

# Storyettes

**MINISTER**, having walked through a village churchyard and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gate post the following: "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

**AT** the Lambs Club a group of actors were laughing heartily over a story just told them by Willie Collier, when someone in a spirit of banter, asked: "Willie, isn't that one of Lockaye's stories?" "Not yet," quickly answered Willie.

**ANDREW** Carnegie's philanthropy was being praised on the piazza of an hotel. A clergyman in the group smiled, and said: "Mr. Carnegie attended, some years ago, one of my business men's week-end services. Seeing him in the congregation, and unaware that he was not used to praying extempore, I said after the first hymn: 'We will now be led in prayer by Brother Carnegie.' Mr. Carnegie rose, very red and flustered. 'Let us engage first of all,' he stammered, 'in a few minutes of silent prayer.' We all immediately bowed our heads and closed our eyes, and Mr. Carnegie, tip-toeing out, escaped.

**AMAN** was brought up on a charge of beating his wife and biting off a portion of her ear. However, the woman, good-natured soul, was anxious to screen her husband, and if possible, obtain his acquittal, as appears from her evidence. Magistrate: "Your husband has been treating you very badly, eh?" Witness: "Oh, no, your worship!" Magistrate: "Not why, did he not bite off a piece of your ear?" Witness: "No, your worship; I did it myself!"

**AMONG** the stories told in the newly published biography of Sir Wilfrid Lawson is one that refers to Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician. It is said that, when he recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew replied: "Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work. For instance, I have often written letters to answer offer dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help."

"Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne help you to answer the twenty letters?" "No, no," said Sir Andrew, "but when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

**THE** late Francis H. Leggett, New York's largest wholesale grocer, thus illustrated his idea of the morals of the average Wall Street man: "I once hired an errand boy who, after I discharged him, no doubt went on the street. There he should be doing well. The boy was from the country. He only worked for me about two days. The last day he was with us I sent him out for four dollars' worth of stamps, giving him a five-dollar bill. When he came back with the stamps he didn't offer me any change. 'Well,' I said, impatiently, 'where's the change, Alfred?' 'There ain't any, sir,' said he. 'Stamps has riz.'"

**TO** Mrs. McCarthy, busy with her washing and in no mood for chat, had come Mrs. Clancy, who noticed after an hour or two that it had become cloudy. Said she, "Do it rain, Mrs. McCarthy?" "It do that, Mrs. Clancy; but not that hard I couldn't get home if I was at your house."

**OUT** of the Grand Central Station the other day came a couple, evidently from up-State regions. The old man grasped his carpet-bag and bulging green umbrella firmly, and looked up and down the street, his mouth agape. "There's a heap 'o sights in New York, I guess, Maria," he said. "I misdoubt if we see them all." The old lady's mouth set grimly. "Wall, Silas," she replied, and her manner was more than significant, "bein's as I'm with you, there's some, I expect, that you ain't goin' to see!"

**MONSIEUR BRIAND**, the Prime Minister of France, is celebrated for his epigrams. They are not as brilliant as were those of his predecessor, Monsieur Clemenceau, but they have a certain savour of their own. The other morning Monsieur Briand's secretary was reading him a speech made by Monsieur Lintilhac against the pensions bill. "When I read the text of the bill," said Monsieur Lintilhac in the Senate, "I thought at first that I was becoming crazy."

**THE** recent death of Sir Edmond Monson, who was ambassador to France, has brought up a delightful story of a remark made by Sir Edmond, which called forth the quaintest of replies from the Kaiser. At a luncheon one day at the Emperor of Germany's table, at which the Duke of Connaught was also a guest, Sir Edmond Monson remarked: "I've over then to England with this news," and added, "as the immortal William said."

**A** YOUNG lady who appeared to be in perfect health, but who had a very worried expression upon her blooming face, entered the consulting room of a New York physician the other day. "Doctor," she said, "it is absolutely essential that I go to White Sulphur this summer." "Oh, perhaps not," the physician remarked, reassuringly. "Tell me fully your symptoms. What do you expect to cure at the springs?" "That is just what I came to you to find out, doctor," she confessed. "You see, I have got to talk with papa. What do you go to White Sulphur to be cured of?"

**SOME** time ago a man at Ypsilanti, Michigan, became crazed on the subject of hypnotism and was sent on a Michigan Central train to an asylum. When the conductor asked for tickets the crazy man began telling

of his hypnotic powers. "I'll hypnotize you," he said. "Fire away," replied the conductor. The man made several passes before the conductor's face. "Now you are hypnotized," he said. The conductor looked the part as best he could. "You're a conductor," the hypnotist said. "That's right," replied the victim. "You're a good conductor," went on the hypnotist. "Right again," said the conductor. "You don't smoke, drink, or swear at your passengers. You are honest. You turn in all the tickets and money you collect from passengers. In fact, you do not steal a cent." "That's right," asserted the conductor. The hypnotist eyed him a moment, then said: "What an awful fix you'd be in if I left you in this condition."

**TRICKS OF BOGUS SPIRITUALISTS** ONE would think that the bogus spiritualist or "medium," as he is usually called himself, would have a difficult task nowadays to deceive anyone, but the fact remains that his trade prospers, mainly because his clients decline to be deceived. The bogus medium who is asked to hold a seance in order that some communication may be made with the spirits of the departed is usually well aware beforehand of the nature of the "spirits" he is expected to produce. Having gained that information, the rest of the seance is a matter of fact. To begin with, the medium is supposed to go into a trance. The sitters range themselves round a table, with their hands touching, and all light is excluded from the room. One figure occasionally of a seance being conducted in full light; this is usually meant the light of a small shaded lamp. The minds of the sitters are prepared for the mysterious happenings by the recital of a prayer and the singing of a hymn. They then usually a short period of complete silence before the voices of the "spirits" are heard. The voices are those of the bogus medium and his confederates. Then, perhaps, the faint outline of a mysterious hand will appear in the centre of the room, and the impressionable sitters, having been accustomed all their lives to see hands on arms and arms on bodies, imagine that they see the rest of the shadowy figure. As a matter of fact, the mysterious hand is merely a rough wax model of a hand, or it may be merely a long white glove stuffed with horse-hair. If the seance is conducted in total darkness the hand is usually kept in the pocket of the medium, who extracts it by bending his head and taking it in his mouth.

If the sitters are not very strict in making the conditions of the seance difficult, the hand business can be worked in a still simpler way. The hands of the sitters are on the table, thumbs and little fingers touching. But if the hands are not stretched tight, a little finger of one of the confederates secretly to withdraw his right hand and extend his left so that his thumb touches the left little finger of the person sitting next to him. His right hand is then free, and he can easily take the mysterious "hand" out of his pocket and stroke the face of one of the sitters with it without being observed.

Sometimes a music box is locked up in the room before the seance commences. The music box is not only heard to play, but it floats around the room. It is always possible to have more than one key to a musical box, and the floating is done by attaching a piece of apparatus like a piece of string, which expands when they are pressed open in the hand.

The mysterious spirit rappings can be worked in a number of ways. The simplest of all is that employed by the medium who moves the joint of his big finger in a certain way which produces the necessary noise. This can be done without any movement of the foot being seen, even if the lights are suddenly turned up. The spirits are supposed to communicate with the living by means of a system of raps in answer to questions—one for yes, two for no, etc.

A favorite trick of the bogus spiritualist consists in obtaining messages from the departed spirits, who are supposed to be able to write on slates. The slate-writing trick is performed in a number of ways. Sometimes the medium has a small piece of chalk or slate-pencil attached to one of his fingers, and secretly writes with that while he holds the slate under the table. Sometimes the piece of chalk is put between two slates, which are then tied together and sealed up before the seance begins. Yet when the seance is over one of the slates has a written message on it. The piece of chalk is made up with a piece of steel inside it, and this is moved by the medium, who uses a strong magnet for the purpose. At other times the slates would be fastened in such a way that room is with the seance in an open strip of steel with a tiny piece of chalk attached to the end of it. Sometimes the slates of the bogus medium are sealed up fairly enough, but during the seance they are exchanged for others which have a message already previously written. The exchange is made under the table, the slates which were opened sealed up before the seance began being placed in a secret pocket under the table and the other slates taken from the same place.

There are also many varieties of trick slates which appear to be innocent of any previous preparation, but as some of these are openly used by conjurers it would scarcely be fair to describe them here.

When a spirit form appears at one of these seances it is usually a white figure, and occasionally one of the sitters will be daring enough to ask to be allowed to cut a piece of the spirit's white, filmy covering. The request is usually granted, and afterwards the medium will make a great point of the fact that it is impossible to purchase anything like that material on this earth. That is true, for the white stuff may possibly be ordinary cheese-cloth which the medium has prepared for his purpose by soaking in water. This takes out the stiffening and makes the cheese-cloth very soft. A large piece of it will then go in a very small space. The medium is quite safe, therefore, in challenging anyone to go into a shop and buy a piece of material which exactly matches the scrap cut from the covering of the spirit.

Armed with some of this material, a few masks, some false hair, and a little wire, the bogus medium can produce any kind of spirit-manifestation that is required.

# The Horseman

**SPORT** in general has been very brisk in Winnipeg and other provincial cities in Manitoba, in spite of the heavy snow-falls.

Three meetings of the two local Ice-Racing Associations have been held within the past week at the Riverview Hotel, Elmwood, the Oxford Hotel, and the Leland House in the city, to arrange as to which race track on the Red River will be the scene of the winter harness races, which will probably open the coming season on Christmas Day. The track most in favor with the horsemen appears to be that of the Winnipeg Ice-Racing Association, as used last year, at Louise Bridge, on which Mr. Wilkins' Moth Miller, driven by Alex. Hassard, stepped the half-mile in 1:01 1/2.

The two associations are likely to combine this year, and the monetary value of the cups and prizes put up for competition is likely to run well into four figures, judging from the liberality displayed in previous seasons by Dr. W. J. Hinman, Frank Lindsay, and the executive committees and members of the two associations.

There are stabled in the city at present about 50 horses that can show more than average speed on the ice. Alex. Hassard has now got his training and boarding stable on Notre Dame avenue in working order and has at present about sixteen horses in his string, with room for 25 in all. The better known animals under his charge are Will Mayburn 2:06 3/4, Dick White 2:09 1/4, Lillian 2:08 Afrite 2:11 1/4, Star P. 2:16 1/4, and Roy O., all pacers, the last named a promising green pacer, and the stable includes, besides, the trotting stallion Red Wilk, by Red Wilkes, out of a mare by Wedgwood.

The Riverview Hotel, at Elmwood, lately changed hands for \$100,000, the new proprietor, J. J. O'Connell, who had previously held the house on lease from Mr. Wilkins, being a keen horseman, and having two trotters in Winnipeg.

The Hanlons, whose stable on Smith street, near Portage avenue, has been for more than twelve years one of the best known in Winnipeg, have moved out near the western city limits on Arlington street, and sold the ground site of their old barn for \$85,000. The Smith street stable accommodated over fifty horses, and in past days many crack harness horses were stabled there, among which may be mentioned Little Payne, Elk Girl, Directozone, Star P., Barnes' Hal, Miss Lucy Gay, Fairview Nell, Miss Solo and Gallant Girl. The last named, trained by Barney Barnes, is installed in the new barn, and under the same roof the Hanlons have a beautiful pair of Standard-bred trotters, black in color, by Muckle Wilkes, half-brother and sister to Mrs. A. D. McRae's winning champions, Mimi and Musette, and considered by good judges quite equal to, if not superior to, Mrs. McRae's favorites, Messrs. Hanlon, however, did not enter their black team in the shows last summer, so that they have yet to run the gauntlet of the show ring critics.

Geo. T. Bator recently sold Fairview Nell, 2:19 1/4, his successful matinee trotter, to a Vancouver gentleman for a high figure, which was not disclosed.

The attention of horsemen in general throughout Canada is called to the Miller Bill, which has been referred to a special committee of the House of Commons at Ottawa. The effect of this Bill, if it ever goes into force, will be the wiping out of the track owners' right to have plants in this country, for by its terms it prohibits all forms of pool-selling or bookmaking on or off any race course, which means that there will be no racing on any track and which, in turn, means that the track owners must close their gates. There are upwards of two

hundred half-mile tracks in Canada that will be summarily closed if the Miller Bill goes into force and it is up to the different associations to point out to their respective members at Ottawa, the disastrous effect this Bill would have should it become law.

Very few of the associations throughout Canada conduct more than a two days' meeting, some three days, but there are not a dozen places in the whole Dominion where meetings of a longer duration than three days are held and these associations enjoy the privilege of pool-selling and bookmaking for not more than two or three hours on those days, which is surely not excessive. Why should this liberty be taken away from them and their properties practically ruined? Why should the liberty of thousands of law-abiding citizens of this great young country be interfered with? Surely not because such legislation is favored by a few fanatics only, who know nothing about the pleasure of sitting behind or riding astride a high class horse and who know comparatively nothing about the pleasure of witnessing well-bred animals contesting every inch in a contest for supremacy?

As already stated, there are upwards of two hundred half-mile tracks in Canada where short harness horse meetings are held. The lives of those tracks are in grave danger of destruction. The time has arrived when the secretaries and those associated with and also the thousands of supporters of the different racing plants must take up the battle. It is no time now for indifference. The fight is on.

One by one the old-time heroes of the turf are passing away. This week the announcement is made of the death of legislator 2:08, the noted trotting stallion that was a familiar figure on harness horse tracks in the late eighties and early nineties. Nelson took part in many important contests and was more than ordinarily successful as a racing proposition. His contest with Allerton 2:09 1/4, which took place Oct. 8, 1891, at Grand Rapids, Mich., is still fresh in the memory of horsemen who were on deck at that time. This was a special race for a purse of \$10,000, and went four heats, in which the son of Young Rolfe had to lower his colors to the mighty Allerton. Nelson won the opening heat in 2:13, the fastest heat of the race, and then Allerton matched off with the sates, cooling three heats in 2:14 1/4, 2:15, 2:16 1/4, and master Williams pocketed the bundle of greenbacks.

Nelson was foaled in 1882 and was a son of Young Rolfe—Gretchen (dam of Sasic Owen, 2:26, and Sadie L., 2:30), by Gilcoen, 1:45.

Young Rolfe was a son of Tom Rolfe—Judith, by Draco. Gretchen was out of Kate, by Black Hawk.

As a sire of extreme speed, Nelson was not a hovering success and the offer of \$100,000 which is said to have been made to his owner, C. H. Nelson, for him, was far in excess of what he later proved to be worth.

## AN OLD PROBLEM SOLVED

**ARCHITECTS** of public buildings have always been troubled over the question of acoustics. Again and again an auditorium which promised well has been marred by echoes and other vagaries of sound, for which, too often, no remedy could be found. It is alleged that Mr. Jacob Nazer, of Pittsburgh, has solved the problem. A fine synagogue in that city, the Rodeph Shalom Temple, was erected three years ago at a cost of \$400,000. When it was opened it was found to be so defective acoustically that it was almost useless. A reverberation lasting eight seconds followed every word pronounced from the rostrum. Mr. Nazer, a Cornell man, a practical architect, and a member of the con-

gregation, was permitted to make experiments in search of a remedy. He ascertained after a long study that the size and shape of the auditorium had nothing to do with the trouble, but that materials used in construction did not conduct sound equally well. To "harmonize" them, Mr. Nazer used strips of wood covered with a special variety of hair felt. The discovery of the size and thickness of wood and felt was the result of exhaustive experiment and intricate mathematical calculation. The Temple was re-opened recently and the acoustics were perfect. Mr. Nazer says that he can determine with absolute accuracy the acoustic properties of a building before its construction, by the selection of materials and the use of them in proper proportions.

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