SURPRISE

SURPRISE

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parliamentary committee
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uld have been made to
om he gave the list. The
eared, found its way into
f C. J. Milligan, the liberal
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nd from the office of Mr.
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forged list, but he did have
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(Applause). Mr. Milligan
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n one occasion. He gave
s Rev. Allan Daniel, who
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Mr. Milligan was rejected
iding officer at the poll,
on, but he insisted on vot-
ckson refused to allow him
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at he was Rev. Mr. Daniel.
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(applause). It was open for
d and Mr. Milligan to make
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Mr. Pugsley claimed that
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FAULT WAS FOUND

ty because of the dishonesty
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urnalia of debauchery at
sident booth at Rothesay.
rnment found men in St.
g to do the dirty work for
lates through rum and the
lar. (Applause). If the
t really meant to strike at
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st. Mr. Pugsley said neither
King was responsible. But
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be spent in counties which
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y when he gave the local
t credit for the institution
ries and cheese factories.
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conservative government of
The local government had

CLE
PLAINED.

JOSEPH BROWN.

five per cent. of all nervous
paralysis and brain troubles
caused by weak kidneys, al-
iolent poisons to escape
e system to derange and de-

Kidney Pills, by correcting
of the kidneys, encourage
ral filters of the blood to
d expel the poisons, thus
the cause of many of these
ailments, which are not
spoken of as kidney dis-

followed the old conservative party, and success had come. (Applause.) Would the coal mines cease to exist or the oil sands dry up if he happened to get elected? Certainly not. Mr. Sproul pointed out the need of having a good healthy opposition in the house. They were as essential to the political security of the people as anything else. Referring to the

EASTERN EXTENSION CLAIM,

Mr. Sproul said Mr. Pugsley claimed New Brunswick was deprived of her rights by the liberal conservatives, yet Mr. Pugsley supported that government. The province had been run into debt year by year by this government and it was time to call a halt. He considered the debt from the time this government got in till the present, showing that it had been on the increase all the time. Now the accounts were not all given, for the government had not enough money to pay the bills. Taking up the fisheries award claim, Mr. Sproul said Mr. Pugsley did not seem to know the amount of it. It was five and a half millions, and not five as stated by Mr. Pugsley. Newfoundland got a million of it. The rest was paid out in bounties to the fishermen who were the sufferers. Mr. Pugsley might get Mr. Blair to give us a portion of this money, but it was doubtful. Mr. Sproul next took up the opposition platform. They wanted the auditor general to stand just as the dominion auditor general stood. Then there would be a free exposure of the errors and misdeeds of the government. At present it was impossible to tell the financial position of the province. The opposition favored the secret ballot. He resented the system which allowed men to be dragged to the polls to vote as they were paid to do.

Mr. Sproul said there would be no fund behind him to corrupt the county. No man would receive a dollar with his consent. He wanted to be elected by clean votes. He wanted to know that he had behind him public sentiment. If elected he would do all he could along the line of public progress. No man would give better support to what was for the people's good. He would not feel it to be his duty to oppose a measure introduced by the government if he considered it in the interest of the county and the province.

Another plank in the opposition platform was to have all public work done by tender and contract. When this plank was laid down the government was violating it by letting contracts for steel bridges without tender. Now the government came to the opposition's way of thinking and bridges were let out by contract. As a result of this change the prices of bridges had dropped from 7 and 11 cents down to 4 3-4 and 5 cents per pound. The Dominion Bridge Company, which was so condemned by Mr. Pugsley once, was doing the work now. While the government let works by tender the principle was openly and notoriously violated by them. Men were sent out with gangs to put money where it would do the most good. It therefore cost more than it could otherwise be done for.

ANOTHER PROPOSITION

on the part of the opposition was to reduce the number of the members of the legislature. The government abolished the legislative council and then increased the members of the house. Mr. Sproul said he was in favor of reducing the members, and he would also go for a redistribution of the representation. Kings county had 25,000 people and three representatives. Sunbury had 7,000 and two members. This was unfair. Sunbury was not the only county of which this was so. If Mr. Pugsley spoke after him, Mr. Sproul said it was only fair that Mr. Hazen should have the right to reply. Mr. Hazen had the same right as Mr. Pugsley, both being non-residents. He then called upon the electors to disabuse their minds of the importance of voting for any party. The local government members had no party. Mr. Pugsley in 1899 held up both hands and thanked God that he had no politics. That was the only time he ever knew Mr. Pugsley to tell the whole truth. If they believed a strong opposition necessary to hold in check the recklessness of the government, he asked them to elect him. He would be willing to do anything the people could properly require of him.

ATTORNEY GENERAL PUGSLEY

said the government had been attacked. He was there to defend them. He had heard that Mr. Sproul said the reason the attorney general did not prosecute the forgers of the Rothesay list was that they were too close to him. He took from this that Mr. Sproul meant some relative of his did it. But today Mr. Sproul put it as politically near to him, which made it altogether different. (Laughter.) It was said he had not done his duty. Was there any man there who had any information to give him as to the perpetrators of this act? If there were he could lay information. Mr. Sproul said Mr. Gilliland was innocent. Suit was brought agaist Mr. Gilliland by Hazen & Raymond in the name of Mr. Fowler, M. P. They started the machinery of the civil courts. After it had gone on for a time they abandoned it and took it out of court. Did it lie in their mouths to say Mr. Gilliland was guilty? No, their mouths were closed. They admitted that Mr. Gilliland was all right. It was true Mr. Gilliland had been given contracts, but he did his work to the satisfaction of the government. He (Pugsley) was responsible for taking the contract away from the Andersons for the reason given by Mr. King. It had proved a lesson to them. It was asked why in thunder he did not prosecute the Rothesay forgers. He was the attorney general. If people wanted them prosecuted, let them go before a magistrate and swear that they believed certain people guilty. Could the attorney general do that. Believing Mr. Gilliland innocent, could he ask anyone to swear that he did this thing, that he committed this perjury and fraud? Such action would be found fault with. He had not the slightest idea as to who was guilty. It was therefore impossible for him to start proceedings. He appealed to the electors if he had not done everything he could have done. (Laughter.) It was not a man of laughter whose judgment he wanted in the matter. It was the man who took a serious interest in things. How did Mr. Sproul know that all the inquiry he made was when he asked Mr. Gilliland that question? There were no steps to take which he did not take. This was not an issue in the campaign anyway. Mr. Sproul admitted that neither the attorney general nor Mr. King had anything to do with it, nor had any member of the government. How could the people give a verdict on this question one way or the other? They could not say it was wrong by their votes. Everybody admitted that it was wrong. In the legislature he moved that the list be voided. The law now provided that the revisors must swear to the lists, etc. The government did everything possible to right the wrong. Mr. Pugsley took great credit to the government for the development of the dairying and cheese industry, and also for the devlopment of the coal and oil deposits.

Mr. Pugsley defied his opponents to put their finger on a single item that was spent except in the public interests.

MR. HAZEN

next addressed the gathering. He did not think much of Mr. Pugsley's explanation as to the Rothesay list. No man was better able to make black white or white black than Mr. Pugsley. How tenderly did he touch the great fraud. For the purpose of assisting the government of which Mr. Pugsley was a member, between 400 and 500 names were added to the list by forgery and theft. In whose interest was this done?

A Voice—The government's.

Mr. Hazen—You are right. Mr. King was in the field, Mr. White having gone to Sunbury and Queens. The city of St. John was scoured for names and all put on were to vote for the government candidate. This was done to strengthen the hands of the government. Mr. Hazen here told of the steps taken by him in the local house to get an inquiry. Mr. Pugsley agreed on his honor as a public man to see that it was investigated. He went even further and said he had already made a careful inquiry. But Mr. Pugsley did not tell what he had done. There was not a tittle of evidence to show that Mr. Pugsley did anything to discover who was guilty. The dominion parliament held inquiries. Why could not the local legislature? If Mr. Pugsley was sincere and honest why did he not investigate the matter? Why did he not ask Mr. Milligan how the list came to be mailed in his name? It was done by friends of the government and he did not dare inquire who did it. The action started by Mr. Fowler was not out of court yet. The supreme court said forgery, perjury and theft were involved, yet Mr. Pugsley had not hunted the guilty parties down. Mr. Hazen discussed the debt of the province, showing how this government had increased it.

It was nearly 7 o'clock when Mr. Hazen closed and three cheers were given for Mr. Fowler, M. P., Mr. Hazen and Mr. Sproul.

Catarrh is a Germ Disease.

Science, armed with the microscope, has established it a fact, and this conclusion renders obsolete the practice of treating Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis by stomach drugging, sprays, snuffs, etc. Such treatments are an utter failure because they cannot penetrate the delicate air cells of the lungs, or permeate the air passages of the nose and bronchial tubes, where the germs of Catarrh have their stronghold. Catarrhozone is the only certain remedy. It is inhaled by the mouth, and after spreading through all the respiratory organs is exhaled through the nostrils. Catarrhozone kills the germs, heals the inflamed tissues, clears the head and throat in two minutes, and cures in a few hours. Nothing is so effective, pleasant and simple as Catarrhozone. Two months' treatment $1.00. Small size, 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

HARBOR SUNSET.

(L. M. Montgomery in Ainslee's.)

"Beyond the bar the sun has set
And there the wind may chant its runes,
All mystical and sad at sea,
But here the high sky over me
Is one pure dome of violet
Winnowed of cloud above the dunes.

"Over the Druid pine and fir
That crown the westering hills is seen
The young moon's golden barge afloat
Like some adventurous fairy boat
With one white star to pilot her
Through seas of pearl and lucent green.

"Afar, the islets still and dim,
That gem the harbor's burnished zone,
Hold yet the twilight that must soon
Fall over sea and reef and dune,
As from some goblet's crystal rim
A misty purple wine is blown.

"The boats that sailed at break of day
Are homeward bound, and on the shore.
A joyous welcome waits each one
For toil is past and work is done
When o'er the hushed and placid bay
The veil of darkness falls once more."

"DAY and NIGHT" ACHES

The incessant grind of the Kidney Back-ache soothed and cured by South American Kidney Cure—it never fails.

"Kidney Disease affected my back so that I couldn't work at all, and could not sleep for the pain. I used three bottles of South American Kidney Cure, and I can positively add another to the long list of cures that this great remedy claims, for I can work fourteen hours a day now and not feel tired. I had tried other treatments but got no help from them."

James Sullivan, Chatham.

It relieves in six hours. 46

SOLD BY M. V. PADDOCK.

ONE OF THE BAY OF FUNDY'S OLDEST LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS.

John C. Conley, who is keeper of Drews' Head lighthouse, Beaver Harbor, N. B., is the oldest light keper on the Bay of Fundy coast, having been in the lighthouse employ for 57 years. In 1855 he was appointed keeper of the Machias Seal Island light, after having been assistant to his father for 10 years. He held that situation for 20 years, and was then discharged on account of a steam fog whistle being placed there which required the services of an engineer. Two years later he was appointed keeper of the Sand Reef lighthouse, Passamaquoddy Bay, which he held for five years, and was then superannuated until 1891, when he was appointed keeper of Drews' Head lighthouse, which position he has held ever since. Mr. Conley, although at the age of 67 years, is both hale and hearty, and as qualified as ever to do the duties of lighthouse keeper.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Brome-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

SMOTHER A COUGH.

You can smother a cough with your hand but you can't cure it that way. Some medicines only smother coughs.

Scott's Emulsion cures them. Old coughs and deep-rooted coughs can't be cured until the inflammation which causes them has been replaced by healthy tissue.

That is exactly the kind of thorough work Scott's Emulsion does. It changes the entire nature of the throat and lungs so that there is nothing to cough about.

Send for Free Sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

YOUNG WINTSON CHURCHILL,

Who Lectures His Elders in the British Parliament,

May be Prime Minister of Greater Britain Some Day

(Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.)

LONDON, Feb. 6.—I had occasion the other day to listen to the utterances of that most wonderful of young men, that meteoric reminder of Charles James Fox in his salad days, namely, Winston Spencer Churchill, M. P. He was standing in his place in parliament, discussing the question of the prosecution of the Boer war and, strange to say, the young statesman, who has been himself a soldier, a war correspondent at the front and a prisoner of war, sided with his political enemies, the radicals, and in his delightfully ingenuous manner, told all the gentlemen who stared at him openmouthed and abashed, that they had not yet begun to learn the rules of life. Truly, here was an illutsration of the old Biblical saying that out of "the mouth of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom."

With a facility of expression, a fluency unexampled, a directness of thought and a wealth of metaphor, truly gorgeous in its breadth, this remarkable youth spoke his mind to the mother of parliaments in a ten-minute speech, before crowded benches, such as one only sees when some great debate, carried on by the giants of the oratorical arena, is in progress. He proved then and there, if he had not done so before, that he is fully entitled to wear his father's mantle.

It was a speech that strongly reminded old parlimentarians of a scene of fourteen years ago when his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, then in the zenith of his fame as an orator, rose to criticise the government for its action in sending troops to Soudan. There stood "Randy" thundering his condemnation, side by side with his old political opponent, Gladstone himself. It was seldom that these two were in accord.

So, too, it is an unusual thing that the son has been able to see eye to eye with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, whose attitude toward the present government's war policy is not much more hostile than young Mr. Churchill's. But while Sir Henry is received with impatience and many members get up to write letters or chat in the lobbies while he is mouthing his pro-Boer lugubrities, the young scion of a ducal house whose subject and substance of attack are practically the same, is listened to with interest and applauded to the utmost. I cannot believe that Charles James Fox can have had the easy assurance of this youth. It does not seem possible that there can have been another like him even a hundred years ago. His pose, his confidence, his very mannear of waiving aside the objections of those who were, perhaps, already grandfathers when he was still in swaddling clothes, combine to make this the most remarkable figure of the day. He is tall, even gawky in appearance. His rubicund baby face is made fascinating by a pair of eyes that fairly glow like live coals. He barks, rather than speaks, and many of his utterances are so mutilated in enunciation that it is difficult at times to follow him, but it is never impossible to understand his meaning. One hand rests on his hip under the flowing frock of his coat. The other flies in and out like a signal arm punctuating his words, dividing his sentences and threatening imaginary foes in front of him. His badly brushed top hat is drawn over his ears and down over the eyes. It is altogether a grotesque figure, but he who takes Winston Churchill at a lower valuation than the young man places upon himself will probably live to reconsider his views, for I firmly believe that here, if he lives, is a future prime minister of Great Britain.

Nor does he disguise from his friends the hope that one day he will live in Downing street in the place of Melbourne, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone and Salisbury. "There is yet time," he says with that confident, easy smile which was also the great charm of his father, "but the time will no doubt come. I want to give these other fellows a full run for their money.' If precocity, assurance, energy, magnetism, combined with a superficial sort of brilliancy count for anything Winston Churchill may yet live to make history.

I was called upon yesterday by a well known French journalist who has spent a couple of weeks in England. It has of late become rather the fad for Frenchmen of the Professions to shake off their Gaelic prejudices against the channel and its attendant seasickness, and devote a week or so to the British metropolis. This Frenchman was more venturesome, and penetrated to the fastnesses of Newcastle and Edinburgh and Glasgow. He was simply amazed at what he saw.

"I must really confess,' 'he said, "that I came over here firmly believing that all the people out of London were savage and drunken barbarians. I did not know that Edinburgh and Glasgow were cities that could teach us Frenchmen anything in the way of civic government. I was not aware that they had are galleries worthy of the name, nor did I know that the people in those towns knew more of France than most of our own provincials. And what astounded me most was that no one turned round at me in the street and cried "a bas Francais!" Surely they could have done so easily, for I have learned since my arrival here that my straight-brimmed hat betrays my nationality even if my scarf does not."

I reassured him. His scarf was one of those wonderful French things that contain enough material to make a dress for a medium sized woman but I was glad to know that the barbarians of the north had not assaulted him. In that I saw a revelation, for if my venturesome Frenchman had gone to the land of cakes a year ago he would certainly have returned with another tale to tell. They would have mobbed him then. The fact is, we are exceedingly friendly with our neighbor across the channel at present. We reserve all our little spiteful pin pricks, that used to serve the Gallic cock, for the obese Teuton. The British press, and with it the British public, has had little time for the stale old game of worrying the French and the latter are beginning to look Britainwards with a favorable eye at last. Not for a month at least, has there been a single unpleasantness on either side. I do not recollect having seen or heard any of those formerly frequent jibes that invariably raised an alarm on both sides of the water and kept the two governments in an eternal state of unrest.

The idea of going to France in English clothes and not meeting with a single "a bas" is so unique and unheard-of that I can hardly believe it, yet I am told by those who have just come from France that the attitude of the people has entirely changed and that an Englishman or an American—for the two are the same in French eyes—is now actually tolerated, even in an omnibus; and who shall say that he ever went into a Parisian omnibus without being either insulted or jostled?

Now what is all this leading to? One week we are weeping on the shoulder of Germany, the next we are ready to fight her. Then we quarrel violently with France and make it up in true Latin fashion. Ditto with Russia and Italy. Is England becoming moribund that she must go the round of Europe with the air of a Billingsgate fish-wife, now scolding and the next moment bathed in contrite tears? The old idea of a haughty British nation swaggering up and down the continent, sneering at the nations and stepping on all of their toes at one and the same time does not now make the Briton swell with pride and self adulation, although Mr. Chamberlain seems to be doing his utmost to keep up the tradition. But even Mr. Chamberlain, powerful as he is, has not the strength to bar the way of a nation that is at last developing a sentimental side which heretofore has been altogether lacking in its nature.

Every Mother who does not already know, should know the value of that safe, pleasant and effectual remedy, McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup, the original and only genuine worm syrup. Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup. All dealers keep it.

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Honorable William Pugsley.

Dear Attorney General: I am just in receipt of your very kind letter to me dated Rothesay, Feby. 10th, 1902. It is very good, indeed, of you to take the trouble to write me such a long letter. I have read it over very carefully, and must tell you that I feel just like another man since reading it. Things have looked pretty dull around our district the last year or two, but I see that you are going to make everything satisfactory for us after Mr. King's election. There are just one or two little things that I am not quite clear on. I am a pretty strict church member, and I cannot quite get my conscience straightened out sufficiently on that Rothesay forged list matter to make me feel perfectly at ease in voting for Mr. King. I always understood that you were a pretty good lawyer. I don't know much about law myself, but I calculate that if you knew that Mr. Gilliland gave a letter to another party to mail it wouldn't take much legal gumption to have traced out what the other party did with the letter or with the contents after he got it. I would like you to drop me another line explaining this affair in detail. I thought it was awfully good of you to write me, but after I got out around the farm I saw my neighbors Joe Smith and William Johnston, and to my surprise they told me they had both got a private letter from you in regard to the future success of the province, so I didn't consider your writing me as much a compliment as I did at first. I am glad that you are going to open up the oil fields, because I am pretty sure that we have got an oil well on the rear part of our farm. I wish you would send your men up to look at it. Anyways, there may be something in it, if we could organize a company, and if the thing is well greased, she'll go. We got a large cranberry bog also on our farm, and I guess we could turn that into something if you could think of anything that would be more productive than cranberries. I notice that you don't mention anything about the cranberry industry in your letter. Ain't there something we could do along that line as well? I am glad that you got that $275,000 from the dominion government on the Eastern Extension business. I am mighty glad to see that you are going to get $5,000,000 more from the dominion government on the fishery question. I guess if you could arrange to get that $5,000,000, that oil well of ours, and the company, we could arrange in connection with it, and the cranberry bog could be bought out by the government. If you think it worth while to look into the matter, I would be glad to hear from you. I told my wife after I read your kind letter that I guessed there wouldn't be much use working any more, because just as soon as Mr. King got elected you would arrange so that everything would work so smooth that there would be enough minerals and oil wells on our farms and enough railways running through them to keep everything coming our way without doing another stroke of work. Kindly write me again fully about that Rothesay bogus list matter, and see if you can get it straightened out to my satisfaction, so that I can vote with a clear conscience.

I remain, my dear attorney,

KINGS COUNTY VOTER.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT LONDON

Revealed by the Last Census Report.

Great Excess of Females Over Males—The Marked Progress of Decentralization—Decoration of the Statue of Charles I. an Event Full of Solemn Humor.

(Staff Cor. N. Y. Mail and Express.)

LONDON, Feb. 1.—A statement of some of the returns of the last decennial census of London, which have just been laid before the public, would supply the basis for an informing comparative study of the larger differences between the English and the American metropolis. The chief distinctions which obtrude themselves in the tabulated figures are the greater excess of females over males in London; the smaller alien population; the larger pauper population; the much larger number of separate dwellings, and the more marked progress of decentralization here, which has stripped the parishes in the heart of the city of many inhabitants in favor of the suburban neighborhoods.

Greater London has a population of about six and a half millions, but the population of London county, which politically may be compared with the present organization of New York city, is 4,536,541, or a trifle more than a million above that of the American metropolis. For the decade the rate of increase has been 7.3, the lowest in the history of London, and insignificant compared with the more than 20 per cent. growth of New York in the same period. London county during the ten years showed an increase of 308,224, but as the natural increase by excess of births over deaths was 491,000, the loss by immigration exceeded 180,000. The city and six of the metropolitan boroughs showed a decline of 70,000, although the recorded excess of births over deaths was 70,000. Whither these thousands betook themselves is disclosed by the statement that "Greater London" increased by 947,000 during the decade.

Among specific facts of larger interest in the census report, it may be noted that there are in the county of London nearly 9,000 public houses; that there are 571,768 inhabited houses, as against 547,146 in 1891; that there are 40,069 uninhabited houses, as against 39,686 in 1891, and that there are 1,019,546 families, or less than two to each house. There is a hint of the South African war in the statement that London contains 252,371 more women than men, and that there are 72,128 widowers, as compared to 197,517 widows. There is one widow to every four wives in the metropolis, while there is one widower to every ten husbands. On census night there were 47,301 husbands whose wives were absent and 63,035 wives whose husbands were absent. There are 46,646 inmates of workhouses; one out of every nine persons above sixty-five is a pauper. There are 273,916 males above ten years who either have no occupation or who have retired from it. Domestic indoor servants number 249,823, or one to every four families. Of men actors there are 2,234 and of men teachers 7,359. There are 84,000 male clerks and 19,000 females. About 150,000 men are employed on the roads and railways, and over 37,000 men and women are in the printing business.

In the foreign population the decade shows an increase of 40,000 in an alien total of 135,000. The largest foreign element are natives of Russia, who number 38,117, three-fourths of whom have come over in the ten years. Germany stands second with 27,427, and France follows with 11,264. The Italian contingent of 10,889 is not one-tenth that of New York, but it is double what it was a decade since. One out of every seven Germans is a servant; Italy provides 1,037 costermongers and hawkers out of 1,753 foreigners engaged in that business. Three-fifths of all the foreign actors are Americans.

In Whitehall street sands an equestrian statue of Charles I., a work of more than doubtful art, but redeemed to London eyes by its age and by vicissitudes above and under the earth as remarkable as those of the Stuarts themselves. It was decorated with wreaths and flowers this week on the anniversary of the beheading of King Charles—the Thames Valley Legitimist Club, the Forget-me-not Club, the Legitimist Jacobite League of Great Britain and Ireland and the Legitimist Order of St. Germain furnishing the garlands.

The solemn humor of this annual event lies in the circumstance that if the celebration were taken seriously it would be an act of treason. It is no less humorous to those to whom the recollection of the scapegrace monarch is not a cherished household tradition, that the decorations were displayed by officials from the office of works, a government department. The sworn servants of a Hanover king did their best to brighten up the statue of the Stuart—and to expose for every eye to see the quotation: "I hold that it is unChristian for nations to cast off their governors, and much more sovereigns, who have the divine right of inheritance."

Nothing more need be said! It is curiously recalled in the context that Mary Queen of Scots, who herself went to the scaffold, is the ancestor of every sovereign since her day who has been brought to the block in a civilized state.

A pungent contribution to a discussion about the alleged vulgarity of today is made in one of the daily prints over the signature, "The Ghost of Beau Nash." From among the shades the alleged spirit recalls that in the days of Anne and the first two Georges the women were "quiet, gentle, lovable, and therefore marriageable beings (I kiss their hands in memory and salute them.) A little paint and powder, a few patches, a sip or two of ratafia or a cup of chocolate, a party of quadrille or ombre, a lap dog or a pet monkey, a French painted fan, an hour's help of the hairdresser, and one or two silk brocade gowns in a season—why, this was about all the extravagance that the finest ladies allowed themselves. It was the men who were extravagant in their ways, and as extravagance, carried to the pitch of senseless ostentation, is what "Rita" calls vulgarity, they were the vulgar sex—vulgar to the tips of their fingers. They drank, they swore, they gambled, they overdressed (for it was not the women who over-dressed in my day); they wore high-heeled shoes and jewelleed shoe-buckles, silk stockings, silk and satin coats and breeches, all trimmed with gold and silver lace; they sported gold-topped canes and jeweled snuff-boxes, and carried muffs and nosegays. They covered their bare (and empty) heads with monstrously expensive periwigs, and were perfumed, painted, powdered and patched worse than any fine lady. They walked trippingly, and lisped when they should talk, and were full of effeminate affectations."

Now, continues the phantom, "I hear it is the women who are the vulgar sex, who talk loud, jest with fellows, spend fortunes on their backs, eat five-guinea champagne suppers after the playhouse in rake-helly company, who smoke tobacco and who gamble at foreign hells. Tales of this kind reaching us here, astonish the quiet shades of the fine ladies, their foremothers."

Those residents of West Seventy-second street who wanted the name of that thoroughfare altered to Park lane in imitation of the most fashionable and exclusive London street, and were derided at home for aping English manners, will be interested in the remark made by John Burns, the labor leader, in parliament the other day. When an amendment restricting alien immigration was moved, he asked if the inquiry which the government promised "will take within its purview the region of Park lane," where wealthy Americans have been looking for residences. The parliamentary reports bracket "loud laughter and nationalist cheers" after the question.

HEROES AND HEROES.

We give unstinted praise to the man
Who is brave enough to die;
But the man who struggles unflinchingly
Against the currents of destiny,
And bears the storm of adversity,
We pass unnoticed by.

We've plaudits and tears for him who falls,
Borne down in the shock of strife;
But a word of cheer we neglect to say
To him who plods on his dreary way
And fights in silence from day to day
The unseen battles of life.

There's courage, I grant, required to face
Grim death on the gory field.
There's also courage required to meet
Life's burden and sorrow; to brave defeat;
To strive with evil and not retreat;
To suffer and not to yield.

Some moments there are in every life
When the spirit longs for rest;
When the heart is filled with a bleak despair,
When the weight of trouble, remorse and care
Seems really greater than we can bear,
And death were a welcome guest.

But we crush it down and we go our way
To the duties that lie in wait;
From day to day we renew the fight
To resist the wrong and to seek the right,
To climb at last to the sun-crowned height,
And to climb o'er time and fate.

And thus—for my heart goes out to them—
My meed of praise I would give
To those who struggle life's path along,
The host of toil, who are patient, strong,
The unrewarded, unnumbered throng,
Who are brave enough to live.

—Rocky Mountain News.

SOME OF ABBEY'S WORK.

First Sketches He Offered to Harper & Brothers.

(Ledger Monthly.)

Edwin A. Abbey, who has been selected by King Edward VII. to make a painting of the coronation ceremonies, was born in Philadelphia in 1853, and received his early art training there in the Academy of Arts.

Inspired by some splendid illustrations in copies of the London Graphic which he found in a bookseller's shop, he awoke to the realization of the possibilities of "black and white." Seeing as never before what could be accomplished in pen-and-ink work, he ventured to try his hand on an ambitious subject—The Puritan's First Thanksgiving. In fear and trembling, hardly daring to hope it would be accepted, he sent it to Harper & Brothers. The prompt invitation to join their staff somewhat dazed the young artist, and for three years he sat at the desk and made pictures to order by the side of A. B. Frost, J. W. Alexander, C. S. Reinhart and other artists who have since become famous.

The restless desire that comes to all ambitious souls to work for themselves, to be their own masters, came to him, and he opened a studio, devoting himself to water colors, in which he was remarkably successful. His growing sympathy with the "black and white" work in which England led the world determined him to visit that country in 1878, to make a series of illustrations of Herrick's poems, and so delighted was he with the artistic atmosphere there that he made i t his permanent home and followed his Herrick success with his wonderful illustrations of Tennyson, Shakespeare and others.

After eleven years of arduous labor and consecration he h as just completed his series of paintings on The Quest of the Holy Grail for the Boston Public Library, a series of panels measuring 190 feet in length. This work was done in his great studio at Fairford, near Oxford, a studio so large that it accommodated with ease his canvases, thirty feet long and eight feet high.

DIED IN CHINA.

A cable message received by Hon. Senator Dever yesterday announced the death on the 8th instant of his son-in-law, Thos. F. Hughes, commissioner of His Majesty's customs at Kiu Kiang,, China. The sad news came as a shock, for it was stated by Mrs. Hughes in a letter to her mother some time ago that Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and family would sail from China for England on Feb. 16th, and naturally enough it was supposed they were even now on the sea. Mr. Hughes had been ailing for many months, the doctors diagnosing his case as one of bad blood circulation. He had been in the British service in the East for thirty years, rising from a junior position to one of trust and responsibility, and he decided at last he would have to relinquish his duties and return to England and live, owing to his continued poor health. Deceased was an Irishman, and married Miss Eugenie Dever about 16 years ago. He leaves, besides a widow, three daughters, the eldest of whom is about fifteen. Some months ago Mr. and Mrs. Hughes came as far East as Victoria, B. C., for a health trip. Mr. Hughes had been here twice, during the two years' respite the British Eastern service employes get every five years.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.