

# PIANOS

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### Correspondence.

*We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.*

Dear Mistaire Heditor :—Where am I at? Dat is de question. De feetle gelisha girl mus' have magneticize ma feet, coz dey carry me into de Bazaar agen. Dis is de seexth nite I am wit you.

I notice fomy ting here. An' dat's wot dey do wit dawgs at dis Bazaar. Dere's wan dayg who slit on de floor; he's dress in de lates' fashion too; wot with high collar, nice tie an' hat to match he thinks he's pretty fine. I stop for admire dat canine. "Sargent," I say, "wot's de breed of dat?"

"Doan you know dat?" he say, "why dat's a sooner dawg." "Sooner dawg," I reply. "Sooner wot?"

"Sooner fight dan eat," say de Sargent; den he laf coz he tink he catch me dat time.

"Hole on," I say, "dat's not rite, dat's a houn'."

"Dere's no houn' about dat dawg." say de Sargent, "wot kind of houn' you'd call him?"

"Dat's a medd' houn'." I laf wit myself coz dat's on de Sargent.

Along come a forty-tired fellow an' spek with de Sargent, den he intro-duce me to Mr. Wilsey, de keeper of de dawg.

"Dat's pretty nice dawg you've got, Mr. Wilsey."

"Oh! yes," he say, "dere's no foolin' dat dawg. Come here, Tommy." De dawg come over an' lick his han'. "Tommy," Mr. Wilsey say, "Dis is a frien' of mine, Mr. Cousineau."

De dawg look at ma feet, lif' his eyes rite up until he come to de top of ma face an' wit a feetle toss of his hed ope his mouth an' say "Hello Bacheests."

I look at Mr. Wilsey, an' I look at de Sargent, but dere's no amaze express on dere face. I put ma han' on ma chin an' pull out some of ma mous-tache; no, I am not asleep. Dere mus' be something de matter wit me. De pace has been too hot. So many pretty girls have mix me up. De excitement has twis' ma brain. Dere mus' be something rong when I hear dawgs talk. When Mr. Wilsey intro-duce de dawg he say "Mr. Cousineau,"

an' when I hear de dawg spek he say "Hello Bacheeste." I mus' refleck on dat sircumstance. "Good nite, Mistaire Heditor." I mus' walk out of his Bazaar on top toes so as not disturb ma tots. Agen, "Good nite."

BACHEESTE COUSINEAU.

### BOER SPIES IN LONDON.

*The Officers of Scotland Yard Kept Busy Watching Them.*

[London Daily Mail.]

The officers of the special branch of the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard are, and have been for some time past, actively engaged in keeping under observation Boer agents and spies at work in London.

After the invasion of Natal many of these men thought it prudent to shift their quarters to Paris, Brussels or Berlin, but some remained and are pursuing investigations at Woolwich and other military centres with a boldness and audacity not reconcilable with a knowledge that their every movement is watched.

Not since the days when the refugee foreigner, taking advantage of our "open door" made London the headquarters of Anarchism has there been such activity in the department, of which Chief Inspector Melville is the head, as at the present time. There is no show of increased vigilance, but the duties entailed have taken a wide range involving unremitting vigilance on the part of the officers engaged.

Of the results already achieved it would, of course, be undesirable to make more than a passing reference. The Boer legation in Brussels is constantly in touch with its agents in London, and every intrigue and device resorted to is within the knowledge of our authorities. The spies have shown a good deal of cuteness in not intrusting their communications to the post office. Even the code telegram has no attraction for them. It is not a far cry to Brussels and even if the police did intercept them, a silent tongue would be insufficient to establish their guilt, for they have a natural objection to be found in the possession of incriminating documents.

The time may come when it will be necessary to discuss the association of certain members of parliament with men who are the avowed enemies of England in the present struggle. Should this be so, some interesting disclosures may be anticipated, and the records of Scotland Yard and of the detective department in Dublin Castle will supply information for which the public are unprepared at the present moment.

An incident at Woolwich will serve to show the methods adopted to circumvent the Boer spying. A Daily Mail representative was opposite this arsenal when a typically dressed artisan passed close to him, and avoiding an involuntary glance of recognition, entered the "four ale" bar of an adjoining public house, then thronged with men who had left the arsenal. The "artisan" was a well known detective officer who had as-

# PIANOS

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