

Radcliff the Hangman

Radcliff the Ontario hangman who executed Sullivan at Dorchester, last week, has coffee in for a good deal of uncomplimentary criticism. He is said to have been interested or partially so all the time he was at Dorchester. It is also stated that he is his custom, he sold pieces of the rope with which Sullivan was hanged for twenty five cents an inch.

Well, it can hardly be expected that a hangman, that is a professional hangman, is a kind of honest christian gentleman, but we do think he should be compelled to respect the feelings of humanity who are forced to come into contact with him in the discharge of their duty. The law should and must be carried out, but let it be done decently with becoming gravity.

In order to do away with this professional hangman business we suggest that the proper officer, the sheriff, or the business, or else abolish capital punishment.

All on Same

Why kick about the dances that take place in the "Hiberna" dance hall? Those who attend there are just dancing according to their respective abilities. They are the other fellows down in the drawing room, or the high toned dance hall if they had the money.

If you don't want the "Hiberna" dance, put a stop to it, but first put a stop to the "four hundred dance." It's all dancing.

But the Crime Goes On

Friday morning the 12th, first the unfortunate John R. Sullivan was executed at Dorchester N. S. for the murder of Mrs. Ditcher, and her child, but the grave had scarcely closed over his remains when another murder is committed.

The victim this time is an old man named Fuller belonging to Avonport, N. S. He lived alone, and was found dead in his house, hanged with his throat cut.

An axe covered with blood was found near the house in a clump of bushes. A stranger who passed through the community that day is thought to have committed the deed. At the time of writing Monday, he had not been found.

A Funny Little Man

Mr. F. McClure the liberal candidate in the county is a "funny little man."

It was only the other day in the "Tribune" of Commons, he was pleading piously that the franchise be given to woman. A few days afterwards, Dr. McKay introduced a bill to enfranchise Dominion officials, then we witnessed the spectacle of Mr. McClure, speaking and voting against the bill, but it was only the other day that told same Mr. McClure, was around among Dominion officials, railway men, asking them to use the Dominion franchise which the "servatives" gave them in his behalf in the forth coming by-election.

Pure and unadulterated gall. Don't you think so?

Mr. McClure as usual is nothing if not inconsistent. Upon what grounds does he ask for the support of Dominion officials in Dominion politics who he would thus franchise, or keep disfranchised in local politics.

House Cleaning Time is Near

Father, dear father, come home with me now, for my ma has some carpets to beat, she's got all the furniture out in the yard, from the front door clean out to the street. The stove must be cleaned and put in the shed, and the yard must be cleared of some grass, for it's time to clean the house and the mischief to pay—and the front windows need some new glass. Father dear father, come home with me now, and bring some bologna and cheese, it's most two o'clock, and there's nothing to eat—I'm weak on the knees. All the dinner well have will be cold scraps and such, and we'll have to eat standing up, too, for the table and all are out in the back, oh, I wish that house cleaning was through. Father, dear father, come with me now, for ma is as mad as a Turk, she says you are only a lazy old thing, and that she shall put you to work. There's painting to do and paper to hang, and the windows and casings to scrub, for it's housecleaning time and you've got to come home and revel in suds and cold grub.

Growing Rossland

In the Rossland, B. C. business directory for 1906-7, issued by the Kootenay Publishing Co. of Rossland, we find in this new town, the following quite extensive list of trades, with the number of firms, or persons in each line of business: Architects, 2; Assayers, 4; Barristers, 12; Boots and Shoes, 5; Brewers, 2; Brokers, 40; Cigar Makers, 1; Contractors, 3; Dentists, 2; Dressmakers, 4; Druggists, 8; Dry Goods, 7; Fancy Goods, 3; Furniture, 2; Gas Fittings, 6; Grocers, 11; Hardware, 3; Hotels, 23; Jewellers, 2; Livery Stables, 6; Newspapers, 4; Physicians, 8; Printers and Publishers, 5; Sausage-makers, 3; Sawmills, 4; Tailors, 3; Telegraph Offices, 3; Tobacconists, 1; Undertakers, 2; and Watchmakers, 3.

Mrs. J. Taylor of Kingston, Kent N. B. says the Reviver, "has since May made 350 lbs. of choice butter from her jersey cow, besides supplying the family with milk." This represents a revenue in nine months of fully one hundred dollars. But how is it we do not find our farmers getting any such returns.

An amusing Parody.

"A Country Preacher" wishes to inquire, among our readers for verses entitled "The Village Choir" in which Fenynson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is parodied. We presume that our correspondent is on the lookout for it in the following—

Halt a bar, halt a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into a awful ditch
Chair and conductor hitch,
Into a mass of pitch
They led the Old Hundred.
Tribles to left of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses to front of them,
But to end and thunders.
Oh, the conductor's look,
Who in the soprano look
Saw the time and set
From the Old Hundred!

Foreeched all the troubles here,
Bogged the tenors there,
"Reasoning the parson's hair,"
While his mind wandered
Their not to reason why
This patient was pitched to cry—
Tenors to peep and high—
Out the Old Hundred!
Tribles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Believed and thunders.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang nor well,
Drowning the "a" time bell,
While the church wended.

Dirge the conductor's glare
Flashed his pitchfork in air
Something fell from his ear
Out the Old Hundred!
Swiftly returned his back,
Reached by his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sunders.
Tenors to right of them,
Tribles to left of them,
Diapers behind him,
Believed and thunders.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought;
Some time the "a" time bell,
Not the Old Hundred.
"Scottish American"

W. R. GELBERT.

Headlight is always pleased to know of the success of W. R. G. and none more so than that of W. R. G. better known as "Bill." He is an "old timer" and he puts himself in the "boys' bill" used to be a conductor on the 1, C, R. and had worked himself up to the batons, but like many others he failed to continue in the service owing to the railway men's great "strikings."

After leaving the road Bill says he had an up and down life of it, that is up to two years ago when he reformed and is now a leading spirit, if not the leading spirit, in the Massachusetts State reform club. The following from that East Boston, Argus-Antelope speaks in most complimentary terms on Mr. G. and his work.

"Last Monday evening at the Unitarian Church was a most-ster night for the Temperance cause. Both speakers and singers were at it best. The parlor was packed with attentive and interested listeners. It was an inspiration that moved all present with the noble enthusiasm to work for the good of individuals and the welfare of home and social life. No more Christian labor is being done in our midst than that by President Geldert and his devoted and self sacrificing co-workers. The work already achieved by the Guild was full justification for the speech Rev. Dr. Fisk made at the Murphy meeting last Monday noon at the Temple in which he thanked the patrons and workers of Berkeley Temple for their great work in reaching men like Wm. R. Geldert and sending them forth to begin his carry on just such beneficent and self sacrificing work as that of the East Boston People's Temperance Guild. Dr. Fisk was able to tell Mr. Murphy and the good and noble at Tremont Temple that by Mr. Geldert's influence and that of the members of the Guild over 600 pledges have been taken by many of them by men who have come out of a life of dissipation and are now men of a sobriety with new joys and happy wives and parents. Dr. Fisk moved the sympathy of many a parent at the Temple on Monday when he alluded to the happiness the aged mother of Mr. Geldert, in Nova Scotia, must now enjoy as she hears the great good her son is accomplishing in Boston."

Bill is a native of Pictou and his many friends in Nova Scotia are elsewhere will be pleased to hear of his success.

Where is He?

Since Sir Richard Cartwright's last visit to the Capital of the neighbouring republic he has disappeared entirely from public view and no one seems to know what has become of him. Rumor says that he is in the sulks and is loitering his time away in an obscure American winter resort, pretending to be sick, and no doubt he is sick—sick at heart in consequence of his lamentable failure to induce his republican friends to so much as entertain the idea of an equitable measure of reciprocity with Canada, and who would rather go in for the national policy. This is the second disappearance of Sir Richard. It will be remembered that he disappeared for several weeks previous to the last general elections and only bobbed up suddenly when it was known for certain that the Liberals had carried the country. Now he has gone off again, and even the prospect of the presence of a permanent paid ablegate in Canada or the likelihood of his leader losing all the Irish Catholic support in the House, is sufficient to cause him to emigrate from his solution. Really we think Mr. Laurier should appoint a commission of inquiry to find out what has become of him.

HORRIBLE MURDER AT AVONPORT.

Special despatch to the Halifax Herald
Woolville, March 14.—The discovery was made today of a most shocking murder at Avonport, about five miles below here. At about seven o'clock to-night a neighbor of the farm of Oliver Fuller, an aged and respected resident, living alone on his farm, was horrified on entering the house to find him lying in a pool of blood; his head crushed to a jelly and his throat cut from ear to ear. The room showed signs of a struggle and presented a sickening sight. Up to the present time no discovery of the murderer has been made, and it is impossible to assign any motive for his terrible deed. The deceased was of a peaceable and quiet disposition and had no enemies, so far as is known. He was not known to have had any large sum of money in his house. The axe with which the deed was done was found covered with blood in the bushes near the house. It is said that a tramp passed through the neighborhood late on Saturday afternoon and called at a neighbor's house to ask for something to eat. The weather being mild and the ground hard, the impressions of his boots here and there, which correspond with those found near the scene of the murder. A blue and cry has been reported, but it is regretted that 24 hours, at least have elapsed between the commission and discovery of the crime. The deceased was about 70 years of age.

A Doctor's Decalogue.

The following terse sayings are attributed by the Medical Record to the late Dr. Frank H. Hamilton:

1. The best thing for the insides of a man is the outside of a horse.
2. Blessed is he who invented sleep; but twice blessed the man who will invent a cure for thinking.
3. Light gives a bronzed or tan color to the skin; but where it uproots the Lily it plants the rose.
4. The lives of most men are in their own hands, and as a rule, the just verdict after death would be die de se.
5. Health must be earned—it can seldom be bought.
6. A change of air is less valuable than a change of scene. The air is changed every time the wind is changed.
7. Mould and decaying vegetables in a cellar weave shrouds for the upper chambers.
8. Dirt, debauchery, disease, and death are successive links in the same chain.
9. Calisthenics may be very genteel and romping very ungentle, but one is the shadow, the other the substance of healthful exercise.
10. Girls need health as much—may more than boys. They can only obtain it as boys do, by running, tumbling—by all means of innocent vagrancy. At least once a day girls should have their halters taken off, the bars let down and be turned loose like young colts.

Would not marry a Mechanic.

A well dressed and well behaved young man began visiting a young lady. One evening he called when it was quite late which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

Had to work to-night.
"What do you work for a living?" she asked in astonishment.
"Certainly," said the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name mechanic" she turned up her pretty nose.
That was the last time the young man ever visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man and has one of the best off women for a wife, the lady who did not like the name of mechanic is now the wife of a poor miserably poor, a regular vagrant about grog shop, and the grand verdant and miserable girl is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

You dislike the name mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are but well dressed loafers. We play any girl who has so little brains who is so simple as to think less of a young man for being a mechanic. One of God's Noblemen belonging to one of the most dignified and honorable classes of God's creatures, Jesus Christ was a mechanic. Therefore, young ladies, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one day be a mental to one of them yourself.

Far better discharge the well fed pauper with his rings, jewelry, brasses and pompously and take to your affections the callous-handed, intelligent and industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly who have turned their backs on honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.
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X. Y. Z. Reflects on the Fate of Brigham Young.

I confess that I frequently contemplate marriage; I am reaching up to marriageable age, and my circumstances are now such that I could support a wife comfortably if it should be my good fortune to get one who likes to work and is economical. I am not particularly fond of work myself, but I have to do it. I was unfortunately born under a star whose astronomical fore-showings tell me I must dig or die. I prefer to dig. But as I said, I have an am contemplating matrimony. I would be willing to lay myself on the altar under certain conditions. I know a number of young ladies right here in our town or whom I have a very high opinion, and for whom I am entertaining an increasing affection. If this sentiment keeps on increasing in its rapture and warmth I shall soon love the whole of them with an intensity of affection that will be sure to inhibit me in someones presence. Of course I CANNOT KARRY THE WHOLE OF THEM, however sincerely I may love them: I would be stopped from marrying them not only on account of the law prohibiting bigamy, but it may lead to unpleasant domestic complications. Bigamy always leads to that result either here or hereafter. It is said in support of bigamy that Brigham Young lived pleasantly with all his multiplicity of wives; and that he kept his household in good order. That may all have been true, but where is Brigham now? Haven't you heard that within the past few weeks there has been a great up and down in the Great Salt Lake, within a few miles of Salt Lake City, the home of Brigham and his wives when they were here on earth. That upheaval means something. It is a regular volcanic coming right up through the lake and within a few miles of the shore. Philosphers and geologists may ascribe this volcano to what they like but my mind is settled as to its cause. Brigham is dead and

HIS NUMEROUS WIVES ARE DEAD, and though they lived peaceably together here on earth they have got together in the nether regions and their pent up passions would start up any more pent upness and so they are having a blow out down there, and their blow has blown a rupture right up through the lake. Hence the new volcano. So all though I am contemplating matrimony yet I don't want too much of it. I don't want to be too numerous. Life is too short and uncertain to run any extra hazards risk. This reminds me of a letter I had from the widow of a man about a year ago. He is in the same business as I am. In treating of the uncertainties of mortal existence he says—Man that is born of woman is full of rot and will rot like a hill. He rises up to-day and flourishes like a weed and tomorrow or the next day the undertaker hath him. He goeth forth in the morning warlike like a hawk and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE HE IS DEEF and the tax collector pursueth him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb some, and meeteth a bank teller with a sight draft for \$3.75. He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and felleth upon him, and runneth one of his legs into his car. In the gentle spring time he putteth on his summer clothes and a blizzard striketh him far from home and felleth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers and a wrap that abrideth excitement. He starteth down cellar with an oxcart, and goeth backward and the oxcart cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He buyeth a watchdog and when he cometh home from the lodge the watchdog treeth him, and sitteth near him till rosy dawn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare and she lay gelding with the blaze face winneth.

He marryeth a red headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day the parent ancestor goeth under with a fee, arrest and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his loved son-in-law. X. Y. Z.

Good Preaching.
"I like good preaching," said Deacon Gray
"I tell you I like good preaching,
When the church is cold and the choir is gay
I tell you I like good preaching."
"I like the preaching that warms the blood,
I tell you I like good preaching,
Not simple, nor hard to understand,
I tell you I like good preaching."
"Then cease your fault finding," says kind Deacon Good,
And show that you like good preaching,
(to learn that by others 'tis well as good
Your pastor does very good preaching."

When a man is short he admits it, but a girl makes the stripes on her skirt run the other way.
You don't often see a nice looking woman who can look at her foot and honestly think it is pretty.
A girl can never decide which she enjoys most—looking the baby out walking or having a good cry.

An Epidemic OF Enthusiasm



We're feeling first-class. We're doing first-class business. Our CLEAN SWEEP SALE was a great success. All the conditions are favourable for a big Spring Trade. Our store from stem to stern is like an ace on a greyhound making a new record. Active brains are working night and day to make-th's more and more your store. New goods opened this week are:

CHRISTY'S HATS AND CAPS.

The fun of selling Christy's hats makes us more than ever good natured.

MEN'S FEDORAS in Black Browns and Grey, correct styles, from 75c to \$2.75.

HARD BELT in Black, Brown and Fawn, from 75c to \$2.75.

GOOD CLOTHS

Are not costly if you go to the right place to get them

There may be others who sell clothes as cheap as we do but we don't know them

MEN'S WHITE and COLORED SHIRTS.

These are the best bargains we've ever shown. The chances are you'll see such a stampede for them as will upset all the preconceived notions of those whose crying hard times.

LADIES SHIRTS WAISTS

With detachable collars, attractive style, full range of sizes. There isn't a lady but what'll be tickled at the chance of getting one or more of these shirt waists at the prices we'll sell them at. Most of these waists are exclusive patterns handled only by first-class furnishing houses.

OUR MOTTO

"Onward, ever onward, higher still higher" is the goal of our ambition, ever anxious that each tomorrow shall find us further than to-day. In addition to an honest policy we have added pluck, energy and a determination to secure the best of everything that the irresistible Cash will buy at the fountainhead. Never before did our money have such a purchasing power with jobbers and manufacturers. The conditions of trade have assisted us to purchase better goods this season at lower figures than ever before in the history of business.

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