WEDNESDAY AUGUST 31 1892

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

eight deaths. At Wandsbeck for the same NO BLOOD STAINS FOUND.

MASQUERADING IN MEN'S GARE COAL WILL BE DEARER TO-MORROW

A New York Woman Says She Donned the Dress to Look for Work.

OUR NEW FORM.

HE SMITES BRIGADIER PHILPOTT

HIP AND THIGH.

A Bomb From the Territorial War Office
to Annihilate the ex-Brigadier and
His Cohorts—How the Booths Work
For Next to Nothing and Almost
Starve.

Herbert H. Booth, Commandant of the Salvation Army, has issued his promised explanation with reference to the resignation of Mr. Philipott, and answers the latter's charges. Replying to [From The Carleton Place Herald.]

FATHER GUIPOT'S OFFENCE

My faithful love to net; But I hold an old rose in my hand Whose thorns may prick you yet, I see you flaunt your little dag

But proudly I stand in my own land
With a fond and a leving heart,
One hand stretching gladly to Britain,
From whom I decline to part.
And the other I lift to my forehead

For I see you grow fainter and fainter, Till you fade to a dim-stripped rag; And you gently drop from my sight, dear, You and your little red flag.

Hoping you won't be vexed; But I really can't find time just now To "come and be ansexed."

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