed wth a lengthy legal disquisition.

$1,000,000 SMELTER.

Ontario Government's Assistance Solicited—Editor Downey, M.P.P., Resigns.

TORONTO, Jan. 28.—The Government this morning received a letter from F. D. M. Monk and J. E. Leonard, asking what aid Ontario would give a proposed smelter to be established at Cobalt to cost $1,000,000. Mr. Whitney refused to commit himself, but it is probable any aid will be in the shape of a bounty derived from the revenue tax on the mineral output of mines.

J. P. Downey, M.P.P., has resigned from the editorial seat of the Guelph Mercury as the result of a disagreement with the management.

BANDIT IN VANCOUVER.

Masked and Armed Robber Gathers in $60 in a Hotel.

VANCOUVER, Jan. 27.—With a curt demand to everyone present to throw up their hands, an armed and masked highwayman walked boldly into the Barnard Castle Hotel, on Powell street, about 10 o'clock Saturday night and coolly proceeded to go through the pockets of the half dozen men who had lined up. After finishing this he requested the man behind the bar to put the cash register on the counter, and after taking the money it contained, backed towards the door with his two revolvers still covering the crowd, then with a parting threat he passed out into the night.

The robber showed the coolness of an old hand at the business. Choosing a time when there were not many present, and using a piece of blue cloth as a mask, he walked into the bar, called everybody out of the dining room, causing each one to pass wthin six inches of his guns, and made them hand out the contents their pockets.

Only one man made any attempt to get away, and he passed the remark that he did not believe the old guns could shoot anyway, and started to walk out of the room. His courage failed him, however, when the two guns were pointed at him and he was ordered to come back, which he did.

When the desperado had all present lined up he gave them a little jar by remarking that they were a nice bunch, to let one man hold them up like this." Nobody seemed anxious to deny his words, and with a parting injunction to "keep those hands up," he retired.

The police are active in the search for the lone bandit. It is claimed that with the closing down of the mines and logging camps about the country, many desperate characters are making their way to Vancouver.

A man walked into the hotel just as the hold-up was in ful swing and was greeted with the words, "Line up there; you're just in time." He was just in time to lose $7.50 in cash and a gold locket which he valued at about $25. Altogether the robber secured about $60 in cash and a silver watch, together with a few odd trinkets.

SUGAR SHIPMENTS.

Canadian Tariff May Tend to Divert Them to Other Markets.

OTTAWA, Jan. 28—S. L. Horsford, Canada's commercial agent at St. Kitts, writes to the department here that considerable apprehension is being felt among the sugar producers at the proposed increased duty on raw sugar in the new Canadian tariff. There an increase of 7 1-5 cents per hundred pounds. This, it is said, will neutralize the advantage given under the British preferential rate, which they have hitherto enjoyed and it may tend to divert shipments to other markets. Representations to this effect have been made to the Dominion government.

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CARMEN IN REAL LIFE.

Tragic Deed of Unsuccessful Suitor Recalls the "Cigarera" of Seville.

LISBON, Jan. 27.—In one of the most frequented streets of the Lisbon suburbs a tragedy has taken place which reminds one vividly of the romantic story of Carmen, the "Cigarera" of Seville. The present heroine is also a beautiful factory girl.

A soldier named Jose—the name of Carmen's lover—was very fond of a child 3 years old, whose family he visited, and to whom he gave cakes and sweets. The child, Filomena, grew into a beautiful girl, and the affection of the soldier became gradually transformed into love. When the girl was 14 Jose asked her to marry him, but she said she loved him only as a friend. He flew into a passionate rage and declared that she should never marry anyone else.

A few days after this dramatic interview, his mind still oppressed with disappointed love, Jose shot at Filomena. The bullet only grazed her head. Jose was arrested and tried by court martial. His sentence was reduced to three years' imprisonment, owing to a letter, full of delicacy and sentiment, addressed by the girl to the judges, begging them to be lenient with "poor Jose." These incidents occurred three years ago.

Filomena is now 18. The other day Jose finished his term of imprisonment. He still remembered Filomena; he still loved her passionately. He went to her and again asked her to be his wife. He implored her, but she was adamant and refused.

And thus the drama ends: Jose waited in the streets for Filomena on he way to the factory. The girl, espying him, cried out in terror to her companions: "There is the man who wants to kill me!" and rushed away toward a doorway.

Then the soldier, opening the cloak which enveloped him, drew out his rifle and fired two shots at the girl, who fell just in time on the threshold unwounded.

Thinking he had killed his sweetheart, Jose kneeled in the middle of the street, and, as if asking pardon of her, again loaded his rifle, and, placing the barrel in his mouth, shot his brains out.

All this took place with such rapidity that there was no time to stay the culmination of the tragedy.

DOG COMMITS SUICIDE.

Places Its Neck Upon Rail Before Moving Train.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—A story of the suicide of a dog at Crofton Park Station the other afternoon is vouched for by an eye-witness, H. H. Howe, of 17 Dalrymple road, Crofton Park.

At Crofton Park Station there is a slope which leads down to the side of the railway line, and Mr. Howe, who was waiting to catch the 1:58 p.m. train to Victoria, noticed the dog walk about this slope in a lost kind of way, and apparently having no owner near at hand. Several times it started to go on the line, but each time seemed to change its mind ,and ran back up the slope. The train which leaves St. Paul's Station at 1:22 p.m. and arrives at Crofton Park at 1:47, then ran into the station, while the dog stood quietly looking at the engine, which was a yard or two from the bottom of the slope.

As soon as the train had reached the slope the dog, with almost human instinct, ran forward and placed its head on the line, apparently with the idea of courting death, and in a few minutes its wish was gratified, as the train passed over it, severing the head completely from the body.

Cases of suicide in the canine world are not unknown, as there is a recorded instance of such a thing a few years ago in the Regent's Canal, at Hampstead. It is not known if the presnt case is the outcome of unrequited love.

A RAILROAD STORY.

A. J. Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania railroad, told at a luncheon at the Philadelphia Country Club a railroad story.

"A western broker,' he said, "moved from the city out into the country. He moved far out, and, since the railroad was small and the train service poor, he travelled to and from town by carriage or automobile exclusively.

"Deciding after a time to keep chickens, he ordered a patent chicken coop, and on the day it was expected, set out in a dray to fetch it home from the freight office.

"He reached the railroad station, which he had never seen before, after an hour's drive. No one was in sight, but there was his chicken coop, and with his man's help he soon had it on the dray and set off homeward again.

"A hundred yards or so down the road he met a chap in a blue uniform, with the 'station master' in gold letters on his blue cap.

"'Hey, there,' exclaimed this chap, excitedly, 'what the dickens have you got on that dray?'

"'My new chicken coop,' the broker calmly answered.

"'Chicken coop be hanged,' shouted the station master. 'That's Mudby Junction.'"

JOHN WILLIAMS' BATTLEFIELD

John Williams was simple—like the name—simple and red-faced and loud-voiced, and altogether commonplace. Minnie, his wife, was one of those pale wisps of women, who, just for the sake of contrast, always seem to marry big husbands like John Williams. And John Williams and Minnie and the two kids—he always called them the kids, for John was given to an affectionate sort of vulgarity—were coming home by train from their annual fortnight at Brighton. Furthermore, John Williams was very angry—or pretended to be very angry—at an article which he had been reading in a magazine.

A shade had crossed his brow. Darkness had fallen, and the train was nearing London. London! This was John Williams' battlefield—the battlefield in which he fought fiercely—oh, so fiercely—for the wherewithal to fed Minnie and Min and Jackie. And how he hated the battlefield. Not even Minnie knew how he hated it.

At least, he thought Minnie did not know. But therein, as it happened, John Wiliams was wrong. For Minnie did know. Minnie knew also that cheery John Williams was tired—though he would not admit it—tired in spirit if not in body.

But a strange thing happened before John Williams reached his battlefield.

The Williams family lived in a poor little flat in the southeastern district, so when Clapham Junction was reached. Minnie and Min and Jackie got out, with all their belongings, in order to take the quickest way home. But John Williams stayed in the compartment, and proceeded in the train toward Victoria, for he had to work, as was his wont, till the morning.

And behold, as soon as the train left Grosvenor road, the ticket-collecting station, John felt something or other pushing his feet. The something or other resolved itself into the figure of a man. The man who had been hiding under the seat throughout the whole journey, now crawled out.

The apparition was elderly, wizened, and, in fact, altogether different from John Williams. His clothes were bad, it is true, but they were dusty.

John Williams had been startled, but John Williams' nerves were sound.

"So you're back again, George?" he said.

"Landed from South America stony broke, a week ago. Tramped from Southampton along the coast. Decided to come to London. Stonished to see you and Minnie and the kids at Brighton Station. You and Minnie went to the bookstall to get a magazine. I nipped into your compartment while the kids were looking out t'other window. Hid under the seat. No ticket. Thought even if caught, you'd pay my fine."

The stranger told the story in jerks.

"Minnie's brother!" breathed John Williams. "And in difficulties again!"

But John swallowed his anger.

"You lost that £100 I lent you to go abroad with?" he asked.

"Would I be here if I hadn't?" Minnie's brother asked bitterly.

John Williams thought of that hoarded £100—all his savings—and how useful it might have been to him now. Still, Minnie's flesh and blood must not starve. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a half sovereign.

"I do not want to be hard on you, George," he said. "You've had bad luck, I dare say, and heaven knows when a stroke of bad luck may strike any of us. I tell you frankly I don't want to see the sight of you again. Here's half a quid; it's all I've got. But I can't forget I've a job to work at, and you have none."

He handed the piece of gold across to the wastrel. The latter took it in hurriedly.

The train slid into Victoria, and John Williams with a curt nod to his companion jumped out.

In the gray dawn an all-night train deposited John Williams at the corner of the dull, lead-colored street, wherein was situated his flat. The shift at the works was over, and John was tired—very, very tired. But it was more than mere tiredness which showed in John's no longer rubicund visage as he fitted his key into the lock and opened the front door.

Minnie, in her dressing gown, met him. She had been up for the last half hour preparing, in her simple, loving way her husband's reviving cup of tea and slice of toast.

"John!" she gasped, as she saw his face. "John what's wrong? Are you ill?"

Her quick eyes had read the betraying lines round his drawn mouth and on his brow.

"Got a month's notice," said John Williams.

He was not the man to mince matters. In any case it would have been useless to conceal the dreadful truth from his Minnie.

"A month's notice," he repeated grimly, sinking into a chair. "They're going to put in new machines, and don't think I will be able to run them. As though I wouldn't work myself to death learning the new machines rather than lose the job!"

Minnie silently brought the tea and toast, and set them down at his elbow. So it had come at last—the doom she had dreaded for so long! Poor, poor John—beaten in full fight on his battlefield!

The gray dawn brightened as they talked in low voices, and at last a ray of pure sunshine came in at the window. Outside, rows and rows of chimney pots began to send up the smoke of cooking breakfasts. London was awakening.

Presently a smart footfall sounded on the stair of the flat, and ther was a sharp ring of the cheap electric bell. A letter dropped through the slit—a letter addressed to Minnie.

She went, without curiosity, and picked it up off the mat; and, coming back, sat down with red eyes to read it, hardly caring what its contents might be.

John, meanwhile, had taken to drinking his now almost cold tea. The toast he could not touch.

"Well's who's the letter from Minnie? Your mother—eh?"

But Minnie made no reply.

John looked up, and then leapt to his feet. For Minnie was lying back in her chair in a dead faint.

Swiftly he brought water, but already she had revived.

She waved him away, almost hysterically. "Read that first, John."

He took the letter.

"Why, it's from George," he cried, as he saw the handwriting. His face had saddened as he thought of that precious half-soveign—now doubly precious—and how recklessly he had bestowed it on the wastrel. "I suppose George wants to borrow more money?"

"No, no! Look at that!"

"A check for £500!" John could hardly articulate the words as he grasped the slip of pink paper.

"He encloses a little note for you, too," said Minie. "Here it is."

This is what John Williams read:

"You're a good sort, John, and deserve your luck more than I deserve mine. I've made a pile in South America, and half of that pile is yours—a fair return for the £100 you gave me my start in life with. I went to Brighton and found your lodgings there, only to hear that you had left. Going back to the station, I had taken my ticket, when I saw that you and the family were already on the same train. Perhaps it was mean of me, but I couldn't resist the temptation to do a little eaves-dropping, and make sure you were still as kind to my sister as you used to be; and also to see what your reception of me would have been if I had not returned with a fortune. The rest you know or will know when we meet.

"Yours,

"George."

"He says this £500 is your first dividend, payable in future half-yearly," Minnie proceeded.

"A thousand a year!" exclaimed John.

"Yes, a thousand a year—your share, he says, in a mine that he's got somewhere or other. So you see, I find that I haven't married a poor man after all, John!"

And Minnie, for some inexplicable feminine reason, dissolved into tears again—tears of joy.

ed at the letter and the check. Then he dashed into the bedroom where Min and Jackie were newly awake.

"Kids," he boomed—"kids, would you like to go back to Brighton for another month—eh?"

But the shrieks of joy which followed and the weepng and the laughter, and the journey to the bank to cash the check and the visit of Uncle George—who came from The Carlton in a motor brougham—and all the other wonderful things which happened to the Williamses must be left to the imagination.

TAKEN DOWN.

It rained and it was dark and cold; a soggy morning.

"I wish I was going to sail for Naples tomorrow," said a pretty girl.

She put another log on the fire, and another chocolate in a different place.

"It is like spring now on the Mediterranean coast," she said. "No rain, no wind, no mud, no fog—nothing but sunshine, white roads, palms and flowers. I wish I was sailing there with Captain Sealby on the Cretic. He is a very competent young man. There is nothing pompous about him."

Then devouring chocolates slowly, she told a story that Captain Sealby had related to her about pompous sea captains.

"Some of these captains," he said, "regard their office as almost holy. You must not speak to them if you are an ordinary passenger. They'll snub you if you do.

"I know a young American girl who crossed with one of these pompous captains. Happening on him on the promenade deck the second morning out, the young girl smiled and said:

"Do you think this fine weather will last?"

"The captain reddened and swelled with range at being addressed in that familiar way. He frowned at the girl and said, in a bitter, sneering voice:

"'I don't know. You'd better go and ask the cook.'

"'Oh,' said the girl, smiling pleasantly. 'I beg a thousand pardons. I thought I was addressing the cook.'"

MURDERED CHILD MOURNED.

All Rome Follows the Coffin of a Beautiful Little Girl.

GENEVA, Jan. 28.—A criminal of an extraordinary type named Schless was arrested at Untertutwil, a village in the Canton of Thurgovie, on a charge of brutally murdering a little girl in a wood.

The girl was murdered a fornight ago. When Schless was arrested he denied all knowledge of the crime. A blood-stained dagger was then shown to him, and he calmly avowed that the weapon was his. Then, after having apparently thought hard for some time, he said he believed he had committed the murder, and proceeded to give the full details.

"I was attacked by a kind of vertigo," he added. "I believe that I have done something like that before."

Schless has for some time been suspected of murdering a 17-year-old girl named Lina Nef at Herisau, in the same canton, last year, but the authorities could adduce no definite proof against him, and he was not arrested.

His parents were criminals, but he himself was an apparently industrious worker.

At his trial it will be urged that at the moment he committed the crime he was not responsible for his actions and that his criminal tendencies are hereditary. Brain specialists state that he has a normal brain.

UNBROKEN BRONCHOS NOT TO BE IMPORTED

Department of Agriculture Prohibits Their Importation Because of Affliction with Diseases.

OTTAWA, Jan. 28.—New regulations with the importation of horses has been promulgated by the Department of Agriculture. They are necessitated by the abnormal condition of affairs in the West, where, owing to the enormous inrush of settlers, from 25,000 to 30,000 horses are entering Canada annually between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains. It has been found under the regulations providing for the testing with mallein of all horses imported from the United States, other than those comprising part of settlers' effects, that very many of these horses are affected with glanders and other serious diseases.

As an unavoidable result of this condition of affairs, the importation of unbroken bronchos is entirely prohibited after March 1 next, it being impossible, of course, to submit animals of this class to the mallein test as above provided. Large bands of unbroken bronchos brought in from Montana, Oregon and other Western States have been responsible for numerous outbreaks of disease, which have been dealt with by the department in Manitoba, the new Provinces and British Columbia.

The policy adopted by the department of paying compensation for horses slaughtered on account of glanders involving, as it does, the expenditure of a considerable amount of public money, renders necessary action to prevent the introduction of disease.

EDMONTON HOTEL BARS.

City Council Endorses Movement for Closing at 7 O'clock Each Evening.

EDMONTON, Jan. 28.—The city council has endorsed by resolution the move of the Temperance and Moral Reform Association to ask the Provincial Government to so amend the liquor license law as to compel hotels to close their bars at 7 o'clock in the evening every night in the week. A letter from the Moral Reform committee was read to the council asking them to endorse their agitation for an amendment to the License Act.

In making the request the Moral Reform committee pointed out that their purpose would not be served by laying the communication on the table as they wished to send a copy of the resolution to the Government. They asked the council to either endorse or turn down their agitation.

The resolution to endorse was carried with very little debate.

HOMESTEADER IN A WELL.

Bladworth Progress—Out on his homestead a few days ago a young married man who does not wish his name to be public, happened with an accident which, but for the timely assistance given by his wife, might have terminated fatally. It appears that while seeking for a lariat, which was covered with snow, the young man suddenly found himself sinking and the snow on which he was standing with one "long rumble," landed in the twinkling of an eye at the bottom of a well. Many were the thoughts that flashed through his mind, and the one that gave him the most concern was the danger of the snow cevering over the mouth of the well and obliterating his tracks thereto. After vainly trying to extricate himself for some time, he called loudly for his wife, and after a while he heard a shorter rumble, and a few moments later his wife was looking down upon her imprisoned lord and master. With considerable difficulty he was assisted out of the well by his wife, not much the worse for his involuntary venture.

OVERSEERS TO ASK FOR A POLL TAX

Will Petition the Alberta Government to Amend the Village Ordinances Act.

The overseers of all the towns of The Pass and the Frank Board of Trade took action this week to endeavor secure legislation during the coming session of the Legislature providing for the collection of a poll tax in villages, says The Frank Paper.

It is quite generally the case in the villages of the Province that the number of persons subject to taxation is small because of the limited number of property owners, while in nearly every case the number of men who have steady employment and enjoy all the benefits of government, contribute nothing to its support, and this condition exists to a much greater extent in The Pass than in any other section.

There has been considerable talk throughout the Province during the past year of seeking from the Government such legislation at this session as will require men who are not otherwise taxed to pay a poll tax and thus bear a small portion of the burden of taxation.

To further that idea, the Executive Committee of the Board of Trade at its regular meeting Monday evening, decided to recommend to the next general meeting of the board, that the Government be petitioned to amend the village ordinance act to empower overseers to levy a poll tax on all men otherwise exempt from taxation.

Following the action of the executive board, the overseers of Frank, Blairmore, Coleman and Lillie held a meeting in Frank Tuesday afternoon, at which it was decided to petition the Government through the Minister of Public Works for the legislation referred to. A form of petition was adopted, which will be circulated in all the villages of The Pass for signature, and when the proper time comes the overseers will send one of their number to Edmonton to present it and urge the amendment of the village act desired.

LITTLE ELDORADO DIES.

First White Child Born at Eldorado Passes Away.

DAWSON, Jan. 27.—Little Mary Eldorado Lennan, who was buried recently from St. Mary's church, was the first white child born in the region of the famous gold waterway whose name she bore. She was the recipient of many attentions from the inhabitants of the North in consequence of this distinction, and her death caused much real sorrow. Little Eldorado, as she was known, had been attending scchool at St. Mary's Catholic mission and her little school mates attended the funeral.

Lite Eldorado, when born at Eldorado eight years ago, was so joyously welcomed by the hardy miners that they flocked to the Lennan cabin with gifts of pure gold, and gave the wee necomer $1,000 in choicest nuggets.

Some time ago little Eldorado contracted tubercular trouble which settled in the neck. The parents planned to take her outside for an operation. The case suddenly became so severe that the litle girl had to be taken to the hospital. After an operation the trouble went to the head, and the child died in a convulsion resulting from meningitis.

Little Eldorado's father sold his interests on Jackson Kulch a few days ago to the Yukon Consolidated and was preparing to go outside, fixed financially to spend the remainder of his days without hard work.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Jan. 28—W. E. Smith, treasurer of the New Brunswick Telephone Co., has been suspended, short in his accounts $25,000. The late Hon. A. G. Blair was president of the company and the shortage, which was discovered last Friday, was a great surprise and shock to him.

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