

A CHICAGO BUILDING.

A Chicago corporation recently organized, established its headquarters on the top floor of one of the tallest buildings in town. The attorney had a room to himself; the secretary was given another apartment; the superintendent reigned supreme in another place; the president was, of course, compelled to outdo all others in leather-cushioned chairs, massive tables and expensive bronzes.

The crowning glory of his private office was a big clock with an elaborately carved case. It was the best clock in the entire stock of a local dealer, and it had a long, shiny pendulum which was to swing slowly and with regularity as became a clock owned by the president of such a solid and respectable corporation.

On the first day the pendulum stopped. The clock was sent back to the dealer, whose experts took it apart, oiled it and set it running again. Once more it was taken up to the president's office, and once more it ceased running. For a second time the experts dissected it and found every part in working order. It kept time to the second for two days and was confidently returned to the buyer, who reported back again in two hours. "The clock has stopped."

An architect who became acquainted with the facts in the case solved the mystery. He said the oscillation of the high building counteracted and stopped the swing of the pendulum. The pendulum couldn't work with any regularity so long as the building was nodding around in the changing winds like a cat before a summer zephyr.

"So the tall buildings do swing back and forth?" he was asked.

"Certainly, but don't be afraid; they'll not break."

FOUGHT AT WATERLOO.

Mr. William Chambers, of Dawn Mills, Cambden township, Ontario, who has been visiting his son at St. Joseph, Mo., arrived in Winnipeg one day last week, and proceeded west to visit a daughter, Mrs. John Smithall, at Portage la Prairie. Mr. Chambers was born in County Antrim, Ireland, on the 12th day of September, 1787, so if he lives until the 12th day of the coming September he will be 107 years old, and is supposed to be the oldest man in Canada. The venerable old gentleman is endowed with a splendid memory and talks interestingly of his battles with the world since boyhood. In the year 1808, at the age of 21, he enlisted in His Majesty's service as a cavalryman, serving until Waterloo was won. When asked by a Free Press reporter about that memor-

able battle the old veteran brightened up and for a moment the fire of youth returned. "Yes I was in every action in that war, and I was one of the troop drawn up on shore, when they put Napoleon on the ship to send him away," remarked the centenarian with emphasis.

"Do you feel as if you could stay in the race much longer?" queried the reporter.

"Oh yes; some of the folks down below were bound to have a doctor come and look me over. When he was through I asked him how long before I'd need another overhauling and he said if I took good care of myself and did not catch any bad colds it would be sixteen or seventeen years before I need send for him again."

Mr. Chambers left the city of Dublin on Christmas day, 1826, sailing for America. After visiting New York and Boston he went to Ontario and settled on a farm, cleaning up the timber land in the summer and working in the woods for a big Quebec lumbering firm in the winter. This work he followed for fifty consecutive years. He has been married twice and has a large family of children but his wives are both dead, the last one yielding to the grim reaper 18 years ago. The old gentleman is now spending his declining years in travelling around visiting his children to whom he seems very much attached. Mr. Chambers has been successful in accumulating this world's goods, but he doesn't believe in the frivolities and vanities of the present age and still clings to the old red handkerchief as a medium for carrying wardrobe and toilet requisites. Many people called to see him at the station and when he left he carried with him the best wishes of all who had an opportunity of grasping his hand.

THE FLOOD DISASTERS.

Already the daily newspapers have supplied their readers with all that was possible to give of the details of the catastrophe by which some of the most fertile portions of the Mainland have been overwhelmed, and as yet it is impossible to arrive at anything like an adequate estimate of the immense loss involved both in life and property. Millions of dollars have been swept to destruction, the loss to the C. P. R. alone being placed at little short of one million. But money cannot restore to the farmers and settlers all that they have lost; their homes have been broken up and carried away before their eyes, nine-tenths of the crops of the Fraser River valley have, according to a conservative estimate, been utterly destroyed, and but little can be done this year at any rate to restore them. Those who have been on the scene say that they never before appreciated as they do now the Biblical story of the flood, for though the rains did not descend as on the occasion described,

the floods came and left no place on which man or beast could set foot, while not even the leaves of the opmost trees have been left to tell that they once existed.

The story of the flood of 1894 is a terrible one. God help the sufferers, we say, and may man in his humanity aid them to the best of his ability. When it is possible to reckon up all the loss that has been incurred, it is anticipated that even the highest estimates will be exceeded, and for long the effects will continue to be felt all over the Province as well as on the other side the line, for the contiguous country belonging to our neighbors has also had a terrible visitation. The Government, even before it was possible to realize what was happening, was on hand with liberal assistance, the Premier being on the Mainland to direct what should be done. The Ottawa Government, in view of the prospective beef famine, have passed an order in council permitting the importation temporarily of cattle from the United States to be slaughtered immediately on landing. This is a relief for every one. Individuals and committees have not been slow in responding to the unuttered cry for relief but the time has arrived when something of a more permanent character must be done.

Shelter and supplies have, as far as possible, been in the meantime afforded, but something of a more permanent nature must be supplied. The homeless must be provided with homes; the ruined farmer must be given a fresh start in the world; his lost live stock must be replaced; his implements and buildings must be restored; he must be given the seed with which to sow his fields; he must have supplies of the necessaries of life and be given that encouragement which will assure him that there are those who not only sympathize with his misfortunes, but are practically demonstrating how sincere that sympathy is. A well known divine was once announced to preach a sermon on behalf of a benevolent object. Instead of drawing out long and eloquent periods with the object of harrowing the hearts and in that way opening the pockets of his congregation, he observed "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"—if you like the security, down with the dust!" It is needless to say what the result was. There is no need to enlarge upon the claims of the sufferers. Their case might have been that of every one of us. Let us add that prompt action is required—"He gives twice who gives quickly."—*Commercial Journal*.

The department of fisheries has declined to change the close season for sturgeon fishing on the Fraser, and now the board of trade of New Westminster urges that a commission be appointed to enquire into the habits of those fish.

The Burrard Inlet Red Cedar Lumber Co's. sawmill at Port Moody has been cutting for two weeks and is turning out all grades of cedar and fir lumber and shingles. A specialty is being made of the bevel cedar siding which has become so popular in all the finer class dwellings in the Sound cities and the Eastern States.