

Our Scotch Corner

The Merry Guisers.

A merry band o' halflings,
Dressed a' in queer disguise,
Out ta seek their hogmanay,
An' gie folk a surprise.
Some are dressed like sojers bold,
Braid woollen hose an' bonnet,
Some like haughty highborn dames,
Wi' wigs an' laces braw.
Losing whiles their dignity,
The scurvy ower a dyke,
Or, liltin' high their cloaks an' trains,
Chase some fierce bairn's tyke,
Then bursting forth in merry sang,
That sleepy folk might hear,
"Get up an' poke the coals about
The guiser folk are near."

Ye wae sleep in feather beds,
An' ye wae sleep on straw,
Get up an' licht yer hooses up—
Obey the guisers' ca'!
For they are happy little folk,
Just fu' o' guileless din,
Put on yer laces, unbolt the doors,
An' let the guisers in.

Wi' swagger step the guiser knights
Great host an' hostess fair,
An' bowing introductions dames
Wi' fancies stately air.
"We bring ye joy, we wish ye health,
Laugh at our merry play;
For we are honest guiser folk,
Out for our hogmanay."

Bubbling ower wi' sang an' mirth,
Needing dancing in a ring,
Roon an' roon they swiftly glide,
An' then their partners swing.
The chubb hand that wields the bow,
It never seems to tire,
But ever wi' a minstrel's skill
The tripping feet inspire.

Laird an' tenant, a' like,
Join briskly in the fun,
An' treat them to their rest a wee
The shortbread cheese an' bun.
The roaring fire o' peat or coal
Gives forth a ruddy glow,
That lights each face a' dimpled ower,
Wi' laughter's catching flow.

Frae hoose ta hoose they laughing lit,
Refused guid cheer by none;
For those who give the bairnies joy,
Get paid by hallesome fun.
Their happy sang rings echoing far,
The winter's morning cheer,
"We wish ye a' ha'p' an' great an' sma',
A happy guid New Year."

PROGRESSIVE SCOTLAND.

(By John Stewart Ballantyne.)

There is no Scotman, however fervid, but admits that his "ain country" is in common with England, has benefited by the amalgamation of the two kingdoms, for union is strength, and Britain has taken a place among the nations of the world. England or Scotland alone—either had been able to retain its separate existence against the European Powers—could never have hoped to achieve. Unfortunately, however, there prevails in certain quarters an impression—fostered by London journals and to some extent also by the Scottish press—that Scotland, prior to the Union in 1706, was steeped in ignorance and barbarism, and that our present day enlightenment is solely attributable to contact with our Southern neighbors. Happily the proposal to establish a Chair of Scottish History in Glasgow University seems to indicate that such an impression will ere long be forever removed. How erroneous it is can easily be proved by even a superficial review of any Scots statute book; and it is an axiom—the truth of which is universally conceded—that the laws of a country are a fair criterion of its progress in the art and attainment of civilization. The Acts of our old Scottish Parliament—taking as a starting point the commencement of the 13th century—reveal at once, on the part of the then lawmakers, an anxiety both to preserve inviolate the national independence and to the glory of the position of citizens of a great and unconquered country the individual units of the nation.

For the attainment of the first of such laudable objects, it was necessary that every Scot, between the ages of 16 and 60 years should be a trained soldier, ready to take the field at a moment's notice. So we find first, with this purpose ever in view, it was enacted that wappenschaws (weapon showings) be held four times a year, at these meetings every man had to show six arrows, at least, and the defaulter forfeited "two pennys" to be given to them "that cummis to the bowmenarks, to drink." It was thought that games might prevent the youth of the country from attending these war practice meetings, and accordingly football and golf were forbidden—the former so long ago as 1424—under a penalty of 30s. for each offence.

In the matters pertaining to education, Scotland has always displayed a progressive spirit. So far back as 1300 A. D. schools were in existence, for there is still extant a deed of that year transferring land from the Abbot of Dunkeld (son of Malcolm III.), and it is witnessed by other two sons of the King (afterwards Alexander I. and David I.) and the rector of the schools at Abernethy. Other records prove that, about the same period, schools flourished at Perth, Dundee, and Lanark; and doubtless many others existed throughout the kingdom. The Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh were founded in 1411, 1451, 1494 and 1582 respectively. An event of even greater importance, however, was the establishment in 1607 of a school in every parish in Scotland, and to the Parliament of that year our country owes a lasting debt of gratitude.

Our Scottish seats of learning, unlike those of England, have always been open to rich and poor alike. Nay, more, the deserving scholar in necessitous circumstances was encouraged, for amongst the Robert Bruce were two of 20s. each, the one to a Master Gilbert, and the other to David of Montrose, for the purpose of study; and in 1384 £4 was granted by royalty to an indigent scholar in the town of Haddington. In making education compulsory the British Parliament has followed 276 years in the wake of Scotland, for a Scots enactment of 1494 directed all barons and freeholders, who were of substance, to put their eldest sons to school, and the grammar schools, from 6 to 9 years of age, where they were to remain until they were "com-petentlie founded and had perfitte Latinie"; and thereafter they were to attend for three years at the schools of art and law. The barons, with the clergy and the commissioners of the royal burghs, constituted the "Three Estates" of our Parliament, and, as many of the

barons were also hereditary sheriffs of their districts, and were thus both makers and administrators of our statutes, it was fitting that they should acquire "knowledge and understanding" laws whereby justice might remain throughout the realm.

The Old and New Testaments were, by instructions of Parliament, printed in the Scots tongue in 1542, and psalm books in 1570, but our forefathers' tendencies before these years, as various prior enactments had been made in restraint of religious disputations.

Scottish commerce, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was in a prosperous condition, and the records of that period—in addition to enactments regarding the coinage, weights and measures, and the adulteration of foods—disclose commercial treaties with many countries, including France, Spain, Norway, Denmark and Flanders. Our merchants were protected by an efficient navy, which, under the illustrious Sir Andrew Wood, numbered among its achievements the capture of five English pirates, and of an English naval force despatched to recapture them. Three of the Scottish warships were subsequently sold to Louis XII.

Even in those far-off days the daughters of Scotia did not lack accomplishments. Thus, in 1579, the King requested the burghs to provide teachers to instruct the youth in the arts of music and singing, which were falling into decay, compliance with which request was "to do His Majesty acceptable and grateful." It may be that the music which His Majesty desired to revive was that of the harp, or "clarsach," which, prior to its suppression by the bagpipes (essentially an open-air instrument) had been for centuries the national instrument of Scotland, and popular at court and throughout the Highlands. Be that as it may, however, of this we are certain, that a race possessed of musical culture and ability was not then emerging, but had long since emerged, from the darkness and ignorance of savagery.

The leaguers had been established in Scotland for nearly 500 years. In 1424 every burgh was directed to keep up a ready place ladders twelve feet long for fire escapes, and "clerks" of iron to draw down blazing timber and roofs. Any person burned out of house and hall could easily, if he had funds at his command, find bed and board, for Parliament had decreed that hotels should be established throughout the burghs; it injured, he could receive treatment at the hospitals, which were also regulated by statute.

Energy seems always to have been a feature of the Scots—idleness to them was intolerable—and in 1426 beggars were compelled to learn trades, or else were expelled from their own livelihood. This Act was renewed from time to time with various alterations, a distinction being drawn between virtuous idlers and men out of employment through misfortune or ill health. The former could avoid that penalty by accepting employment. In 1491, for instance, they were sent to build ships or not less than 20 tons, and, having built them, to sail them, and set sail for the herring fisheries. The crews of these vessels were to receive payment for their services.

Various stringent laws were also passed about the beginning of the fifteenth century to punish carelessness and idleness, and, perhaps to the minution of these laws—the pioneers of technical education—we may ascribe the reputation which Scotsmen have universally earned for proficiency in business.

Certain politicians, who are considered in advance of the times, advocate payment of our Members of Parliament. These "advanced" politicians are really following Scottish custom, for in 1601 the commissioners for the shires granted a salary of £400 to each of the Scots (38, 44, 50) during session, and a similar allowance for the time occupied going to and coming from Parliament. Commissioners "from the burghs" were allowed eight days for the journey either way, and commissioners from greater shires proportionately less.

The terms which our Scots Parliament of 1436 dealt with the question of indentured landowners will command respect of our Celtic friends, Highland and Irish alike. It was then ordained that certain landowners should build, repair and retain their castles and manors, and either dwell in them themselves or place them at the disposal of their friends "for the gracious government of the lands by good policy and in order to expend the fruits of the lands in the country where the lands lay."

Temperance returns to the country, and he who returned to stay in Wickham until he had made some money, no matter how much it was made. Several days later he was seen on the streets and he had a beautiful bronze on his hands and face. It was the dark brown color that tells of honest toil in the corn field.

Where did you get that color?" asked one of his friends.
"I got it from cutting corn in the country," was the reply.
"Get anything else?" asked the friend, who looked at the then attenuated form of the since fleshy and prominent lecturer.
"Sure," replied Clark, "I got this dollar for the day's work. And I want to tell you I am going to leave this town. I said I would not leave until I had made some money, and now that I have made it I am ready to leave."

Priest a Famous Mountain Climber.

The Abbe Gorret, who climbed every important peak in the Swiss and Italian Alps and who was the first to ascend the Matterhorn from the Italian side, has died at Aosta, aged 73.

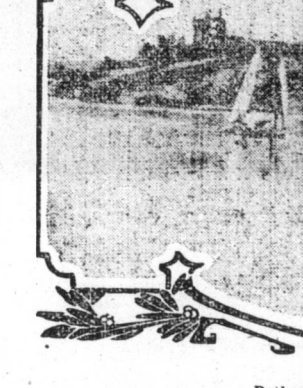
He taught Alpinism to the present King of Italy and was well acquainted with the late King Humbert, who called him "the Mountain Bear."

Abbe Gorret, who was born of humble parents, began life as a guide. He was a man of superb physique and was noted in his younger days for his feats of strength.

By studying at nights he passed his examinations as a clerical student and became a priest. He soon relinquished parochial duties, however, and retired to a cottage in the mountains, where he spent his time writing books on the Alps and climbing.

He was an intimate friend of Tyn-dall and many other well known English Alpinists of the old school.—From the London Express.

Phatleugh—Everybody tells me that I am not as stout as I used to be. Wig—Yes, I notice your hair getting thinner.



Rothschild's Desert Camp and the Cataract Hotel at Assuan.

Best Stories of a Week

Admiral Evans' Experience of a Court in China.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, commander-in-chief of the battleship fleet now going to the Pacific, told the following story apropos of justice administered in the American Court at Shanghai.

"Four men came in the dock," said the admiral, "when his Honor mounted the bench. Three were Chinese and the fourth a sailor from my ship. The judge said to the first Chinese, 'What is your name?'"

"Ah Ling," was the response.
"What was the matter with you?" asked the judge.
"Dunk!"

"Thirty days, and get out of here, sentenced in Honor. 'Next. What's your name?'"

"Ah Sung," responded the second Chinese.
"What was the matter with you?" asked the judge.
"Dunk!"

"Thirty days, and get out of here, sentenced in Honor. 'Next. What's your name?'"

"Ah Lee," replied the third Chinese.
"What's your trouble?" asked the judge.
"Dunk!"

"Thirty days. Next. What's your name?"

"Ah, h—!" gave me thirty days and let me go," was the prompt reply of the American sailor.

He Made Some Money.
Few people know that Champ Clark, the celebrated Congressman from Missouri, an able lecturer, once, on a visit to the city of Chicago, was arrested, or tried to do so, in Wichita, Kan. But he did, according to a Wichita letter in the Topeka Capital.

In 1875 Champ Clark opened an office in the city of Chicago, and he was afterwards known as a lecturer, once, on a visit to the city of Chicago, was arrested, or tried to do so, in Wichita, Kan. But he did, according to a Wichita letter in the Topeka Capital.

Clark, who was not a great deal of business for young attorneys at that time, and Champ Clark did the best he could to make a living, but he became discouraged, and, in time, left the State and returned to Missouri, where he was afterwards elected to Congress. He met Cox Harris on the street one day, and told him that he intended to stay in Wichita until he had made some money, no matter how much it was made.

Several days later he was seen on the streets and he had a beautiful bronze on his hands and face. It was the dark brown color that tells of honest toil in the corn field.

"Where did you get that color?" asked one of his friends.
"I got it from cutting corn in the country," was the reply.

"Get anything else?" asked the friend, who looked at the then attenuated form of the since fleshy and prominent lecturer.

"Sure," replied Clark, "I got this dollar for the day's work. And I want to tell you I am going to leave this town. I said I would not leave until I had made some money, and now that I have made it I am ready to leave."

Must Know His Business.
William J. Bryan, on his last visit to New York, declined to answer one of a Washington correspondent's questions.



"I shouldn't know my business if I answered such a question as that," said Mr. Bryan. "Every one must know his business; otherwise failure follows; and I am sure you wouldn't want me to fail like the young salesman of fountain pens. There was, you know, a young fountain pen salesman who, to his great joy, succeeded on his first trip in persuading a stationer to order 5,000 pens. But all of a sudden the stationer's manner toward the young man changed, and he was ordered to leave the store. He fled, and buried into his private office, slamming the door behind him. Later in the day his bookkeeper said to this stationer: 'May I ask, sir, why you so suddenly commanded your order for fountain pens?'"

The young salesman, who was a man of no small nerve, answered, 'booked my order in lead pencil.'"

The Philosopher.
He came home at night to find the house deserted, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. There was a crumpled note on the center table. He read it. His wife had eloped with a fascinating hillbiker. He flung the note on the floor. Then he shrilly whistled. There was no response. He whistled again. He saw it all now. She had gone and taken the dog with her.

He picked up the note and read it aloud.
"I have gone away with William," she wrote. "I felt that I needed a change. Twenty minutes later he handed this 'personal' order the 'wants' counter to get a new dog. He was charged by wire. A 'Viola' sent back the dog and keep the change."

A Co-Ed Conundrum.
Out at the University of Chicago the women's dormitories have developed fountain heads of humor, from which wit springs as spontaneously as oil from John D. Rockefeller's wells in Indiana. Most of the numerous "gags" at the founder's expense are supposed to have emanated from this source. Recently the co-eds have evolved a new jest, or rather, a new version of an old one, which ran off like this:

"Why is I Pierpont Morgan like Pharaoh's daughter?"
"Can't you guess it? Why, how perfectly stupid of you."

"I, Pierpont Morgan is like Pharaoh's daughter because they both found a little prophet in the rushes on the banks."

One on the General.
Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, was a tireless worker when he started on anything. He and his secretary, Clancy, says the Baltimore Sun, oftentimes sat in the library until almost daylight, when the general wanted to finish up anything.

During the night sessions of the Senate, toward a close of Congress, a Senator called on General Butler one morning at 3 o'clock. The same Senator called again when the Senate adjourned the following morning at daybreak, and found the general and Clancy still at work.

"Don't you ever stop?" the Senator asked.
"No," General Butler said. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

"General, I never knew before just why my employer was," Clancy said, bowing.

The Flustered Father.
Lincoln Beachey, the Toledo aeronaut, was being congratulated on the \$2,000 prize that he won with his dirigible balloon at St. Louis.

"And how did you feel when you found

yourself the victor?" a young girl asked.
"Feel?" said Mr. Beachey, laughing. "Why, I felt excited, flustered. I felt just like my old Toledo friend, John Humphreys, at the time his first baby came."

"To Jack Humphreys, covering in his library, the doctor entered. 'Congratulations, Mr. Humphreys,' the doctor said. 'A fine 12-pound baby, sir!'"

"Glorious!" shouted Jack, hysterically. "And am I a father a mother, doc?"

KAISER'S LIFE IN ENGLAND.
Simple Habits Veiled by Etiquette and Clouds of Police.

(From the Paris Mail.)
The park surrounding Highcliffe Castle is well guarded. To the right, to the left, in front and behind, one caught sight of strange profiles whose identity was easy to guess. The very gardeners collecting the dead leaves and raking the paths were evidently more accustomed to other occupations.

"How many police are there?" I asked a guide.
"Over a hundred."

When we entered by a small side doorway the tides of a telegraph instrument was the first thing that met my ear.

"There are three, and telephones, as well," a telegraph operator told me. "We don't stop working all day. Despatches are going and arriving without cease, because the Kaiser sends his official correspondence almost entirely by wire. In addition, two special messengers leave for Berlin every day."

On arriving at the kitchen my guide told me he was going to introduce me to a fellow countryman, M. Terrail, a Frenchman, who has charge of the imperial cooking.

"What does His Majesty like?" I asked.
"He likes everything that is light. He eats very little, but often. He is very partial to truffles, particularly pears. A favorite dish is cold fat poultry. One day I sent up as a sweet, a strawberry souffle, which His Majesty liked so much that he deigned to ask me the recipe."

Then M. Terrail, growing interested in his story, violated the code of professional secrecy still further.

"In the morning at 9 o'clock the Emperor takes poached eggs with a little cold ham, fruit and ice. At 1 o'clock I serve his lunch—eggs or fish, an entrée of fowl or game. Often there is simply a buffet. Perhaps you don't know what a buffet is! About two kinds of cold meats in jelly. As for dinner, it is a little more substantial. A typical menu included soup, fish, saddle of mutton, cold young turkey, salad, peaches and cake. Before going to bed the Kaiser eats two or three biscuits of German make and drinks a glass of water."

Then we passed through the corridors; corridor after corridor, and every one encountered was a little trunk, all sizes and shapes. These are the personal trunks of the Emperor; each contains a different uniform.

At length we reached the private rooms used by the Kaiser. First came the library, with thousands of books and the newspapers of every country. Then the private sitting room, where in the evening smoking a cigar William II. takes delight in listening to the gramophone or the mechanical pianos.

A small ante-chamber separates this room from the dining room.

"It is in this ante-chamber," said my guide, "that his majesty's suite meet before meals. The Kaiser is living here in the greatest simplicity, but he insists all the same on etiquette being observed. Nobody enters the dining room before the Emperor. If his majesty deigns to smile everybody smiles, if he has a frown on his face nobody smiles a word."

"At dinner the Emperor wears evening dress with decorations, generally the Golden Fleece, the Black Eagle and at the knee the Order of the Garter. As soon as His Majesty has taken his place at the table the imperial suite sits down. His Majesty gives a sign to the house steward and the meal begins."

During dinner the Kaiser drinks generally orangeade, lemonade or cider, and at the end of the meal, but no liqueurs."

From the dining room we went to the private rooms of the Kaiser. First of all was a bedroom decorated simply and in good taste. An Empire bed of great historical value constituted the chief furniture. It was on this bed that Marshal Ney was laid on the evening of the day he was shot in 1815. A small table is scattered over with cigarettes.

On the chimney I saw a wooden box in which were two bracelets and four rings, one being ornamented with a miniature of the Empress. Many photographs were about, those of his sons, of King Edward and the Czar Nicholas II.

But this room serves chiefly as a dressing room, as his majesty sleeps in an adjoining room. This second room, simpler even than the former, contains a bed of copper covered with a counterpane embroidered in silk that once belonged to Marie Antoinette. On the night table by the bedside was a regulation army revolver in a doekskin cover.

On a chest of drawers were still more photographs—those of the Empress and his daughters-in-law. Immediately after this bedroom comes the last of his Majesty's private rooms, his workshop. I only had time to catch a glimpse of desk littered with letters, printed and written. More photographs lay about and more books, among them the recently published "Letters of Queen Victoria."

Lots of pens were scattered about the desk, as if the Emperor used nothing else. He uses fine and dry his ink, never blotting paper.

When the Emperor is in one of his private rooms no one is allowed to approach him but the four servants attached to his person. At night a faithful guard places at his door forbids entry to any one.

As I passed through the park to go away I heard the purring of an auto and my guide said:

"Do you see that auto. Last Wednesday it disturbed the Emperor considerably. He was just returning from a shooting expedition and as he put his foot on the step to get out a loud explosion occurred in the motor. William II. turned slightly pale, but the engineer in charge of the imperial auto quickly reassured him. Then the Kaiser smiled and said: 'Never mind, so long as it is in the past.'"

Modern Hindu Women.

Within five short years a great change has come over a section of the native population of Lahore. Children of native gentlemen can be seen being taken out for an airing at seven, eight, nine and evening for a drive in open vehicles.

A week ago we saw the daughter of a man of position walking with her father on the railway platform at Lahore. She was dressed in a sari, and like an English gown, had English shoes on, and when her husband came up left her father and walked about with him. Her face was quite uncovered. Let those who have relatives in Lahore go there and see for themselves the state of things. They will see wives going out shoulder to shoulder with their husbands in the evenings, having said goodbye to old restrictions.

A man who would dare reimpose the old manners on his womenkind would receive scant courtesy.—From the Punjab Journal.

Often it is the pull of our heart strings that gives us the biggest lift.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

List of Agencies

where the

HAMILTON TIMES

may be had:

G. J. WARTHUR, Stationer,
Rebecca St., 4 doors from James
F. W. SCHWARTZ,
Royal Hotel News Stand.

THOS. FRENCH, Stationer,
90 James Street North.
G. B. MIDDLEY, Printer,
282 James Street North.

A. F. HURST, Tobacconist,
294 James Street North.
A. A. THEOBALD, Tobacconist,
358 James Street North.

JAS. M'KENZIE, Newsdealer,
334 James Street North.
D. MONROE, Grocer,
James and Simcoe.

JOHN HILL, Tobacconist,
171 King Street East.
W. R. FLEMING,
Barber and Tobacconist,
243 King Street East.

H. P. TEETER, Druggist,
King and Ashley.
T. J. M'BRIDE,
666 King Street East.

A. W. SWAZIE,
647 Barton Street East.
LLOYD VANDUZEN,
Crown Point.

J. A. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist,
Barton and Wentworth, also Victoria Avenue and Cannon.
H. E. HAWKINS, Druggist,
East Avenue and Barton.

WM. KNOX,
Barton and Wellington Streets.
A.