

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

BLUFF HARRY AND THE COBBLER

King Henry the Eighth, of England, was a very wicked prince, and apt to behave in a tyrannical manner. However, he was distinguished by some social qualities, which caused the common people to call him Bluff Harry. The following is related of him:

It was the custom of this monarch, as it was with the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, to walk about in disguise among his subjects, for the purpose of seeing how the laws were observed, and how the constables and watchmen performed their duty. One night, King Henry had been down in the eastern part of London, which is a portion of that city resembling the North End of Boston. He was on his return through the street called the Strand, toward the palace of Whitehall. The day was just breaking, and the street was very still, when he heard a cobbler whistling, inside his shop. The king was desirous of seeing a cobbler who rose so early to work, so he kicked against one of the stones of the pavement, and knocked off the heel of his shoe.

He then rapped at the shop door. "Who's there?" said the cobbler. "A customer," answered the king. "Come in," said the cobbler. So the king went in. "What do you want?" asked the cobbler. "Can you mend my shoe?" said the king. "Yes," answered the cobbler. "Sit down, and I'll do your job." So the king borrowed an old shoe of the cobbler, and put it on, while his own was mending.

After they had held a little talk together, the king felt pleased with the good humor of his companion, and resolved to carry out the adventure a little further. So said he, "Cobbler, is there any ale-house in the neighborhood, where I could get a cup of drink?" "Yes," said the cobbler, "right over the way." "Very well," said the king, "I'll step over there, and when my shoe is done, you may bring it to me."

So the king went over to the ale-house, and ordered a pot of beer. By and by in came the cobbler, with the shoe. "What's to pay?" demanded the king. "Two pence," said the cobbler. The king looked at the work, and saw it was well done. "Thou art a very honest fellow," said he; "here is three-pence for thy pains. Come, sit down and let us drink a health to the king."

"With all my heart," said the cobbler. So they sat down together, and drank and sang songs. The cobbler being in a merry mood, "What's your name, good man?" asked he of the king. "Harry Tudor," was the reply. "Where do you live," says the cobbler. "I live at court," said the king. "I suppose you keep shop there," said the cobbler. "No," says the king, "I keep house, and I should like to see you there." The cobbler had no notion who it was to whom he was talking; but he was delighted with the thought of seeing the court. So he thanked the king, and told him he was one of the most civil fellows he had ever seen, and that he would be sure to pay him a visit. So they parted.

Some time afterwards the cobbler, having a leisure day, thought of performing the promise he had made to his companion. So he made his wife bring him a clean shirt, comb his head, and brush up his Sunday clothes, telling her he was going to court. The cobbler's wife supposed that one of the king's servants had bespoken a new pair of shoes, and she was in great joy at the thought of her husband's having got such a rare piece of custom. So she dressed him up as fine as she was able.

The cobbler went up the street till he got to Whitehall, where he entered the door of the king's palace, staring at everything with his eyes wide open. At length he spied a man who appeared to be an officer of the palace. "Mr. Officer," says he, "does Harry Tudor live here?" Now, the king had given orders that, if anyone made such an inquiry, he should be brought immediately into the royal presence. When the officer was first accosted by the cobbler, he was going to kick him out the door; but, suddenly recollecting the king's order, he made a low bow to the cobbler, and replied, "Yes, sir; please to walk this way." The cobbler was amazed at the politeness of this personage, and said to himself, "Well, I guess Harry Tudor is pretty well known here."

So the officer went along and the cobbler followed him through rooms,

and galleries and halls, full of servants and officers and courtiers, all dressed in the richest court fashions. The cobbler almost stared the eyes out of his head, for he had never seen such magnificence before, in all his life. "Honest fellow," said he to the officer, "where are you going?"—"To Harry Tudor," answered the officer. So saying, he conducted him into the guard-chamber, which was full of people, even more magnificently dressed than those whom he had first seen.

The cobbler could hardly believe his eyes. "Good Mr. Gentlemen Officer," said he, "where are we?"—"This is Harry Tudor's house," replied he "and these are Harry Tudor's men."—"You have certainly made a mistake," said the cobbler. "The Harry I mean is a plain, merry, honest fellow, and none of your butterfly folks: we drank a pot of beer together, and I mended his shoe." While the poor cobbler was saying this, the officer ushered him into the royal presence.

The king was sitting in state, in his grand presence-room, with his great lords and dignitaries around him. "May it please your majesty," said the officer, "here is one inquiring for Harry Tudor." The poor cobbler hearing this, was frightened almost out of his wits, for he believed he had committed something like high treason. He turned and ran for his life; but, not minding which way he was going, ran against everybody in his way, knocking down a dozen great lords. At length, he tumbled heels over head down a flight of stairs and was caught and carried back to the king.

"Well, honest fellow," said the king, "what dost thou here?"—"May it please your majesty's grace and excellency," replied he, "I am a poor cobbler, and came here to see one Harry Tudor, an honest fellow. I mended his shoe, and he invited me to come and see him."—"Well," said the king, "be not afraid; look well about you, perhaps he is here." So the cobbler got off his knees, and began staring about him. But he saw nobody that looked liked Harry Tudor; and as for the king, his dress so disguised him that he escaped all suspicion. Seeing the cobbler's perplexity, the king was highly diverted; but keeping his countenance, he said to his yeoman of the guard, "Here, take this honest cobbler down into the cellar, and let him drink my health. I will send Harry Tudor to him presently."

So the cobbler went down into the cellar, where they set a mug of beer before him. He had not been there long before the king came to him, dressed the same as when he mended his shoe. The cobbler knew him at once, and was overjoyed to see his old friend. "Aha! honest Harry," said he, "I am right glad to see thee again. Do you know what a scrape I have just got into? When I enquired for you, they carried me to the king, and frightened me out of my five senses."

"Never mind," said the king; "now I have found you we will be merry again." "So we will, honest Harry," replied the cobbler, and thereupon they fell to chatting and singing songs, and were as merry as grigs.

In the midst of their merriment, the door of the cellar flew open, and in came the nobles, wearing their rich apparel. They all took off their hats, and stood in profound reverence before the cobbler and his companion, who sat upon three-legged stools, drinking beer. The cobbler was now in greater amazement than ever, till, looking more earnestly in the face of Harry Tudor, he discovered him to be the king whom he had seen in the present chamber. He immediately fell on his knees, and exclaimed, "Please your majesty, I am an honest cobbler, and meant no harm in the world."

"No," said the king, "and you shall receive no harm. Stand up, honest cobbler." So the king introduced the cobbler to the acquaintance of his courtiers, and they all made merry together. When the night was pretty well advanced, the cobbler begged leave to go home, as his wife was waiting for him. So the king dismissed him with a handsome present and promised him, moreover, that he should cobble shoes for him as long as he lived.

HANDSOME FEATURES.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.



Why not try WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?

Doctors highly recommend it to those
Who are run down;
Who have lost appetite;
Who have difficulty after eating;
Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;
And to Nursing Mothers,
as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.



MONTREAL Business College
Established 1864.
—CORNER—
Victoria Square and Craig St

Is one of the Largest, Best Equipped & Patronized Commercial Educational Institutions in America. All Commercial Subjects taught by Specialists.

Shorthand & Typewriting by practical and experienced teachers. Separate apartments for Ladies. Day and Evening Classes. Write, call or Telephone (2890) for Prospectus.

Address: **DAVIS & BUIE,**
30-16 Business College, Montreal.



DENT'S CORN GUM
Cures Corns, Warts, Bunions, etc. So easy to apply—it sticks fast. Ask for Dent's; take no other. Sold everywhere, or by mail 10 cents. C. S. DENT & Co. DETROIT, MICH.
Try Dent's Toothache Gum.

CONFECTIONERY.

CHARLES ALEXANDER,
Cakes and Pastry fresh daily.
Candies in great variety
All our own manufacture
Made Dishes, Ice Cream, Jellies, Russes, &c., for Parties
Wedding Cakes a specialty.
Luncheon and Dining Rooms.
219 ST. JAMES STREET.

\$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write today. IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 64 Windsor, Ont. 26 e o w

Have Your

SLATE, METAL OR GRAVEL ROOFING, ASPHALT FLOORING, ETC., DONE BY GEO. W. REED,
16-8 783 & 785 Craig Street.



LAME BACK
NEURALGIA, PLEURISY, SCIATICA AND RHEUMATISM CURED EVERY TIME
WHEN THE "D. & L." MENTHOL PLASTER IS USED.

FLOUR!

Best Hiawatha Flour,
\$3.95 a Barrel.
Best Creamery Butter.....23c per lb.
Choice Dairy Butter.....20c per lb.
OPEN EVENINGS.
J. L. GREVIER, 809 St. James Street

T. FITZPATRICK, L.D.S., DENTIST.
Teeth without Plates a Specialty.
No. 54 BEAVER HALL HILL.
MONTREAL. 46 G

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, yet soothingly, on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of
Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. It is actually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA, For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at
533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.
Purchasers should look to the Labels of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not on Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Society and General Job Printing at the True Witness Office.

FURNITURE.

NEW CHOICE DESIGNS.
YOUR INSPECTION OF QUALITY AND PRICES SOLICITED.
RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON,
652 CRAIG STREET.