They Bore Themselves Well-Passed Their Sovereign Like Men Conscious of Having Done Their Duty Well.

(London Daily Express.) "I am very glad to see you here to day and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadian troops.

"I wish you all a safe and happy re turn to your homes." In these words the Queen thanked Canada at Windsor Castle yesterday for the magnificent services in the field of the Royal Canadian Regiment of In-

fantry. The valor before Cronje's laager, the stiff fights, the memory of the fallen and tender solicitude for the wounded were all concentrated in the few womanly words which the Sovereign spoke softly to the hardy men of the western flank of our far-flung battle line.

The scene was memorable even for Royal Windsor. The magnificent quadrangle within the gate of St. George was filled with martial mankind, representative of Canada's best and bravest, and certainly the smartest colonial section

ever seen in the home country. The Queen, who is a keen judge of militant worth, especially marked her approval of the men with that pleasant nod of the head which has always been the outward and recognized sign of her royal pleasure.

The Canadians-255 strong-left by special Great Western train from Ad dison road, and reached Windsor at

11.20. As the train steamed into the sta tion the Grenadier Guards' band saluted the men to the strains of Canada's patriotic song, The Maple Leaf.

Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge welcomed Colonel Otter on behalf of the Queen, and the mayor of Windsor tendered a few words of welcome ere the Guards played the men up Castle Hill amid a wild scene of enthusiasm.

PAARDEBERGERS IN LINE.

Passing under St. George's gate with martial swing, the battalion formed into line on the quadrangle facing the York and Lancaster Tower, where Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge and Lord Edward Pelham-Chnton received them prior to the Queen's arrival.

The long brown line of warriers looked strikingly picturesque amid the gray towers round about, and moved with a swing and a rythm worthy of the finest regular tropps.

'Fix bayonets!' cried Co and with a flash and a rattle the little "cheese knives" which charged at Paardeberg leaped into a long line of glittering steel to the rifle tops, and

all was ready. The Queen was helped into her carriage in the portico by a Highland gillie, and, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the beautiful

Princess Alice of Albany, drove into the quadrangle as the big clock chimed "Royal Canadians! Present arms!" The mandate rang through the old square of St. George's, which is se reminiscent of the legions of the past, and the new legion of a greater era

came down to the "present" with a "click" of Guards-like precision. A great volume of sound swelled on the air as the national anthem thun dered forth from the band.

It was, indeed, a splendid scenescene which has never been surpassed under the shadow of the York Tower where the Queen has so often honored her sons of the sword

The battalion moved to the right and passed the Queen in column of fours, with arms sloped and bayonets gleaming. The battalion passed to the air of Vive la Canadiene."

These stalwart Manitobans and ranchers of the Northwest strode past their sovereign with splendid mien, like men conscious of pride of birth and origin, and of duty done for freedom and the flag.

A WOUNDED WARRIOR. Corporal Armstrong, minus a leg. hobbled on his crutches alongside his comrades, and the Queen immediately

gave an order to have the wounded soldier presented later. The battalion formed in quarter column and advanced towards the

royal carriage in review order.

They swung up, a solid phalanx of strapping khaki-clad figures, with sun-tanned faces, crowned with a ferest of glittering steel, and halted with the front company close to the carri-

A grand spectacle they presented, and seldom, if ever, has a more warlike body stood at attention before royalty.

Colonel Otter was presented, and commanded to dine, and the other officers were brought to her majesty's notice. Her majesty then addressed Col one! Otter as follows:

I am very glad to see you here to day and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadian troops. I wish you all a safe and happy re-

turn to your homes. "Madam" replied Colonel Otter, "we are only too proud to fight for the flag under which we have been born, exist and hope to live."

to the carriage, and the Queen asked after his health. "I am quite well, madam," he said. "Where did you lose your leg?" in-

Corporal Armstrong next limped up

quired the Queen. "At Olifantfontein, madam," replied the corporal, smiling with happiness at

from? continued her majesty, tenderly. "From St. John, New Brunswick," he replied, then added, "My father is Lieut. Colonel Armstrong in that

sympathetically, and added a command that he might have a chair. Then, at the call of their gallant

sionel of four empire wars, the Candians took off their helmets and riped out three ear-splitting salvoes of ering, marched past the Queen again on their way out, dined in the iding school, saw the apartments, were photographed for the royal album, and returned to Kensington barracks from Windsor at three, radian and happy with the special recognition which has distinctly been theirs.

(Tuesday's Globe.)

According to letters received, the Constantinople incident referred to in Monday's Globe passed off without any serious consequences, although at one time it looked as if the little band of six British travellers were going to be pitted against the whole Turkish na-There is a strong antipathy tion. among the Turks at present to the English, owing, it is said, to the control of Egypt by the latter; hence the Turk makes it very disagreeable for British travellers. In fact, it is hardly safe for a Britisher to travel, as any moment he is liable to be insulted. One redeeming feature about the Britisher is that, no matter what the consequences may be, he will not stand by and see the weaker sex abused without taking a hand in defence of her. One of the party, in writing of the insident referred to, under date of Constantinople, Nov. 8, says: "The English are hated here and insulted at every opportunity. When in Cook's office this morning a Turk struck an English lady in the face. I immediately knocked him down, and for a time it looked as if we English had got into serious trouble. There are six of us booked to go in the steamer at 4 p. m. with Cook's party, and although we have for three days made repeated applications to the Turkish embassy for our teskeres (or permission to travel), the same have not been granted to us, while the Americans and other nationalities have been granted theirs at once. We are all going to the English consul to demand assistance." Under date of Nov. 11th, on board the steamer Beirout, the same writer says: "When I last wrote you we were going to the The English consul for assistance." writer then goes on to describe his interview with the consul, and it would seem, too, that that official was imbued with the regular Oriental excuse of "tomorryw," for no matter how the party argued with him and pointed out how they wanted to catch the boat that was going to depart in an hour or so, he had some excuse for delay. Finding it impossible to get him to move, a request was made to send a small escort of gendarmes with the travellers from the hotel to the boat. This was pro nised, and the travellers, without further mishap, passed out of Constantinople, and no doubt they shook the dust off their feet as a menace to the place. The writer tells many interesting things about his visit to Rhodes, and describes many of the relics of the days of the Crusaders now

to be seen in that historical place. PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Jamieson Talks About the I. C. R.'s New Elevator.

(Montreal Gazette, 16th.) J. A. Jamleson, the elevator builder, returned from St. John, N. B., yesterday, and reports that, although things are not as lively as last year, there is a good deal of stuff being shipped from that port. He says two steamers were loaded last week, the Alcides, of the Donaldson line, and the Manchester Commerce, of the Manchester line, the first named taking 106,000 bushels of corn, and about 40,000 bushels of oats, while corn, and about 40,000 bushels of bass, wheat and corn. These ships were loaded at the Intercolonial terminus, and loaded at the Intercolonial terminus, and the new elevator, with a capacity of 690,000 bushels, worked to perfection. He says the conveyor, which crosses the street tracks, etc., is one-third of a mile in length, and ran from the start without a single hitch. Twelve to sixteen thousand bushels can be handled an hour. The elevator, the first day it was started, ran all the forenoon without stopping, and it only stopped in the without stopping, and it only stopped in the afternoon for the purpose of trimming the boat and to change hatches. The Canadian Pacific's elevator, he adds, has a capacity of 1,000,000. Mr. Jamieson says that the company are doing a good deal of work, although the uncertainty of the situation between the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific authorities was probably the means of slacking business somewhat. For instance, the C. P. R. elevator was full at the beginning of the season last year, while this year there was not a bushel at the opening of the season. The elevator business rithout stopping, and it only stopped in the this year there was not a bushel at the opening of the season. The elevator business has not been very good the past year, owing to the limited crop in the Northwest, and for certain other reasons, but he looks for better business in 1901. He thinks it also likely that the proposed elevators to be erected by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the W. W. Ogilvie Milling Co. at Fort William will be proceeded with during the coming season.

THE BRITISH CABINET.

Lord Salisbury's fourth cabinet will con sist of the surprising number of twenty ministers. Lord Londonderry, Mr. Hanbury and Gerald Balfour all having taken cabinet rank. The complete list of appointments is now as follows: Marquis of Salisbury, prime minister and

lord privy seal.

Duke of Devonshire, lord president of the Marquis of Lansdowne, secretary of war. Marquis of Londonderry, postmaster gen-eral or president of the board of agricul-

Earl of Selborne, first lord of the admir Earl of Halsbury, lord chancellor. Earl Cadogan, lord lieutenant of Ireland. Lord James of Hereford, chancellor

duchy Lord Ashbourne, ford chancellor of Ire Lord George Hamilton, secretary for In-Lord Balfour of Burleigh, secretary for

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the A. J. Balfour, first lord of the treasury Mr. Chamberlain, secretary for the co Mr. Ritchie, secretary for the home de-

Mr. Brodrick, secretary for war. Mr. Akers-Douglas, first commiss Gerald Balfour, president of the board o Walter Long, president of the local government board.
Mr. Hanbury, president of the board of agriculture or postmaster general.

PUT WATER IN THE WHISKEY. Then Paid the Penalty According Kentucky's Code.

At Cressroads, near Greensburg, Ky., Tom Caihoun last week shot and killed Tildem Marrs. Calhoon and Marrs were both sent by a man named Price for a half pint of whiskey. Marrs got both bottles, after which he took a drink out of Calhoon's bottle, and, filling it up with water, gave it back to Price, who delivered it to Calhoon, telling him what Marrs had done. This greatly incensed Calhoon, who at once started to look for Marrs, finding him near the church door, where services were being held. He drew his pistol and fired a shot, which took effect in Marrs' head, and from which he died instantly.

"Shall I order dinner for you?" asked the official of the jury, while the twelfth man was holding out against the eleven. "Yes," replied one of the eleven," make it eleven dirners and a bale of hay."

KING OF FOX HUNTERS.

William Brown, New Located On Wards' Creek, Kings Co.

THAT CONSTANTINOPLE EPISODE Tells the Sun Something About Hi Success As a Trapper—Sells His

Pelts in St. John.

William Brown, a veteran Main guide and trapper, who has been operating in Kings County, with head quarters at Ward's Creek, since April last, makes occasional visits to St. John to dispose of his furs, although, he says, Sussex dealers now pay as good as city prices. New Brunswick, or at least that part of the province where he now resides, is pronounced by Mr. Brown to be far ahead of the State of Maine for his business. Hounds are extensively used in the Maine forests, despite the efforts of the game wardens to crush out this illegal practice, and these animals play havoc with the trapper's work, carry ing off the traps as well as foxes. In New Brunswick, on the other hand, the hound is an unknown quantity. Mr. Brown, when in his backwoods toggery, is a veritable "leatherstocking" of the Fennimore Cooper brand. He knows every foot of Maine woods, but is more at home in Kennebe County than any other part of the

Talking to the Sun the other day at the Union station, Mr. Brown said he had no desire to figure in print any more. He had been repeatedly interviewed by Maine newspapers and had acquired more notoriety in that line than he ever expected. He was in New Brunswick for dollars and cents, and not for the purpose of talking. Yes, said the veteran trapper-guide, while I have had good fortune at home, I like the prospects here very much. You see, a man gets tired hunting over the same ground year after year, and longs for a change. I have got a change this time, and I guess when I get through here I will push on into Nova Scotia, where, I hear, there are some fine openings in my line. I have been 20 years a trapper, and I like the work now even better than when I first took

it up. What have I done since I came to Ward's Creek? Well, it was all new ground, and I had to study it out. But I have no cause to complain. I have already caught 56 foxes, 45 coons, 30 skunks and some other things. I am satisfied. I intend to remain till next spring. That was last year's catch. 'Wait till you see us next year," said Mr. Brown with a smile.

Where is your best ground around Wards creek? Excuse me, please, I am I away my business just now. How do I manage to get so many skins whereever I go? Well, now, in the first place I am an old-fashioned trapper and my success is not due to what people are pleased to call good luck. I know some things that the average hunter does not. Carnegie says he made his millions in the iron trade by application to business. That is the way with me. I think out things while I am working. Foxes are cute and sly, and a lazy man can't make his salt trying to catch them. You may laugh, but any old woodsman will tell you there is nothing like a fox scent, if you have the right kind. This scent, when sprinkled upon the bait that is left in the trap will, by virtue of its peculiar odor, attract towards and almost invariably alluie into the trap any unfortunate Raynard that may chance to pass that way. The preparation of scent I use is known to Canadian and frontier trappers in the west as the "Skofield scent." It seems that the originator or discoverer of the formula by which the liquid is made, was one Skofield, an old trapper, who years ago lived in Northern Vermont, and who gave the secret to my brother, who, years after, imparted it to me. have used it with phenomenal success wherever I have been, and so great has its reputation become in Maine, Ver-

mont and other New England states that I receive letters every week asking for the secret. Vaughn, the wellknown Moosehead Lake guide; Toney, of Deblois, Washington Co.; Pobbins, of Milton, and other crack Maine trappers have paid me big money for the secret. Anyone writing to me at Ward's Creek Post office will receive a prompt answer about the scent and how I use it. Of course I don't give

the article away. I sell it. Mrs. Brown is residing at Ward's Creek and, while her husband is trapping and attending to business, assists in curing the pelts, &c. She is quite an artist with brush and pencil, and some of her sketches of pretty spots where she has been are gems in their

Like New Brunswick? Yes, first rate. If I can only get a few black foxes this winter I will be almost a millionaire. Coal has jumped high; but not a circumstance to the advance in the price of black fox skins within a very recent period.

EXPRESS THEIR APPRECIATION.

The board of home missions for the Baptists of New Brunswick passed the following resolution:

"That whereas, Bro. G. O. Gates, D. D., the efficient secretary of the home mission board for the Baptists of New Brunswick, has found it necessary, in view of his early removal from this city and province, to resign his positions as officer and member of this

board: "Therefore resolved. That this board express its appreciation of his invaluable services that, in spite of great pressure of other work, were cheerfully rendered, and express also its hope that for many years to come he will be continued to be used by God in the work of the divine kingdom."

Definite steps are to be taken at once to establish in Maine a state sanitorium for consumptives. An association is to be incorporated, and already 150 me obers are pledged for the charter

A SONG in St. Martins. (By One of Their Number,)

Oh, how we love the temperance cause;
"Tis dearer to our hearts than gold;
For years we've worked for temperance I. None more fearless, strong and bold.

Chorus—
We work for the cause till election day,
And then we work for Laurier;
O Laurier! Dear Laurier;
You care not huw we preach and pray
If we vote for you on election day. We all remember the plebiscite,
'Twas in September of ninety-eight
In that battle we did fight,
Both rich and poor, both small and great

'Tis true we said in that great fight
We would not vote for you
If you did not give us our lawful rights,
As you promised us you would do:
Chorie

Our company, I shrink to say, Is not the kind we'd choose; But Laurier dear we must obey, That votes you may not lose.

Cherus.

With us you do not preach nor pray,
Nor bow down at our shrine.
Your cause you hold from day to day,
But we are ever thine.
Chorus.

Now election day is o'er,
We'll work in the temperance cause,
We'll work again as we did before,
I'm get good temperance laws.

THE PRIME MINISTER. Lord Salisbury is an enigms. He cultivates public opinion to the extent of shaping his policy to make it acceptable to the great body of Englishmen, to that nebulous but yet well-defined quantity, "the man in the street," but for individual opinions he cares absolutely nothing. And the curious contradiction of his character is shown in that while he wants the man in the street to approve of what he does, if the man objects Lord Salisbury goes about his business in his own way, and trusts to himself to gain approval later on. Most statesmen when in doubt send up a ballon d'essai to test the sentiment of the country. Not so when in doubt send up a ballon d'essai to test the sentiment of the country. Not so with Lord Salisbury. He lets no inkling of his purpose be known until it is fait accom-pli; then he calmiy tells the Empire what he pli; then he calmly tells the Empire what the has done, and takes it for granted that the country will accept it as another evidence of his statesmanship. He knows that his political opponents will denounce him in any event, and he never cares what his opponents say. The Salisbury philosophy is that nts say. The Salisbury philosophy ents say. The Salisbury philosophy is that somehow or other things will come out all right in the end, and that the special providence which has the keeping of the British Empire in its possession will enable the government to "muddle through"—to use the expression coined by a member of the present cabinet—and somehow or other, not due to any special diplomatic skill or extraordinary advoitness, the government does manage to muddle through as often to its own surto muddle through, as often to its own sur-prise as to that of its adversaries. Lord Salisbury is a pupil of Beaconsfield, and to some extent patterns after his protot 4. Maurice Low, in Harper's Weekly.

THE END OF THE TAIL TWISTER.

(No. Y. Commercial Advertiser.)
It should not be forgotten that this campaign has buried almost beyond hope of resurrection the tail-twisting bogey that has surrection the tail-twisting bogey that has been a quadrennial nuisance for more than fifty years. Hatred of England, and party appeal based on it, may not have died out, but as elements of real political consequence they have ceased to exist. In this election, the republican platform and the republican speakers treated them as negligible quantities. This is a gain of great importance, especially when it is recalled what tail-twisting has been done in the past, and how the dregs of a decaying prejudice were fished up by Bryanite orators who sought to put new life into them. Four or five old camnew life into them. Four or five old camnew life into them. Bryanite orators who sought to put fe into them. Four or five old cam-rs will no more be feared and reckpaigners will no more be leared and reck-oned with as they have been. They are the man who scents a corruption fund of Brit-ish gold, the man who sees British guns pointing at us from Esquimault and Halifax, the discerner of British treachery in every profession of friendship, and the well knowled figure that reminds us with mechanical states. lay figure that reminds us with mechanical iteration that the British foreign office never sleeps. The oppressor of Ireland, too, is no lerger useful as campaign ammunition. What a clearing away of old debris! And what a clearing away of old debris! And we owe it to an administration that disregarded the virulent abuse that was poured out on impartial friendliness toward a kindred nation. This courage and justice of the president and the republican party has distinctly added to the fund of sensible good distinctly added to the fund of sensible good feeling between this country and Great Bri-

PATER CONCERTINAS. Shiploads of Rubbish Bound for South

When the long-looked-for end of the war arrives, it is to be feared that the simple-minded peasant of South Africa will suffer a good deal from the unscrupulous merchant and commercial traveller. Already shiploads upon shiploads of the veriest rubbish imaginable are waiting to be poured into the country, not only from all parts of the Continent and America, but from Great Britain as well.

tain as well.

Articles of such vital importance as grain for sowing, and vegetable and other seeds have been manipulated by the German adulterator in a shameful manner. Husks, dirt. terator in a shameful manner. Husks, dirt sweepings, weed seeds, and every conceivable kind of refuse have been done up into packets with a sprinkling of the genuin seed, packed in covers printed in the English language, and labelled in a cruelly sarcastic manner, "Specially selected for South African cultivation."

Another German contribution is a lot of imperfect hass-bound family Bibles, with

Another German contribution is a lot comperfect brass-bound family Bibles, with colored plates of the worst possible workmanship and design. It is supposed that a ready market for these will be found among the Boers.

With a view to promoting perfect harmoney, several consignments of new and

With a view to promoting perfect harmoney, several consignments of new and second-hand pianos are undergoing special preparation. That these will survive the sea voyage is quite possible, or even probable, but the condition and tone in which they will arrive at a destination a few hundred miles inland is difficult to imagine.

A concoction which brother Boer is expected to purchase in large quantities is a vile-smelling compound prepared by a French chemist, and said to possess the wonderful properties of curing bad tempered

wonderful properties of curing bad tempered horses, taming wild beasts, and snaring birds. All these subtle powers are derived from its potent odor, which is disagreeable er cugh to kill a wild beast, to say nothing of taming it.

of taming it.

Fertilizers, composed principally of coadust, ready-made clothes rotten with dye, hunting knives made of scrap iron, glit clocks warranted for twenty-four hours, German concertinas with paper bellows, and machinery made up of odd pieces and parts, are only a few of the articles that will flood our newly-acquired territory as soon as an our newly-acquired territory as soon as an opportunity offers.

A DEMOCRATIC KING.

A democrat on the throne is King Leope a man who, if he had not been born with a mown on his head, would have been every-body's favorite. As it is, he is King of the body's favorite. It is the property of the restrictions which, hedge a king. He will turn up everythere to rid himself of that misfortune by interesting himself for that misfortune by interesting himself for as s.mple and homely as a man can be with a court tied to his coat-tails. No king, perhaps, of our time makes such desperate efforts to rid himself of the restrictions which hedge a king. He will turn up everythere hedge a king. He will turn up everythere hedge a king. which hedge a king. He will turn up every-

which hedge a king. He will turn up everywhere, at the most unexpected times and the most unexpected times and the most unexpected places.

Cnly the other day a Paris policeman stopped him for furiously driving a motor car. And always wherever he goes, he leaves his book of cignity at home. At the races at Auteuil, a week or two ago, he waited his turn at the turnstile with the crowd, refusing offers of precedence made by some Parisians who recognized him, and one can well believe the familiar story which tells tow, one day, the King of the Belgians was near the gate of his cestle when two American girls took him for his own head gardener.

gardener.

"Would he show them round?"

"With all the pleasure in the world." And so the three went round the gardens. "I am taking the liberty of showing the ladies round," said Leopold to his chamberlain, whom he met on the way, and the chamberlain smiled and passed on. The Ameri-

can girls, their hearts bubbling over with gratitude to their guide, rewarded him with a ten-franc piece, which they found on the Kirg's watchebain when, a few days after, they were introduced to his majesty at a garden party! they were introduced to his majesty at a garden party!

The King is generosity itself. There is at least one soldier in his army who would die for him. This officer, by some mischance, lost a large sum of money he had drawn for his regiment from the bank, and, being too poor to replace it, dreaded the suspicion which was bound to fall upon him. Satisfying himself that the man's character was above reproach, King Leopold—then Crown Prince—paid the sum out of his own purse, and promoted the captain to the rank of major. He has given over all his palaces to the people for ever.—The Sphere.

PICKLED CATS. The Work of Higher Education Girls in New York City.

(Sunday Su) While other women have been put-

ting up preserves and pickles the girls of one famous coeducational college are canning and preserving cats. In this university, says the New York Sun, a feature is made of the physiclogical course for women, and cats are used almost exclusively to teach the students the branches of study. Hundreds of cats are used every year, and a cat house, where they are collected and kept alive until required for dissection, is an interesting department of the college. But a still stranger room is that filled with jars of alcohol in which cats in various stages of growth are exhibited. Here there are who families of kittens in one jar, as wel as kittens put up separately in pint jars, while the parent cats are incased in larger vessels. There are, as well kegs of cats put away for use in dissecting-rooms when the supply in the cat house runs short. It is a grewsome place to any but a college girl of higher education, who is able to view the matter from an entirely scientific point of view and accept her professor's assertion that the cat suffered nothing without herself having any knowledge on the subject. The cat house is kept stocked through the services of the boys of the village, who prowl about for stray cats, for which at the college they 'receive 25 cents each, more being paid for exceptionally fine specimens.

THE I. C. R. INCREASES. (Moncton Times, 8th.)

In accordance with the promises made by the grits just before the elections, a general increase of pay was expected in the I. C. R. works this month, but there were a great many disappointed ones when the employe received their pay yesterday. The increases are not so sweeping as was foreshadowed. There were increases however, chiefly among the favored ones, but the extra allowance to most of those recognized will hardly justify any of them anticipating a holiday trip to Europe on their increased earnings. The increase was principally among the class of employes termed the laborers, and the maximum amount, as near as can be ascertained, was as much as a half cent an hour, which would mean five cents a day or about \$1.25 more a month, providing the employes lost no time. Some of the mechanics were also favored, and they appear to have been more generously dealt with. Two or three cases have been heard of where boiler makers and machinists received an increase of 21-2 cents per hour, or 25 cents per day. The men who received the five cent raise should now evince such a degree of satisfaction as to put a stop to the flow of crimson from their benefactor's bleeding heart.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Contretemps Which Nearly Betrayed a London Burglar.

A curious attempt at burglary recently occurred in a fashionable London home. One afternoon a large trunk arrived, addressed to the master of the house, who was out of town, and also bearing a label on which was written a request that the article should be placed within the bedroom of this same gentleman. Nothing suspicious happened until

after midnight, when the butler was awakened by strange and desperate cries, like those of some one imploring help. He at length discovered that these cries proceeded from his emrloyer's bedroom. Entering this, it quickly became apparent to him that they issued from the large trunk itself. He opened the trunk and found there a

man on the verge of suffocation. In a trice he realized the whole sinister truth, and quitted his master's chamber, estensibly to procure brandy but really to summon a policeman When he returned the man had vanished, having slipped out of the window, and by means of a balcony gained the street. He had undoubtedly arranged to quit the trunk while the household was fast asleep, and depart with whatever spoil he could secure But a patent lock had cut short his attempt at burglary. -Collier's Weekly.

A DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG. In Milton, Conn., there is a dog with wooden leg. He is a keen-eyed fox terrier, hardly a year old, and his name is Nat. The animal came to grief in July, when he fell from a porch to the ground, a distance of fourteen feet. When Nat was picked up it was found he was suffering great pain, and two surgeons were at once sent for. They found that the animal's right fore leg was broken, and said he would never get well, so they advised that he be shot. The little boy and girl who owned Nat pleaded so earnestly for the dog's life, how ever, that the doctors gave him one more chance, and looked after him as carefully as if he had been human. When Nat finally became well, after a long illness, he found that he had a wooden leg carefully fitted to the stump and kept in place by a sort of padded harness. At first the animal refused to move, not knowing what to make of the strange game, but finding it impossible to get away from it, he resolved to make the most of what he evidently considered a bad bargain, and now stumps sturdily around. The skin has grown firmly around the wooden stump where it joins, and the stump has evidently become accustomed to its surroundings, and as for Nat, he "hops and goes lightly" around the confines of the spacious grounds and kennel of his owner,



awaiting the advent of a cork leg, which his proud owners have ordered for him.

D. W. CAMPBELL

Appointed Manager at Montreal for Elder-Dempster Company.

(Montreal Witness)

D. W. Campbell, manager for the Elder-Dempster Steamship Co. in this city, received word on Wednesday from Alexander Sinclair, who has been resident partner of the firm in Montreal for the past three years, intimating that he had decided not to return to Canada in connection with the business of the company. He will in future reside in England. Mr. Sinclair made many friends, both in business and social circles. He was one who took a deep interest in the development of the St. Lawrence trade, and it was well known that through his instrumentality many of the large steamers that the Elder-Dempster Co. now control were placed on the Liv-

erpool, London and Bristol service. The great improvement which has been made in the service of the Beaver Line between this port and Liverpool since it was acquired by the above firm was largely due to his influence with the Liverpool house.

Owing to the withdrawal of Mr. Sinclair from Montreal the large business of this firm will now be managed by D. W. Campbell. Mr. Campbell is native of Montreal, of Scotch parent age, and was educated at the Montreal High School under the late Dr. Howe. He entered commercial life in 1876, with the old firm of Thomson, Murray & Co., who were then managing agents of the original Beaver Line. He steadilv worked his way up, and in 1891 was made freight manager of the Beaver Line. In the spring of 1895 he was appointed general manager, and in the fall of the same year arranged with the then conservative government to run the Beaver Line to the port of St. John, N. B., thus being the first to inaugurate a direct service during the winter season to a Canadian winter port. The development and growth of the winter business out of St. John since has been largely due to the energy and persistent efforts of Mr. Campbell, who was helped by the people of St. John and the Canadian Pa-

cific railway. In the fall of 1898 Mr. Campbell disosed of the Beaver Line steamers. also the good will, to the enterprising firm of which he is now head in Canada, and it immediately set about improving the service. Owing to the government not being able to make satisfactory arrangements for the carriage of the mails with the then contractors, Mr. Campbell arranged with it to perform a weekly service, although handicapped owing to so many of their vessels having been taken by the Im-

perial government for transports. Mr. Campbell has had a long experi ence in steamship business, and he is well posted as to the requirements of the trade. There are many matters that he has devoted special attention to, one being the reduction of rates which has been imposed upon the trade of the St. Lawrence by the marine in surance companies, and in which takes a very keen interest.

It was through his instrumentallt. that the investigation as to the requirements for the better navigating of the St. Lawrence was inaugurated It is expected that Mr. Campbell wil try to induce his firm to take in hand a fast service of mail and passenge steamers to and from Liverpoo Steamers which would make the voy age from Rimouski to Queenstown five and one-half days during the summer is what he considers would give the greatest catisfaction, and with large capacity for cargo and a liberal subsidy the enterprise from a financia standpoint would likely be successful. Mr. Campbell is receiving congratulations upon his promotion.

THE LATE GEO. A. SCHOFIELD

The executive committee of the board of directors of the Great West Life Assurance company met at the head office in Winnipeg on Dec. 4th, when the following resolution relative to the death of the late George A. Schofield was moved by A. MacDonald. seconded by P. C. McIntyre, and

passed unanimously: "That the board of directors of the Great West Life Assurance company desire to express the great regret and grief with which they have heard of the death of Geo. A. Schofield, a valued member of our board of directors for the province of New Brunswick, and to convey their deepest sympathy to his sorrowing family.

He was about 25 years old, smooth shaven, good looking and apparently had been in good health.

A ST.

Saw His Dead

Frederic Campbe Restoration

the Roman (New York Frederic Camp 406 West 124th s old, formerly a ian, has create ment in Harlen conversion to

church and his from gastritis to asserts that his him to change Priests of St. olic church, 125th avenue, assert t ence is the mos their lives. It has ensation in the upper part of the cussed by person Campbell atte Joseph's church

eleven o'clock f life, and was the ceremonial. Campbell has for eight years he has in vain forms. He liv two daughters, Pauline, eleven ment on the fi given. He became vi attack of gastr the morning at says. His wife

side him, but a

ing well hersel

her. The room Suddenly, he out of the dark of a circle of go father, George ter, Anne, dea "I was perfec tinued, "and a had perfect por was not dream vision appeare of the room in could see my f life, his gray and sympathy ago in St. where he mad fifty-six years "My father. his nine years son, it is the w you join the R

You'll be happ Consult a pries more.' "My father easily recognize begged me to d of my salvation found that I c that their retu a revelation of intended to sh "My sufferin illness swiftly wholesome and I never felt bet ed the two fign seemed to eva All my life palian and

Catholic chur

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several friend

member of the

This all seem have never b religious idea. ways enterta against the cl Father McA man, the pa now instructin preparatory t reception into eve. Mrs. Wi West 130th str tain Meakim, mother and I Muray as his dred friends tend his bapt Mrs. Campb tend St. And pal church, 12 enue, of which



R. Van De W

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