

Our Scotch Corner

HOW SANDY GOT "THE KICK."

Susie was a housemaid in Edinburgh, but had come home for a holiday to the bracing air of her native Kildunna. Her father was a well-to-do crofter. She was a clever, trim lass, but as an ardent flirt with the giddiest seaside summer girl. Eligible young men are scarce in the country, so she resolved to try her powers of fascination on Sandy Birse, the plover-man, who struck her as an excellent subject for flirtation. All the fun was to be on her side and all the sentiment and affection on his. Every weapon in the female armory was brought into requisition, and poor, bashful, obtuse Sandy, under the spell of her winning ways, soon became her most ardent admirer and willing slave.

It was rare fun, and Susie enjoyed herself immensely. One night at the back of the byre she allowed Sandy to steal a kiss. The crack of it was like curling stones in collision. It disturbed even the cows ruminating in the byre.

Soon Susie grew tired of canny Sandy, and resolved to give him what in rustic parlance is called "the kick." Like a true flirt she was eager to gloat over another broken heart.

She met Sandy at the back of the byre one night, as usual.

"Gran' nicht, Susie! Hoo's a' wi' ye, lass!" said Sandy, holding out his hand. But Susie drew her hand away, and answered dryly—"Yes, it's a bonnie nicht." She was evidently in the huff. His face glowed, and he looked like a man waiting for the dentist to draw a tooth.

"Did ye ever see a bigger, rounder, braver mune than that, Susie?" said Sandy gently.

"Tut, who cares for the mune? I'm no mune struck."

Sandy was troubled. A long silence ensued. The sudden change in her demeanor puzzled him, and he was completely galled for something to say. At last he said—"The morn's the flosser show. Will ye gang, Susie?"

"Naw, ye can tak' yere grannie," she replied, giggling.

The true state of affairs was now beginning to dawn on even his dull intellect. He gave a low, soft whistle, and said—"Whit wey will ye no' gang wi' me?"

"Because my ain young man's comin' frae Edinburgh the morn' tak' me," replied Susie, tossing her head.

"I didna ken ye had a sweetheart there. He'll be a smert chappie, nae doot."

"He is that, Sandy, tall an' guid looking an'—looking at Sandy's feet—"he says wears No. 6 boots."

Again Sandy whistled softly, and a rustic smile sixteen inches to the foot overpread his broad face. "An' he is weel a'f, Susie!"

"Ay, he's a shop o' his ain in the High street, an' we're gae to get married at the New Year."

Then pretty Susie looked at Sandy, expecting him to give a broken-hearted look, and fall over in a dead faint. But he rose to the occasion. To her intense disappointment, he gave a hearty laugh, and said, gayly, "I'm rale glad. Ye've taken a deid weicht aff my mind. Ye see, I'm a kin' o' butterfly or a bumblebee flitting frae flower to flower. I was frichtit ye might gang intae a decline if ye heard I was gae wi' Leenie Loney, o' Barley Riggs. But since yer gae to be married there's nae harm done. Gosh! ye might ha' been a'fraid, but I've been fished out o' the dam wi' my photo in yer pouch. I'm rale glad yer gotten married aff yer hame!"

Then Susie sailed off with all the dignity she could muster. "The kick" had not been the success she anticipated.

CHRISTMAS WITH HARRY LAUDER.

As I sat smoking with Harry Lauder after dinner on Christmas Day I noticed he looked rather glum. "What's wrong?" I asked. "You don't look happy."

"Nasty boy," he replied, "you don't know the terrible trouble I'm in."

Then he went on to explain. "You know my popularity as a fun-maker. Well, now, I am the innocent cause of great suffering to thousands. They come to hear me sing, and laugh till they are lockjawed. At every town visited I leave the hospitals full of lock-jaw patients."

"Well, Harry," I said, "you must stop your tickling."

"My boy," he replied, "that's just what I can't do. I have signed contracts in advance for years to come. Think of my predicament. I tickle the nation till it is lockjawed! I have proposed to change my name, substituting 'Close the Shutters, Willie's Dead,' 'The Little One That Died,' 'Poor Old Jeff,' and so on, but the managers say this change would only result in the people dislocating their jaws with yawning. I have thought of leaving the stage, but the public, but there again I fear my serious result. Every day I fear arrest for being a danger to the public."

At this point we were interrupted by the arrival of a policeman.

"You see," said Harry, "the blow has fallen."

He was then marched away to a durm-vile, followed by a crowd of his admirers who had just come out of hospital.

ABOUT DUNOON.

(By George Eyre Todd.)

Mystery, in the popular mind, still to a strange extent surrounds the personality of that pathetic figure of story, Burns's Highland Mary. As a matter of fact, indeed, probably few ordinary readers of the poet could give anything like a full account of the circumstances of the girl's life. Nevertheless her career and connections are probably as well ascertained as those of any lass in the same humble rank of life who attracted the passion of the poet. By the universal tradition of Dunoon, Highland Mary is said to have been born in a cottage whose site is now occupied by Auchmore farmhouse, by the side of the beautiful Balgownie Burn which comes down behind the town. It is for this reason that the statue of Highland Mary stands to-day on Dunoon Castle Hill, looking wistfully away to the Ayrshire coast and the scenes of the passionate love story that was to give her undying fame.

Dunoon, indeed, and its neighborhood have been the inspiration of not a few literary productions. William Cameron, Glasgow merchant who had a house at hand, sang the charms of "Morag's Fairy Glen," the next enchanting holow in the hills south of the Balgownie Burn. Thomas Lyle, the Glasgow surgeon-poet, author of the famous lyric on Keelgrove, sang the charms of Dun-

oon itself "at the lonely twilight hour." Ballachyie, on the road to Glen Lean, was the scene of Fletcher's song, "The Lassie wi' the Raven Locks." In Innellan manse the Rev. George Matheson composed his beautiful hymn, "O Love that wilt not let me go." And the road between Dunoon and Sandbank, by the lovely, heron-haunted Holy Loch, inspired at least one description of Robert Louis Stevenson, who, as a young man, is said to have taken a part in superintending the building of Dunoon pier.

In the first decades of the nineteenth century there were in Dunoon, besides the church and the manse, not more than three or four houses, wearing the dignity of slated roofs. The place, indeed, chiefly existed as the station of the ancient ferry from the Cloch to Cowal, on the highway to Oban, Ferry on Loch Fyne, and the route to the Western Isles. But the coming of the Comet and other steamers from the firth made the shores of Cowal more easily accessible to Glasgow folk, and some of the most prominent citizens set an example of building summer mansions there. At Camusneiloch, the "Bays of Ferns," at the mouth of the Holy Loch, James Hunter built Haffon House and a pier, from which the spot took the name of Hunter's Quay. At Toward the indomitable Kirkman Finlay, with his fortune made from running the blockade of the first Napoleon's boycott of British goods, built the modern Castle Toward, and planted five million trees, the beginning of the finely afforested mountain sides of the region to-day. And at Dunoon Mr. James Ewing, LL.D., of Strathleven, Lord Provost and M. P. for Glasgow, built his marine villa, since known as the Castle House, beside the Castle hill. The example of these three was soon followed and from that day Dunoon has grown and spread, till to-day it is recognized as probably the most thriving and enterprising of the seacoast resorts on the Clyde.

Within the last few years it has spent £50,000 on its handsome pier, and £40,000 on its two mile esplanade, and has bought the Castle House and Gardens, and built there a fine pavilion, at a cost of £15,000, where it carries on daily concerts during the season, with famous musicians like Kubelik on the platform. The first steamers make something like one hundred calls at Dunoon pier every day, and the place is the most convenient centre for all the endless excursions by sea and sea loch, bays and island shore, for which the Clyde is famous. Rowing boats and motor launches play all day on the sunny water of its bays. Hunter's Quay, at hand, is the greatest yachting resort in Scotland, and the most famous regattas of the north take place off these shores. Bowling greens and tennis lawns and golf courses furnish holiday occupation of the healthiest sort. And in all directions lie drives and rambles, along storied shores and through wild and lovely passes of the hills. The panorama itself from Dunoon of the glittering firth, with its white winged yachts and smoke-penned steamers, its town and green and green exurbs, its remains in her locality, of the most headless visitor "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

With all these attractions there can be little marvel at the popularity and popularity of this capital of Cowal. At the same time, amid all its sunshine and music and joyous gaiety, Dunoon has a silent story of the past which is thrilling and dramatic enough. These shores have smoked with the fires of Bala, and rung with Roman bugles, and shone with the royal train of Mary Stewart, and been reddened with the blood of a massacre more dreadful than that of Glencoe.

The remains of the pagan cromlech, or altar of the Bala worshippers, are still to be seen on the hillside above the pier at Ardenaun, and the altar probably first gave the name of Loch Seante, or Holy Loch, to the sheet of water on which it looks down, and something of its sacredness remained in evidence so late as half a century ago, when it was the frequent scene of certain betrothal rites deemed inviolable among the natives of the countryside.

The site of the Roman camp, again, is pointed out at Ardenaun—the "Height of Slane"—above Kilm— and one can fancy the sunset flashing there upon the brass-clad sentinel as he kept his outpost on the Cowal hills.

It seems to have been to beat the hardy Norsemen back that David the first set up the House of Stewart at Renfrew. At any rate the Stewarts did that service, wrested Cowal and Bute from the Norse power, slew the famous Somerled, and were made lords of Bute and Cowal by Malcolm the Fourth. Dunoon was still their possession two centuries later when Edward Balliol overran the country and seized the stronghold with nearly all others in Scotland. But there came an eventful night when Robert Bruce, who was Bruce's grandson and the promise of Scotland—escaped in a little boat from hiding in Bute, gathered his vassals about Dunbarton, and sweeping down upon the Cowal shore, took Dunoon by storm.

That was the signal for Scotland to shake off the English yoke, and soon the land was free again.

Queen Mary on her return from France paid a visit here to her favorite half-sister, the Countess of Argyll. It was that sister who was presently to be her companion in the turret chamber of Holyrood when the ruffian crowd of nobles burst in and slew the shrieking Rizzio at her knee. And it was Argyll himself, that sister's husband, whose fainting or faltering on the field of Langside was to lose that crucial battle for the Queen. But nothing of all this was foreseen in that July weather when the fair young Mary Stewart came riding to Dunoon and spent two days hunting in the Cowal glens and made merry with her sister and the earl.

Mary and her grandson Charles had both bent their heads to the block when the next historic incident, the blackest in its record, took place at Dunoon. It was 1646, Montrose had fallen, and Argyll was master of Scotland. Forthwith the clans who were Campbell enemies were made to dress their weird. In particular, the Lamonts of Cowal, seized in their castles of Aescow and Toward, were hailed to Dunoon, and on the Tomahmold, a spit still pointed out beside the kirkyard wall, some two hundred were done to death by hanging, striking and burying alive. It was that terrible transaction which, more than any other, perhaps, brought the Marquess of Argyll to the block after the Restoration in 1661.

From that time, as if they shunned the place, the family of Argyll no longer resided at Dunoon. But in 1885 their castle here was to pay its own forfeit.



A MODISH PRINCESS GOWN.

No. 6136—An unusually attractive model is shown in this design for a Princess gown, handsomely developed in biscuit colored broadcloth, with a trimming of buttons and silk soutache braid. The mode closes in the back, the panel front extending up to the square neck, the long graceful lines rendering the mode exceedingly becoming. The design is suitable for chiffon voile, crepe de chine, wool crepe and broadcloth. For 36 inches bust measure 7 3-8 yards of 44-inch material will be required.

Ladies' Princess gown, No. 6136. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

A pattern of the accompanying illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

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Just Breathe "Catarrhzone" and You're Insured Against Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis and Catarrh.



As the only way to reach catarrh is by inhaling medicated air, it follows that the healing balsam of Catarrhzone can't fail to cure. It is a purely vegetable antiseptic—soothes and heals wherever it goes.

The germ-killing vapor is inhaled at the mouth and instantly spreads through all the breathing organs. Every case of bronchitis and catarrh is rooted out, and such health and strength is imparted that these troubles never again return.

Catarrhzone has cured thousands, and here is quoted the experience of Mrs. James A. Tweedle, of Jay Bridge, Maine, who sent for sixteen outfits of Catarrhzone for friends in her locality. This lady gave very full particulars why she did so. Her daughter, fourteen years old, had Catarrh, obtaining no benefit, tried lots of other remedies, but all failed—recommended by a neighbor to try Catarrhzone. Instead of despairing, as she had good reason for doing, obtained Catarrhzone, and before it was done, as she states, she was completely cured. No wonder she recommends it. Child had drooping in the throat, hawking, spitting; father thought she was going into consumption; could not sleep at night, and adds: "I only wish we, one suffering from catarrh to give it a trial"; any druggist will enable you to do this, for they sell it—your money back if Catarrhzone does not benefit you.

Complete outfit is guaranteed; price \$1.00; small (trial) size, 25c; all dealers or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

The Earl of Argyll, son of the beheaded marquis, had risen against the persecuting Government of James the Seventh, and had failed—he had slept that "last sleep of Argyll," since made the subject of a famous picture, in the same State prison above the gateway of Edinburgh Castle where his father had slept his last sleep before him—when his feudal enemies, the Atholl men, burst like a fiery torrent over his castles, and, along with many another humble abode, the Castle of Dunoon was committed to the flames.

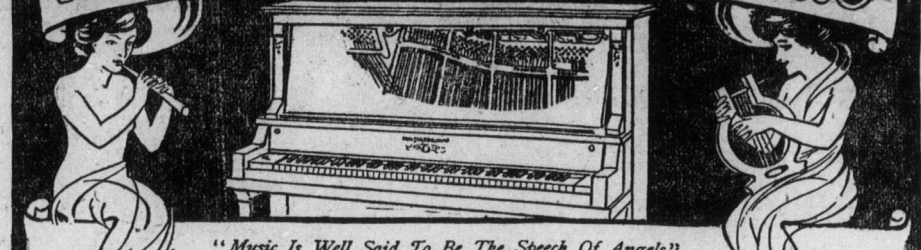
Since that day the stronghold has lain in ruins, and at the present hour nothing but a green mound remains to mark the scene of so much splendor, cruelty and pride. Its memories make a strange and striking contrast to the gay and brilliant life of the modern watering place which in these last years has sprung up about its foot.—Scottish Review.

"This seems like old times," remarked the facetious customer as he gazed at the grandfather's clocks in the antique shop.

King and Crown Prince of Portugal will lie with their dead ancestors.

At a fashionable wedding the bridegroom generally gets his name in the paper as among those present.

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LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

The Aggressive Man Lectures His Threadbare Friend.

The rather threadbare man smiled sadly. "I haven't any particular complaint to make," he said. "I think I have done pretty well, considering my opportunities. I've a large family, you know, and that makes a difference."

The aggressive looking man with the expensive gold watch chain said "Pooh!" explosively. "Opportunity," he growled. "What are you talking about? You've had as much opportunity as I have, and more, too. I've got a family, haven't I? Certainly I have. No, my friend, that isn't the trouble. The trouble is that you haven't taken advantage of your opportunities. When opportunity came knocking at your door you didn't hear her. You thought she would come up and sit on your knee. Well, she doesn't do that. She's too much of a lady. If you want to embrace her that's all right, but she isn't going to do the embracing herself. Whenever she's been around to see me I've been watching at the keyhole and I've had her yanked inside before she got a chance to see whether she's got the right number."

"It seems to me that's rather ardent behavior, isn't it?"

"Not a bit too ardent," said the aggressive looking man. "It's the way she likes to be treated. Make the most of her and be sure to tell her to call again. Talk about opportunity! Wasn't Bondson living within half a block of you when you were a young man, and didn't he have a girl who was good enough for anybody? I remember your telling me about her. She got a million and a half under the old man's will when he died last year. There was your opportunity, but you didn't see it, did you?"

"Well, no," admitted the threadbare man. "I can't say that I did. I didn't know her, you know. I suppose I might have sent in my card and proposed."

"You could have worked it all right, just the same," said the aggressive looking man. "You knew her brother and you were a pretty good looking boy—and you dressed well in those days. All you needed was nerve. If I'd have been the luckiest man you were I'd have tried it. I know that. There's that suburb you're living in. When you bought your lot why didn't you buy three or four acres? You'd have been independent to-day if you had."

"I hadn't the money to begin with," said the threadbare man.

"That's no excuse. You could have got some options anyway."

"And suppose I could?"

"I don't suppose I would. You wouldn't do it. It wasn't a great deal, but you could have got a stand-in with some of the big guns and got a good thing sooner or later. Politics is all right when you know the game and get on the inside. You had a good chance there. The man who took that job I wanted you to take is drawing his \$5,000 a year right along now, to say nothing of what he makes on the side."

"I've had others, if I could think of them," said the threadbare man. "If I had bought wheat the right time and sold at the right time I might have been rich a dozen times over. I've had opportunities of that kind every day."

"I might have worked my way out to Alaska and got in before the big rush if my foresight had been as good as your hindsight is. I had an opportunity to help

you out of a hole once, if you recollect, and I've been wanting an opportunity to see you for a week. Now if you could—"

"Excuse me," said the aggressive looking man, "there's a fellow in the car ahead I want to talk to a minute. See you later."—Chicago News.

WHEN ROBERTS' CHANCE CAME

He Returned From the Party, Bringing His Sheaves With Him.

Little Robert, aged four, presented his mother with a large sized shock the other day. It was a case of sowing a mild little breeze and reaping a full grown whirlwind, says the New York Sun.

Robert is Mrs. B's first, and has always had a large front seat in her affections. Even when Mrs. B. attended parties she remembered Robert, and would slip a bit of candy into her handkerchief to carry home to him.

Not that Robert did not have as much candy of his own as was good for him—and more, too—but he took an awed delight in anything which came from a party. So his mother always produced some souvenir of her modest social dispositions with which to satisfy Robert.

A few weeks ago Robert himself went to a party; his very first. A maid brought him home, and left him, together with a large paper bag, in the eager arms of his welcoming mother.

The first rapture of description had scarcely begun when Mrs. B. became conscious of the bulky bag.

"Why, Robert, what's this?"

"It's for you. I brought it to you from the party."

With some misgiving Mrs. B. opened the bag. It contained a large orange, grapes, candy, cakes—in fact, a very respectable assortment of refreshments suited to the juvenile taste.

Robert had supposed it was quite the usual thing to take little consoiling items to the uninvited members of one's family, and he had taken a generous delight in securing a truly noble collection for his mother.

That lady faced the double problem of explaining the situation to Robert's hostess, and of presenting to Robert a clear reason why what was same for the goose, so to speak, was totally different thing for the gander. The explanation, which simmered down, of course, to a question of size and quantity, was far from being clear to Robert, who is low in cunning and thinks he doesn't care for society at all.

TO IDENTIFY BEER MUGS.

Queer Markers Used by Munich Connoisseurs.

The German people are great beer drinkers, and Munich especially is noted for the excellence of its beer. One of the most celebrated of its beer houses is the Löwenbräukeller, and enormous hall gaily decorated with evergreens and closely packed with tables, at which natives and visitors sit over their "bock."

Both the beer and the music are of good quality, but what gives the house its distinctive character are the "beer markers."

These are little puppets of knitted wool about four inches high. The markers are placed on the mugs by the beer drinkers so that when the mug goes out to be refilled it will come back to its proper owner. Each man, therefore, by simply placing his beer marker upon his mug, always gets his own back and not somebody else's.

The figures are knitted by an old woman, who goes around among the beer drinkers selling them at 10 cents each.

Passing of Script Cards.

Shaded old English is now the most approved form of engraving for visiting cards, says the New York press. The script style, time honored and artistic though it be, has had its day, according to stationers who speak with authority.

Fashion dictates a graduated scale in the matter of shading effect, young folks' cards showing the delicate lines, while those adapted to the middle-aged and old persons bears medium and heavy trappings respectively. A novel process in imitation of expensive plate printing has lately been introduced in the metropolitan market. The promoters of this project state that results equal to high-priced tool work are available at about half the figures usually charged.

TOO MUCH POLITICAL GRAFT.

Many say it can't be prevented, neither can corn or warts, but they can be cured by Putnam's Corn Extractor. It cures corns and warts without pain in twenty-four hours. Use only "Putnam's."

At a fashionable wedding the bridegroom generally gets his name in the paper as among those present.

A Brazilian Convict Colony.

The penal colony of the State of Pernambuco, Brazil, is on an island three hundred miles off the coast. There are 600 convicts at present. They arise at 6 a. m., and work till 2 p. m., for the State, cultivating cotton of a superfine quality. After two o'clock they work for themselves. The island is one of the most orderly and productive bits of soil in Brazil. It is a model convict colony and the cheapest run of any in the world. The group of islands to which the penal one belongs is where the equatorial and south equatorial currents divide, and it is surrounded by a triangular sheet of quiet sea full of all kinds of fish—valuable commercially.—Chicago Tribune.

If you want a woman to believe you absolutely and implicitly, keep telling her that she is the sweetest thing that ever happened.

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