

ECCENTRIC WAGERS.

CURIOUS BETS MADE BY PROMINENT MEN IN OLD LONDON.

A Contest in Masquerading Which Went to the Wrong Man—Bets on Eating and Drinking—But Lord Lorne Won the Best of All These Wagers.

So far as we can go back into the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The Romans had a great inclination for betting, and they had a conventional form of ratifying their contracts, which consisted in taking from their finger the ring, which the higher bidder invariably wore, and giving it to the keeper of some third party. In the old days some very extraordinary bets were made. Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead wagered in the castle yard, York, as to which should assume the most original character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two gentlemen appeared. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of 5 guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold around his head, while a piece of paper bearing the words "John Bull" was attached to his back. Whitehead was dressed like a woman on one side; one half of his face was painted, and he wore a silk stocking and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blackened to resemble that of a negro. On the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy long tailed linen coat, and his leg was cased with leather breeches, with a boot and spur. Much to the astonishment of the crowd, the stakes were awarded to "John Bull."

The Duke of Queensbury laid a singular wager with Sir Charles Bunbury about the end of the last century. The former was to produce a man who was to walk from his grace's house in Piccadilly, London, to the ten mile stone beyond Hounslow in the space of three hours, advancing four steps and every fourth step retiring one step backward. The bet was for £1,000. Most probably the Duke of Queensbury had borrowed the hint from a circumstance recorded in the history of Catherine Medici. This celebrated and beautiful queen made a vow that if an enterprise of consequence in which she was engaged should terminate successfully she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, traveling on foot in the manner described. Having succeeded in her first point, it remained to discover a man with vigor and patience enough to undertake the journey. A citizen of Verberis, Picardy, presented himself and promised most scrupulously to accomplish the vow. He fulfilled his engagement with great precision, of which the queen was well assured by those whom she had appointed to travel by his side and watch his motions.

There was a notorious gambler at the end of the last century who ruined himself finally by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorne. His stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card table, and seizing a large punch bowl said: "For once I'll have a bet when I've got a chance of winning! Odd or even for 15,000 guineas?" "Odd," replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and on the pieces being counted there proved to be an odd one.

The rash gambler paid his 15,000 guineas; but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Here is a record of another wager: A member of parliament bet a gentleman well known on the turf that a man should go from London to Edinburgh in any mode he chose while another made a million of dots with a pen and ink upon writing paper.

Eating and drinking have at all times been the subject of bets, and we hear of a courier, by name Aristocratio Tom of the Old Lion, London, for the trifling bet of a shilling undertook to drink three gills of lamp oil of the most rancid and nauseous quality that could be procured, which he performed with as much gusto and relish as if it had been the most delicious cordial. The money he had won was immediately converted into strong beer, which, with a penny loaf soaked in another portion of oil, he likewise swallowed. About two hours after this repast for another wager he swallowed 30 eggs with the shells in 30 minutes, but the last having a young chicken in it he complained, it spoiled his stomach.

Fests of strength, too, have been a fruitful source of wagering. In 1799 a wager for £50 was made between a Mr. Hopkins and a Mr. Dalton that the latter could not carry 500 sacks of flour weighing 20 stone 30 yards in 15 hours. Mr. Dalton began the undertaking, but there not being a sufficient number of sacks in the town he used one weighing 20 stone 8 pounds, which he carried 250 times each way 21 yards, and, notwithstanding he carried above the weight and the distance one yard more than agreed upon, the feat was performed with great ease in seven hours and 25 minutes.—Chicago Tribune.

Surprised, but Equal to It.

The marshal in a western town had occasion to arrest four or five ugly citizens, and he called on Mr. William J. Smith, better known as Bill, to act as posse comitatus. The offenders were found in a saloon, and Mr. Smith went in there with the sheriff very modestly. The sheriff hadn't more than stated his business when he pulled a pistol and the crowd broke for the back door. The sheriff fired and missed, and Mr. Smith tumbled the hindmost man, the others escaping. Then Mr. Smith looked at the sheriff with a look of pain. "Hi—Jim," he said, "why didn't you tell me you was going to open the mectin with pra' and I'd 'a' had a full house fer you?"—New York Sun.

DEAR DISCIPLINE.

Imprisoned in an absence dress
By Jailer Time
For unknown crime,
Bestowed, I sigh in narrow sphere.
But laughing Love, who looks disdain,
To me brings in
For discipline
A presence which my soul enchains.
Now sweet is my captivity
Then solitude
Does thus include
The one who is most dear to me.
So Pyramus, as I have heard,
His Thibide dear,
Could woo, through neither looks a word.
—Kate Field's Washington.

SAD LIFE OF A BEAUTY.

The Countess of Dudley a Devoted Wife to a Repulsive Husband.

Georgina, countess of Dudley, enjoys the well deserved reputation of being not only one of the most beautiful matrons in London society, but also one of the kindest and most warm hearted of the great ladies of Mayfair. She is a devoted mother and deserves a great amount of credit for the manner in which she has brought up her children and for the devoted care and loyalty which she manifested to her eccentric husband. Until his death her existence was little better than a martyrdom, which she bore with the most exemplary patience and fortitude. The late earl was many years her senior and the reverse of handsome, in addition to which he was in many matters entirely insane, having inherited his madness from his father. All this would have caused many a mother to hesitate before even permitting her daughter to wed such a man, but Lady Dudley's mother, Lady Louisa Moncreiffe, dazzled by the earl's income of over \$3,000,000 a year, forced her lovely daughter to bind herself to him.

The contrast between the beautiful woman and the almost repulsive looking husband who was her constant companion was so startling that it drew forth the hackneyed exclamation of "beauty and the beast" wherever they went. Had Lord Dudley been less wealthy he would inevitably have been confined in a madhouse, but even during the closing years of his life Lady Dudley never permitted him to be considered as insane, although he sometimes experienced lucid moments. Lady Dudley was the second wife of the late earl and has seven children, six sons and one daughter.—Philadelphia Press.

A Tough Manxman.

I'm a Manxman, and I have inherited a rugged constitution. I seldom wear gloves even in your winters, and much of the time I go without an overcoat. For many years I followed the sea, and I had one adventure that few would have lived to tell of. It was a midnight of December when I was ordered aloft to stow the main royal, and before I knew what I was about I fell from the yardarm into the sea. No one on deck had noticed my fall, and apparently no one had heard my cry, for the ship kept right on. There I was, with heavy boots and a heavy coat, alone amid the waves of the Atlantic. You may not believe me, but I did not feel greatly alarmed. I managed to get out of my boots and coat, and then I began to swim to keep myself afloat. Somehow I felt that I should be saved. We had passed a vessel about sunset, and I thought she'd come along and pick me up. I had been a good swimmer all my life, and I kept afloat till daybreak, when that other vessel did come along and fish me out, four hours after I fell in. We got into New York three days after my ship arrived, and when I came aboard, as she lay at her wharf, my mates took me for a ghost.—New York Sun.

Truthful.

"General Grant was," says General Horace Porter in McClure's Magazine, "without exception the most absolutely truthful man I ever encountered in public or private life. He was not only truthful himself, but he had a horror of untruth in others." An anecdote illustrates this trait.

One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to congress, a card was brought in by a servant.

An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the president did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the president is not in."

General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair and cried out to the servant:

"Tell him no such thing! I don't lie myself, and I don't want any one to lie for me!"

A Scrap of Paper.

Not long ago, says a writer in The Realm, I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away," I answered, astonished. "Ah! Well, this is what I do with it," said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick round and round, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil and out of sight. "The Duke of Buccleugh taught me to do that," he said as we resumed our walk. "It is good for the ground."

Sheridan and Waterloo.

An American gentleman recently went over the field of Waterloo with a guide who boasted that he escorted General Sheridan over the scene of Napoleon's great defeat. "What did Napoleon say?" asked my friend. "Oh, nothing," he said. "He must have said something." "Well, he only said, 'It was a good place for a fight.'"

In Zante, one of the Ionian Isles, there is a petroleum spring that is mentioned by Herodotus. It has been known for nearly 5,000 years.

Port Wayne was named after General Anthony Wayne.

THE PILLOW CRAZE.

IT BRINGS COMFORT AND BANISHES FORMALITY.

Soft, Pluffy Cushions Are in Demand For Chairs, Couches and Cozy Corners—These Restful Affairs May Be Gorgeous and Costly or Simple and Inexpensive.

A pleasing fashion, which it is devoutly hoped has come to stay, is the one that demands numberless pillows and cushions of all sorts, shapes and sizes. The advent of the cushion and comfort in an air of restfulness and coziness where formerly severity and stiffness prevailed. Indeed few ornares have resulted in such beneficent effects. These inanimate comforters have proved a boon alike to old and young regardless of sex. Pillows and cushions are by no means restricted to cozy corners in a lady's boudoir and family lounging or sitting room. Bachelors' apartments afford a rich and varied assortment, the number having noticeably increased since the fad for souvenir spoons gave way to the craze for souvenir pillows.

A generous supply of shapely pillows scattered about imparts an air of comfort to the least inviting of rooms. Up



THE ROSE CUSHION.

to date women know this, and consequently these soft, pluffy affairs are lavishly placed on couches, chairs and sofas, while floor cushions are conveniently located in front of high seats and in corners adjoining the fireplace. In a word, one cannot have too many of these comforters about the house. When the materials have an eye to decorative effect, she varies the shape and the coverings, and herein lies a large field for the exercise of artistic taste.

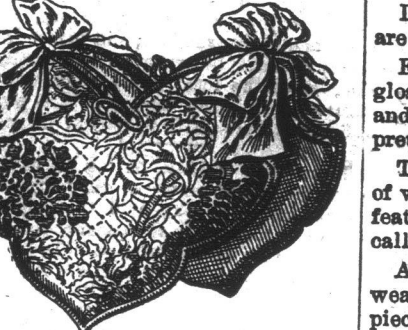
In selecting the materials for covering pillows and cushions everything depends on the wear and tear these affairs are to encounter. Cushions for parlor and other formal rooms demand dainty materials and more elaborate decorations than do those for the much used sitting room or nursery. Where elegance as well as comfort is demanded, silk faced velvet, satin and India silks, with embroideries and laces, combine to make ornamental effects as well as cozy resting places in the apartment.

An effective pillow is one covered with openwork scroll, with rows of ribbon placed upon the plain stripes, made over a contrasting cushion with ruffe of sheer lace surrounding the whole. An India silk pillow is a very pleasant one to lay one's face against, and when selected with due regard to harmonious coloring the effect is very satisfactory. A very airy effect is gained with a gradation of yellow tints—say, for example, a yellow silk cushion, finished with three ruffles of silk, each softer than the other and one degree lighter in shade than the cushion, these ruffles to be all set in the seam.

Quite out of the ordinary are the rose cushions, made in crapes and gauze of any desired color. Another unique affair is a cushion and chair back combined, now that crocheted openwork is in vogue, and the crocheted openwork is usually finished with a ruffe of the same color.

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The ever popular denims afford the most serviceable material for the marking of all sorts of cushions and pillows. Denim possesses the additional merit of withstanding the laundry, an important item when the pillows are in constant use. Blue denim enhanced with bands of Irish point embroidery is decidedly pleasing in effect. Denim pillows are also decorated with what is known as novelty braid embroidery. The novelty braid is composed of openwork medals.



CUSHION AND CHAIR BACK COMBINED.

Lines having plects or loops on each side and connected by narrow closely woven strips. The pattern selected, the braid is fastened down with sewing silk. Gold and silver braid embroidery is sometimes employed on denim; but, as a rule, this style of ornamentation is reserved for material that cannot be laundered.

Floor cushions are dividing favor with the regulation footstool, but they have not banished this old time convenience. Many of these cushions are simply immense pillows, usually square in form and covered with some heavy serviceable material, while others are

mounted on frames furnished with casters for convenience in moving about.

While cushions are those made of feathers, they are also made of more expensive materials, one of which would furnish liberal contents for half a dozen or more sofa and chair pillows.

Generally speaking, unless one has cause to trust her judgment in the selection of colors, it is suggested that these lesser articles of ornament and comfort be covered with material that is quiet and unobtrusive in tone. Brilliant hues are seldom used by the uninitiated with artistic effect unless it chances some sober covered chair or couch. A bright red cushion on a slate colored chair would prove pleasing, for instance, but unless one is quite certain that a high color will harmonize with the surroundings it is wiser to select quiet hues that will prove inoffensive, if not artistically correct.

ALICE VARNUM.

FEATURES OF FASHION.

Popularity of Separate Waists and Crepon Skirts—Fabrics For Evening Gowns.

One of the leading features of the season's fashions is the black crepon skirt which appears on all occasions, at all hours, and has completely usurped the black more so popular last year. It is usually devoid of all trimming, the smartness of the costume being contributed by the bodice. This fad for waists differing from the skirt promises an indefinite extension and will blossom out in fresh varieties as the season advances. The skill of the dressmaker seems likely to be taxed to the utmost in the varied phases of the modern skirt. The latest decree in Paris is that the skirts of morning dresses shall be short enough to clear the ground, and made with no fullness at the waist, either at the back or sides. They must be fitted very carefully around the hips and stand out at the back. Another variety of skirt originating in Paris has three box plaits in the back, which meet, and three in front, which are separated. Three bands of guipure embroidery ending in rosettes of trim this skirt.

Cloth dresses are still much worn and will be until warm weather makes them an impossibility. As has been intimated, separate waists are rather increasing in elegance than showing any sign that their popularity is waning. A simple and at the same time stylish bodice, illustrated in the



A SIMPLE BUT STYLISH BODICE.

New York Sun, affords a pleasing model in this direction. It may be made of soft silk falling into the belt back and front. The neck is cut low and well off from the shoulders in the Victorian style and is edged with a bertha of lace. A band of ribbon extends from under each arm to the shoulders, where it forms a rosette.

Diaphanous materials, such as tulle, chiffon, mousseline de soie and spangled net, are the most popular for ball gowns and are usually made over satin of the same color. Many pretty gowns of the latest evening gowns, especially for young ladies.

Evening gowns may be simple or as elegant as money can make them, but one is quite as fashionable as the other. Tulle dresses are made with one, two or three layers filled over a gored satin skirt. Violet tulle is a favorite, and baby warts trimmed at the neck and belt with silver galloon are the prevailing style of bodice. Narrow wreaths of flowers are also a pretty neck finish. Chiffon and tulle are favorite materials with young girls for evening wear.

Fashion Echoes.

Sleeves continue to be very conspicuous. It is told that skirts of gorgeous plaids are to be in style.

French glace silks, very soft and glossy, are among the new spring goods, and these come in brilliant plaids and pretty pompadour effects.

The velvet, dented crown, with a band of velvet in front and clusters of ostrich feathers at the sides, is a Parisian fancy called the Henri III hat.

A little bonnet for evening or day wear is simply a round visor shaped piece, possibly four or five inches deep in the widest place, covered with black velvet and trimmed on the edge. This piece is close to the head and well back, where there are tiny black ostrich tips standing out at either side with a wing effect and bows of black velvet for a finish.

For the bicycle a great variety of costumes have been designed and diverse opinions expressed as to their merits, and among them is the zouave dress, with loose trousers, a Norfolk jacket Paris.

Black stockings are still in the lead, but white and colors to match the materials of dress are in high favor and are a "good second."

BURNARD OF PUNCH.

Chat With a Man Who Furnishes Alleged Humors Once a Week.

When I wrote F. C. Burnard asking him to grant an interview, I did it with trepidation, having heard that he objected to the modern inquisition of the interviewer. My eloquence evidently prevailed, however, for he replied that I might have the satisfaction of executing my editorial commission. It could only be a "sketchy" affair, as at the present time he was so very busy that his leisure moments were few and precious. As probably I knew as much about him as was necessary, I should let him off easily.

I had to be contented with merely catching a glimpse of him in his comfortable study at the "Boltona." He was preparing to start off for the Savoy, where he was occupied in rehearsing his new piece.

"Of the many comic papers Punch is decidedly the only one that appears to excite a vague, mysterious interest in the bosom of the reading public. What is the cause, Mr. Burnard?"

"Probably the hebdomadally dinner, at which it is supposed, no doubt, that the jokes are handed round to be digested."

"When was Punch started?"

"Punch was started in 1841, a year of three eventful P's—the introduction of penny postage and the birth of the press. It was to be a comic chronicle of the times."

"And its first editors?"

"Were Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor."

In their identical chair now sits Mr. Burnard, who no doubt, through his other works, is better known to the general public than his predecessors. Francis Cowley Burnard was born on Nov. 28, 1838. His very earliest years showed a promise of literary talent. At Etton his little plays were acted in his tutor's room, and at the age of 14 his "Guy Fawkes' Day" was produced at Wetherby. He carried his energies on to Cambridge, where he founded the A. D. C., which still flourishes.

Mr. Burnard quite made up his mind that the church should be his profession. And from reading at Cuddesdon he passed to St. Charles' seminary to study under the late Cardinal (then Dr. Manning), which resulted in his discovering that the cure of souls was not his vocation. His earliest contribution to Punch dates back to 1855, when he sent in a drawing which was reproduced by the great John Leech. Though the stage has him, journalism's great attraction for him, journalism's great claims him as one of its successful lights. With what other papers was he connected? He once edited a small paper, The Glowworm. He contributed a good deal to Fun. In fact, it was through Fun not seeing his idea of a literary joke that brought him directly in connection with Punch.

"What was the idea?" I asked him.

"The burlesquing of popular novels of the day. Of these 'Mokanna' appeared in Punch Feb. 21, 1858. It was attributed to Thackeray. The idea regularly caught on, and soon after that I joined the staff, on which for a long time, owing to my youth, I was called 'The New Boy.'"

The new and original style of "Happy Thoughts" won him popularity as a true wit. Its very simplicity of quaint humor appealed to all. "Happy Thoughts" and Burnards are synonymous, and not undeservedly so. The same keen sense of humor runs through every line of his writing.

"When did you become editor?" was my next question.

"I succeeded to the editorial chair in 1880. Though a poet of honor, the life of an editor of a comic journal is not exactly a happy one, for many people seem to imagine that a joke has only to be made, and it becomes 'good enough for Punch!' The home of the feeble funny story lies in the waste paper basket of The Punch office."—London Sketch.

"Shoes Half Soled While You Wait."

"Your shoes half soled while you wait" is a Seventh Avenue sign which recalls many pleasant memories to the man who was raised in the back country and paid periodical visits to the crossroads oolier during boyhood days.

The face of an old man with all of his hair on his chin, and that white with age and streaked with tobacco juice, sitting on a low shoemaker's bench in the little back kitchen of a log house in the woods rises before me as I pass. I smell the sole leather soaking in the tub near the red hot kitchen stove and hear the play of the shining hammer as the old man beats the stiff cowhide on his knee. And such knees! Many a time have I seen him crack walnuts on them with no other protection than his shoemaker's apron. The old man always performed that trick for my boyish edification as I sat metaphorically at his feet of a cold winter's night and my shoes were being half soled while I waited. It seemed to give him as much pleasure as it did me.

He was a philosopher who had seen much of the great world and had retired from it to the low cabin in the backwoods of northern Indiana, and as he drove the boxwood pegs home with certain aim he awoke in me the overmastering desire to see some of that same world on my own account. He seemed to me to know everything worth knowing and scrupled not to part with the slightest fraction of that knowledge upon the slightest provocation. The shoe pegs or trifling materiality with his volubility. Nothing ever disturbed his good humor.

That was 40 years ago, but I remember the deeply sympathetic glance from the mild blue eyes of the old shoemaker as he turned them from the shoe he was trimming and bent them upon me one night after I had given crude expression to a desire to "see the world."

"You'll be disappointed, boy. There's nothing in it."—New York Herald.

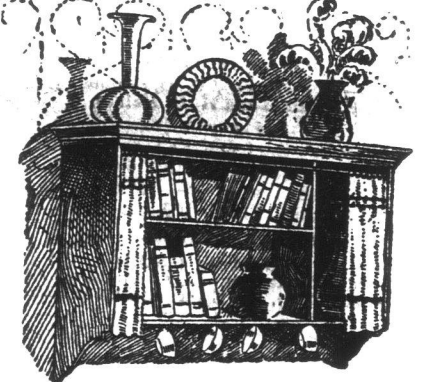
The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

EVOLUTION OF A BOX.

WITH INGENUITY AND PAINT IT BECOMES FURNITURE.

Many Sizes and Kinds of Boxes May Be Employed—Detailed Instructions For Making a Hanging Cabinet and a Standing Bookcase.

The possibilities lurking in ordinary boxes, such as shoes, soap or canned goods are packed in, are beyond the imagination of the uninitiated. These boxes can be made into attractive pieces of furniture with the addition of putty and paint, brass rods and draperies. A hanging cabinet for books or bric-a-brac, or both, may be fashioned from the boards of a dry goods box. The case when finished should be about 80 inches long and 18 inches high from the bottom shelf to the top of the cornice molding and about 7 to 8 inches deep. It may be backed with boards or left open if desired. It should be provided with a shelf in the middle and a division at



A WALL CABINET.

one side, the lower ends of the sides being allowed to project below the bottom of the case and out in bracketshape.

A strip of cornice molding should cap the cabinet all around the top. With several coats of paint of some desirable shade and the addition of a small brass rod, from which curtains may be suspended, the bookcase will be completed. A few brass hooks can be screwed under the bottom shelf, on which tapers or other articles may be hung.

A convenient and decorative bookcase may be made from a wooden shoebox and a square wooden box such as canned goods come in, the boxes to be screwed fast side by side and a cornice molding nailed around the top of each. Shelves should then be arranged the proper distance apart to receive books of regular size, and six wooden balls made and arranged under the case to raise it up from the floor. The rough parts of the wood should be rubbed smooth with sandpaper and all the nailholes puttied up, after which the inside and outside of the case should be painted to har-



A HOME MADE BOOKCASE.

monize with other furniture in the room. With the addition of brass rods and some light curtains, some books arranged on the shelves and bric-a-brac on top, the standing bookcase will form an attractive and useful piece of furniture.

The foregoing descriptions are only two out of several suggested and illustrated in The Ladies' Home Journal, with a view to assisting in tastefully furnishing homes. If the reader is not equal to handling hammer, saw and paintbrush, any carpenter will find it an easy matter to duplicate the models here described. These patterns will suggest to inventive minds other forms and combinations with boxes of varying sizes.

The driving park has been leased by the company to Mr. B. Stanley, who will make several very much needed changes in and around Victoria's race track. One of the attractions the new lease intends to add is a steepchase track suitable for gymkhanas races.

Miss Fanny Lawson arrived last night from Pender Island to spend the Easter holidays with her father, Mr. Henry Lawson.

WESTON, Ont., April 9.—The Weston woolen mills closed down yesterday, throwing 200 employees out of work.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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