



JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

A Short Story of How Some Ladies Are Robbed.

"Half the thefts that women charge to pickpockets," said the reformed burglar, "are not thefts at all, but simply cases of loss from their own carelessness. Don't tell them that I said so, though, for I've had enough blame to bear in my day, but that's the truth. If a woman goes home and makes a hullabaloo about being robbed she gets more sympathy, but let her say she lost her money and she has to shoulder the whole responsibility and be found fault with into the bargain."

"But what becomes of the pocket-books and purses? They are not pocketed off of themselves."

"Their owners lose them without knowing it. They lay them down or drop them and they are picked up by somebody who doesn't run round looking for the person they belong to. Here is a case in point: A woman seated herself before a bargain counter piled with remnants of silk. After turning over a few pieces she felt something fall into her lap and picked up a fat leather pocketbook."

"Hello," she says. "Here's a purse. It looks as if it had a lot of money in it." And she handed it to the clerk, who laid it on a shelf back of him and said he would send it to the lost and found department.

"When that woman had found the goods she wanted and went to take her pocketbook out of her reticule it wasn't there, and you ought to have heard her squeal. She declared she had it when she sat down to the counter. But it was gone sure enough."

"A store detective was sent for, and he asked her a few questions. He was a friend of mine and told me the story. Then he asked to see the purse she had found, and it turned out to be her own. She had laid it down the first thing, and when it fell into her lap she was so surprised she didn't recognize it."

"And I really think that she hated to admit that she hadn't been robbed."

A Marine Memory.

I shipped an awful bad crew one time, although they tried hard to do their work and was very well behaved. Think I to myself, these chaps ain't sailors; they've chosen the wrong road in life. Maybe there is among 'em them that could 'a' been great—as, for instance, writers. I had bought four new novels to read durin' the voyage. I read 'em. Then, thinks I, the fellows that I ought to got to sail my ship are them that wrote these books, whether the men I have got to sail it are the men that ought to wrote these books or not.—Judge.

His Only Comment.

"According to this paper," remarked Mrs. Gabbleton, "the average person's vocabulary is only 2,500 words."

"Considering the number of times you use your entire vocabulary daily," rejoined Mr. Gabbleton, "I'm surprised that you haven't worn it out long ago."

So Delicate.

"That's Mrs. Marimuch, the society leader," explained the man who knew. "My, you don't say!" replied the plebeian. "She's in half mourning, isn't she?"

"Yes. You see, three of her six husbands are dead."

The Professor.

The professor was watching a man who was cleaning the brass globe of the flagstaff on top of a skyscraper.

"Well," he observed, "if I were as near heaven as that I should feel dangerously near the other place."

On to the Horse.

"Pop."

"Yes, my son."

"Who was Centaur?"

"Centaur, my son, was a man who never got stuck on a horse trade; he was on to the horse."

A Frank Tribute.

"She is beautiful," said the studious girl, "but she is not accomplished."

"My dear," answered Miss Cayenne, "there is no accomplishment more difficult than being beautiful."

It Would Be a Shame.



"Sir, I thank yer kindly fer yer generosity."

"But I haven't given you anything."

"Well, yer ain't goin' ter let me gratitude go ter waste, is yer?"

Cause For Gloom.

"He made a lot of money in that deal and yet he looks glum."

"Yes, his wife found out in some way just how much he made."—Philadelphia Press.

UNLUCKY SHIPS' NAMES.

These of the Snake Family Seem to Be Unfortunate.

If one should be so bold as to characterize the superstitious sailor as silly he would be once declared that there is sufficient reason for his belief and would proceed to prove that war vessels named after stinging and venomous things have been unlucky and that the country should not be so indifferent to the men who follow "a life on the ocean wave" as to organize a mosquito fleet.

That Snake is regarded as an unfortunate name for a vessel is shown by the fact that two of that name have been lost, one in 1781 and the other in 1847, but no vessel bearing that name is now known to exist. Serpent, which is only a substitute name for snake, is an unlucky one also, for the one wrecked in 1892 was the fourth British war vessel of that name to meet the same fate. Viper has been an unlucky name in the British Navy. The first one was wrecked in 1780, but the Admiralty would not swerve, and so kept the name on the list, each vessel meeting its doom, and the fourth was lost only recently. The French Navy has also been unlucky with vessels so named. The Viper, used in the British service after she became a prize from the French was lost in 1793. The second was lost a year later, the third in 1797 and the fourth was recently lost in a collision off Guernsey.

The Cobra, another British war vessel, was lost recently at the same time as the Viper. Among other vessels similarly named and which met fates other than in battle are the Rattlesnake, in 1781; the Alligator, in 1782; the Crocodile, in 1784; the Adder in 1846; three Lizards, two Dragons and one Basilisk. All of these were of the British Navy. The list could be made larger by citing the records of other navies.

Literature in Life.

Mrs. Cutler's address on the influence of literature in life before the Toronto Round Table Club was a noble effort, as may be judged by the following short excerpt:

"Truth is within ourselves. It takes no rise from outer things, whatever you may believe." In the life of the flesh it must either be enthralled or enthroned. When the material consciousness held sway the inner voice was unheard. In the life of the flesh cheap whiskey or terrapin and champagne equally silenced the spiritual voice and dulled the senses of finer enjoyments. Nothing was so practical as the spirit, the solvent of all that was false, the fusing of all that was true.

It was as reminders of this inner life that the outer world was of value. The function of great literature was to keep us in remembrance, and Mrs. Browning had called the poets the only truth-tellers left to God. The mission of art was to quicken the spiritual life by indication; in art, the literary form was most easily comprehended. Reverential association with a few great writers tended to cultivate the spiritual nature and was a means of spiritual exercise and nourishment. Such cultivation did not depend on the scholar's knowledge. All sincere fancy moved in true relation to the real.

The Psychology of Vanity.

A French scientist, M. Camille Melinard, discusses in *La Revue* (Paris) the psychological aspects of vanity, which, he declares, is the desire for praise become all powerful. Vanity in the beginning, he declares, is more a caprice than a vice, but vices may arise out of it. He discusses vanity of dress, of manners and of intellect. To prevent the development of vanity, he says, we should begin very early with the child. In fact it is we who make the child vain by the misuse of praise, comparisons with companions, too much admiration, also by railway, which may cause the child much suffering and teach him to fear criticism. There is too much appeal to amour propre, and there are too many competitions and prizes which may stimulate energy, but require very prudent use. It would be better to compare the scholar with himself. To work to be the first need not be bad, but to work for the joy of working and learning is much better and less exciting. Finally, let us remember that the advantages we boast of have little value in themselves; all depends on the use we make of them. The only quality of which we can never be vain is justice.

Licensed Crime.

Doctor—I think I'll have to call in some other physicians for consultation. Patient—Go ahead. Get as many accomplices as you wish.

\$40 TO EASTERN CANADA.

Tickets will be on sale November 28th to December 31st at rate of \$40 as far east as Montreal; proportionately higher rates beyond, and will be good for return three months from date of sale. Special arrangements will be made to make travelling a pleasure on any of the four trains departing from Minneapolis and St. Paul every day. The finest of high back seat coaches, free reclining chairs and sleepers make these trains most popular with travelers to Eastern Canada. Special pamphlet giving time of trains, etc., or any other information will be gladly furnished upon addressing Geo. A. Lee, Traveling Agent, Northwestern Line, 339 Main Street, Winnipeg.

POPE AIDS WAR ON DIVORCE.

A cablegram from Rome says that Pope Pius counsels all Catholic journals to adopt a sympathetic attitude toward the new movement in the Anglican Church to restrict the obtaining of divorces. His holiness urges that the general effect of convincing mankind of the necessity for a law maintaining the indissolubility of the marriage tie would be greatly to promote the happiness of the human race.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Canadian Wheat Makes Trouble.

A despatch from Washington, D. C., says: Secretary of the United States Treasury Shaw, a few days ago, conferred with representatives of leading flour milling interests regarding the proposed regulations allowing a drawback on exported flour made in part from imported wheat. Afterward the secretary stated that the only proposition over which any controversy has arisen relates to the manufacture of flour composed in part of Canadian and in part of home grown wheat. This has not yet been passed on. The legal phase involves the same question, however, as has been passed on in a number of other manufactures. For instance, a drawback has been allowed on steel rails manufactured of American ore, and imported manganese. A drawback also has been allowed on paper manufactured in part from Canadian pulp and in part from American pulp as well as on similar manufactures composed in part of imported, and in part of domestic material.

"If the application for a drawback on flour from mixed wheat is allowed," the secretary says, "regulations will be so drawn as to insure the payment of duty on every bushel of Canadian wheat that comes in, and the drawback will be allowed only on flour actually exported."

"The importance of the subject will be appreciated when it is known that during October, 1903, 1,000,000 barrels of American made flour were exported, and in October, 1904, less than 800,000 barrels. In other words, the exportation of American made flour has fallen during the present season more than one-half. Two mills are being built in London, each with a capacity of four thousand barrels a day. Similar mills are being built at Belfast and other places."

"Canadian mills regularly sell flour for export in the New York city market, and it is then sent through the United States in bond, and exported from New York. It might as well be ground at Minneapolis as elsewhere in the United States, thereby holding the trade until conditions change. If the trade passes from the American mill to the European mill, the injury to the farmer of the Northwest will be past calculation. To-day the price of American wheat is about 16 cents above that of Canada. The millers are only asking what the law permits, and the law question has been submitted to the Attorney-General."

Petroleum in Edmonton County.

There is considerable excitement in real estate in the vicinity of Egg Lake, north of Morinville. Mr. Williams is securing options on all farms in the vicinity at an average price of \$2,000 per quarter section, which is considerably above present value for farming purposes. He pays small amounts down and has an arrangement about the balance. The object of the purchase is given out as the establishment of a large ranch, but residents are of the opinion that the reason is the presence of petroleum indications in the vicinity. These indications have been known for many years, and some attempt at development have been made without success. One stretch of these old indications the C. P. R. have reserved several sections of their land in the vicinity for sale, and so far as the public are aware it is reserved still. The indications are that streaks of mineral tar are showing at the surface. This tar was analyzed by the Government analyst at Ottawa and pronounced to be an evidence of the presence of petroleum.

Good Market in Mexico for Canada.

A report has been received at the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa from Lucien J. Jerome, British Consul for Mexico, with reference to the trade requirements of that country. He is of the opinion that there is a good market in Mexico for Canadian products, such as agricultural machinery, lumber, dairy produce and canned goods. "Drummers visiting Mexico," says the consul, "must not be deterred by modest exteriors and the absence of fixtures to the mercantile offices of this country, some of the most important houses keeping up old Spanish traditions of simplicity and studied avoidance of display."

Pulp Mills Short of Raw Material.

A serious condition of affairs confronts this and other parts of Canada, says a despatch from Ottawa. The early melting of the snows last spring, causing such a rapid rush of water, brought all the big saw logs down in pretty good shape, but the water in the streams and creeks fell so rapidly that hundreds of thousands of pulp logs were left high and dry. The owners of the pulp mills have been making every effort to get these out, but the recent severe cold snap quickly froze up the shallow streams, and it is just a question whether many of the mills may not have to close down for the winter.

Canadian Engines Do Best Work.

Cornelius Birmingham, managing director of the Kingston Locomotive Works, returned to Kingston from Montreal on Saturday, with an order for ten mogul engines for the Canadian Pacific Railway company. The engines will be completed during the next ten months. Mr. Birmingham could have had the order doubled, but could not turn out the finished article as soon as desired. The company said its Kingston-made engines were doing better work and giving better satisfaction than their American competitors.

The burning to death of their three-year-old daughter and 22-months old infant, and the nine-year-old son so badly that he can hardly pass the day, is the awful tragedy of a fire which levelled the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Plante at Montmorency Falls, Que. The boy and infant were saved from the burning building, the latter dying after suffering indescribable agony. The remains of the daughter were taken from the mass of ruins in a charred state and unrecognizable.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

Col. Lord Aylmer has been appointed Inspector-General of the Canadian forces.

Walter Jones was arrested at Berlin, Ont., on Monday, on suspicion of arson, three fires having occurred there since Thursday.

The vote was taken at Ingoquois, Ont., on Saturday on the local option bylaw, which was defeated by five votes, the vote standing 126 against to 121 for.

At Toronto, a few days ago, T. W. Gibson reports that the silver mines at Haileybury are beginning to give good returns. One car of cobalt ore realized \$37,500, or an average of \$1 per pound of ore.

The new club house of the Western Ontario Commercial Travellers' Club was opened Saturday night at London, Ont. The club house is on Richmond street, and the interior is very handsome.

Mrs. John Campbell, widow of late Prof. Campbell, of Montreal Presbyterian College, has been appointed superintendent of women's residence in connection with Toronto University. Mrs. Wm. MacKenzie will furnish the dining room.

A gang of desperate men, operating in Cape Breton, have committed a number of burglaries, says a despatch from Sydney, N.S. A holdup took place Saturday night at Broughton, when two armed men secured all the cash in Simon Landry's store.

Canada and the United States have decided upon an International Commission to investigate and report upon all waterways adjacent to the international boundary, so as to settle all disputes as to commercial shipping and avoid international disputes.

Miss Campbell, of Galt, who was knocked down by a runaway team at Toronto Friday night, died a few hours after being taken to the general hospital.

Jacob Obenshner, proprietor of the Albion hotel, London, was fined \$250 and bound over in the sum of \$4,000 to keep the peace for one year. He was given the option of six months' imprisonment, but the money was paid on the spot. Obenshner's offense was an assault upon W. F. A. Best.

The amalgamation of the four leading cotton companies in Canada has been announced with a capital of \$10,000,000. The companies affected are: the Dominion Cotton Company, the Merchants Cotton Company and the Colonial Bleaching Company. The object of the amalgamation is the reduction of expenses and the stopping of the cutting of rates.

Accidental Shot Kills Brandon Boy.

Willie Winteringham, the 17-year-old son of V. Winteringham, a prominent farmer of the Poplar Hill district, says a despatch from Brandon, was fatally shot on Wednesday evening by the accidental discharge of his rifle, while out rabbit hunting. The victim, along with a companion, was driving in a buggy, the rifle, going placed with the butt against the dashboard, and the muzzle pointing toward young Winteringham. By some unaccountable reason the weapon was discharged, the bullet entering Winteringham's right side, coming out on the left side just above the hip. The unfortunate young man was taken to the hospital at Brandon, where he died last night.

WAR NEWS.

JAPANESE PREPARE ATTACK ON UNEQUALLED SCALE.

Besiegers Will Either Succeed or Suffer Heavy Disaster

The correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph at Chefoo telegraphs as follows: The Japanese are making strong forts daily around Port Arthur. An attack is now preparing that will be on a hitherto unequalled scale, and it will mean either success or terrible disaster to the besiegers. The Daily Telegraph correspondent adds that the steamer Lady Mitchell with supplies, ammunition and dynamite, reached Port Arthur in a snow storm four nights ago.

The Japanese are said to have evacuated Etz Mountain fort, owing to a flanking movement from the other forts and the explosion of Russian mines, from which they lost heavily.

Sunken Squadron.

A cablegram from St. Petersburg states that, while declining to give details, the admiralty admits that Russian ships from Port Arthur, sent by General Stoessel, substantially confirmed the Japanese advices of the partial wrecking of the Russian ships in the harbor, and the censor has been instructed to permit the publication of the dispatches. It is claimed that several of the larger ships and a respectable number of torpedo-boat destroyers are still seaworthy, but that they are not considered as a factor in the coming fight between Admiral Togo's ships and the Russian second Pacific squadron.

Raise the Ships.

If the fortress is relieved it is believed that most of the ships will be raised and saved. The reports that a Japanese squadron of forty vessels has already sailed to meet the second Pacific squadron is regarded at the admiralty headquarters at St. Petersburg as being incorrect and circulated for a purpose.

Trophies of Victory.

TOKIO, Dec. 21.—Port Arthur army headquarters reports our trophies at the battle of the north fort of East Kerevan mountain were four quick firers, two of which are usable; four machine guns, all usable; and five field guns which are under examination, besides rifles, shells, ammunition, grenades, etc.

THE HUMOR OF JAPAN.

JOKES THAT AMUSE THE NATIVES OF DAI NIPPON.

Some Samples of Their Characteristic Funny Stories—The Doctor Who Didn't Fear Burglars—The Writing Critic Who Couldn't Write.

In a review of a collection of funny stories called "Kokkei Hyaku Showa" by Mr. Kubo Tendzui the Japan Weekly Mail quotes the following as being peculiarly characteristic of Japanese humor:

A certain government official who in olden times used to be called a "daikwan," but now is known as a "guncho" (head of a district), having been recently appointed to a certain district, was engaged in a tour of inspection when his notice was attracted by the approach of an old man who was too tipsy to walk straight.

Wondering who the intoxicated man could be, the district officer accosted him and after much difficulty ascertained that he was the head of the village which he had come to inspect. Thinking it to be his duty to make use of the occasion for obtaining reliable information, the district officer asked the toper how many houses and how many people there were in the village. "There are 100 houses and, males and females included, 60 persons in the village," replied the man. Puzzled, the officer asked, "How can that be?" "There is nothing wrong about that," replied the head of the village. "Besides these sixty there are any amount of people in the village, but since they are creatures who know not what it is to drink they are not, I take it, worthy of being mentioned."

Once upon a time it happened that five or six burglars, armed with swords and shouting like men attacking an enemy on the battlefield, came bounding into the house of a certain doctor. The whole household, with the exception of the master, were paralyzed. They felt as though iron chains had been placed around them, and not one of them moved hand or foot. They watched in terror to see what would happen, when, lo and behold, the robbers took their departure without stealing a thing. Though they could not tell what was the meaning of this strange proceeding, certain it was that the family was safe. But where was the head of the house? After searching through the rooms they found him in the midst of the drugs, medicine stood in hand, looking fierce and triumphant. "What are you doing here?" inquired one of the members of his household. Smiling, he replied: "Those robbers were perhaps as noted as Kumasaka Chohan, but they may thank their stars that they have got off with their lives! Had they pushed matters a little further and entered this dispensary not one of them would have left it alive." Amused by this remark, one of the members of the family rejoined: "Without a sword or a pistol how could you have killed these robbers? Can you kill robbers with a spoon?" Whereupon the doctor, with fine self assurance, replied: "How many thousands of lives have I taken by means of this spoon! What to me are the lives of five or six robbers? Lucky chaps to get off as they did!"

The son of an extremely illiterate peasant was in the habit of bringing his copies home day after day, his hands and face covered with the ink that should have gone on his copy. Thinking it well to exercise his paternal authority over the lad even in regard to his school lessons, the father one day commanded the boy to show him his writing. Looking it over with the air of an expert penman, he criticised various strokes: "This stroke is too long; this one too short. These two strokes are too far apart," observed the father.

"But," said the boy, "the writing master tells us to write them as I have done." "Show me the copy," jerked out the father. The boy produced the copy, which his father began to examine closely upside down. "Why, you are holding it upside down!" exclaimed the lad. Not to be beaten, the father replied: "Don't be so conceited! I am holding it for you to look at, of course. You could not read it were it turned the other way. Listen to what is said to you and don't fancy you know everything."

The above reminds us of a story that concerns Taira Kiyomori. It is related that in the time of the Heiji rebellion the rebels attacked Kiyomori's camp very suddenly one day. Losing his presence of mind, Kiyomori put on his armor in a great hurry, the back part front. Some persons near pointed out the mistake he had made. "You have put your armor on the wrong way," they exclaimed. "It is not so," calmly answered Kiyomori. "As the emperor is coming behind I have put on the armor so as to have the front part facing him. It would be impolite to have the back part of one's armor facing an emperor." Without altering it he went out to battle.

The term "yabu" is applied to doctors who prescribe wrong medicines. Now, it happened once that a quack having been the means of killing the only son of a certain house, the parents determined to have their revenge on him. So they sued him at a court of law. The affair was eventually patched up by the worthy quack giving the bereaved parents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this event the said quack heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that one of his neighbor's wives was dangerously ill and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife, he said: "This requires consideration, my dear. There is no knowing but that it may end in air taking you from me."

FEATHERED MIMICS.

Ostriches Roar Like Lions and Jays Are Great Imitators.

"The roar of the ostrich resembles the roar of the lion because the ostrich stole from the lion this sound, even as one playwright steals from another a plot."

An ornithologist made that odd assertion in a taxidermist's shop. He went on to elaborate it as follows:

"Birds from the ostrich down are imitative. The ostrich where he lives alone is silent, but in a country where lions abound he roars. Why? Because for centuries, admiring the majesty and grandeur of the lion's roar, he gradually learned to roar himself. Believe me, it is fine to see an ostrich throw back his little head and emit a roar like thunder."

"Buntlings imitate pipsits, and greenfinches imitate yellowhammers. They seek their food in the winter together, and they gradually steal each other's call."

"The jay is an insatiable imitator. Some jays will include in their repertory not only the whoo-oo of the kite, the scream of the buzzard and the hoot of the owl, but also the bleat of the lamb and the neigh of a horse."

"Even the nightingale imitates. In a nightingale's perfect song I have often heard the tip-sip-sissis of the wood warbler and the bub-ub-uble of the nuthatch."

PROPER BREATHING.

Use the Nostrils, Not the Mouth, and Take Deep Inhalations.

Did you ever observe whether you breathe through the mouth or nostrils? It makes a wonderful difference. When we talk we are forced to breathe through the mouth, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. When not speaking the lips should be well closed, and the breathing should be entirely by the nostrils, but this is not all. The habit of slow, measured, deep breathing that covers the entire lung surface is of more value and importance than you will ever believe until you have tried it, and when you have established the habit of breathing in this manner you will say some remarkable things in its favor. It will reach all points of your physical system. All the benefits that occur from a healthy condition of the blood will in a greater or less degree be yours, for the manner and completeness with which the inhaled air comes in contact with the blood in the lungs are of the utmost importance to every vital process. The lungs are a kind of furnace, in which the oxygen of the air is consumed and combined with other elements, a process necessary to life, the perfection of which depends upon the purity of the air and the manner of inhaling it.

CANDLE AUCTIONS.

The Way Public Sales Were Formerly Conducted in England.

Candle auction was a well known method of procedure in England in the early days of the East India company. Public notices of such sales were first put up at the royal exchange. When the day came a candle exactly an inch long was placed on the auctioneer's desk. Directly the sale began the candle was lighted. So long as it continued to burn bidding went on merrily, but the instant the flame died away the goods were knocked down to the last bidder.

In this manner immense consignments of silks, indigo, spices and so forth were disposed of, thousands of pounds changing hands during the burning of the inch of candle.

Before the auction began a list was read over of the names of persons not permitted "to bid at the candle." This contained the names of those who had failed to pay their debts or had in any way wronged the company, who "blacklisted" them in consequence.

Wakwak Were Birds of Paradise.

Readers of "The Thousand and One Nights" will remember the islands of Wakwak and the marvelous adventures of Hassan of Balsora and the princess with the dress of feathers. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace suggests that the islands were real and that they can be identified with the Aru Islands, the home of the great bird of paradise.

The name "Wakwak," he thinks, may be an imitation of the call of the birds, and the story of Hassan's visit to the islands of Wakwak may be based on the actual adventures of some traveler who discovered the haunts of the birds of paradise.—Youth's Companion.

Two of a Kind.

"Yes," said the young clerk who had been trotting in double harness for nearly two weeks, "I've got a boss wife."

"Well, you have my sympathy," rejoined the man who had come in to buy a bottle of hair restorer. "I've got that kind of a wife too."

Kept Him Guessing.

"Suppose I were to tell you you must not go to the matinee today," said Mr. Naggit. "How would you like that?" "Oh," ambiguously replied his young wife, with a steady glitter in her eye, "I wouldn't mind."

He Wanted Action.

Investment Broker—What you want, I presume, is something that pays large dividends. Prospective Investor—No, I don't care about the size of the dividends just so I get 'em often enough. I'm no hog.

The great struggle of life is first for bread, then the butter on the bread and last sugar on the butter.