

SCOOP THE CUB REPORTER

Try Going To Bed At Bed Time, Scoop

By "HOP"



LORD ROSEBERY ON GOOD MANNERS

Advice to Boys to Cultivate Habit of Courtesy—Its Commercial Value.

In the course of an entertaining speech delivered by Lord Rosebery at Guildford Grammar School on Monday on the occasion of the distribution of prizes, his lordship dwelt upon the importance of good manners for the boy and the man.

At the outset he said that when he first began distributing prizes he himself was rather haunted with the reflection that he did not get all the prizes which possibly greater industry might have enabled him to obtain. (Laughter) Commenting on the remarkable success of three brothers named Champion during the term he said he could not altogether share the regret of the headmaster that there were no more such Champions to enter the school. They must give the other families a chance. (Laughter)

"In the school statutes framed 300 years ago," he went on, "they say that honesty and cleanness of life, genuinely decent speech, humility, courtesy, and good manners are to be established by all good means. The point I wish to labour is that of courtesy and good manners."

"The men of the seventeenth century were I suspect, the greater breed of Englishmen—that England has ever produced—partly because they possessed good manners themselves, and also they recognized the enormous importance of courtesy and good manners in the common transactions of life."

"We English people—and I am afraid still more we Scots people—have never been famous for good manners. I think at one time there was a sort of John Bull feeling in England that good manners were the privilege of dancing, frog-eating Frenchmen whom it was our duty to despise and defeat. (Laughter.)"

"That was a false view. A man who respects himself is always well-regarded to others. We distributors, and visit schools, are very apt to respect the character of a school. When we go to a school where the boys do not touch their hats to their masters when they meet, we perhaps erroneously, a poorer opinion of that school."

Tribute to Ourselves

"When we touch our hats to our superiors we mean he is the head of our community, and as the head of our community, we pay ourselves tribute by exalting him. When the king goes through the streets, if we are fortunate enough to see him, we take off our hats to him. That is a mark of respect to the King in the first place, but in the second place a mark of respect to ourselves. We wish to show our veneration to the head of the community to which we belong."

"I think there has been a decay of respect in England and Scotland over the world. It is not a reverence for themselves, even if it be an outward reverence, that is not going the right way and are probably going the wrong way. Men have an enormous commercial value in life."

"In public life, I have seen men of reputation and manners get such a bit of much abler fellows that they have been able to occupy a place much higher than their own abilities or services would entitle them."

"Take three boys applying for the same situation. One may be a master of learning, another nothing so good a boy but still able, and the third may not have the same ability as either, but if he has good manners, and instead of grunting an answer like the first boy, or of not answering like the second, he gives a clear, respectful, not cringing, answer to the questions, it is ten to one on him against the other two."

"I ask every boy if he forgets everything else I have said to bear in mind the enormous value of manners. It will give him a value he would not possess without them, and will give him a start of other boys who neither try to be or are well-mannered."

Mbutana's milk river is mostly water.

OFFICER RIDES OVER A DARK PRECIPICE

Climax to the Reckless Ride of a Fearless Horseman.

It Carried Horse and Rider Past the Edge of a Sheer Cliff to a Fall of Two Hundred and Fifty Feet to the Rocks and Water Below, Yet the Man Lived.

Perhaps the most extraordinary fall that a human being ever survived is that described by Thorneby in his "Sporting Stories." The lucky man was Colonel William York Moore, a British officer, who rode his horse in the dark over a sheer precipice 247 feet in height and came out alive! It seems incredible that such a fearful experience should result in anything but instant death, yet here are the facts, which once again confirm the adage that truth is more wonderful than fiction.

Colonel Moore, who commanded the troops at Dominica, lost his way one evening after sunset. In complete darkness he endeavored to make his way home. Two or three times he had difficulty in making his horse cross obstacles, and at last they came to something that the horse would not face.

Colonel Moore was a fearless rider and again he rode his horse at full speed against the unknown obstacle, but in vain. At last, urged forward by whip and spur, the terrified animal, with a snort of terror, cleared the low hedge—for such the obstruction proved to be—and went over the cliff.

Colonel Moore says that during his flight on horseback through the air every event of his whole life seemed to pass in a luminous panorama before him. Suddenly there came a terrific concussion, which deprived him of his senses and left him with his legs in the sea and his body on the rocks, apparently dead.

He must have lain there stunned for some hours, for when at last the lapping water and the cool breezes restored him the moon was shining brightly in midheaven and its beams fell upon the upturned glittering shoes of his gallant horse, which lay dead and mangled beside him.

As soon as he had collected his scattered wits Colonel Moore coolly began to examine himself to ascertain what injuries he had sustained. He found that he was severely cut about the body and head, that his right ankle was dislocated and that his back was benumbed or paralyzed by the concussion of his fall.

When the sun rose it shone upon his bare, bleeding head with such intolerable heat that, as a protection from its rays, he tied his cotton handkerchief about his forehead. Above his head projected the two ends of the knotted bandage stained crimson with his blood.

After lying in horrible pain for several hours he spied a boatful of natives rowing toward the spot where he lay. As they came near he hailed them in a faint voice, but the moment they saw the ghastly figure of the colonel, with his bloody headdress, they set up a yell and rowed away as if 20,000 devils were after them.

After some time a single black man came clambering over the rocks, intent on catching fish. He was within a few yards of the colonel when the latter hailed him. The moment the negro caught sight of the bleeding head and the blood stained bandage he, too, uttered a fearful yell, flung down his rod and fled and scrambled off over the rocks as fast as his feet and hands would carry him.

The colonel now began to resign himself to the prospect of a lingering death, but fortunately his English servant, alarmed at his master's absence, went in search of him and, following the horse's tracks, at last came to the edge of the precipice.

The sudden disappearance of the foot prints near the low hedge fence convinced him that an accident had happened. He ran to the barracks and got out a boat, which a party of soldiers rowed to the foot of the cliff.

Very tenderly and carefully the soldiers lifted the colonel into the boat and brought him back to the barracks. For some months he lay in great pain and danger, but in time the paralyzed muscles of his back recovered, and eventually he was restored to complete health. Not even the slightest touch of lameness remained, as he reminded him of his fall.

INDIAN NECKLACE A BIG MYSTERY

Lady Denies That One Produced Belongs to Her—Whose is it?

Though the case is ended, the mystery of Mrs. Margaret Heasman's lost necklace is not yet solved. Mrs. Heasman is the wife of an Eastbourne physician, who used to play cricket for Sussex with Ranjitsinhji. When the latter became Jam of Nawanager the Heasmans visited him in England, and while there a Rance presented Mrs. Heasman with a valuable necklace.

Mrs. Heasman asserts that after she returned from India, she took the necklace to Messrs. Bruford and Sons, jewelers of Eastbourne, for repair, and some time later, when she called for it they told her that they could not find any trace of it. She accordingly brought an action for its return. Messrs. Bruford denied that they ever received the necklace.

At the last hearing there was a curious development. Mr. H. W. Apter, another Eastbourne jeweler, having seen a report of the case in the Press, brought a necklace to court which he stated had been left with him by Mrs. Heasman. Through her counsel however, Mrs. Heasman denied that this was the necklace in dispute.

When the hearing was resumed in the King's Bench, on Monday, Mr. George Ernest Gilham, formerly in the employ of Messrs. Bruford, stated that Mrs. Heasman first called at the shop in connection with the sale of some old gold. Later she called, and said, "I have called you a necklace which I cannot find. Have you got it here?" He said he would have a search made, and later he told her that no trace of it could be found. He did not seem at all to be annoyed. He had never received such a necklace as the one indicated.

Mrs. May Wise, daughter of Mr.

Apter, said she formerly assisted her father in the business. She received the necklace produced from a lady who said she wanted it repaired quickly. She said it was a present to her when she was in India. Nobody came for the necklace until when she read the report of the case in the papers she mentioned it to her father. She had no doubt the lady was Mrs. Heasley.

Mrs. Heasley said she never left the necklace produced or any other necklace with Mr. Apter. She explained in detail to his lordship the differences between her own necklace and the one produced by Mr. Apter.

Dr. Heasman also said he was certain that the necklace produced was

not the one given to his wife in India. Several people who had seen Mrs. Heasman's necklace gave evidence that the one in court was not the Indian one.

Mr. Justice Phillimore said he was not satisfied that Mrs. Heasman left her necklace with Messrs. Bruford, and he should, therefore, enter judgment for the latter, with costs, except as an allowance of £30 which he would make to Mrs. Heasman.

Cruel

An uptown man names all the cake his wife makes "Angel food," because he says no mortal on earth can eat it.—New Orleans Picayune.



BY way of a household hint, here's a suggestion more valuable than a recipe for a new delicacy—and much more practical. Why not turn obsolete articles of furniture into cash or exchange them for things that are more needed? All goods of home equipment—furniture, floorcoverings, draperies, baby carriages, refrigerators and scores of other things are bought, sold and exchanged through

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