Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1887.

THE CHINESE EXPULSION.

The prompt action of the local government in sending a body of constables to Vancouver is to be highly commended. The lawless element of that city will be taught that their rowdy actions cannot longer be sanctioned in a christian land. Granted, that the Chinese are a blight upon the province, yet the majesty of the law must be respected, and stern justice dealt out to those who attempt by force to exclude any foreign element from our shores. The men who are taking the lead in the Vancouver outrages are evidently unaware of the wrong they are inflicting upon the fair name of their city, discrediting it by their actions in the eyes of the whole country. The time for demagogic appeals to passion and impulse has passed, and men are now wont to look by the light of reason upon all questions of public policy. There is no reason in the present disturbances. The Chinese have as good a right to live in Vancouver as the whites and, though an undesirable element, must be protected as long as they are there. What international difficulties might not arise through the action of a few misguided men at Vancouver, more especially at the present time when the nations are girding themselves for a struggle! The public will fully endorse the action of the local government in moving so promptly in the matter, an emergency which required immediate action. We do not apprehend any outbreak between the populace and the police. We are sure the better sense of the people will reassert itself and declare for law and order. We cannot believe that the respectable and larger portion of the people will take sides with the worst enemies of the city. We do hope they will lend the constables all the assistance possible and prove by their actions that they have some respect for British law and British justice.

THE SQUARE ISSUE.

It is now generally conceded that Baker and Shakespeare will be again elected for the commons. If the enthusiasm displayed at their committee meetings and the cheering news received each evening can be taken as a criterion then they will leave their opponents so far in the wake as to teach them a lesson they will not soon forget. It is useless for the Humphreys-Fell-Robertson combination to endeavor to make the public believe they are liberal-conservatives. As long as there was a prospect of Sir John's defeat they hedged and trimmed and declared they would not be found "hanging on to the coat-tails of any party." Their headquarters was the *Times* office. Now that a victory for the liberal-conservative party is assured they would fain pose as ultra liberal-conservatives looking upon the "serene-souled Edward" as an imp of darkness. What faith can the electors place in such professions! This city and district have a debt of gratitude to pay to Sir John Macdonald and his party. To whom, do this city and province owe what they are to-day? What one act have the liberals ever done that benefited in the slightest degree British Columbia? Who carried the Canadian Pacific through and united this isolated colony with the east? Who persistently calumniated this "sea of mountains" and placed all the obstacles they possibly could in the way of the construction of the great transcontinental road? British Columbians will find no difficulty in answering these different questions. They know that if it had not been for the push and enterprise of Sir John A. Macdonald and his cabinet the road would not have been built to this day. When the chieftain was here last summer it seemed that we could not honor him too highly for all the good things he had done for us. *Deeds* speak louder than words. An issue is placed before the people of this province. It is this. Will you vote for BAKER and SHAKESPEARE, whom Sir John Macdonald can rely and count upon as faithful adherents or a hybrid brood who blow hot or cold as the occasion suits them? The electors of this district can show their faith in, and respect for, Sir John A. Macdonald in no better way than by casting their ballots for Baker and Shakespeare on Monday next.

A GRIT FABRICATION.

After several days' silence and a furbishing up of the Blue Books, the erratic editor of the Grit organ attempts to deal with the subject with which he is best acquainted—"boodle." Just in a cautionary way we may be permitted to suggest that the least *he* says about "boodle" the better. Capt. McCallum, in his address at The Victoria, pointedly instanced the case of Mr. Kennedy F. Burns, M.P., for Gloucester, as one of those who had unduly received financial rewards from the government in consideration of his support. In order to show how little reliance could be placed on his statements in future, we showed, and we think conclusively, the true inwardness of the matter, and challenged the Grit candidate or his organ to deny the truth of our statements. They failed to do so, treating the matter with that discreet silence which is characteristic of the *Times* when beaten in argument. Yesterday, however, after having had sufficient time to pluck up courage the sapient Manager takes up the question only, as usual, to put his foot in it. In order to show up the supreme ignorance of the *Times* writer of the question with which he attempts to deal we give the facts of the case and again challenge contradiction. Mr. Burns who is one of the most prominent Irish Catholics in New Brunswick, a man of great executive ability and of the strictest integrity of character, represented the constituency in which he lives for many years in the local house, and was elected as an out-and-out *liberal-conservative* for Gloucester at the general elections of 1882 by 665 votes over the Hon. T. W. Anglin, who had been speaker of the commons under the Mackenzie administration, and by 641 over Mr. O. Turgeon, the French candidate. Mr. Burns was an uncompromising follower of Sir John Macdonald, and on the opening of parliament took his seat on the government side of the house. Sir John had, as everybody knows, an immense, in fact, too large a majority. There was no reason why any member should be bribed by money subsidies, much less the member for Gloucester, who was an avowed supporter and a gentleman of ample means. But the question of the Caraquet railway was an important one. It was the dream of Sandford Fleming that Shippagan should be the terminus of the proposed road, and that being a magnificent harbor it was destined to be the winter port of the Dominion. He believed it to be the most accessible at all seasons of the year and the shortest route to Europe. Who first raised his voice in the halls of parliament in favor of the proposed road? The public will stand aghast at the *Times'* recklessness when we tell them that it was *Mr. Anglin!* Session after session his eloquent voice was raised in behalf of the road, but with that lack of progress which was characteristic of the so-called reform administration, he was unable to secure a subsidy for what was ultimately to be one of the greatest feeders of the Intercolonial railway. When Mr. Burns succeeded him, he had no difficulty in securing a bonus from the government which aided by another from the local legislature assisted him in pushing the line almost to completion. He was obliged, however, to call in outside capital, secured, we believe, in the money markets of Europe, and this, with much of his own invested capital, enabled him to construct the greater part of the road. The *Times'* statement that "Mr. Burns never invested a single dollar of his own money in the enterprise" is absolutely untrue. These are the true facts of the matter and reflect the highest degree of credit on Mr. Burns as an enterprising representative of his county, and on the progressive government of Sir John A. Macdonald. That the people of Gloucester do not think Mr. Burns a "boodler" is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that, although absent in England on private business until nomination day with only a week at his disposal to canvass one of the most extensive constituencies of the province, no grit dared face him at the polls, and he downed, by a large majority, his only opponent, an independent-conservative, Mr. N. A. Landry, brother of the M.P. for Kent and the leader of the Acadian liberal-conservatives of the province. Our contemporary says, in an attempt to make a point against the popular candidates, that "Messrs. Baker and Shakespeare endorsed the railway boodle policy of the government." Why, of course they did. All honor to them for it. Like the great party they support, they are no "flies on the wheel," but anxious to open up this young country of ours by railway communication. Messrs. Baker and Shakespeare voted for a subsidy to the Caraquet railway, and so, among others, did *the following members of the opposition.*

Allison,	Auger,
McIsaac,	Bernier,
De St. Georges,	Geoffrion,
Bourassa,	Gillmor,
Rinfret,	Bechard,
Fisher,	Weldon,
Laurier,	Roy,
Casgrain,	Catudal,
Forbes,	Vail.

If there was "boodle" in the affair then the Hon. Messrs. Vail and Laurier, members of Mr. Mackenzie's cabinet, Mr. Chas. W. Weldon, the present liberal leader in New Brunswick, Mr. Gillmor, the reform member for Charlotte, N. B., and the other gentlemen mentioned are as fully responsible for it as the government. Peter Mitchell, whom the grits now dote on, then a conservative, not only voted for but advocated the measure on the floors of the house. If Capt McCallum and his organ persist in retailing in future such arrant nonsense with reference to the "boodle brigade," as they call it, they ought at least to establish for themselves better grounds for the truth of their statements than they have in the case of Mr. Burns.

We observe in Sunday's issue of the Vancouver *News* an editorial article intimating that the government narrowly escaped defeat in the division which took place in the legislature last week, upon Mr. T. Davie's appeal from the speaker's decision in regard to the admission of his dyking bill. If our contemporary had taken the trouble to make himself acquainted with the subject he would have known that there was no party or government issue involved at all. Indeed, the leader of the opposition was the strongest supporter of the speaker's ruling, and we strongly suspect that had the provincial secretary been in the house when the vote was taken, one minister would have been found voting yea and the other nay. Was the Vancouver editor "stuffed" by the gallant member for the Royal City? The article in question has the flavor of that gentleman about it.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The only policy of the liberals is to find fault. Their platform is too narrow for even a cat to stand upon.

The liberals found the policy of the conservatives so good that they not only had no fault to find with it, but adopted it as their own. The country believes it wise to keep the conservatives in power a while longer, just to teach the grits a few more lessons.

The liberals having appropriated the trade policy of their opponents strutted before the country in borrowed plumes. They were not warned by the fate of the jackdaw that gave way to the same weakness.

"Who the d—l is he anyway?" Why, "He is a member of the Army and Navy club, Pall Mall, London, and an intimate friend of Mr. Alexander McArthur, M. P." But, "Who the d—l is Alexander McArthur?" Oh, he is the intimate friend of Capt. Arthur Edward McCallum.

The Preservation of Peace bill, for which urgency was moved by the attorney-general yesterday, was hotly debated by the honorable members. At first it was feared that the bill would have to go over under the rules; but the matter was deemed too serious for the slow and cumbersome action of ordinary procedure and the house finally voted urgency and the bill passed through its various stages.

The bill relates to the troubles at Vancouver where the mayor and council have either abetted or quietly winked at the proceedings of the lawless mob who descended like the Assyrian of old on the unfortunate Chinese. The bill authorizes the provincial government to send a force of special constables to Vancouver and maintain them there at the cost and expense of that municipality, to be a first charge against the civic revenue and recovered by distress and execution. The bill suspends the powers and authorites of the mayor and all other magistrates of Vancouver, and places the police and gaols of the municipality under the control of the provincial superintendent of police. Any refusal of the municipal authorities to yield obedience to the act may be punished with imprisonment at hard labor for six months.

The leader of the opposition, after a natural snarl at the bill, behaved commendably, and did not object to urgency after the attorney-general had explained the serious nature of the disturbance.

Immediately upon the passage of the bill, his honor the lieut.-governor, accompanied by his private secretary, entered the chamber and gave his assent to the bill, which thereupon became law.

The hoodlums of Vancouver must now begin to mind their "t's and q's." Justice is tardy, but it is on their track with a noose.

Another opposition charge has ended in smoke. A majority report of the committee appointed to examine into the matter states that there was no ballot from which Mr. Beaven's name was "obliterated" as stated by Mr. Grant, and no ballot for Mr. Beaven in consequence of "obliteration" was thrown out. A minority report states that there was a black mark on the back of the ballot-paper, but there was no proof of "obliteration."

Mr. Grant's declaration of war against the United States was introduced into the house yesterday. The doughty Knight of Cassiar, it appears, was thrown off his base by reading newspapers and, with visions of an impending conflict before him, introduced the resolution while laboring under a fit of the vapors. Mr. Dunsmuir and Mr. Higgins laughed at the honorable gentleman's fears, and Mr. Turner offered a sensible amendment which will be discussed to-day.

The *Times* makes a savage attack on Mr. J. M. Duval. That gentleman can well afford to laugh at the senile utterances of the grit organ. The workingmen of this city will not vote for the "intimate friend of Mr. Alexander McArthur, M. P.," but for two of our own folks—Baker and Shakespeare. They will vote for their best friend Sir John Macdonald, the national policy and good government.

Fell to Robertson—"The rose is red, the violet blue; I'm out of the race and so are you."

"What is your opinion of Tom Humphreys?" was asked a "flat-footed, square-toed" follower of the grit party the other day. "Is he the kind of man you would like to send to Ottawa as a representative of your party?" "To tell you the honest truth," he replied, "I do not consider Humphreys fit to run for poundkeeper, but I am going to vote for him with the hope of beating those d—d tories Baker and Shakespeare."

An authority on the cuisine says that duck ought not to stand long after being roasted. Probably it would do no harm to sit up if it isn't too tired, but it shouldn't be allowed to swim in the gravy.

THE EVOLUTION OF ANARCHY.

To the Editor:—From motives of curiosity I attended Capt. McCallum's political meeting last Wednesday night. I found the theatre fairly full and as I looked around at the upturned faces of the audience it was at once apparent that the great majority of them had to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. All honor to them for it! But those who know anything of life are aware that the honest laboring man has little time to devote to the study of the complex problems of political economy, problems which severely tax the intellects of highly educated and talented men. Neither have they the opportunity nor the time for examining into the intricate financial adjustments of public supply and demand which must regulate the progressive development of a nation, and which are the proper functions of government. Therefore upon such subjects the workingmen, from no fault of their own, but simply from the nature of the case, must necessarily be ignorant.

This was the soft clay which Captain McCallum endeavored to mould! And this is the manner in which he proceeded to do it: I heard him inform the audience that Sir John Macdonald and the members of his government—the rulers, in fact, whom these men are enjoined by law and religion to honor and obey—were *robbers* and *scoundrels.* He illustrated this assertion by the statement that the poor man was taxed and, consequently, *robbed* to pay the interest on the capital employed in building the Canadian Pacific railway! There was much more to the same effect, and the statements were interlarded with the usual clap-trap platitudes of democratic demoralizers of "demos." A

I have a deep respect for the honest workingman, and consequently felt so pained at the advantage which was taken of his non-acquaintance with the subjects under discussion, and of the manner in which his worst passions were being inflamed to his certain detriment in the future, that I left the meeting in saddened disgust.

Capt. McCallum is a cultivated gentleman and an officer of Her Majesty's army and he must, therefore, be given credit both for conscious veracity of statement and honest intention, but his train of thought and application of principle are hard to comprehend. Eques.

WHO IS GORDON?

To the Editor:—When I heard this question asked by a Saanich voter I thought it rather strange, but after a little consideration, knowing how seldom our member visited us, I was not so much surprised. I believe it is about eighteen months since some of us saw him last, and that was on a memorable occasion. Whether it was on our account or a desire to mix up with the *elite* at that time I cannot say. It looks as though he does not set much value on the electors in this section of the district. I would not say it was owing to a penurious disposition, but it looks like cutting things rather fine. Judging from a farmer's standpoint, we think the pay is big for the services required. Our local members get only $400 in a session, yet they spend nearly as much time as our member for Ottawa. It may be that the latter places a higher estimate on his services than we do on their value. Mr. Gordon is a good man, and I was one of his supporters at the last election, and I think he has done his best whilst at Ottawa, but why are his visits so rare and far between, and why are they doled out to us so begrudgingly? Such a course is apt to create a great gap between us and our representative. No wonder a voter should ask "Who is Gordon?" Now, I think there should be some kind of a tie between a constituency and its representative, at least a majority of them; they should have for him an attachment or regard other than a stranger. Instead of that we feel ignored and treated with indifference, not to say contempt, and consulted only when our votes are required. What apology Mr. Gordon has to offer for such a policy I can't conceive. The opportunities in this part of the district are so favorable—not only favorable, but inviting—as we have two or three large gatherings every year, our annual picnics and annual fair. The latter, we consider, has a claim on our member wherever he may be. There he can meet us all, learn for himself what we are doing and see what progress we are making. We could exchange ideas then. We could feel that he was taking some interest in our welfare, not only as our advocate at Ottawa, but also as our friend. By such a course he would be identified as one of us, and instead of hearing the question "Who is Gordon?" all would know him. Under these circumstances we can't help contrasting the former with the present candidate. The one so congenial, so liberal in his tendencies; always on hand. The meeting with such gave you a gladsome feeling. The one so humid seemed to always dwell in a moist atmosphere, full of variety, not to say antics; whilst the other is so chippy, dry, stiff, (as I heard a remark made, too dry for a Blue Ribbon club) barren of all variety, but may claim part in the antics. Saanich Voter.

MILITIA TORPIDITY.

To the Editor:—It is very gratifying to see that some interest is at last being taken by the public in regard to our militia force. An old volunteer, under the *nom de plume* of "Militia," hits the nail on the head, I think, when he says that the young men in the province treat the matter as though there was nothing in it. I am an old British Columbia volunteer myself, and I must say that in my day a very different feeling prevailed. From what I can hear, most of the young men feel afraid to join the militia because they have to sign for three years. They ought to remember that if they wish to leave the district in order to obtain work elsewhere, or for any other good cause, they can get their discharge at once. Then again, many of our young men consider it rather beneath them to join the ranks. Why should it be more so here than in eastern Canada or in England, where hundreds of the best and ablest professional and moneyed men take their places in the rank? Complaints are also made as to the selection of officers, but from what I can learn the large majority of those officers served in the ranks themselves either here or in England, and have obtained their necessary qualifying certificates by actual work and examination before most competent authority. It is very hard to get officers, as the expense attendant on such a position is very considerable. The necessary uniform for an artillery officer costs, I am informed, about $400. Then there is the band to keep up, and dozens of other incidental expenses to meet, so that the majority of young men cannot afford to take a commission. But why do they not join the corps and assist those already in it? Their fathers did their duty manfully and energetically and surely the manhood of British Columbia has not deteriorated. The day is bound to come when their services will be required, and is it not far better to be well trained than a raw recruit when called upon for active service.

If only the ladies would interest themselves in the matter and do their utmost to encourage young men to join we should soon see the ranks filled up. Will not some of the men who are now serving in the ranks ventilate the matter in the columns of the papers and give the public their ideas as to what is wanted to make the corps a success as it is in every other part of the world.

An Old B. C. Volunteer.

A young woman of Louisville was carefully picking her way along a slippery sidewalk the other day just behind an elderly and portly man. Suddenly he slipped, and in his efforts to keep from falling down he threw one hand backward and struck the young lady squarely and violently on the nose. The blow stunned her so that she had to be assisted into an adjacent store, and an examination by a physician developed the fact that her nose had been broken. Both eyes became blackened from the injury.

THE PARTNER.

Mr. Thomas Mathers was only a ledger clerk in the banking firm of Hodgson, Duford & Parr, St. Swithin's lane, Lombard street. It was neither a very responsible nor a very lucrative position and Tommy (as all his friends called him) longed, as perhaps fifty thousand young men in a similar situation in London are longing at this moment, for a chance of turning his brains to better account than adding up columns of figures and copying entries from one big book into another. The chance did not come, but Tommy did not despair; and there was this difference between him and the great majority of his fellow-prisoners of the desk he had the pluck to work away manfully at whatever he thought he might possibly some day help him to better his position, even though he could not see exactly how it was to be done. With this end in view he got up in French, German and Italian; and he did everything he could to pick up information as to the financial circumstances of the customers of the bank. He scraped acquaintance with every clerk employed by those who had accounts at the bank, as far as he possibly could, and picked up in time an idea more or less accurate as to the commercial status of the most of them.

One day he happened to be at lunch in his favorite restaurant, when an acquaintance named Darling came in and sat down beside him. After a little casual conversation, Darling asked him to let him know of any vacant clerkship he might hear of.

"I will certainly, old fellow," returned Tommy, "but I hope you haven't got into a row with Appleton." (Frederick Appleton was Darling's brother-in-law, and he was also the secretary of the Mudford and County Chemical Company, in whose counting-house young Darling did a subordinate post.)

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind," returned Darling; and then he changed the subject.

On his way back to the bank after lunch, Mathers asked himself why Darling should leave his present situation. He had a capital prospect there, his brother-in-law being the secretary; and there was no disagreement between him and his influential relative. Could it be that Darling had had a hint from his brother-in-law that the Chemical Company was getting in shallow water, and that it behooved him to be looking for another situation. It seems more than likely; and young Mathers determined to act at once. He slipped into the bank parlor that afternoon, hoping to find the junior partner, Mr. Parr, a good-natured sort of a man, who was not likely to snub him for volunteering information. To his disappointment he found only Mr. Hodgson, a sour-tempered old man, who was struggling into his overcoat, preparatory to leaving the office for the day.

"Well, growled the banker, "what do you want?"

Tommy was on the point of saying that he had come to speak to Mr. Parr; but in a moment changed his mind.

"I heard something to-day, sir," he replied, "that made me think that the Mudford Company are not in a very good way."

"Well, what of that? what's that to me?"

"Nothing, sir; only I thought there was no harm in letting you know."

"Anything of that kind you can say to Mr. Parkinson," answered the old gentleman as he seized his umbrella and waddled down the passage.

Tommy felt snubbed; but he did not mind that much. He had done what he wanted, brought himself under the personal notice of one of the partners. If he had given the hint to Parkinson, the head cashier, Parkinson, not he, would have had all the credit of it. He retired to his place among the other clerks a little sore at the rebuff, yet not entirely dissatisfied.

On his way home Mr. Hodgson remembered that the bank held some shares of the Mudford Chemical Company M. security for the balance of the account of one of their customers who was deemed rather shaky. Next morning accordingly, he called Tommy to his room and questioned him as to the nature of his information.

"Perhaps you will excuse my entering into that, sir," said Tommy with the utmost coolness.

Mr. Hodgson dismissed Mathers to his work with a dissatisfied grunt and a wave of his hand, and immediately set to work to have the shares of the Mudford Company changed for other securities.

Tommy, who managed to know most of what happened at the bank, noted the fact and rejoiced. Within six weeks the shareholders of the Mudford Chemical Company met and resolved to go into liquidation; and though Mr. Hodgson did not think it worth his while to thank the junior clerk for the information he had given, Tommy was perfectly satisfied. He knew that people do not forget things which save their pockets.

It happened that some months after the incident of the Mudford Chemical Company, Messrs. Hodgson had important business to transact in Turin, and it was thought advisable that the senior partner should proceed to that city to look after it. There was some idea, if the present seemed favorable, of starting a branch house there. The question then arose, which of the clerks should accompany the head of the firm as a secretary; and Mr. Hodgson, mindful of the service which Mathers had rendered him, consulted the head cashier on the propriety of the selection. Parkinson, it happened, had a favorite of his own, and Tommy would have lost his opportunity if he had not remembered that at one time, when he was bent on acquiring foreign tongues, he had spent his savings for two months over an Italian grammar. He contrived to let this fact be known, and in due time Mr. Parr informed his senior partner that "seemed that young Mathers knew something of the language."

This decided the point. Tommy received his orders, and in three days more found himself on board the Dover and Calais packet, in charge of a large dispatch box and Mr. Hodgson's bulky portmanteaus. The journey was by no means comfortable one, for the young man found that he was expected to travel second class, and generally act as a courier to his employer. When at last Turin was reached, things were no better. Mathers found that his Italian went but a very short way; and, besides he had to do the work of three clerks. Sometimes he was tempted to regret that he had left his comfortable rooms in Torrington square, Bloomsbury; but in his calmer moments he reflected at least he was occupying a different position from that of the rest of his fellow clerks.

The chief man in Turin, so far as Hodgson, Dunford & Parr were concerned, was a certain Count Marsoni. The count's nobility did not prevent his being the principal member of a large firm of merchants and ship owners. To cultivate this man was, indeed, the chief reason of Mr. Hodgson's journey to Turin; and, as the old banker knew very well how to lay aside his crusty and pompous manner when it suited his book to do so, he soon came to be a not infrequent guest of the Villa Marsoni.

Mr. Hodgson began to see that there was a very fair opening for an English bank at Turin, and he was still engaged in pushing his way here and there, when received news that his wife was seriously ill. This made him hurry off to England, leaving Mathers behind to complete a transaction which he had already practically arranged.

Delighted at being left to represent the firm, for ever so short a time, and ever so formal a matter, Mathers was pacing one day down the principal street of the city with a look of considerable importance on his face when he met Count Marsoni. The count stopped and asked after the old banker, when Tommy proudly informed him that he had returned to England, leaving him in charge of the firm.

"Ah, indeed! Well, there's a little matter I want to speak of to him."

"I shall be happy to serve you, count," said Tommy in his very best Italian.

"Well, suppose you dine with us to-night, and we can talk it over after dinner," returned the count, who thought he ought to show a little attention to the lonely Englishman.

Of course the invitation was accepted, and Tommy had no sonner entered the drawing-room at the Villa Marsoni than he lost his heart at once, irrevocably and forever. Marie Marsoni was, indeed, beautiful and vivacious enough to have turned the head of a wiser and colder-blooded man than Tommy Mathers; and so ready was he to amuse her by his efforts to speak a language that he partially knew, that he won more favor in the maiden's eyes than many a brilliant talker would have done. Such an impression, indeed, did the signorina's bright eyes make upon Tommy's susceptible heart that he was barely able to give due attention to the count, when, after dinner, he began to talk of bills, discounts, mortgages and debentures.

Time went on; Mr. Hodgson did not return to Turin, and Mr. Mathers paid several visits to the count's residence, coming away more in love every time. Meanwhile, by dint of going about continually among the citizens, the young man was able to send home a good list of prospective customers that the partners determined to establish a branch office at Turin, and offer young Mathers a subordinate post in it.

Nothing definite, however, had been fixed, when one day, Tommy, finding Marie Marsoni alone when he called at the villa, lost his head completely, and was making love as well as his imperfect knowledge of Italian permitted, when the count, suddenly coming in, caught him in the act of kissing his daughter's hand.

Marie fled like a hare disturbed on her form, and the count advanced with a heavy frown on his aristocratic brow.

More as a matter of form than anything else, for he knew his case was hopeless, Mathers formally asked the hand of the signorina in marriage, laying the blame of his irregular declaration on the strength of his passion and his ignorance of Italian etiquette.

The count heard him to the end, and then surveyed him from head to foot with a look of contempt.

"It is a piece of gross presumption in you—a mere clerk, a nobody—to address my daughter," said the count at last in English, with his chin thrust in the air.

"Of course," said Tommy, stung by the count's look, "if I were a partner in Hodgson's, though, you would give me a different answer."

"If you were a partner in Messrs. Hodgson, Dunfoad & Parr's," said the count, with an altered expression, "that would make a difference of course; but as I do not understand that you have any prospect of entering that firm, I don't see how affects you."

Tommy sighed, and made his escape as soon as possible. He knew that he might as well ask for the lord chancellorship as ask for a partnership in the bank.

For two days he remained in a state of collapse, and then he received advices from London informing him of the decision to which the firm had come with respect to the new branch. A few months before Mathers would have been transported with delight at the proposal which the firm made to him, but now he considered that he was getting barely his due, and, besides, he was so cut up with respect to the beautiful Marie, that mere commercial matters did not possess their usual interest for him.

Suddenly, as he sat with the open letter bearing the well known signature before him, Tommy conceived an idea.

Without a moment's delay he called for his bill at the hotel, sent a waiter a for a cab and took the first train northward. He arrived at Victoria early in the morning, went to a hotel, washed and dressed himself, and, purposely delaying until the partners should have reached the office in St. Swithin's lane, he presented himself before his employers as they were engaged in discussing the morning's letters.

"Hello, sir!" cried Mr. Hodgson, as he caught sight of the young man. "What are you doing here? Anything wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong that I know of, sir," said the young man, coolly.

"Then why are you here without leave?" asked the junior partner. "Did not you get our letter informing you of our new arrangements?"

"I did, Mr. Parr. It is in consequence of that letter that I am here." This was said with considerable gravity, and Tommy helped himself to a chair as he spoke. "I am afraid, sir," he continued, "that I accept the situation you were good enough to offer me at Turin."

"Don't then!" burst out old Mr. Hodgson, in great wrath at the tone which the young man was assuming, "we'll find fifty clerks ready to jump at it, five hundred for that matter."

"You forget, sir," said Tommy, respectfully but firmly, "that I have been at Turin for some time, I know the business there; and what I came here to propose was that I should have a small share in the firm—"

Mr. Parr stared and ejaculated, "What, sir?"

Mr. Dunford laughed aloud and then swore.

Mr. Hodgson choked and gasped for breath. If a shell had burst in the room it could not have occasioned more surprise than Tommy's modest request. If a sweeper at the next crossing had demanded to be allowed to help himself from the drawers under the counter it would not have seemed so absurd as the demand of the junior clerk's.

"Of course, having no capital, I expect only a very small share in the business," continued Tommy; "but you will see that as Count Marsoni's son-in-law—"

"What! What! What do you say?" echoed the partners in various inflections.

"As Count Marsoni's son-in-law I should be able to influence a large amount of business, and it would be more fitting if my name appeared in the name of the branch firm."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to marry that young lady, Count Marsoni's daughter?" said Mr. Hodgson, with wonder, incredulity and a tinge of new-born respect for his clerk mingling in his countenance.

"It is as good as settled, sir," said Tommy, modestly. "Of course this is a private matter, but it is one that would naturally be taken into account." This was quite evident, and Tommy, having made his shot, rose, bowed and withdrew.

Before half an hour had passed the firm had taken their resolution. The share which Tommy was given represented little more than a somewhat liberal salary, but he was included as a partner in the branch firm of Hodgson, Dunford, Mathers & Co., of Turin. As soon as the partnership deed was drawn up and executed, Tommy returned to Italy, and had another interview with the Count, who, imagining that he had misconceived the young man's true position all along, was politeness itself. The young partner in the wealthy house of English bankers was one who might, without any impropriety, be presented to society as his daughter's husband. Within three months the marriage was celebrated. Tommy had done the trick.

That a little Virginia darkey named Cyrus had an elder brother, Cassius, who had spent a winter in Washington in swell society, and when he returned home he set himself up as a teacher to his less cultured family. One day at the table Cyrus said to him: "Gimme some lasses, Cash." "You mus'n say 'lasses, Cy," corrected Cassius, "you must say 'mo-lasses." "Ugh!" grunted Cyrus, "how's I gwine to say 'mo lasses when I hain't had none yet?"

That the death of Madam Needham and the sale of her goods at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, makes it plain that the lady shopped industriously. One hundred and fifty chemises and night dresses trimmed with Valenciennes and other lace, seventy petticoats in silk, muslin, etc., forty pair of garters, twenty-four corsets, two hundred lace handkerchiefs, forty *pantoions de soie petuche*, and 165 pair of silk stockings are among the items on the bill of sale.

That the recorder of Galway gave a dinner at Paradise house, his residence in Kildysart. Among the guests were two magistrates. While the guests were seated at the table the police patrol noticed a man running rapidly away. An investigation was made, and the police found on one window sill a box of dynamite with a burning fuse attached. The fuse was quenched

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM BOARDING SCHOOL.

Three little maids from boarding school;
Mashing, mashing as a rule.
Those little maids as sweet 's can be,
Understand the rule of three.
One little maid 'as caught on. Two
Little maids skip alone the tra la lo.

Two little maids from boarding school;
Mashing, mashing as a rule.
Those little maids know how 'tis done;
They're divided; now there's one
Left alone upon the street,
Anxious some rare dude to meet.

One little maid from boarding school;
Mashing, mashing as a rule.
She's hooked on; the city pave
Now is quiet, silent, save
Echoing laughter, chic and gay,
From oyster parlor 'cross the way.
—[Judge.

"Bouillon" Wealth.

Caterer (to lady who is about to give a dinner party): "Would you like bouillon soup served, Mrs. De Suddenrich?"

Mrs. De Suddenrich (alady of fine feeling: "N-no, I think not. Some of the invited are not very abundantly blessed with this world's goods, and if bouillon soup were served it would seem like flying our wealth in their faces." —[New York Times.

Who Was Crying.

"Mamma," said little Edith, "What do you suppose it was I heard crying out in the grass just now? Do you think it was the flowers I just cut the heads off of."

"Perhaps it was, darling."

"No, it wasn't, mamma; it was my little kitty."

The Salad of Life.

"Women," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life,
At once a boon and a blessing."
In one way they're salad, indeed," replied Brown,
"They take so much time in their dressing."

Just Where the Difficulty Was.

Sober passenger, angrily: "Look where you step, man!" Tipsy passenger, apologetically—"Y-yes, I do; the t-trouble is to-hic—stop where I look." —[Bloomington Eye.

A Happy Father.

Mose Schaumburg, junior, has gone into business for himself, not far from the clothing emporium of his father.

A few days ago Col. Yerger was urged b Mose Schaumburg, senior, to purchase winter overcoat. He declined, saying:

"Your son, Mr. Schaumburg, offers me the same sort of a coat for a dollar less. Besides, he says your goods are not reliable."

"Ish dot so?" said Mose, clasping his hands with delight, as a gratified smil passed over his features.

"Yes, that's true."

"Yell! yell! yell! I believe mine son was a'ass fool, but now I see he has a fine head for pizness. Vot a proud fodder I vas."—[Texas Siftings.

The *very careful* wife of a millionaire, about to travel *ong continong*, wishing her two sons to remain at boarding school during the Christmas holidays, visited the establishment where they are in order to arrange with the principal and wish good-bye to the youngsters. Previous to her departure, she appeared in much silent agitation. "How awful upset the *mater* is," whispered the elder boy to the younger; "she can't bear to tear herself away from us." "Get out, you duffer!" said the younger, *sotto voce*; she's only deeply debating in her mind whether she shall give us half-a-crown or two shillings apiece."

No teacher who does not try it can know how easy it is for children to use words they do not understand. We were in a school the other day when a pupil spelled "heroine." "Write it in a sentence," said the superintendent, with whom we were going the rounds. "I went heroine and caught many," wrote the child, who knows more of herrings than of the heroine.

A southern pastor, preaching from the text, "Beware of covetousness," said:—Last Sunday night the collection in this house amounted to $1.80, and the dollar was thrown in by a Baptist brother from Richmond, Va., who happened to be here and did not know any better. The other 60 of you dropped in the 60 cents."

Give me ten men really detached from the world, and I have the heart to believe I could convert the world with them.

Disappointment in friendship arises chiefly not from liking our friends too much, but an over estimate of their liking for our opinion of us.

New Use For a Divorce.

One Way of Pacifying the "Ole 'Ooman."

"Good morning, Marse William," said Green Coleman, an elderly colored individual, as he entered the chancery clerk's office in a certain town in Central Mississippi.

"Good morning, Uncle Green. What can I do for you this morning?" responded the clerk.

"I jes' drapped in, Marse William, to ax yer wot yer ax fer er deforcement."

"A what, Uncle Green?"

"Er deforcement, Marse William—one er dem papers wid a yaller plaster on ter it, same like Josh Bilbro got when der jedge onhitched him an' his ole 'ooman last court."

"Oh! you mean a divorce."

"Yas, dat's what I want."

"Well, you'll have to file your bill of complaint, and when court meets in December it will come up for hearing, and if your grounds for a divorce are good and supported by evidence, the court, I have no doubt, will grant your prayer."

"Marse William, I done 'turn dat file back long sence, and das rheumatix complaint sin's 'fected me sence I bin rubbin' wid dem yerbs. And 'bout dem groun's, Marse William, you'se knowed me 'long in reb. times, and ebber sence freedom come, and 'fore God, you know dis nigger got no groun'; not 'nuf to bury hese'f in."

"Uncle Green, the best thing for you to do is to employ a lawyer. He'll tell you what to do."

"He will?"

"Yes."

"Well, Marse William, I sees you'se mitey busy—but jes' tell me, what are dat goin' ter cost me?"

"Let me see; one of these young lawyers will take the case for $10, and the court costs will amount to another $10—$25, at the outside, is about all it will cost you."

"Twenty-five dollars, Marse William! 'Fore God, dat's pow'ful heap er money ter be a spendin' on a 'ooman I ain't seed in mo'n twenty year."

"What do you want with a divorce from your wife whom you haven't seen for more than twenty years?"

"I jes' want it fer ter pacify der 'ooman I'se got fer er wife now. You see, der 'ooman I wus married ter on ole massa's plantation in slave times, she run'd off time Sherman's raid, and den I tuk up wid dis 'ooman I got now, and she's feered my fus' wife might come back and level on me as her property."

"Oh! Uncle Green, that's all settled—it's barred by the statute of limitations. Just go home and tell your wife not to bother herself—that it is all right."

"Won't yer gib me er writin' to dat conclusion? Sumfin' wot don't cos' more'n er dollar, and put one er dem yaller plasters on it."

Seeing that nothing else would satisfy the old man, the clerk gave him a certificate and stuck a gold seal on it, and refused to accept his dollar, which he told him to invest in a calico dress for the old woman.

As the old man left the office he raised his hat and said, "Thank you, Marse William; and ef yer ober git in such a pesterment wid er 'ooman, and it's in my possession to justify yer, I'll 'turn der complermint."

Music in the Air.

Stranger: "Quite a musical place this isn't it?"

Country Inn-keeper: "Well, I should say so. Our brass band can't be beat anywhere Why, at the tournament last summer thoe boys played 'Home, Sweet Home' for fou hours at a stretch without stopping. Oh yes, our people have a powerful love fo good opera."

Specimen "Smart" Boy.

The other day a Chicago boy of six years, who had been "pestering" one of his little brothers, was sentenced by his mother to sit for an hour in a high chair in one corner of the sitting-room as a punishment. During the hour a friend of the family came in. The culprit had a Bible in his hands, and pretended to be reading very intently. The friend of the family, having been informed of the "punishment," went up to the lad and asked, "Are you reading about the little boy who troubles his brother?"

"No," promptly replied Young America. "I'm reading about God, who knows enough to mind his own business."—[Chicago Journal.

The Retort Courteous.

Among the wits, legal and lay, of New York John Van Buren holds no second place.

One day as he was lunching at the Astor house an enemy named Wadman came up to him.

"Mr. Van Buren," said Wadman, is there any case so unjust, mean and dirty that you would not take it?"

"Well, I don't know," said Van Buren, picking up an oyster on his fork. "What have you been doing now, Wadman?"—[Hatchet.

A Woman's Way.

"Conductah!" she called in a languid voice.

"Yes'm."

"Can you stop this cah?"

"Yes'm."

"Then you may stop it."

"You'm," he said as he rang the bell.

"Conductah!" she called as she looked out of the window.

"Yes'm."

"Can you start