When the Elderberry Blooms

By Helen Gray.

It was a warm afternoon in June. From the porch of his neat green cottage T. Jeremiah Jones, bachelor, sat looking thoughtfully out over the honeysuckle hedge that surrounded his solitary domain. It had suddenly occurred to him that he would take a vacation. For 25 years T. Jeremiah had pinned himself to his desk, with the exception of a trip or two to points of business. The result had been a fairly good fortune for Mr. T. Jeremiah Jones & Co., wholesale drygoods merchants. Today perhaps advancing age was demanding it of him, for thoughts of a week of leisure crowded pleasantly upon his mind.

He was a romantic figure, this tall, somewhat stout, fine looking old bachelor. There was a bald spot on top of his head, and the ghost of a stoop in his shoulders, and the gray of his hair suggested the shady side of 50. When he walked it was with a big cane, and with eyes downcast, in thoughtful mood. He was generally costumed in a suit of light gray clothing, and he carried himself with an air of dignity and repose.

Of course all sorts of made up stories had been circulated regarding some past romance as the reason for his hermitage life, until one evening in a fit of despondency at some gossipy tale that had gone the rounds, he thundered out to a friend at the club that he had never proposed to a woman in his life, which confession relegated him to the realm of feminine haters, and had the effect of silencing the slanderers.

But where could he go for and outing—he, T. Jeremiah Jones, bachelor, sans women friends? where could he go? was the question that perplexed him as he sat overlooking the honeysuckle hedge on this late June afternoon. The springs with their chattering humanity were detestable to him. The seashore in July was likewise, and ditto the autumn mountains.

One morning, a few days later, as he sat sipping his coffee at breakfast, his thoughts suddenly crystalized into a plan; he would pack his valise and follow his nose—anywhere, as long as the train carried him far away into novel scenes. Madeline, the negro woman who kept house at The Green cottage, as it was called, was given strenuous instructions as to what she should do during her master's absence. Tiger, the bobtailed cat was to be fed his cream every morning, as usual, and Bryan, the wood thrush, which flitted about in a gilt cage in the bow window of the den, was not to be forgotten. The caladiums were to be watered every morning, and the product of the tomato vines was to be carried to the hospital several times during the week.

July 1 was the time decided upon by T. Jeremiah for his departure. He purchased a ticket on the eventful day to the nearest big town, with the intention of stopping over en route if he felt so inclined.

The neighbors had heard of his contemplated trip and were on the watch when he emerged from his dwelling, suitcase in hand. A coupe carried him safely to the train, and shortly after 9 T. Jeremiah was being whirled through meadow and forest lands, past farms and plantations and villages galore.

Suddenly the conductor called out a familiar name. T. Jeremiah laid down his paper with a start and clutched at his suitcase. The mere mention of a town, a sleepy, unprogressive little place, had awakened memories that had long slumbered in his bachelor heart. T. Jeremiah remembered having taken a walk in Shelbyville long years ago, a walk which had changed the entire tenor of his life.

The train stopped and he got out. As it whistled away in the distance, leaving him standing on the platform and scenery scarcely recognizable, a strange feeling overcame him. He turned and carried his luggage into the waiting room and left it in care of the ticket agent; then he started for a walk down the prettiest of the streets in sight.

Occasionally as he progressed he came upon a familiar landmark. Gradually his thoughts trended reverleward. Twenty-five years had changed him considerably. It came upon him with a shock as he remembered how springy his step was then, how sparkling his eyes, how merry the words of his lips. Then there stole into his thoughts a tiny little woman who had light brown hair and great velvet eyes, a timid little creature with a small mouth and a very soft voice. He remembered that she wore a lilac muslin gown the last time that he saw her, with a sprig of some dainty flower scattered over it and a lilac ribbon in her hair. As he thought he began to lean heavily upon his cane and his head took the usual downward trend. He forgot to look out for the places that had been familiar to him a quarter of a century ago.

He walked along for a block or two in deep thought. Twenty-five years ago this June he and Cynthianna had parted at the twilight hour near the big elderberry bushes that grew at the side of her father's house. He never inhaled the fragrant blossoms without recalling the incident.

He remembered how he had gathered some of the sweet-scented, star-like flowers and sprinkled them over Cynthianna's brown hair. She was the most fairy-like little creature he had ever seen, and he had thought her the most innocent. Yet she had proved to him the acme of hyprocrisy. Not in any of his business relations had he met with such perfect deceit.

How vividly it all came back to him, the Sunday evening walk when he had intended asking Cynthianna to become his wife. It was while they were standing near the elderberry bushes, on their return, when the words were quivering on his lips, that Cynthianna was summoned to the house.

She had excused herself in the prettiest way, and he stood there awaiting her return, his heart filed with the sweetest of hopes.

The parlor shades were pulled down. He became aware of the shadows of two figures against them. One was Cynthianna's and the other John Carroll's. He remembered John as the only man of whom he had ever been jealous. The two figures together had inspired him with disagreeable thoughts. They appeared to be in deep conversation. How it all came to him today, as on that twilight evening twenty-five years ago, when John's shadow moved nearer to Cynthianna's, when Cynthianna's hand stole into John's and he saw distinctly the lips of his enemy touch those of the woman he loved.

When Cynthianna joined him again, under the scent of the elderberry bushes, she met with a curt farewell, for which a pressing business engagement was the excuse to him, as he jostled himself out to the gate. "Jeremiah! Jeremiah!" But Jeremiah heeded her not. And that was the excuse.

He began wondering what had become of her, when suddenly the scent of elderberry blossoms pervaded the air. He looked up and found himself walking along by the side of a hedge of them in full bloom.

Through slight openings he could see a white frame house, and another hedge of elderberry bushes on the other side of it. He turned the corner and saw in plain black letters over the mansion door, "Elderberry Inn." It was a pleasing looking spot, and without any ado he marched himself up the graveled path and sounded the big brass knocker. In a few minutes a negro girl appeared, who in answer to his inquiry for lodging departed to summon her mistress The room in which she was ushered, as far as he could see, was neatly furnished. There were portraits hanging on the wall, and some flowers in a vase on the centre table, but the shutters were so tightly closed that he could make out only the forms.

Gradually his eyes became accustomed to the darkness and he saw more distinctly. There was a portrait over the mantel that drew him. He stole up to it. His breath came fast. How like Cynthianna's father it was.

A step sounded in the hall and he went forward to meet the landlady, who, in the dim light, he could see was a diminutive little woman. He asked if he could get board and lodging for a night, and was answered in a low voice, that carried the echo of a reminiscence, that he could. The lady walked over to the window and threw open the blinds, then returned to finish her business arrangements. The tall dignified man stood for a moment looking down upon the tiny, fairy-like woman who wore a pale lilac-beflowered gown, which carried the scent of old lavender. He opened his mouth to speak, and she opened hers, but no words came from either. Then something in the woman's face gave the man courage, and he muttered the one word, "Cynthianna!"

After twenty-five years fate had been kind. Jeremiah sat long with his old love conversing over past times, and Cynthianna explained the incident that had caused their separation. She had been the means of bringing about an understanding between John Carroll and a young girl with whom he was madly in love, and John, in the excess of his gratitude, had caught hold of her hand, and leaned over and kissed her. And the shadows on the curtain spelt fate.

And while Jeremiah had been accumulating a fortune, Cynthianna had been struggling for a livelihoo within a few hours of his prosperous bisiness esblishment.

John Carroll and his wife had slept beneath the green sod for lo, these many years, but at the wedding that took place a week later, it was John's daughter who arrayed Cynthianna in her wedding gown and John's son who gave her away at the altar.

The Boss of the Storm

The typhoon is the boss of all storms known to the sailor man and its home is in the China and Japan seas. Ask a Chinese sailor what a typhoon is and he will reply, "the number one pidgin storm," meaning, thereby, that it is the "best ever." Ask the American or European sailor what a typhoon is and he will declare that It's h— and then some.

Ask the resident of Hongkong the definition of a typhoon and he will tell you that it is perhaps, the greatest curse of his city. Ask the scientific man what a typhoon is and he will tell you that it is a circular storm of resistless power and fury and then give you a dozen theories of its cause and origin, any one of which you are at liberty to accept. Ask the man who makes the sea charts what he knows about typhoons and he will say that a typhoon is number twelve on the chart which contains only twelve grades of sea storms.

Interest in the typhoon and its habits has been sharpened by the terrible visitation which Hongkong had last August, when many buildings were destroyed, 10,1000 lives lost, twenty-one ships sunk in the harbor and many more badly damaked, to say nothing of the loss of life and property occasioned on the high seas. This was not the first visitation of the kind experienced by the British colony, which forms the gateway to Southern China. Thrice has Hongkong been practically destroyed by a typhoon the last event being in 1874, when $5,000,000 worth of property and all the shipping were destroyed and 2,000 lives lost. The first great typhoon experienced by the colony was on July 21 and 22, 1841, when it was practically wrecked. All the buildings including the hospitals, which were filled with fever patients, were leveled, six foreign ships were sunk and four were driven on shore, twenty-two others were dismasted and an appalling loss of life was caused among the Chinese population.

In 1875 and again in 1876 there were visitations, and in 1900 another terrific storm. Two tussels with the typhoon satisfied the people of Hongkong that they must change the style and architecture of their building material. Accordingly the visitor to that city now looks with astonishment at solid phalanxes of solid granite buildings around which run deep porticoes sustained by massive pillars. He marvels at such construction in a semi-tropical climate and begins to think that he is among a queer people until he hears about the characteristics and the habits of the typhoon. Should he chance to visit the colony during the season when this scourge likes to pay its annual visits and is unfortunate or fortunate enough to be present when it calls he will cease to marvel at the great granite structures beneath the burning sun of the far east.

In describing a typhoon an ancient writer has said: "They rage with such intensity and fury that those who have never seen them can form no conception of them; you would say that heaven and earth wished to return to their original chaos."

The English colony now jokingly declare that the typhoon is largely of American manufacture for strangely enough Luzon and especially the vicinity about Manila is the main "Medicine Hat" of the China Sea. Formosa runs a close second in the breeding of typhoons, but the Englishmen of Hongkong declare that everything bad, including typhoons, comes from Manila. The books say that the typhoon season is from May to November. As a matter of fact the latter part of August and the month of September belong to the typhoon. What the scientists say regarding the cause of typhoons will not greatly interest you after you have spent two weeks in Hongkong in the month of August. Then you know that it is weather and nothing but the weather that breeds typhoons. It is weather that breeds in saint and sinner alike a disposition compared to which vinegar is sweet. With a thermometer anywhere between 80 and 130, with a sun that comes straight down from the heavens instead of slantwise, with an atmosphere which is on an average of 60 per cent water with days that are awful and nights that are worse, with a tongue swollen with thirst and no water to drink except that which they tell you is microbe ridden, it's small wonder that typhoons are bred. They come sweeping along the coast of the China Sea, spreading death and destruction, it is true, in their pathway, but nevertheless bringing welcome relief from weather conditions which make demons of decent men and which are indescribable and unbearable. To Hongkong a typhoon means cool weather and thus it is that they always prove a blessing though sometimes a scourge.

One evening in August 1 sat on the deck of the steamer Kin Shan on the way from Canton to Hongkong watching the most gorgeous sunset I had ever seen. So indiscribably beautiful was it that it held one spellbound with admiration. From the horizon to the centre of the vaulted dome of the heavens was afire with a weird and beautiful blend of colors. Just where the waters of the China Sea seemed to meet the sky, was a broad band of bright yellow, stretching far into the distance. Distinctly outlined above this and yet nicely shaded into each other came all the colors of the spectrum. Through this maze of glorious coloring the outlines of the disk of the sun could be dimly seen as it seemed to be about to fall through its parti-colored bed into the depths of the Yellow Sea.

"The sunsets of the Golden Gate of Puget Sound and of the Painted Desert all put together are not much when compared with that, are they?" demanded Capt. Lossium. "Do you know what that is? Well it's a typhoon. We get that sunset every time that a typhoon starts and it always seems to me that nature is doing her best to fool poor mortals into a sense of security just as she is about to put on one of her ugliest moods."

The captain was right, for when we tied up to the Bund next morning above us in the big tower swung the black basket which meant "Typhoon 800 miles east of the colony."

Before noon the black basket gave place to the red basket, which told the people that a typhoon was 300 miles east of the colony. Then followed a remarkable scene. Suddenly the waterfront along the entire Bund was galvanized into strenuous life. Upon the thousands of sampans or small Chinese house and ferry boats, several hundreds of thousands people who know no other home began shouting and working in frantic energy. Moorings were hastily cast loose, oars were quickly gotten into place, sails were set and the strangest procession of the strangest craft in the world began and filed down the bay.

In two hours the waterfront of Hongkong, which constantly teems with a dense water population, was totally deserted. In all the broad expanse of the bay and the harbor, which is one of the largest in the world, not a single small craft was to be seen. They had all fled to Shelter Bay, which is near the west end of the city. There during a typhoon period they may be seen huddled together so closely that it is possible to walk from one to another across the entire bay. When the tide goes out the majority of them are stranded high and dry in the mud, where the women and children may be seen diligently digging for clams and awaiting the return of the tide which will float the home and their boat. When the typhoon is passed or the danger of its hitting the town is over the sampans resume their wonted places along the bund and their occupants recommence their terrible struggle for a bare existence.

It is in the Sampans and in the Chinse quarter of the city that the destruction and loss of life is the greatest. The frail craft and the frail houses offer tempting bait for the raging typhoon, which makes a clean sweep of them when opportunity offers. While the sampans have been busy getting under cover, the shipping in the harbor, consisting of boats from a few hundred tons burden to the Minnesota and the Dakota, James J. Hill's two 28,000 ton passenger and freight boats, have been bustling with activity. If the captains have been ashore, they have hurried to the respective boats, where sharp commands are heard and all is bustle. Previous to the big typhoon the signals showed a typhoon to be close to the city and threatening to reach it. Among the 400 odd large ships in the harbor was the Minnesota, and what occurred on board her, occurred on board all others. Captain Rinder ordered a full head of steam to be kept on constantly, the same as when the ship was at sea. The anchor was manned and seamen stood by to cast loose from the buoy. The entire force of the ship was stationed as when a storm at sea is raging, ready at a moment's notice to steam away and seek the shelter offered by the lee side of some island in the Chinese archipelago, of which the Island of Hongkong is a part.

At the first sign of a blow every ship scuds for shelter, and if the warning has been sufficient the typhoon sweeps down across the city, across a bay which is totally devoid of ships. The typhoon was two motions, one being forward and the other its rotary motion. The forward motion or the advance of the storm is frequently not more than twelve miles an hour, while its rotary motion ranges from 80 to 100 miles and even, according to some, 150 miles an hour. The storm always follows the China coast and travel either from east-northeast to west-northwest or from east-southeast to north-northwest. Although somewhat like a land tornado in character, contact with the land soon breaks the typhoon. In one respect the typhoon is truly orientnl, where everything is done backward, measured from the European idea of doing things. The typhoon follows this oriental peculiarity and rotates not like the hands of a clock, as the European storms, but in the contrary direction.

The approach of a typhoon is signaled by a rapid falling of the barometer whenever it comes within the circular space where the storm exerts an influence. The storm varies in diameter from fifty to 200 miles and the lowest pressure is in the centre. As the space all around the centre is of higher pressure it follows that the sea is highest in the centre. This is said to account for the huge wave which accompanies the storm and which, rushing inland, grasps the biggest ships in its relentless embrace and hurls them far on shore, leaving them shapeless wrecks. The luckless ship at sea which gets within the circle of the storm and is drawn slowly but surely toward the centre has no chauce for escape. The wind apparently comes from every quarter. So does the sea. With the wind comes a torrent of rain, frequently ten or twelve inches falling in twenty-four hours. The strength of the wind drives the rain through the windows; it picks up birds, small fish, worms, bugs and all manner of things and hurls them at the ill-fated ship, tearing and rending timber, steel and bolts like bamboo sticks.

With modern sea appliances, which tell the location of a typhoon, the direction it is traveling and nearly all about it, there is really no sense in a mariner encountering the storm. Usually ships which get caught are caught trying to beat the storm instead of running away from it and coming into port a day or two late. When a typhoon meets Hongkong, however, Hongkong cannot run away. Accordingly her citizens have fortified the city for the repeated sieges and the British refuse to surrender their valuable concession to the "number one pigeon demon" of the China Sea.—S. G. A., in Chicago Record-Herald.

GLACIERS -

Although we are far removed from the Ice Age in point of time, the tourist agencies have made it easy for anyone who has a week or two to spare and a few pounds in his pocket to visit countries where glacial conditions still prevail. Probably the first impression of most visitors to a glacier is that it is very like its picture. There are the snow-crowned mountains. There is the ice-filled gallery. There are all the varieties of morain just as the text-books depict them. This first impression, however, is a very superficial one Glaciers are just like most things in this world. When we get to know them we find they are quite different, in some respects, at least, from what we expected. As acquaintance ripens we find out all sorts of little things which the writers of text-books doubtless know perfectly well, but never thought of mentioning, things which perhaps were so familiar to them, that to describe them would have seemed like saying that rain is wet or that snow is cold, but which nevertheless fill the novice with the pleasure of having discovered the unexpected.

One of the things which first struck the writer when he first spent a few days in the near neighborhood of a glacier was to find what a noisy creature it was. Somehow one associates with snow and ice the idea of intense quiet, and no doubt if one climbs high up among the snow on the mountains one will find it quiet enough. But lower down, on the surface of the glacier, there is, at least in the Summer time, continuous noise. The noise is the voice of many waters. All around are innumerable little rivulets caused by the melting of the ice in the heat of the summer sun. These trickle and babble and splash their sinuous courses for longer or shorter distances, but none go very far before they plunge headlong down one of the numerous fissures or crevasses. Some seem to fall into a larger torrent far below. Others make their way into some glacial mill where stones are churned round and round, just as one may see the potholes in the stream at East Linton.

By listening intently one may be able to hear this churning sound mingling with the voice of the waters. Miniature avalanches contribute their quota of noise. Now some pinnacle of ice topples over and splinters into a thousand fragments. Anon a handful of stones come sliding down the side of a ridge of ice, perhaps to splash into a pool. All these various causes combine to produce a wonderful feature of glaciers in that the surface of the ice in many instances appears quite extraordinary dirty. This does not seem as it should be. Snow is one of the symbols of purity. Surely the ice descending from the pure white snow on the mountain should be pure also. Yet when we view the glaciers from a little distance we are often surprised at the enormous amount of debris gathered on its surface. Besides the central moraine or moraines— often there are several—composed of considerable masses of stone, we find finer particles of matter embedded in the ice all over the surface, often in sufficient quantity to give it a grayish color.

All this solid matter has at one time or another fallen upon the surface of the glacier, and is being borne along by it as a river bears along the sticks and leaves that fall into it. But in the case of a glacier we may have exposed to view the accumulations of hundreds of years. At the lower end of the glacier there is much of interest. In the first place there is very often a great cave in the ice, and from this there issues the glacier stream. This cave often looks as if it ought to be explored, and it may be possible to make one's way under the ice for a considerabls distance. But let the traveler beware Expeditions of this kind are far from safe. The interior of a glacier may be studied safely enough in the grottos and tunnels which are carved into the living ice of many show glaciers, such as that of the Rhone. But the ice at the debouche of the stream is in an unstable condition. Every now and then the cave partially collapses, or great masses of ice fall from the roof, and in a moment an unwary tourist may be trapped or crushed to death.—From the Edinburgh Scotsman.

MRS. GAETZ DEAD.

Sudden End of Life That Was Noble and Historic.

Calgary, Alta., Dec. 21.—Mrs. Gaetz, wife of Rev. Dr. Gaetz, of Red Deer, died very suddenly from heart failure last evening. She had been in her usual health during the day, had eaten a hearty supper, and died while sitting in a chair reading, and without uttering a word. Dr. Gaetz heard a slight sound from the next room, but his wife was gone before he reached her.

Mrs. Gaetz was a historic character in Central Alberta. She was born in Nova Scotia. Her maiden name was Carrie Hamilton. She was a devoted helpmate to her husband in ministerial labors in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, London, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Brandon and other Canadian Methodist charges. On the failure of Mr. Gaetz' health, she, with her large family, settled in an almost uninhabited part of the country and endured all the privations of pioneer life, and which were a great contrast to her former experiences. The sons living are Ray L. Gaetz, of Smith & Gaetz, Red Deer; Mayor-elect H. H. Gaetz of Red Deer; C. W. Gaetz, of Leduc; F. W. Gaetz, G. F. Gaetz and L. W. Gaetz of Red Deer.

INFLUENZA IN LONDON.

New York, Dec. 22.—A despatch from London reports that influenza of a particularly virulent type is raging there. The lord chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury are barely convalescent: Arthur Balfour and Speaker Lowther are seriously ill.

LARGE SCHOOL BURNED.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—The big Stanislaus Parochial school at Nobel and Bradley streets, was practically destroyed by fire today. Nearly 100 teaching sisters had apartments on the seventh floor and all are reported to have escaped. The loss is $250,000.

YOUR XMAS DINNER DEMANDS

MUMMS CHAMPAGNE

YOUR GROCER SELLS IT

Christmas Music

By BENEDICT BANTLY

The Christmas sentiment could not be better expressed than in the sketch of Washington Irving of which I give an extract:

"Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations.

There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment.

The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring; they dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement; they gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men.

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the peeling organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony."

The singing or carols at Christmas has not yet become of universal practice in our far west country but as with everything else in serious art, it takes time to accomplish, and when humanity will be more settled then will we look more towards the keener delights of the intellect which can only be found in true art.

The history of our own English carols has not yet been exhaustively treated; nor has their music received the attention it deserves.

In no part of the world has the recurrence of Yule-Tide been welcomed with greater rejoicings than in England; and, as a natural consequence the Christmas carol has obtained a firm hold, less upon the taste than the inmost affections of the people.

Yet, not one of our great composers seems to have devoted his attention to this subject.

Possibly the influence of national feeling may have been strong enough, in early times, to exclude the refinements of art from a festival, the joys of which were supposed to be as freely open to the most unlettered peasant as to men of profound learning. But, be that as it may, the fact remains, that the old verses and melodies have been perpetuated among us, for the most part, by the process of tradition alone, without any artistic adornment whatever; and, unless some attempt be made to preserve them, we can scarcely hope that, in these days of change, they will continue much longer in remembrance.

How beautiful and full of sentiment are the Christmas festivities in Germany where in every house there is a Christmas tree—be it ever so small, and when at every occasion when a few friends assemble the candles are lighted and carols sung of which there are unlimited numbers and which raise the pitch of festive enjoyment to that of the keenest delight.

It was with deep interest that I noted the resolutions passed a short time since by the Victoria Musical society to the effect of introducing music in our school system. Now I firmly believe this to be the only means of creating the necessary musical interest in the hearts of our rising generations, and the only hope ever to become a nation of music lovers.

Let us have singing in our schools then we will also in a few years have our carols at Christmas as they have in the old world, and which help to make this beautiful festive season one of great joy and peace.

Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat the drum,
And call all our neighbors together
And when they appear,
Let us make such a cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather.

—OLD SONG.

Cornwall to the Fore.

No section of Canada, says the Chicago British American, has produced a greater number of men who have achieved distinction through great ability in railroad promotion and construction and the management of constructive enterprises than old Cornwall and Glengarry, the home of the Canadian Hielan'man. Prominent among these is Mr. G. R. McLennan, who has recently entered upon his duties as foreman of the Warner Construction Company, one of the great firms in its line in Chicago. Mr. McLennan left his home in Cornwall about fifteen years ago, and since that time forward his efforts in the direction of the building line, have been crowned with success, having been closely connected with some of the greatest building plants in America, such as the Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill.; the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, and latterly, the Sears-Roebeck plant, erected in Chicago about one year ago at a cost of over five million dollars.

ALL MARTIN LUTHER'S FAULT

Saturday Night.

A few years ago Mr. Peter Ryan was promoting the Inverness and Richmond Railway, which now runs through Cape Breton Island. In that section the population is pretty evenly divided between Roman Catholics and Orangemen and feeling sometimes runs high there, though, for the most part, the neighbors live on good terms with each other. Mr. Ryan wanted to secure a bonus from the county for his line and was anxious to have both sides with him. When he appeared before the council he decided to tell them a story which he says is true. He told in eloquent terms of how a poor Irishman was traveling up Smoky mountain in Cape Breton. His horse was old and his waggon overloaded. Behind him up the mountain road came a gentleman driving a light buggy with a fine horse. Seeing the Irishman's predicament he proposed that they exchange horses until they reach the downward slope. The arrangement was carried out and at the turn of the road the Irishman thanked the good Samaritan effusively and demanded his name. The gentleman was Rev. John Forbes, Presbyterian minister at Hopetown.

"The Irishman could not believe it," said Mr. Ryan, "but when convinced he cried out 'Bad cess to you Martin Luther, it's many's the noble man you sent wrong."

The story appealed to everybody and the bonus was granted.

EIGHT-HOUR LAW TEST.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 22.—In the United States circuit court today Judge Dodge imposed a fine of $500 on William Hellis, a contractor, for violating the federal eight-hour law at the Charleston navy yard. The case will now go to the supreme court, chiefly on a constitutional question, the defence contending that congress is not vested with the authority to regulate the hours of labor on public works. This is the first conviction in the country for violation of this law.

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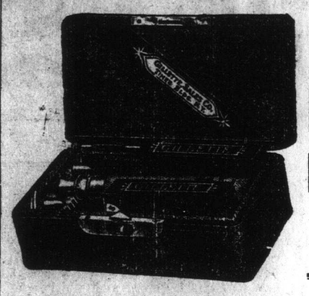

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Carpet Sweepers
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Ever-Ready Safety Razors
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Shaving Brushes
Shaving Mugs
Razor Strops
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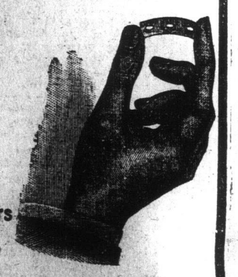

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FELL'S QUALITY PORT, per bottle	$1.50
FELL'S V. O. P., per bottle	$1.00
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