The Weekly Times

Victoria, Friday, November 24, 1893.

LOG EXPORT DUTY.

According to an Ottawa dispatch the question of re-imposing the export duty on sawlogs is once more under serious discussion. The finance minister is reported as saying: "The hardship complained of by the Canadian people is that while United States lumbermen come to Canada to buy our timber reserve and export it free of duty, the material for their manufacture of lumber and pulp, the Canadian produce of lumber and pulp is met in the United States with a high duty and at the same time the country loses the benefit of the manufacture within its boundary of these articles of commerce. There is also a widespread feeling that our timber is being rapidly depleted and that our future supply is being jeopardized without any corresponding advantage to us. The Dominion government is making a full investigation in regard to the whole matter, and if it reveals the necessity therefor and no change is made in the United States timber duties, the government must take the matter up and deal with it in the light of existing facts and conditions." If the government re-imposes the duty, a retrospective view of the course which this question has taken will disclose some strange gyrations. The export duty was first placed on sawlogs mainly on the request of the eastern lumbermen, who wanted the logs to be converted into lumber in Canada. The McKinley tariff bill provided that when any country imposed an export duty on logs an extra duty of a dollar a thousand should be imposed on lumber imported from that country to the States. Of course this was specially intended for Canada, though not so expressed in the bill. The threat was sufficient; the eastern lumbermen came down as promptly as the historic coon, and they begged the government most earnestly to take the export duty off logs and save them from the extra lumber duty of the McKinley bill. It is to be supposed that the lumbermen are still of this mind, and so it is hard to predict what they will do if the export duty is re-imposed. Much will depend on the relative extent of supply and demand across the line, as to which the views of experts differ widely. If the people of the States must have Canadian lumber, then the export duty would doubtless compel the American holders of Canadian limits to cut up their logs in Canada, while the pressure of the extra lumber duty would fall on the American consumer and not on the Ottawa lumberman. But if their own supplies are not so nearly exhausted as is often represented, the American consumers would simply be driven back on their own country by the two duties, and the Canadian lumbermen would find their market seriously restricted. As we have said, authorities differ, and it is very difficult to say how the two duties would work, but we hazard the surmise that if the log export duty experiment is tried again the Ottawa valley lumbermen will again want the duty removed. At all events there should be no more shilly shallying.

A REMARKABLE PLEA.

Mr. Aylesworth seems to have offered a noteworthy plea for his client, Thomas McGreevy, in the assize court at Ottawa, for he is thus reported: "He said Ireland seemed to produce two classes of men; there were patriots like O'Brien and Emmett, and there were informers like Piggott. He left it to the jury to say under which category Robert McGreevy came, and proceeded to point out the tremendous responsibilities which rested upon the jury, and expressed the hope that they would not inflict punishment upon a man who had seen seven years of public service; a man who had incurred the calumny and dangers which a trial like this had involved, rather than disclose the secrets that had been entrusted to him in confidence, and which if exposed might have consigned to the criminal dock men in high positions." It would surely be a hard-hearted jury that would reject such pleading. Imagine "Uncle Thomas" standing there in the dock carefully guarding party secrets that would possibly be sufficient to place more exalted personages beside him, and what jury could be expected to convict him? The hon. gentleman's Spartan courage and fidelity must be worthy of a reward in the shape of acquittal. We are left to guess who are the "men in high positions" thus placed at the mercy of Thomas McGreevy. They are eminent Conservatives, of course—and most likely ministers of the crown, past or present. A very pleasant thought it must be for the people of Canada that some of those who have directed the councils of the nation might be in the criminal's dock if only Thomas McGreevy choose to let forth some of the secrets entrusted to him. And their offense? Simply stealing money from the country in order that they might buy votes and keep themselves in power. We talk about the corruption among our neighbors, but what more rascally scheme has ever been exposed in any country than that disclosed by the McGreevy case—the theft of money from the people's treasury to bribe the people at election times? And all the while the men really responsible for this nefarious traffic were brazenly declaring that they appealed to the people on the strength of their "national policy" alone, with full confidence that it would carry them to victory. Mr. Aylesworth was no doubt right in asserting that Thomas McGreevy is the custodian of secrets sufficient to put some exalted personages in the prisoner's dock. He might have gone further and said that Canada stands practically alone among nations in having seen so many forgiven rascals in high political places. It would also be within the mark to say that McGreevy's conviction and punishment would give no great amount of satisfaction while the higher rascals are yet enjoying power and pelf.

The Telegram asserts that Nanaimo is in want of several things which the government can supply, such as a public building for offices, court house, etc., and a brick school or two. Nanaimo has, in fact, wanted these things for years, but the government has not supplied them because Nanaimo did not elect the right sort of men to the legislature, and the Telegram hints that they can now be secured if the right sort of men be elected. The "right sort," we suppose, would be blind, unquestioning supporters of the government. A sensitive premier and a sensitive government might feel hurt by the implication that they do justice to a community only when that community sends them supporters in parliament, but it is not at all likely that the Hon. Theodore and his colleagues will feel at all sore over the Telegram's bid on their behalf for the support of Nanaimo. They may, perhaps, find a little fault with the bluntness displayed in making it, but that will be the extent of the censure. Beyond a question, if Nanaimo is willing to sell its support to the government this is a good time to try, for the hour of emergency is near at hand.

The growth of that snobbish practice of substituting "lady" for "woman" has called forth the contempt of many sensible people, yet still the practice seems to grow. Mr. Labouchere satirizes it in this merciless fashion:

A judge and jury last week decided that it is no libel to call one of the fair sex a woman, although she may claim to be a "lady." We shall next hear of a new edition of the Bible, in which the word "lady" is substituted for "woman" wherever it is used, and divines will refer to "the Lady of Samaria." This plan has indeed been adopted by some of the American clergy, to judge by an extract from a sermon preached there which I lately came across. "Who were last at the cross?" said the preacher, "Ladies." "Who were first at the sepulchre? Ladies." Still, if I thought that it would please any particular woman to call her a lady—or indeed an angel—I should do so at once. In Austria, when I lived there years ago, it was the custom of every one to address a waitress in a restaurant as "beauteous maiden," and she replied when she got her tip, "I kiss your hand," although the maiden was not always beautiful, nor was the hand kissed. All this sort of terms and expressions are conventional. As to what woman is a lady, opinions may differ; but the general rule may be laid down that the woman who insists that she must be called one is not a lady.

The Colonist cannot refrain from falsehood even in small matters. It asserts that the Times "invented the story" as to the Vernon News being purchased on the government's behalf, and that the Columbian and News-Advertiser afterwards copied it, though it knows quite well that the Times did not refer to the matter until after the mainland papers had done so. Then the Colonist says that the Times published the News' denial, "but instead of accepting it in a frank and honorable way, it did what it could in the most sneaking manner to throw doubt on the denial of the men whom it tried by its false report to injure." This is what the premier would in his elegant way call "an audacious lie," as the Times' readers know. Under the circumstances the Colonist's words, with a slight change, may well be applied to its own case: "Who can help feeling contempt for a journal which resorts to such descreditable means to make a point against an opponent, which, even if it were made, is not worth considering?"

Vicarious Imprisonment.

A student of life and manners in the Punjaub has been struck by the large proportion of very old men in the Indian jails. In the prison at Mooltan there were last year seventeen life prisoners whose total ages were found to amount to more than eleven hundred years—two of them being patriarchs of upwards of 80. This remarkable fact is attributed to the great improvement in the economy of Indian jails since the exposure of their mismanagement some years ago, but more directly to the prevalent practice when a crime has been committed of handing over the least useful one in the family as a sort of vicarious offering to justice. On this point the inspector-general of Indian prisons observes that the confinement which conviction entails is, of course, less irksome to the aged than to the young.

"Moreover," he continues, "the people know that a specially comfortable place in the shape of good food, ample clothing, a special dietary, the lightest of work and society not entirely uncongenial awaits the old man in our jails." A case has been cited in which a man had been strangled. The person to whom the crime, by his own confession, was brought home, was a feeble old fellow, who had been paralyzed in both arms for 20 years and could not have committed the crime. But as his family all said he did it, and as there were plenty of "eye-witnesses," the old man went cheerfully to jail, and lies there still.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

Send 25 "Sunlight" soap wrappers (wrapper bearing the words "Why does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man?") to Lever Brothers, Limited, 43 Scott street, Toronto, Ont., and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and will only cost 1c postage to send in the wrappers. If you leave the ends open Write your address carefully

CANADIAN DISPATCHES

The News of Eastern Canada in Short Paragraphs.

Over a foot of snow fell at Owen Sound on Wednesday, accompanied by a heavy westerly gale.

George Watt, wholesale merchant, has been nominated Protestant Protective association candidate for the mayoralty of Brantford.

The Liberal convention of North Renfrew nominated Henry Barr, the present member, their candidate for the Ontario legislature.

The general elections for the province of Prince Edward Island will be held December 14; nominations December 7. A prohibition plebiscite will be taken at the same time.

D. Guthrie, M.P.P. for South Wellington, announces that it is his intention not to be a candidate for re-nomination or re-election at the approaching general election.

The Canadian Pacific steamer Athabasca, which collided with the whaleback Colgate in the Sault river, has gone to Detroit for repairs. The extent of the Athabasca's injuries amount to $3,000.

La Minerve states that Sir Hector Langevin has declared to his friends that he will present himself as a candidate at the next election for the united counties of Three Rivers and St. Maurice.

A strong flow of natural gas was struck at a depth of 400 feet, near Copp's block, King street east, Hamilton. The pressure is 100 pounds to the inch, and if it continues it will be a good paying investment.

The Toronto Wood and Shingle Company has gone into liquidation. Its affairs are in bad shape. The assets are $110,000. The Bank of Toronto alone has a claim for $50,000 against the company on guarantees for money advanced.

Early Saturday morning the Upper Richmond, Quebec, post office was broken into, the safe broken to pieces by dynamite, and about $100 in postage stamps and money taken. The robbery was effected by professionals. There is no clue.

Watchman Stewart, of the Dominion Transportation company's stables at Montreal, was nearly killed by three men, who after gagging and binding him hand and foot, beat him into insensibility. The men then forced open the safe in the company's office, but obtained very little money.

The Roman Catholic church authorities in Montreal have refused to allow the remains of the late John F. Gourlay, a rich Northwest rancher, who died a few days ago at Medicine Hat, to be interred in the Catholic cemetery at Montreal, on the ground that Mr. Gourlay was divorced from his first wife.

In the Quebec legislature Turgeon raised the question of privilege for the purpose of moving for a commission of inquiry into the accusation that Mr. Allard, Conservative member for Berthier, asked the late treasurer of his county for $1,200 to influence his retention of office. Though the matter is new to the house, neither Allard nor the government opposed the proposal, but only asked for proper notice of motion.

At Brandon Hill, a boy 16 years of age, was found guilty of murder and was sentenced to be hanged in January. Greaves, a farmer, was found dead in his home in Virden some months ago. Symptoms of poison were found in the stomach, and the boy Hill was suspected of having poisoned his employer. Circumstances were strong against the boy, and he was found guilty at the assizes to-day. Hill was brought out from England by one of the charitable emigration societies.

An interesting feature of the carnival programme at Quebec city for American visitors will be a realistic representation of the attack of Generals Montgomery and Arnold on the ancient capital. The representation will aim to reproduce the uniforms then worn by the revolutionary patriots and the scene of the death of Montgomery in trying to carry the heights and the Plains of Abraham. The representation will wind up with a grand display of fireworks about the memorable slab on the ramparts of Cape Diamond, which bears the inscription, "Here Montgomery fell."

The death of Mr. J. R. Spencer of Fort Churchill caused great regret to his many friends in Winnipeg and elsewhere. The deceased was born in Montreal in 1831, and married in 1873 a sister of Ven. Archdeacon Phair of this city. He spent forty years in the Hudson Bay Company's service, being stationed for the last twenty-four years at Churchill on Hudson's Bay, without leaving that remote and isolated district until July of this year, when he started with his family for Winnipeg, proposing to enjoy a well-earned holiday and to seek medical advice, his health having become seriously impaired. The journey proved very trying, and shortly after reaching Winnipeg the disease developed so rapidly that he was confiend to bed, and in spite of the best medical attendance and the most careful nursing he passed away on Saturday evening.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Windsor dispatch says: Referring to the New Westminster, B.C., dispatch stating that a man named Kennedy had been found guilty of the murder of John O'Connor, and that he claimed to have committed a murder in Essex county, it has been ascertained that the murder referred to was that of Jailer Leach, which took place in 1883. "Kid" Kennedy and a man named Calihan were arrested on a charge of committing a burglary at Harrow. In some way a revolver was secured, and one morning Jailer Leach was shot dead and the two men escaped. Shortly after Kennedy was re-arrested, but it could not be proved that he had any hand in the murder. He was, however, convicted on a charge of burglary and sentenced to serve seven years in the Kingston penitentiary. After serving two years he escaped, and nothing more was heard of him around Windsor till the dispatch from New Westminster was published.

The Toronto city assessors on September 30, after completing the city assessment, returned the total population of Toronto as 166,532, which showed a decrease of 25,000 as compared with the previous year's figures. The assessors' returns were generally believed to be incorrect, and Mayor Fleming ordered the police to take a house to house census on Sunday, November 5, full returns of which have been made public. They make the population of the city 188,914, or over 22,000 more than the assessors' figures, and a small advance on the police census taken just two years ago.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

A Story of the Press-Gang.

Written for the Times.

It certainly was no common clock, and the sedate, yet dignified manner in which it performed its momentous duties—ticking in a sharp, positive tone peculiar to itself—sufficiently asserted the importance of its office; whilst its song of the hours, always preceded by a husky, whirring noise, as if clearing its voice, rung with mellow music along the passage of the old house. Somewhat above the ordinary height of common clocks; that is, it stood in broad and stately majesty upon an extended base, around which an ornamental moulding lent an additional air of solidity to its standing in society. The case, from its ornate base upward, showed much richness of conception on the part of its designer, who, having first arrayed it in a coat of the very jettiest of jet Japan, had with lavish hand bestowed the contents of many a golden volume upon it. The door, which opened in the front, was most elaborately emblazoned with peacocks, fiery dragons, fabulous creations neither bird, beast nor fish, but a combination of them all, flying fish and creeping things, flowers and fruit, and strange specimens of vegetation never seen by mortal eye, the whole appearing to float amid a sea of dots and flourishes, forming altogether a charming confusion of design quite wonderful to contemplate. Nor had the gilder exhausted all his art or gold upon the door; the flanking pillars were fluted with gold; their Ionic tops bore golden capitals; the frame work of the clock face shone with double gilt effect, and, to crown all, as large and fair to look upon as the golden apple of Paris, a gilded ball adorned the summit of the case. But if the case was so rich in its ornaments, how shall we find any language expressive enough to portray the beauties of the clock itself, as it beamed forth in all the majesty of acknowledged merits upon its unworthy attendants, the tenants of the Old House? Simply to say that the face was silvered and damascened with gold, and its hands of curiously cut blue steel, would give but a faint idea of its appearance. We will therefore leave our readers to picture to themselves the very handsomest clock and case of its kind that ever left an eighteenth century workshop.

But ere we proceed with our story let us devote a few words to the Old House itself. Situate close to the watergate of an ancient town upon the river Thames, not far from London, it stood conspicuous amongst its humble neighbors, raising its tall, peaked, red-tiled roof and dormer windows far above the smaller tenements of the town. It was a goodly-sized, red-bricked building of the Elizabethan period, and if local tradition was correst it had been a residence of the Byng family, one of whose unfortunate descendants was shot for so-called disobedience to orders. The heavily-framed lattice windows and massive doors with carved portico bore evident tokens of their age, while some spreading sycamore trees formed a background.

The doorway opened upon a moderate-sized hall, on the opposite side of which ascended a broad, low-stepped oaken staircase with massive carevd oak balustrades and stanchions. On either side of the hall opened the several rooms of the ground floor, all of which were low-pitched, with heavy beams across the ceiling. The fireplaces, of a comparatively modern kind, were decorated with Dutch tiles, whereon scriptural or apocryphal subjects were somewhat grotesquely portrayed in blue or red upon a white ground. But we must not linger over the peculiarities of the interior.

It was in the latter part of the last century, when rumors of a French invasion were rife, and the whole civilized world was convulsed with revolutionary ideas, that a small family party was gathered around the fire in one of the back rooms of the old house. The group consisted of Mrs. Mather, the mistress of the house, a stout, matronly, cheerful-looking person of middle-age; the sister, a pretty woman, many years her junior; and two children, a boy about three years old and a girl of six. A smart, sailor-like, good-looking young man also formed part of the party. The tea table had just been set, and whilst Mrs. Mather busied herself with the needful arrangements of the table, Agnes and Andrew, the young couple, were enjoying an apparently interesting conversation in low tones, while the little boy, seated on a low stool at his aunt's knee, played with the cat, who having made prize of auntie's unmissed knitting, was doing its best to entangle it in its claws.

"Shall I look if father is coming yet?" cried Charlotte, the little girl, after moving restlessly about the room for a while.

"Yes, dear, go and look into the street, but don't go out. Yet, he will hardly be home so soon to-day," continued Mrs. Mather, as her little girl ran merrily along the hall. "I fear that you will not see him, Andrew, if you must go so early as you say, for Mather will be detained at the Indiaman he is helping to discharge later than usual to-day. He said this morning that government are engaging many of the company's ships for a reserve squadron, and they are working early and late so as to be in readiness for what might happen."

"I shall be sorry if I don't see him," answered Andrew, "but I have already overstayed my time of leave, and I fear that my owners will think something's amiss if I do not join at once."

"Oh, Andrew, be careful as you go to Bristol," said Agnes, holding his hand tightly between her's, for I heard to-day that the press was out, and that disagreeable William Torrold was heard to say that you would be soon picked up, as he called it, as you was a marked man."

"Did he say so, the scoundrel; then it is his doing, for, Agnes, I have been told how he has courted your favor in my absence, and would not take no for an answer. No, he would like to see me pressed and shot, too, no doubt; but don't fear, dearest, I will be careful for your sake."

Andrew Mackay had been lately appointed chief mate of a West India trader, which, although belonging to London owners, had been transferred to Bristol for better security during the war then raging with France. Mackay having been several years in their employ, the owners treated him with especial confidence, and he had been detained in London even longer than the captain at the owner's request, to make some final arrangements respecting the freights, etc. Should the present voyage be successful he was promised the command of a vessel on his return. He had long loved Agnes Dickson, and, with the full approbation of her friends, they were to be united on his return from Jamaica.

Mr. Mather was in the employ of the East India Company as master lighterman, and the parents of his wife and sister-in-law having died some few years before the latter had become a constant resident at his house.

Of William Torrold it is sufficient to state that he was a young man of indifferent character, and having been an unsuccessful suitor of Agnes Dickson he was not likely to entertain very friendly feelings towards his successful, though until lately, unconscious rival, for Agnes had wisely concealed from her lover Torrold's pursuit of her, fearing the high spirit of Andrew might cause mischief between them.

"But the tea awaits us," said Mrs. Mather. "Now, Charlie, don't stay at the door."

No answer being heard from the child, Agnes left the room to bring her in, and going to the door, which was in the day time closed by a half-hatch, found Charlotte leaning over it as far as she could, intently watching something down the street.

"What is it dear?" she asked, and looking out in the same direction she beheld at the opening which led to the landing place or watergate, a number of persons, mostly women, excitedly talking and gesticulating. Whilst she was wondering what could have happened a girl came running towards her and in passing by exclaimed, "The press-gang is there!" and away she scudded to carry the warning elsewhere; for those were the days when too often husbands, fathers, sons and brothers were snatched away from the very arms of their families.

"Good God!" murmured Agnes, as she hastened in, "Oh, grant that he may not be taken."

A hasty consultation was held as to the best course to adopt for Andrew's safety.

"If I can only get clear from this neighborhood I have no fear. Can I not go out the back way over the fields?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mather, "that will be the best for I expect that Torrold has informed against you."

Hastily bidding her adieu, Andrew, accompanied by Agnes to see him off, was about to leave by the garden door, when they heard little Charlotte cry out, "Mama, auntie, come and see the soldiers; they're coming this way." Even while she spoke they heard the tread of many feet, and then the command to halt.

"'Tis too late, Agnes, if they are after me, depend upon it the back is watched by this time."

"Oh, what shall we do," cried poor Agnes, clasping her hands together; is there no way of escape for you?"

"Hush, dear, someone is speaking to the child. Poor little dear, no doubt she will say I am here, innocently enough, if asked."

"House ahoy!" cried a strong voice. At the same time a loud rapping was heard against the open door, and ere Mrs. Mather could reach it, a naval man, followed by some sailors and marines, had entered the hall, to the dismay of Charlie, who ran to his mother.

"Now Mrs. Mather, " said the officer, "I dare say you know my business; I want a person whom I know to be in this house, one Andrew Mackay, so please to introduce me to him at once."

Mrs. Mather, who had with real self-command, repressed all signs of alarm, said, "Indeed, sir, you'll have no introduction from me, coming with swords and pistols to frighten women and children. If the person you name is here, I can't help you seeking him; but don't ask me, or any belonging to me, to help you."

The officer, laughing good humoredly, turned to his men, directing some to follow him, whilst the rest scattered in different directions to watch the doors and windows.

"I must have you with us, Mrs. Mather; and you, too, young woman," turning to Agnes, who had now approached. So saying, after searching all the lower rooms, the party mounted the stairs, where the seamen rumaged the place, trying every nook and corner without success. Closets, cupboards, chests and lockers were opened. The dormer windows attracting the officer's attention, some men were sent out to watch the roof and chimneys, dorpping a loaded line down each of the latter to make sure that no one was concealed therein. Panels were sounded, loose boards taken off, the beds tumbled over, and every imaginable hole and corner ransacked, but all in vain. They met with no better success in the extensive cellars, and then, having passed some considerable time in the search, the officer began to believe that Mackay had really made his escape before they entered. He had ever and anon carefully observed Agnes, judging that if her lover was concealed anywhere in the house she would show some signs of uneasiness. But her quiet manner satisfied him that such could not be the case, though had he known that her present pallid cheeks were usually of a rosy hue his suspicions might have been aroused.

"Let us take another turn upstairs before we go," he suddenly exclaimed, the idea having occurred to him that the object of his search might have come out from some well concealed hiding-place now that the hunt seemed over. So saying, and bidding most of his men main down stairs, he mounted the stair, Mrs. Mather preceding him with the little boy in her arms, while Agnes, holding Charlotte by the hand, followed. The child had by this time overcome her fears, and trotted quietly enough at her aunt's side. In going upstairs Charlie missed something, she knew not what, but made no remark at the time; but presently, after another careful look around, they were descending, when she suddenly stopped on the lower landing of the stair, crying out, "Oh, auntie, I know what it was I missed. See, the clock has stopped!"

"What's that! What's that!" exclaimed the officer, turning abruptly on the stairs, and gazing suspiciously at the tall, sentry-like clock, and then at Agnes.

"Nothing more than the clock having stopped, sir, and if you will kindly tell me the time I'll set it going. The key is downstairs; run and look for it, Charlie!" The officer drew forth his watch, and telling her the time, went down satisfied, and bidding them good-bye departed with his men. Mrs. Mather and Agnes watched them until they had turned the corner leading to the dockyard, and then, carefully closing and fastening the door, Mrs. Mather said, "What a mrycy poor Andrew got away in time; but Agnes, whatever's the matter with you?" This she might well ask, for her sister had no sooner seen the door fastened, than, taking something from the bosom of her dress, she flew rather than ran up the stairs, and, unlocking the clock case, out tumbled poor Andrew, more dead than alive from remaining so long in so confined and cramped a position. But kind hands helped him to the fireside, where the warmth soon restored him, so that by nightfall he was able to depart, after carefully observing the street, lest any should have been left to watch the house. Fortune befriended him, and in a few days Agnes received a letter from him, dated from his ship when about to weigh anchor.

And now our story is told, and it only remains for us to say that when in after years Captain Mackay, with his wife and children, visited their relatives at the Old House, no story was told with more gusto, or listened to with more interest, than that we have been telling of the Old Clock on the Stairs.

JOHN JAS. BARBER.

Victoria, Nov., 1893.

(Note.—Although the above related incident occurred nearly a century ago, the old clock is still in active existence in the writer's family, in the same town, though not in the Old House, which was burned down many years ago.)

ALL SORTS.

A big Scotch traveller for one of the great Glasgow firms was sitting in a little English inn, telling with the broadest Scotch accents some stories of his own experience. The last one he told was a ludicrous account of a fight he had fought with an English traveller, in which he came off victor. "Are you sure that story of yours is true, Scottie?" asked one of the Englishmen, in a sneering tone. "Ay, it's true, every word o't," sternly replied the Scot; "but to prevent ony misdoots, you an' me'll gang oot to the yaird, an' syne I'll hae a fresh story to tell aboot lickin' an Englishman." The Englishman subsided.

A good story is told by one of a party of sightseers that was recently being shown over the house in Stratford-on-Avon in which Shakespeare was born. The guide pointed out in the room in which the great man's mother introduced William to the world sundry alleged autographs on the whitewashed walls of great actors and actresses of the present century. Among them were the names of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. "That is not Mr. Bancroft's signature," said a tall man who was one of the party. The guide looked around indignantly. "I ought to know," said the tall man, "seeing that I am Mr. Bancroft, and this is the first time that I have been in this house."

A boy was severely reprimanded by his father for swearing. Not daring to indulge in the bad habit before any of his own again, he went to a neighbor's house and asked if swearing was allowed there. The goodman of the house carelessly said he might swear away. The little rascal at once gave vent to a regular volley, which shocked everybody who heard him. When told to desist, the boy merely licked his lips, and said, "Eh! but I dae like to swear."

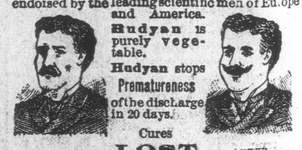
The authorities of the British Museum have received the diaries of General Gordon, which were bequeathed by his sister. By-and-by they will find a place in the manuscript department. At present they are not accessible to the public. There are political reasons why their contents should not be published now. General Gordon was very candid in the expression of his opinion regarding the conduct of government officials, no matter how high they might stand in authority. He was not a man who could mince matters, and he abhorred duplicity in word or act. He might be mistaken in his views, but he was incontrovertibly honest in his statement of them. The trustees of the museum are of one accord in considering that it is not expedient that the diaries should see the light for some time, and they will avoid coming to a decision regarding the publication as long as they can. There are other documents relating to the hero of Khartoum besides the diaries. Among these is the volume presented to Miss Gordon by the ladies of Great Britain, containing the address of sympathy on the death of her brother, and it includes among the signatures those of the Princesses of the royal family.

Of Interest to Ladies.—The scalp may be kept white and clean, and the hair soft, pliant, and glossy, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation never fails to restore to faded and gray hair its original color. Sold by druggists and perfumers.

THE GREAT

Hudyan.

This extraordinary Rejuvenator is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and America.



Hudyan is purely vegetable.

Hudyan stops Prematureness of the discharge in 20 days.

Cures BEFORE LOST MANHOOD AFTER

Constipation, Dizziness, Falling Sensations, Nervous Twitching of the eyes and other parts. Strengthens, Invigorates and tones the entire system. Hudyan cures debility Nervousness, and developes and restores weak organs. Pains in the back are stopped quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.

Prematureness means impotency in the first stage. It is a symptom of seminal weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan.

The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
222 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.