

How a Future Great Statesman Made His First Speech.

The author of 'Little Journeys' tells of his experience when a new teacher inaugurated 'Friday Afternoons,' to be devoted to 'speaking pieces.' He had been well drilled at home, but his spirits ran lower and lower as the latel Friday drew near.

Thursday night I slept little, and all Friday morning I was in a burning fever. At noon I could not eat my luncheon, but I tried manfully, and as I munched the tasteless morsels, salt tears rained on the Johnny-cake.

Even when the girls brought in big bunches of wild flowers and cornstalks and began to decorate the platform, things appeared no brighter.

Finally the teacher went to the door and rang the bell. Nobody seemed to play and as the scholars took their seats, some very pale, tried to smile. Others whispered, 'Have you got your piece? Still others kept their lips working, repeating lines that struggled hard to flee.

Names were called, but I did not see who went up, neither did I hear what was said. At last my name was called. It came like a clap of thunder—a great surprise, a shock. I clutched the desk, struggled to my feet, passed down the aisle, the sound of my shoes echoing through the silence like the strokes of a maul. The blood seemed ready to burst from my eyes, ears and nose.

I reached the platform, missed my footing, stumbled, and nearly fell. I heard the giggling that followed, and knew that a red haired boy, who had just spoken, and was therefore unnecessarily jubilant, had laughed aloud.

I was angry. I shut my fists so that the nails cut my flesh, and glaring straight at his red head, I shot my bolt:

'I know not how others may feel, but sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment. Independence now, and independence forever.'

That was all of the piece. I gave the whole thing in a mouthful, and started for my seat, got half way there, and remembered I had forgotten to bow, turned back to the platform, bowed with a jerk, started again for my seat, and hearing some one laugh, I ran.

Reaching the seat, I burst into tears. The teacher came over, patted my head, kissed my cheek, and told me I had done first rate; and after hearing several others speak, I calmed down and quite agreed with her.

PAUL JONES'S FLAG, AND DEWEY'S. How the Former Flag Was Honored in a Big Fracas.

One of the remarkable features of the reception given to Admiral Dewey at Washington was the display of the flag which John Paul Jones, the first of American naval heroes, is said to have carried on the ship Ranger, when he set sail from the Delaware River to make a name for the infant American navy. This flag is now preserved in the National Museum at Washington.

This is evidence that it was indeed the flag which John Paul Jones flew on the Bou Homme Richard in the famous fight with the Serapis off Flamborough Head. In that combat the flag was shot away and fell into the sea, whereupon Lieut. James Bayard Stafford jumped overboard, recovered the flag, carried it back to the Richard, and nailed it to the masthead.

It is believed by many, on the supposed authority of John Paul Jones himself, that this was the American flag, of the pattern now employed, that was ever flown. In a letter of Jones's, which is quoted in his biography by Hamilton, the following passage occurs:

"America has been the country of my sufferer from the effects of collars with 'shark's teeth' edges. This is all in the laundering. By improved methods in laundering, the rough, saw edges, usually found on collars and which are so annoying to the wearer will not be found on articles laundered by the

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fond election from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honor to hoist it with my own hands the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed on the D. L. ware, and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean."

This, however, seems to refer only to the first flying of the flag on the Delaware River. This particular flag is of English bunting, two and one half yards long and a yard wide. It contains twelve stars, arranged in four horizontal lines of three stars each on a field of blue. There are thirteen stripes, alternately red and white.

The flag was made in Philadelphia by the Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, who worked, it is said, under the instruction of Genl. Washington. It was presented to Capt. John Paul Jones and immediately flown by him. This must have been as 1777.

A part of honor was signed to this venerable flag in the reception to Admiral Dewey and the members of the crew of the Olympia. The space between its unfurling on the Delaware, with its twelve stars, and the triumphant bearing of the Olympia's flag, with its forty-five stars, into Manila Bay, was not a long one, as the history of reasons goes, but it was a proud and honorable one.

The later hero of the American navy is no less worthy of honor, surely, than the earlier one, and Paul Jones's flag not only honored the Olympia's in the Washington procession, but was honored by it.

The Doctor's Tramp.

Dr. Asa Gallup, the president of one of the leading preparatory schools in New York City, was formerly chief clerk of the university of New York, and on the Board of Examiners for the State Regents. He is a New York university man and a graduate of Yale university. His college education, however, was one long, hard battle for bread and place.

'In the summer of '86,' he says, 'I had to become a book canvasser to make both ends meet. I was talking at that time for J. B. Gough Platform Echoes, and I had as my territory Cherry Valley and Kitchfield Springs. I hadn't much money to spare. I was a good walker, so I thought I would undertake tramping the community. Just before you get to Waterville you have to climb a hill about a mile long. When I reached it I was dusty, hungry, foot sore and tired. I sat down near the top of a hill on a large piece of hard earth, the most miserable man you can imagine. Just then I saw a farmer slowly tooling his horse and wagon toward me.

'May I have a ride?' I asked.

'He said 'No,' but I didn't accept his answer and jumped on to his cart.

'I don't think much of tramps,' he said, and reacted out for a jar of butter and pulled it up on the seat beside him.

'Neither do I.'

'We fellows have to work for a living up here,' he added and hugged the butter closer.

'Well,' I said, getting hot, 'if you've been working as hard as I have to day I guess you earned a good living.'

'When we reached the bottom of the hill I thanked him for the ride and told him who I was and what I was doing.

'Why didn't you tell me before?' said he. 'Canvassing for Gough? Why, it I'd 'a' known that you could have had the butter.'

On the Sh. II.

A New England woman is the owner of a hen which appears to choose her surroundings with a discriminating eye.

Soon after her present owner acquired the hen she discovered the creature's fondness for stepping into the house whenever she could effect an entrance, and laying an egg on the down coverlet which ornamented the bed in the "best chamber."

One day the hen managed to get in un-

observed during a season of sweeping and her presence was only discovered as she made her way hastily out of the side door, clucking with triumph some time later.

As the best room coverlet had been out of the way during the sweeping, the mistress of the house look d about for the egg which she felt sure had been laid some where. She found it, after half an hour's search on the plush mantel-covering in the parlor, where the hen must have sat in state between a china shepherdess and a glass vase.

Nothing on the mantel shelf had been disturbed, although just how the hen had managed the delicate business will never be known.

WHERE THE OLD CARS GO.

Many Uses to Which the Cast Offs of City Life are Put.

On all metropolitan street railways new cars are constantly appearing, and the question naturally suggests itself. Where do the old cars go? A street railway man of long experience answered this question for a Sun reporter the other day.

"We sell a number of our old cars," he said, "to other cities, where, after they are painted and otherwise refurbished, they are used as trailers on electric roads during periods of inflated traffic. They are merely hitched behind the motor cars, and answer the purpose to which they are put very well. However, the demand for horsecars is slight, and it is sometimes a problem to dispose of old electric cars to advantage.

Last year a Brooklyn company endeavored to sell some small motor cars, but the would-be-purchaser insisted that the company pay the delivery charges, which would have amounted to more than the price of the vehicles, so it was concluded to give them away as firewood. The cars were ranged in a yard, after all the valuable metal work had been removed and the poor in the vicinity were invited to go in and help themselves. The result was a riot which would have filled the soul of a South American revolutionist with pleasurable emotion, and after that the company shut down on the free firewood supply and burned the cars to get them out of the way.

'Now and then we sell an old car to someone living in the country, who wishes to convert the vehicle into a playhouse for children. It answers this purpose very well, for cars are invariably well made and will stand hard weather and the severe use which children are liable to give anything they come in contact with.

In the agricultural districts beyond the city proper you can find scores and scores of old cars which have been converted into chicken houses by the vegetable gardeners, who are always on the outlook for bargains in these cast-off vehicles. They remove the glass windows, board up the sides and thus make the finest possible kind of a chicken house. Hundreds of old cars are doing duty as soda water and peanut stands in various parts of the country. Cars which saw service thirty or more years ago are now in use as waiting cars, where passengers can linger while awaiting transportation to other parts. A few such are to be found in Manhattan, but most of them are in New Jersey."

the English throne. The Duke of Edinburgh accepted the inheritance, but he has no son to succeed him. The Duke of Connaught was the next in line, but he and his son have renounced their rights. The heir to the throne is the son of the late Duke of Albany, the Queen's fourth son.

He is a schoolboy, in his fifteenth year, and has no prospects in England. He will now go to Germany to finish his education, and will cease to be an English Prince. He will owe allegiance to the German Emperor, and will probably serve his time in the army.

The inheritance has been arranged by Queen Victoria, whose will is law in the English royal family. She has provided for one of her favorite grandsons a snug and comfortable little throne on the Continent, where he will have little to do, and where his income will be large.

LAX AS A BEAVER.

They are not Always as Industrious as Supposed.

A writer in 'Forest and Stream' declares that a visit to a beaver village shattered some of his long-cherished opinions. He had always heard beavers praised as models of industry, and he found that they were shirks. Worse still, not a beaver could he discover that used his tail as a trowel in building. It was hard indeed to see the early teachings of school and textbook so disproved. Nevertheless, he found his visit to the beaver settlement, near one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, very interesting.

This northern country is completely covered with a network of lakes and rivers and with a canoe it is possible to travel anywhere.

At length we reached a little lake, on whose shores we landed. Near us was a small clearing, and towards this we quietly advanced. From its appearance one would have supposed that a gang of woodchoppers had recently been engaged here. Creeping quietly forward we caught sight of the rising village. Some of the houses were finished, while others were nearly so. A few of the beavers were leisurely building with poplar sticks and mud, but the majority appeared to be taking a holiday.

The houses are dome-shaped, and may have served as models for the huts of the Eskimos farther north. More interesting than the house were the beavers themselves, ranging in size from the ten pound kitten to the full grown adult which would probably weigh fifty pounds or more.

The tale of the beaver is about one foot long and is well adapted to its use as a rudder. The feet are well worth notice the front ones being small and flexible and the hind ones closely webbed.

The incisors are important to the beaver for it is with these that he cuts the material for his food, his hut, and the dam, if

there be one. His food in winter consists of the bark of the birch, poplar or willow which he has stored up during the summer and autumn. In summer he eats on the young shoots and the juicy root-stalks of the many water plants that surround his home.

Altogether he is a social and contented little animal. He has furnished the Hudson Bay Company with thousands of dollars, moralists with many valuable illustrations, and Canada itself with a national emblem.

According to Size.

Like most Orientals, the Chinese are apt to base their judgments upon externals. Capt. Caspar F. Goodrich, who, as captain of an auxiliary cruiser, did such excellent blockading service during the war with Spain tells a story that points to this conclusion.

The captain is a very short, but very dignified man. Once when he was in a Chinese port, he went ashore to pay his respects to the perfect, who being of the ruling Manchur race, was a much larger man than the ordinary run of Chinamen.

When Captain Goodrich rose to take his leave, the dignitary made a special effort to be polite.

'Your excellency,' said he, 'I now see how you, though a little man, come to command a big war ship. If you were only a little fatter, you would be an admiral.'

Soldier and Gentleman.

Lord Kitchener of Khartum is a straight forward soldier, but he does not scorn the art of turning a compliment graciously.

It has long been said of him that he is proof against all feminine charms, and when he waited upon Her Majesty at Windsor, the queen was curious enough to put a pointed question.

'Is it true my lord,' she asked, 'that you have never yet cared for any woman?'

'Yes, your Majesty,' replied the sirdar, 'quite true—with one exception.'

'Ah! said the queen, 'who is she?'

The sirdar bowed. 'Your Majesty,' said he.

For the Grave.

A solicitor in a Georgia court is responsible for the following:

He overheard a conversation between his cook and a nurnp, who were discussing a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which there had been a great profusion of flowers. The cook said:

'When I die, don't plant no flowers on my grave, but plant a good old water-melon vine; and when it gets ripe, you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jus bus' it on de grave and let dat good old juice dribble down through de ground.'

'Bobby, you must go to bed now.'

'But, ma, it isn't time.'

'Yes, it is. Your Uncle Robert and your father are going to tell what bad boys they used to be at school.'



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