

Successors in Pacific Steam Whaling Co. Monday, March 3. School. Yukon Railway. Seattle, Wash. The Burlington. Telephone Sun.

### Modern Everyday Fables

Evening a Company of Tourists who know all about the Fall of Goods found themselves laid out in a Jim-Crow Town. As usual, had been a Good Show there, but on this particular night, was nothing billed. A Rummage Sale at the Presbyterian Church. So the Wayfarers went to the Office of the Commercial where they borrowed Cigars and entered a few Chapters from their Life.

The Man who told his Story early in the Game was at a decided Disadvantage because the next Author had made him a few. The one who was last of all was sure to be the Best.

Talk Carnival opened with a Session of the Home-Wreckers' Association, after which they started to tell how they had skinned the Othello at Games of Chance. They had to talk about Themselves, but had to do it.

The average Poker Story should run on a Preamble about the Moral Law. The Man who is spinning it, in order to entertain himself, begins by relating how he came to a Sleeper between East St. and Ethingam. He tells the Story of the Book he was reading, and the Pullman Conductor's Whistles and the Speed at which the Train was running. Having settled the important Details he slowly approaches the Plot of the Piece. It is when Albert Hieronimus, who had to travel for Skintine, Walrus and him to come into the room and hold Cards so as to make it four-handed. The Narrator says that he had no desire to play, but he went just to oblige Al. He tells about meeting a Mining Man from Colorado and a Little Man who owned a Gents' Furnishing store in St. Joe. He gives the details in regard to fixing the Limit and forgets who had the Deal, but anyway they all played the first time around and won a Jack. The St. Joe Man had it, and he, the Hero of the Story, engaged on a Pair of Sevens and a one-spotter on the side and then picked up a seven and an ace and made a foxy Bet of Two and so on and so on. When it came time to change at the Junction he took everything except their clothes to the Hotel Office and went to one of these Typical Tales from 7:30 to 8:45. The Next morning he reminded of what happened in El Paso when he sauntered by Ryan's and flipped a big Iron safe on the Single C. He caught it and lay for a Repeater, and he pushed the whole Stack over on the Red and Red come. Then he recalled a few Yellow Boys on the 12 and couldn't go wrong. After saying 15 minutes and losing back 75 he was still 2250 to the Good.

It seemed that No. 3 knew how to make a few, for he butted in with a bet of how he put a Crimp in a Game at Seattle. He told another of the just-happened-in Kind. He was sitting snow-balling the Lay while waiting for a Friend to get through with a Game of Stud. He took the Tray and began a Pyram. The Tray came right for him and he hand-running and then the Lay fell in a Fit and begged him to go. He went back to the Hotel and found his Overcoat Pockets full of the Lay's Bill.

A Clothing Salesman took the Lay with one of those justly celebrated Pipes about "Just before the Game a Friend came to me and asked me to get a Piece of Money down from Lou Perkins." It seems that Lou Perkins was commonly regarded as a Goats, and it was a case of your own Ticket, the Price was as Long as 275 to 1.

"That's the best I could get," says the beautiful Clothing Salesman, "was 275 to 1."

He took \$10 worth of Lou Perkins' money to 1 and she came in sideways and to several Acquaintances in the Stand. He had landed at Frank with \$18 and a Badge and came back with Two Thousand and a Lot in his Side Pockets that he'd take the Trouble to count. One of three others who had put Lou's money out of Business and had the Hearts of Professional gamblers chipped in to the Symposium and at last it was up to the old Drummer who had been sitting there doing a Listen.

"I don't belong in the Bunch," said Lou. "I never caused a Book-keeper to hit the Grit. I can win out of an Expense Account on the Cards in thirty years. The money that I am a Piker. Any time I stand to win or lose more than a Month's Salary at a single Game, I get charled below the Knees. It was at one of the summer schools that flourish up New England way every year, and the white haired

### Cut Out the Grumbling

If you think and talk continually about the weary grind of your daily life, it will continue to seem so, and will not change.

How rarely do we encounter a human-being who does not give utterance to a complaint of this kind.

The mother of a family, with her household cares; the father at his office or shop, the teacher, the clerk, the commercial traveler, the merchant, the newspaper man, the author, the artist and the man and woman of fashion—you have heard them one and all bemoan the monotony of life and its duties.

Why add your plaint to the monotony? Why not sing new words to a more cheerful air?

Your work must contain some pleasant features. If it is wholly and absolutely distasteful to you you can never attain the best success—and you would be wise to seek other employment.

This, if you are determined, can be obtained.

Once positively make up your mind what you want to do, and set your whole mental forces to bring about the desired result, and you cannot fail to attain it.

No man or woman need remain in a position which makes life cheerless and disagreeable.

An intense, persistent desire for something different will bring a change.

If, however, your work is not all unpleasant, then stop your constant faultfinding about its monotony.

Your mind ought to be able to give variety to what you do.

The sun rises every morning and sets every night, yet no two days are exactly alike. The sky—the wind—the atmosphere—varies.

Let your thoughts vary your work. Begin each day with a resolve to find something pleasant and interesting in life.

Enjoy your walk or ride to your office or shop. Walk a portion of the way if possible, and amuse yourself by deep inhalations of fresh air.

There is great enjoyment in mere breathing, if you know how to do it.

We often hear it said of a man that he does not know enough to go in when it rains. Such ignorance is much less reprehensible than not knowing enough to breathe, and there are tens of thousands of human beings who belong in that category.

Life and work assume much more interesting aspects when we learn how to breathe.

If all the way to and from your labor you are feeling sorry for yourself because life is monotonous, you are building the wall higher and higher which shuts you from the things you desire.

Stop it!

Say each morning: "This is to be an interesting and successful day for me." If it does not prove to be, then say it the next morning and the next, until it comes true.

The moment you find yourself in an absolutely hopeless and despairing state of mind regarding your work—take a vacation. If only for a day—still take it. Let your brain rest by giving it new thoughts. You will return to work like one reborn.

If you are an author or a musician or an artist, do not sing that old refrain about wishing you did not have to make a pot-boiler of your talent—and that you might work only when inspired.

It is a tiresome, worn-out theme—and you are wishing against your highest good when you give utterance to it.

Stop and think how few great men or women in any field of art were independent of it. The phrase, "Necessity is the mother of invention," applies to art as well as to mechanics. The average artist—whatever be his mode of expression—is inclined to be an idler and dreamer. If he were not spurred on by dire need he would dream wonderful things and accomplish little.

However you may feel you are prostituting your art by having to employ it as a pot-boiler, remember you are keeping all your abilities and activities alive and in use. Though you may do five pieces of work you do not care for, you may do a sixth which is great. That sixth you could not have created only through being in constant practice. You might have dreamed it for years, and continually postponed the actual labor necessary to its completion.

But because you were accustomed to create as soon as an idea came to you your great work was executed.

Necessity is a true friend to art. It is ungrateful and ungenerous to be late her.

If you cannot achieve your best with her you would never achieve it without her.

Once in a thousand times we may encounter the artist who has genius and activity and ambition enough to succeed without the aid of necessity. But it is rare indeed.

Whether you are an artist or an artisan or a day laborer, take a hope-

### Wonders of Montreal

Workmen engaged on the building of an extension in the premises of Messrs. Evans and Sons, wholesale druggists, St. Jean Baptiste st., were afforded a view of a portion of old Montreal the other day. In tearing down a building on St. Gabriel street, they came across two large vaults or passage ways, extending right down the street.

On examination they found that they were built of masonry, several feet thick, and were covered by a roof of solid stonework. They were provided with holes for stove pipes, and every portion was in a perfect state of preservation.

The spot is known by historians as old Quebec, and was the centre of the settlement at the time the Hudson Bay and Great North-Western Fur companies had stations in Montreal. Right along the western side of St. Gabriel street there are a large number of cellars joined together by passages. It is believed that the North-Western Company had its storerooms situated there. The idea in building the cellars so solidly was for protection in case of fire. Later on, when Montreal had become a commercial town, and warehouses were being erected, oftentimes they were built on the foundations of these old buildings and sometimes right on top of them, as was the case with the building at present being pulled down.

The long passage found across the streets, which have oftentimes been spoken of with a good deal of mystery, were undoubtedly from the convent on St. Jean Baptiste street to some of the outhouses. Before any streets were opened up, the nuns had a very large piece of property. As they were a cloistered order at the time, the passageways were built under the streets in order that the nuns should not be obliged to appear in public. In this way a long passageway was constructed under St. Paul street to a garden situated on the river front, and another westward under St. Sulpice street into Notre Dame church, in order that the nuns might attend the different services. The only buildings in the city built in the solid old French style are those occupied by the Antiquarian Society, on Notre Dame street east, and that adjoining, and a portion of the building occupied by the Fathers of St. Sulpice, next to the French church.—Ex.

### Old Tunnels Discovered Under the City

Were Used by Fur Traders of the Early Days as Protection Against Fire.

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### His Economy

Farmer Hornbeak—I'm ready to swear that Deacon Flintrock is the economicalist man I most ever seen!

Farmer Dunk—Yes, I know he's pretty darn savin' in his ways.

Farmer Hornbeak—Pretty darn? Weal, if that's as much as you know badly beat. Why, Dr. Slaughter was tellin' me a spell ago that the deacon's little boy drank a quart cupful of kerosene night before last, and when the physician wanted to get it out of the lad in the usual way the deacon anxiously inquired if it couldn't be done just as safely and a lot more cheaply by usin' a wick.

Philadelphia North American.

### London, March 4.—Army estimates amounting to 269,310,000 were introduced in the House of Commons today.

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