

Andy's Last Moments

(By Canon Langbridge, in the Daily News and Leader, London.)

The man who came appeared to me, for I was fresh from a trim English country town rather an ill-accounted person. He had more loam about him than the British son of the soil extracts from his labor, and he wasn't mended in all the places where my wife would have mended him.

But that which most impressed me about the man was his happiness; that came out, in spite of honest efforts to conceal it, quite as much as bits of knee and so forth. He judged that a certain air of gloom was decorous, and he could not gather it about him.

He sighed as he grasped my hand, and shook it like a duster with his own. He asked after all the family by name—how he got us up I can't imagine—and then he went into the dependents, human and otherwise. In particular he dwelt upon the ducks. I thought we never should get done with them. He was bursting, I saw, to get something said, but was reluctant to let go the joy of keeping it. Finally I had to help him, and the business, out. With that brutal bluntness—that undisguisedly frontal attack which makes the English so heartily unpopular—I asked him if he wanted anything. He tried not to wince, as a boxer will try when he gets a heavy body blow, but he could not quite command himself. He was hurt in his decent feelings. However, he made the best of me, and after a few gentle circumlocutions, rebuking implicitly my unseemly ways, he began to communicate his mission. There was a deal of sickness about. Might be it was the heat; the wind was in a queer quarter altogether. Again I broke in: "Do you want me?" I asked, "to visit a sick person?"

After that he gave my behavior up. "Deed, then," he answered, determined to enjoy the top of his revelation, since he might not draw the cork with exquisite protracted fixings, "Andy Baker's aunt bid me fetch your Reverence to his dying bed; but 'tis too late for that altogether. Ye might say a prayer for the survivors over the late boy's immortal remains."

"What was the matter with him?" I asked. "Influenza," said my friend, and joy broke out in a blotch all over his features, "and numoni and tubercular oas, and a great impression on his chest; the lower extremities is—"

"Quick," I broke in. "No, dead," he answered with the deep ecstasy of one who tastes a perfect oyster. "Come," I said, leading the way out, "we may be in time."

"Please God we will," he answered. "For the man was putting up a great fight against the King o' terrors. We gave him up twice, a while since, and faith he came back on us, screaming and roaring as hearty as ever, and saying the pain was fierce where he couldn't feel the legs."

In five minutes we were at the house. It was a cottage, very naked, very untidy, crowded with men and women. The family hens were raising their long, incubating, persistent wail, aggravated, as I guessed, by unmerited ejection. Two invisible cats began a sudden quarrel as I advanced to the bed, and a collie dog, sneaking from beneath it, snapped at my ankles, and returned to growling repose. I made my way through the crowd up to the canopy under which the patient lay.

"How do you feel?" I asked, as I took his hand.

"Ah, his days for feeling is over, the creature," said a fat woman, as she raised a corner of her apron and wiped her willing eyes. "How far up Andy, are ye mortified now?" asked another, as she bent over and pinched his thigh.

"I wouldn't rightly know," said the sick man. "Parson," he added, turning to me, "would ye remark me rattling at all?"

"No," I answered, puzzled altogether, for I held rather a comfortable hand, and, if his toilet had been a shade more careful, the man's face wouldn't have looked amiss.

What did it all mean? Could it be, I asked myself, that heroisms of which I had read—that fighting instinct that comes out in an Irishman whether his opponent be another man with his fists put up, or the lord of the Dark Valley? I couldn't make up my mind.

"Glory be to God," cried another woman, fatter than the first, "he's beginning to rattle. I remarked it, Andy, when you spoke to his Reverence—like a toy rattle I gave you and you no higher than the bed."

"Myself remarked it," said Andy. "Oh, I'm cranking, the same as an old corn-crake. A couple more gasps, and I'll taste the pangs o' disillusion."

"Ye will—that, my poor Andy," said a one-eyed man. "Human nature can't hold out again them whizzes and alarums."

Joy was in his good eye; joy was all over his hot face; joy thrilled his crackling voice.

I looked round; every face was full of joy, suppressed but ebullient. The air was charged with sympathy; Every soul would have given time, service, money—if that were possible—to help the decent boy stretched on the bed—still he was beginning to rattle!

I looked at the man himself; his face was joyful, too. On the whole, I thought, the joyfulest face of all.

He was alarmed, shaken, overwhelmed, but he was having the time of his life. You can't expect to rattle to a large audience more than once. I caught a glimpse of Andy's tongue; it was a nice tongue, pleasantly rosy. I felt his pulse; it seemed pretty right. His heart was going a bit—small wonder at that!

Gradually conviction began to possess my mind. "Look here, Andy," I said, "you are not so bad as you think. Draw a long breath."

He drew a very long breath.

"Why, my friend," I said, "you have lungs like a pair of bellows—rattling good lungs—and that's the only rattle about you. And your voice! I wish we had you in the choir!"

There was silence; then a sigh; then from many voices the same word. "Do you hear what his Reverence is telling ye? Ye wouldn't mind myself at all."

"Twas just a queer conceit he tuk," said the lady of the apron. "The man's enjoying the best of health; but nothing but dying would serve him."

"Please God," said Andy, "I'll fine the choir 'Sunday. I lost a deal o' time entirely, and the prayties ready for digging."

Then the man who had brought me asserted himself. "Clear the room," he shouted. Then added, in softer explanation: "Will he have the throwers on him?"

GOOD ADVICE FOR CALLERS

The other day a friend of mine was talking about a woman who is a visitor at her house, and after saying a great many complimentary things about her, she said, "but she never knows when to leave."

This is one of the most usual faults of the minor type. It does not do much harm to any one and cannot be classed with hypocrisy, cruelty or bad manners, but it is very annoying and is a hint that thoughtfulness and a lack of social experience are at the bottom. Do you know when to leave?

One of the usual things that has happened to all of us in the hasty call of a neighbor or friend. "I am not going to stay a minute," she says, and then she stays thirty-five minutes. You take her at her first word, and the regular work of the home goes on. Dinner may be in process and the maid, having received no word of postponement from you, goes on and places it on the table. The friend or neighbor stays on. You even invite her to have something to eat with you, especially if it be luncheon. "No, thank you. I am going right away." And then she does not go.

If you are in this class of hesitating callers, try to think of the other woman and go when you say you are going. Make up your mind about the length of your visit and adhere strictly to it. Regard your word as strictly as you would your appointment with the tailor. Surely you would not have a sliding scale of time with him. Then why break your word to the discomfort of another in this matter of a short social call?

When making a call of a formal character, you should leave twenty minutes or half an hour after coming. It is better to have people wish that you had stayed than to have them criticising your inability to go at the right time. Experienced callers never outstay their welcome. When you do rise to bid farewell to your hostess, go. Do not begin another topic of conversation or hesitate and have to say goodbye all over again. This is foolish, and shows a dabbling

in social affairs that speaks against you.

If you are a guest at a home for a few days, go when you say so. If you have been invited for a week-end, make the train you have arranged to make. Do not change your mind, thereby altering the plans of the hostess and a whole household. You have no right to vacillate and put others at a disadvantage and to decided discomfort. Particularly true is this when hostesses are entertaining constantly, and ought to be free to make plans for the coming guests. There are so many things that must be arranged for, from the ordering of food to the inviting of dinner guests, that your entertainer must have a definite knowledge of your stay and departure. Go when you first said you would.

If you have dropped in and have found that there is a group of friends that have evidently been invited for the evening, do not show embarrassment and turn around to make a hasty exit. Wait a little while in order to make your call. In ten minutes, say, you can take your leave. This is time enough to put yourself and the hostess at ease, and with the usual graceful speech at departure, you can go before you are made to feel out of place. There is no reason why a friend should not have different groups of friends to entertain. You should not expect to be included in every list. Your call is a chance one. It must not interfere with any plan for entertainment in the mind of your hostess, and if you know when to go all will be comfortable.

Think this over. If you are the least bit undecided about your knowing when to go, you are perhaps in the wrong. Improve this. It is a little thing, but after all a very important factor in the smooth running of the wheels of social conduct.

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7.30 p. m.—Evening Prayer at St. Andrews.

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METHODIST CHURCHES.
Minister in Charge—Rev. J. Wesley Miller B.A., B.D.
Sidney, on Third Street:
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Morning Service at 11 a. m.
Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 8 p. m.
Choir Practice on Friday at 8 p. m.
North Saanich:
Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.
Sunday Evening Service at 7.30 p. m.
South Saanich:
Sunday School at 2 p. m.
Sunday Service at 3 p. m.
The Circuit Ladies' Aid meets on the Second Thursday of each month.

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Church of St. Elizabeth, Sidney—Mass every 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays in the month, at 10 a. m.
Church of St. Paul, Fulford Harbor, Salt Spring Island—Mass every 4th Sunday.
The Catholic settlements on Pender and Mayne Islands will regularly be attended to during the week following the second Sunday.
The priests in charge are the Rev. Father M. M. Ronden and W. Corneraard. Address R. M. D., No. 1, Turgoose P. O. Telephone Y 11.



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Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal subdivisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of \$5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns should be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of \$10.00 per acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—30690. M. 20.

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