

Radcliff the Hangman

Radcliff the Ontario hangman who stood at Sullivan at Dorchester, last week, has coffee in for a good deal of uncomplimentary criticism. He is said to have been intoxicated or partially so all the time he was at Dorchester. It is also stated that he is his custom, he sold pieces of the rope with which Sullivan was hanged for twenty five cents an inch.

Well, it can hardly be expected that a hangman, that is a professional hangman, is a kind of honest christian gentleman, but we do think he should be compelled to respect the feelings of humanity who are forced to come into contact with him in the discharge of their duty. The law should and must be carried out, but let it be done decently with becoming gravity.

In order to do away with this professional hangman business we suggest that the proper officer, the sheriff, or the business, or else abolish capital punishment.

All on Same

Why kick about the dances that take place in the "Hiberna" dance hall? Those who attend there are just dancing according to their means, and they would be like the other fellows dancing in the drawing room, or the high toned dance hall if they had the money.

If you don't want the "Hiberna" dance, put a stop to it, but first put a stop to the "four hundred dance." It's all dancing.

But the Crime Goes On

Friday morning the 12th, first the unfortunate John R. Sullivan was executed at Dorchester N. S. for the murder of Mrs. Dasher, and her child, but the grave had scarcely closed over his remains when another murder is committed.

The victim this time is an old man named Fuller belonging to Avonport, N. S. He lived alone, and was found dead in his house, hanged with his throat cut.

An axe covered with blood was found near the house in a clump of bushes. A stranger who passed through the community that day is thought to have committed the deed. At the time of writing Monday, he had not been found.

A Funny Little Man

Mr. F. McCure the liberal candidate in the county is a "funny little man."

It was only the other day in the "Tribune" of Commons, he was pleading piously that the franchise be given to woman. A few days afterwards, Dr. McKay introduced a bill to enfranchise Dominion officials, then we witnessed the spectacle of Mr. McCure, speaking and voting against the bill, but it was only the other day that told same Mr. McCure, was around among Dominion officials, railway men, asking them to use the Dominion franchise which the "servatives" gave them in his behalf in the forth coming by-election.

Pure and unadulterated gall. Don't you think so?

Mr. McCure as usual is nothing if not inconsistent. Upon what grounds does he ask for the support of Dominion officials in Dominion politics who he would thus franchise, or keep disfranchised in local politics?

House Cleaning Time is Near

Father, dear father, come home with me now, for my ma has some carpets to beat, she's got all the furniture out in the yard, from the front door clean out to the street. The stove must be cleaned and put in the shed, and the yard must be cleared of some grass, for it's time to clean the house and the mischief to pay—and the front windows need some new glass. Father dear father, come home with me now, and bring some bologna and cheese, it's most two o'clock, and there's nothing to eat—I'm weak on the knees. All the dinner well have will be cold scraps and such, and we'll have to eat standing up, too, for the table and all are out in the back, oh, I wish that house cleaning was through. Father, dear father, come with me now, for ma is as mad as a Turk; she says you are only a lazy old thing, and that she shall put you to work. There's painting to do and paper to hang, and the windows and casings to scrub, for it's housecleaning time and you've got to come home and revel in suds and cold grub.

Growing Rossland

In the Rossland, B. C. business directory for 1906-7, issued by the Kootenay Publishing Co. of Rossland, we find in this new town, the following quite extensive list of trades, with the number of firms, or persons in each line of business: Architects, 2; Assayers, 4; Barristers, 12; Boots and Shoes, 5; Brewers, 2; Brokers, 40; Cigar Makers, 1; Contractors, 3; Dentists, 2; Dressmakers, 4; Druggists, 8; Dry Goods, 7; Fancy Goods, 3; Furniture, 2; Gas Fittings, 6; Grocers, 11; Hardware, 3; Hotels, 23; Jewellers, 2; Livery Stables, 6; Newspapers, 4; Physicians, 8; Printers and Publishers, 5; Sausage-makers, 3; Sawmills, 4; Tailors, 3; Telegraph Offices, 3; Tobacconists, 1; Undertakers, 2; and Watchmakers, 3.

Mrs. J. Taylor of Kingston, Kent N. B. says the Reviver, "has since May made 350 lbs. of choice butter from her jersey cow, besides supplying the family with milk." This represents a revenue in nine months of fully one hundred dollars. But how is it we do not find our farmers getting any such return?

An amusing Parody.

"A Country Preacher" wishes to inquire, among our readers for verses entitled "The Village Choir" in which Fenimore's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is parodied. We presume that our correspondent is on the lookout for it in the following—

Halt a bar, halt a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into a awful ditch
Chair and conductor hitch,
Into a mass of pitch
They led the Old Hundred,
Tribles to left of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
But to end unthundered,
Oh, the conductor's look,
Who in the soprano took
Saw the time and set
From the Old Hundred!

Foreclosed all the troubles here,
Bogged the tenors there,
"Reasoning the parson's hair,"
While his mind wandered
Their not to reason why
This patient was pitched to cry—
Tenors to peep and high—
Out the Old Hundred!
Tribles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Believed and thundered,
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang nor well,
Drowning the "a" time bell,
While the church wondered.

Dirge the conductor's glare
Flashed his pitchfork in air
Something fell from his ear
Out the Old Hundred!
Swiftly returned his back,
Reached by his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered,
Tenors to right of them,
Tribles to left of them,
Disorders behind him,
Believed and thundered,
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought;
Some time the "a" time bell,
Not the Old Hundred.
"Scottish American"

W. R. GELBERT.

Headlight is always pleased to know of the success of W. R. G. and none more so than that of W. R. G. better known as "Bill." He is an "old timer" and he puts himself in the "boys' bill" used to be a conductor on the 1, C, R. and had worked himself up to the baton, but like many others he failed to continue in the service owing to the railway men's great "walk-out."

After leaving the road Bill says he had an up and down life of it, that is up to two years ago when he reformed and is now a leading spirit, if not the leading spirit, in the Massachusetts State reform club. The following from that East Boston, Argus-Auriferous speaks in most complimentary terms on Mr. G. and his work.

"Last Monday evening at the Unitarian Church was a most-ster night for the Temperance cause. Both speakers and singers were at it best. The parlor was packed with attentive and interested listeners. It was an inspiration that moved all present with the noble enthusiasm to work for the good of individuals and the welfare of home and social life. No more Christian labor is being done in our midst than that by President Geldert and his devoted and self-sacrificing co-workers. The work already achieved by the Guild was full justification for the speech Rev. Dr. Fisk made at the Murphy meeting last Monday noon at the Temple in which he thanked the patrons and workers of Berkeley Temple for their great work in reaching men like Wm. R. Geldert and sending them forth to begin his carry on just such beneficent and self-sacrificing as that of the East Boston People's Temperance Guild. Dr. Fisk was able to tell Mr. Murphy and the good and noble at Tremont Temple that by Mr. Geldert's influence and that of the members of the Guild over 600 pledges have been taken by many of them by men who have come out of a life of dissipation and are now men of a sobriety with new joys and happy wives and parents. Dr. Fisk moved the sympathy of many a parent at the Temple on Monday when he alluded to the happiness the aged mother of Mr. Geldert, in Nova Scotia, must now enjoy as she hears the great good her son is accomplishing in Boston."

Bill is a native of Pictou and his many friends in Nova Scotia are elsewhere will be pleased to hear of his success.

Where is He?

Since Sir Richard Cartwright's last visit to the Capital of the neighbouring republic he has disappeared entirely from public view and no one seems to know what has become of him. Rumor says that he is in the sulks and is loitering his time away in an obscure American winter resort, pretending to be sick, and no doubt he is sick—sick at heart in consequence of his lamentable failure to induce his republican friends to so much as entertain the idea of an equitable measure of reciprocity with Canada, and who would rather go in for the national policy. This is the second disappearance of Sir Richard. It will be remembered that he disappeared for several weeks previous to the last general elections and only bobbed up suddenly when it was known for certain that the Liberals had carried the country.

Now he has gone off again, and even the prospect of the presence of a permanent paid ablegate in Canada or the likelihood of his leader losing all the Irish Catholic support in the House, is sufficient to cause him to emigrate from his solution. Really we think Mr. Laurier should appoint a commission of inquiry to find out what has become of him.

HORRIBLE MURDER AT AVONPORT.

Special despatch to the Halifax Herald
Woolville, March 14.—The discovery was made today of a most shocking murder at Avonport, about five miles below here. At about seven o'clock to-night a neighbor of the farm of Oliver Fuller, an aged and respected resident, living alone on his farm, was horrified on entering the house to find him lying in a pool of blood; his head crushed to a jelly and his throat cut from ear to ear. The room showed signs of a struggle and presented a sickening spectacle. Up to the present time no discovery of the murderer has been made, and it is impossible to assign any motive for his terrible deed. The deceased was of a peaceable and quiet disposition and had no enemies, so far as is known. He was not known to have had any large sum of money in his house. The axe with which the deed was done was found covered with blood in the bushes near the house. It is said that a tramp passed through the neighborhood late on Saturday afternoon and called at a neighbor's house to ask for something to eat. The weather being mild and the ground hard, the impressions of his boots here and there, which correspond with those found near the scene of the murder. A loud and cry has been reported, but it is regretted that 24 hours, at least have elapsed between the commission and discovery of the crime. The deceased was about 70 years of age.

A Doctor's Decalogue.

The following terse sayings are attributed by the Medical Record to the late Dr. Frank H. Hamilton:

1. The best thing for the insides of a man is the outside of a horse.
2. Blessed is he who invented sleep; but twice blessed the man who will invent a cure for thinking.
3. Light gives a bronzed or tan color to the skin; but where it uproots the Lily it plants the rose.
4. The lives of most men are in their own hands, and as a rule, the just verdict after death would be die de se.
5. Health must be earned—it can seldom be bought.
6. A change of air is less valuable than a change of scene. The air is changed every time the wind is changed.
7. Mould and decaying vegetables in a cellar weave shrouds for the upper chambers.
8. Dirt, debauchery, disease, and death are successive links in the same chain.
9. Calisthenics may be very genteel and romping very ungentle, but one is the shadow, the other the substance of healthful exercise.
10. Girls need health as much—may more than boys. They can only obtain it as boys do, by running, tumbling—by all means of innocent vagrancy. At least once a day girls should have their halters taken off, the bars let down and be turned loose like young colts.

Would not marry a Mechanic.

A well dressed and well behaved young man began visiting a young lady. One evening he called when it was quite late which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

Had to work to-night.
"What do you work for a living?" she asked in astonishment.
"Certainly," said the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name mechanic" she turned up her pretty nose.
That was the last time the young man ever visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man and has one of the best off women for a wife, the lady who did not like the name of mechanic is now the wife of a poor miserably poor, a regular vagrant about grog shop, and the grand verdant and miserable girl is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

You dislike the name mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are but well dressed loafers. We pay any girl who has so little brains who is so simple as to think less of a young man for being a mechanic. One of God's Noblemen belonging to one of the most dignified and honorable classes of God's creatures, Jesus Christ was a mechanic.
Fareye, young ladies, how you treat you men who work for a living, for you may one day be a mental to one of them yourself.

Far better discharge the well fed pauper with his rings, jewelry, brasses and pompously and take to your affections the callous-handed, intelligent and industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly who have turned their backs on honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.
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X. Y. Z. Reflects on the Fate of Brigham Young.

I confess that I frequently contemplate marriage; I am reaching up to marriageable age, and my circumstances are now such that I could support a wife comfortably if it should be my good fortune to get one who likes to work and is economical. I am not particularly fond of work myself, but I have to do it. I was unfortunately born under a star whose astronomical fore-showings tell me I must dig or die. I prefer to dig. But as I said, I have an am contemplating matrimony. I would be willing to lay myself on the altar under certain conditions. I know a number of young ladies right here in our town or whom I have a very high opinion, and for whom I am entertaining an increasing affection. If this sentiment keeps on increasing in its rapture and warmth I shall soon love the whole of them with an intensity of affection that will be sure to inhibit me in someones presence. Of course I CANNOT KARRY THE WHOLE OF THEM, however sincerely I may love them: I would be stopped from marrying them not only on account of the law prohibiting bigamy, but it may lead to unpleasant domestic complications. Bigamy always leads to that result either here or hereafter. It is said in support of bigamy that Brigham Young lived pleasantly with all his multiplicity of wives; and that he kept his household in good order. That may all have been true, but where is Brigham now? Haven't you heard that within the past few weeks there has been a great up and down in the Great Salt Lake, within a few miles of Salt Lake City, the home of Brigham and his wives when they were here on earth. That upheaval means something. It is a regular volcanic coming right up through the lake and within a few miles of the shore. Philosphers and geologists may ascribe this volcano to what they like but my mind is settled as to its cause. Brigham is dead and

HIS NUMEROUS WIVES ARE DEAD, and though they lived peaceably together here on earth they have got together in the nether regions and their pent up passions would start up any more pent-upness and so they are having a blow out down there, and their blow has blown a rupture right up through the lake. Hence the new volcano. So all though I am contemplating matrimony yet I don't want too much of it. I don't want to be too numerous. Life is too short and uncertain to run any extra hazards risk. This reminds me of a letter I had from the widow of a man about a year ago. He is in the same business as I am. In treating of the uncertainties of mortal existence he says—Man that is born of woman is full of rot and will rot like a hill. He rises up to-day and flourishes like a weed and tomorrow or the next day the undertaker hath him. He goeth forth in the morning warlike like a hawk and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE HE IS DEEF and the tax collector pursueth him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb some, and meeteth a bank teller with a sight draft for \$3.75.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him, and runneth one of his legs into his car. In the gentle spring time he putteth on his summer clothes and a blizzard striketh him far from home and felleth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers and a wrap that abrideth excitement. He starteth down cellar with an oxcart, and goeth backward and the oxcart cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He buyeth a watchdog and when he cometh home from the lodge the watchdog treeth him, and sitteth near him till rosy dawn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare and she lay gelding with the blaze face winneth.

He marryeth a red headed heifer with a wart on her nose, and the next day the parent ancestor goeth under with a fee, arrest and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his loved son-in-law. X. Y. Z.

Good Preaching.

"I like good preaching," said Deacon Gray
"I tell you I like good preaching,
When the church is cold and the choir is gay
I tell you I like good preaching."
"I like the preaching that warms the blood,
I tell you I like good preaching,
Not simple, nor hard to understand,
I tell you I like good preaching."
"Then cease your fault finding," says kind
Deacon Good,
And show that you like good preaching,
(to learn that by others 'tis well as good
Your pastor does very good preaching."

When a man is short he admits it, but a girl makes the stripes on her skirt run the other way.

You don't often see a nice looking woman who can look at her foot and honestly think it is pretty.

A girl can never decide which she enjoys most—looking the baby out walking or having a good cry.

An Epidemic OF Enthusiasm



We're feeling first-class. We're doing first-class business. Our CLEAN SWEEP SALE was a great success. All the conditions are favourable for a big Spring Trade. Our store from stem to stern is like an open greyhound making a new record. Active brains are working night and day to make-th's more and more your store. New goods opened this week are:

CHRISTY'S HATS AND CAPS.

The fun of selling Christy's hats makes us more than ever good natured.

MEN'S FEDORAS in Black Browns and Grey, correct styles, from 75c to \$2.75.

HARD BELT in Black, Brown and Fawn, from 75c to \$2.75.

GOOD CLOTHS

Are not costly if you go to the right place to get them. There may be others who sell clothes as cheap as we do but we don't know them

MEN'S WHITE and COLORED SHIRTS.

These are the best bargains we've ever shown. The chances are you'll see such a stampede for them as will upset all the preconceived notions of those who're crying hard times.

LADIES SHIRTS WAISTS

With detachable collars, attractive style, full range of sizes. There isn't a lady but what'll be tickled at the chance of getting one or more of these shirt waists at the prices we'll sell them at. Most of these waists are exclusive patterns handled only by first-class furnishing houses.

OUR MOTTO

"Onward, ever onward, higher still higher" is the goal of our ambition, ever anxious that each tomorrow shall find us further than to-day. In addition to an honest policy we have added pluck, energy and a determination to secure the best of everything that the irresistible Cash will buy at the fountainhead. Never before did our money have such a purchasing power with jobbers and manufacturers. The conditions of trade have assisted us to purchase better goods this season at lower figures than ever before in the history of business.

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CAL AND SEE SPECIMENS!

CHAS. A. McLENNAN,
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Between You and Me.

THE more people you like the more people you will like you," was what I read the other day somewhere. It is a truth to sweeten the heart of a pickled cucumber. It is a great idea to get into the habit of liking people, to pick out the one perfection which hides in each one you know and admire it; to tell the possessor thereof how excellent the trait appears to you, to let him or her see your sincere appreciation, till, with grateful affection, they are your friends.

So widely different is this way of gaining love from the insincere and fulsome flattery some people try, or the protestantism of devotion or the assurances of loyalty. "Are you my friend, then?" said an angry woman one day after making me read an anonymous letter which told her I was not. And I said I didn't know, but I thought she'd find out some day, should she happen to meet me.

She has found out, God bless her, and I could say "Yes" if she asked me to-day, but she won't. She often tells me what she thinks are my best points, with a sweet, frank appreciation. I have never had the impudence to commiserate hers, so many she has, the very things I most love and admire in man or woman, and even when I come across other traits which don't chime with the catechism, I love her all the better, because I can look consistency in the eye and say, "I don't care, no one is perfect."

By the way, I mentioned the meanest thing on earth, an anonymous letter, just now, which reads on the table asking me to tell her on my opinion of people who send these delightful missives, "or value them to hurt people's feelings," adds the dame. Never mind the valentines, my dear, everything goes on St. Valentine's day, but wicked, poisonous, mischief-making letters will do harm just as much as you allow them to do, no more!

As to my opinion of people who send them, well, I am sorry for anyone who has just that peculiar make up that I cannot give my opinion. Every sneaking, low-down cowardly trick performed by a fellow man or woman shames us all, if we really feel our brotherhood; ever every anonymous letter my blood tingles with pain, sorrow and regret. A brother or sister of mine sent it!

The more one learns the lesson of the Master—not a smothering of brotherly love, but an identification of oneself with the rest of humanity—the more one will regret, the more impossible it will be to sit in judgment. I am perhaps learning enough not to have "opinions" about anonymous letter-writers.

Among the many causes which affect mankind and work kind to the development of wrinkles and old age, there is none so misunderstood as responsibility for one's fellow man. In an extreme case even which each of us knows is intended to teach the world, man asked his Maker, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and God did not say "Yes." The truly balanced mind determines just where duty and responsibility meet, and so judge when the former is being saddled and ridden by the latter.

It is a wise man who knows just where to stop at duty and face responsibility with a "No." Women are so prone to take responsibility upon their backs and stagger around groaning under the burden which they never should bear. Clergymen never break down under duty; it is the grim responsibility which hoodooes the soul of the best.

Keeping wives can't be brought to the difference between doing their duty by a drunken husband and whom they love, liquor and all, and letting it go at that, no, they insist upon taking the responsibility of every dram and fill the air with agonized petitions for the reformation of the life they are not responsible for.

And you know just how they waste their own lives and all because they take a burden not theirs to bear, never intended to be theirs, else God had faced Cain's enquiry with a final "Yes." We are each our own keepers, our souls belong to us individually; the ten talents didn't go meddling with the five, nor the five with the one and only the one suffered because of both and cowardice.

I was reminded of this matter to-day by a circumstance in which the

principle worked. A woman whose patience had been cruelly tried for years spoke her mind, without heat or passion, but with a force which pierced even the hide of an utterly selfish person; she laid the alternative of doing right and the promise of exposure through her statements before those who had done wrong and what do you think the sinner said? "If you tell what will ruin me, I will go straight and jump over the bridge."

And for a moment the woman paused and considered; then she said, as quietly as if she were adding a sum, "That, of course, is your look out; I have nothing to do with the way you choose to leave this world. But unless you do as you should, I'll certainly make those facts public. That is all of my duty that I can see, and I shall do it."

Needless to add, she was not obliged to do it. Her clear idea of responsibility and duty made her mistress of any possible results and convinced the one in error that the bluff did not go.

The world is full of such bluffs; people bluff each other—the child the parent; the parent the child; the wife, and the responsibility bluff (unlike mercy) causes him who gives and him who takes, as all false things do. Just think over the cases you know of yourself, and then take your individual duty to your neighbor and set it forever free from the crushing burden of responsibility.

Amendments to the License Law

At the last session of the local legislature the following amendments to the Nova Scotia license law were passed:

1. All persons engaged directly or indirectly in the liquor business are disqualified from being elected mayor or councillor in any incorporated town.

2. Any person convicted of an offence under the Scott Act or License Act is disqualified as a municipal councillor for five years.

3. To obtain license in incorporated towns applicants must have signatures of two-thirds of the ratepayers of the town, and not only of a ward.

4. Inspectors under the law must enter and make search where he has reason to suspect law is being violated.

5. In Scott Act counties where a council refuses to appoint an inspector and such inspector is appointed governor-in-council, the council must provide for and pay a salary of not less than \$200 per annum, and if the council neglects or refuses, a judge of the court may apply to a judge of the supreme court and compel payment under the Act.

THE SULLIVAN EXECUTION.

The Condemned Man Writes a Letter of Appreciation to Father Cormier.

The following letter, received by Father Cormier from John E. Sullivan, shows that the Father's ministrations were duly appreciated:

DORCHESTER, N. B.
My Beloved Father Cormier: I thank you to know how to go about it, but no matter what ever the public may say to you who I owe all the thanks in the world to. You have lifted me from the depths of sin to which I have so unfortunately fallen and you have shown me the path that I should tread, and, Father, I have followed your instructions as near as I know how, and by doing so, I know, Father, I am going to my heavenly home. I have loved and am sorry from the bottom of my heart for all the sins I have committed against God and I repent, on I repent. Night after night have I prayed to God and even in my humble prayer to my God have I spoken of you and Mary, not by just speaking but from the bottom of my heart. I hope and trust and know God will reward you both Oh, how can I thank you. When I sin and repent with the blood, I shall pray for you, dear Father. Oh God, my poor heart is broke. I do not know how I have kept up from strangers, it was through yours and Mary's kindness. Well, father, my soul I commend to God and my poor unfortunate body to you to do as you wish. My people will defray all expenses. For a Catholic, I was baptized a Catholic. I tried to live the Catholic faith. I die and through the faith I am going to my heavenly home. Father, will you give that to Mary and tell her to keep it and let it go beneath the red of this sinful world with her; it's all I have to give to her for her kindness to me. And, dear Father, I pray to God that He shall grant you His grace to preserve your health and kind deeds and work for years to come, and reward you with the heavenly home that is prepared for you. I am, dear father, your penitent and humble servant, JOHN E. SULLIVAN.

He Couldn't Find Them.

A religious enthusiast in a Y. M. C. A. meeting in prayer offered this petition: "Oh Lord, bless the ministers of the gospel; you know where they are, I don't."

We Can't Do It, You Know!

A communication on 'Law and Order' has been fired in the waste basket, as we consider it a little too 'hostile' to the Indian side. Through we have the writers signature, we cannot publish this communication. We are not infelicitous, perhaps nothing truthful in the piece, yet there are truths that would let the sleepy past rest. It seems queer but is nevertheless true in most cases that the man who stirs the public mind is one who does not contribute a cent towards the sanctum revenue nor even subscribes for the paper. To get an abusive communication in this journal the following rules should be observed.

1. The writer must advertise to the extent of \$50.00 per year, be a patron of the job department and a paid up subscriber.

2. The subject on whom the writer is going to perform must in no way contribute to our existence.

After carefully conforming to above we will condescend to look over your article and you have, say, one chance in fifty of getting it in.—Amherst Gaz.

A woman can never understand who her husband has to work so much harder than other men to get along, he is so much smarter than they are.

When a man feels pretty sure his wife will ask him if he remembered to mail that letter on his way down town in the morning, he stops and buys a box of candy.

When a woman gets caught in an argument with a man she says, "Well, it's so, anyway!" When a man gets caught, he says, "That's just like a woman!"

When a woman sees a couple with a whole lot of babies she always looks indignant at the father; when a man sees them he looks indignant at the mother.

When a woman cries at a pathetic child scene in a play, it is a sign that she made the children go to bed early so she should go and see it.

When a woman gets to thinking how it would be if her husband had married some other woman she always feels so sorry for him.

The reason why the best jokes go so old is because women will never tell what queer ideas they had about men when they were girls.

When a man tells a lot of other men about how he can cook a beefsteak, his wife always looks funny.

When a woman looks for a better brand of smoking tobacco and a woman for a better style of curling-iron.

Most men would be fairly good looking if it weren't that other people aren't as homely as they are.

The man who talks so much about the bloom on the peach generally peels it before he tastes it.

It's the same feeling that makes a man go on a horse race that makes a woman go to an auction.

If most men had to kiss their wives every time they smoked a cigar they would never have tobacco heart.

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HE HAD A CLOSE CALL.

Major General Miles' Thrilling Encounter with the Sioux.

Probably the closest that General Miles ever had in all his experience as an Indian fighter was that in his encounter with the Sioux and Cheyenne in 1877, when he was still a colonel, during his campaign against the Sioux and other hostile tribes in the northwest. Lane Deer and his outlaws had been making trouble in the northwest, and Colonel Miles raided their village. He tells the rest of the story in his personal recollections that follow.

"In the surprise and excitement of the wild onset of the charge a group of warriors was forced away from the rest. Before making the attack I had ordered Lane Deer and his outlaws to call out to the Lane Deer Indians that if they threw down their arms and surrendered we would spare their lives. As we galloped up this group of warriors they apparently recognized the purpose of the demand and dropped their arms and surrendered. In order to assure them of our good will I called out, 'How-how-kola' (meaning friend), Lane Deer. He was grasped, and in a few seconds I would have secured him and the others, as although he was wild and trembling with excitement, my adjutant, George W. Baird, was doing the honors. At that moment the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians to whom we galloped up at that time one of our white scouts rode up and joined the group of officers and soldiers with him. He had his rifle in his hand, discretion and, I presume, desired to insure my safety, as he drew up his rifle and his horse reared up. Lane Deer saw this and the Indian with him and the young scout was going to shoot him. I know of no other motive for his subsequent action than the belief that he was to be killed whether he surrendered or not.

As quick as thought, with one bold, powerful effort, he wrenched his rifle from my hands, although I tried to hold it, and grasped his rifle from the ground, ran backward a few steps, raised his rifle to his eye and fired. Seeing the deadly fire, he set jaw, wild and the other men of his side. I realized my danger and instantly whirled my horse from him, and in this quick movement the horse slightly settled back upon his haunches. At that moment the rifle flashed within ten feet of me, the bullet whizzed past my breast, leaving a hole in my shirt, but unfortunately killing a brave soldier near my side of the line.

Naturally the whole scattered band of Indians was instantly wiped out by the hand from the soldiers.

The incident is typical of the whole series of Indian campaigns in the latter part of the century. The desire to treat the Indians as follows: to be friendly and thwarted by the natural suspicions of the savages themselves, is apparent all through the book.

ORIGIN OF "RESTAURANT."

An Interesting Philological Fact From France.

The French author, Maurice Cabs, recently published in La République Francaise an essay about the origin of the name of the word "restaurant" and eating houses in Paris, relating many interesting details. His story of how the name "restaurant" was first used is well worth repeating. In long time and eating houses in France were only intended for the benefit of traveling people, for the people took their meals at home, and the restaurants were unknown. The first enterprise of the kind was founded in Paris in 1765, and was called "Le Restaurant," which opened in the Rue de la Harpe, where soup, meat, fowl and eggs were served. A chandler relates that meals were served there in small, round, marble tables, and everything was scrupulously clean.

Over the entry to this first eating house the proprietor had hung a sign, upon which were written the words "Le restaurant ou le magasin de la viande et de la soupe." (Come unto me all ye who are hungry, and I will restore them.) The sign was written in a parody on the well known Biblical quotation, "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Only in place of "I will give you rest," it said, "I will restore you." The word "restaurant," from the Latin "restaurare" (to restore or refresh), was the main characteristic of the new establishment and gave it its name. Boulanger amassed a large fortune, for his enterprise proved eminently successful, but he was soon imitated by some of his imitators becoming more famous than he, like Borel, at whose place 120 years ago meals could be had for 150 francs (\$30) per cover.

Grant and Hancock at a Night Alarm.

When Hancock's headquarters were reached, the party remained with him for some time, awaiting the arrival of the head of Warren's troops. Hancock's head was at Gettysburg had not thoroughly healed, and he suffered such inconvenience from it when in the saddle that he had applied for permission to ride in a spring ambulance while on the march and when his troops were not in action. He was reclining upon one of the seats of the ambulance, conversing with General Grant, who had dismounted and was sitting on the ground with his back against a tree, whittling a stick, when the sound of firing broke forth directly in front. Hancock sprang up, seized his sword, which was lying near him, buckled it around his waist and cried, "My horse, my horse!" The scene was intensely dramatic, and he called vividly to the bystanders the cry of Richard III on the field of Bosworth. Grant listened in amazement without changing his position or ceasing his whittling, and then remarked: "They are not fighting. The firing is all on one side. It takes two or three days, and in a few minutes the firing dies away, and it was found that the enemy was not advancing. The incident fairly illustrates the confidence of the soldiers—of these two distinguished soldiers—General Horace Porter in Century.

MACHINE LUNCHES.

THE GERMAN AUTOMATIC DISPENSER OF QUICK REPAIRS.

The Six Principles Applied to Restaurants. No Waiters to Fee, or to Swear At—A Good Lunch Scheme Used on German Railways.

Germany is showing the rest of the world how "quick lunches" may be served without employing waiters and how a hungry person may have just what he wants to eat and drink at a fixed price without paying an extra tip upon, no matter how particular he may be. The contrivance, which differs from some waiters in so far that it makes no pretense of caring a rap or the turn of a handle how uncomfortable or how badly served the hungry one may be. The contrivance, which has been perfected by the Quisquina company of Berlin is so perfectly arranged that even those people who object to the manner of washing the cups and plates in the ordinary quick lunch places are deprived of their cause for complaint because every customer may supervise the cleaning of the cup which he will use, and if he is so inclined may attend to the dish itself.

The quick lunch stands are provided with automatic spraying nozzles for cleaning glass and china and insure perfect cleanliness. No rubber tubing is used in the manner of washing the cups and plates in the ordinary quick lunch places. The cups and plates are placed in a tray which is emptied by a mechanical contrivance, which differs from some waiters in so far that it makes no pretense of caring a rap or the turn of a handle how uncomfortable or how badly served the hungry one may be.

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In place of the ordinary counter there along one side of the room, which has a shelf projecting at a convenient height, upon which glasses and cups are placed. Above these there are faucets and a number of slots to receive the coin. When the customer has decided what sort of a drink he wants—coffee, chocolate or beer tea—he drops the coin in the slot, and the regulated quantity. The cold drinks—lemonade, soda water and all sorts of "soft drinks" are kept in glass vessels and the hot drinks in nickel tanks surrounded by a hot water bath, which is heated by gas.

The establishment is not limited to drinks, and the hungry man may also be served. Sandwiches and cakes are kept in a glass stand, circular in shape, which is covered with a glass bell. Each bell contains about a dozen sandwiches, and the purchaser indicates his choice by dropping his coin into the slot opposite the kind he wants, and the stand revolves sufficient to bring the sandwich to an opening where he may take it out. Stands similarly arranged provide hot beef, chicken and other meats.

The quick lunch is nothing new in Germany, though, as any person will know who has made a railroad trip between Berlin and Copenhagen by way of Warnemunde. A man who made the trip several years ago said:

"I was coming back from Denmark and stopped at a little place on the German frontier at about noon. Everybody was hungry, and the American contingent was disappointed when the conductor announced that 'Frühstuck aufenthalts.' We knew that five minutes would not give us time for a meal, and lost no time in leaving the coach as soon as it was stopped. Everybody rushed pell-mell into the restaurant, where a lot of wire things that looked like old fashioned rattraps were piled up. Everybody grabbed a trap, paid about 25 cents for it and rushed back to the train.

"What looked like a trap was really an ingeniously contrived lunch basket having three compartments. In one was an ample portion of chicken; the next contained sandwiches, and the third a fairly nice piece of pastry and a small bottle of wine, over which a little drinking glass was fastened. Little salt and pepper shakers and a knife and fork were fastened to the sides, and the whole was covered with a Japanese paper napkin. The fact that we were all hungry and that the whole arrangement was unexpected and so convenient to do with our own enjoyment of the luncheon, but it was agreed that it was the most perfect of the 'quick' kind we had ever seen. The bottom of the wire lunch basket was lined with a piece of glass, and a paper beneath it bore the respect in German, French and English to leave the empty basket with the train."

Managers of quick lunch places say that the automatic restaurant would not be patronized sufficiently to make it pay in New York.

"The main object of the automatic arrangement," said one, "is to do away with waiters and save the outlay on that account. We have accomplished that end by making every man his own waiter, and believe that breakage in machines, falling off in trade and commencing to make a change from our present system to the automatic an expensive experiment. As to the quick lunches for travelers on railway trains, such can be done, and no one knows that better than the traveler who is compelled to make a meal of what he can buy from the dealer in pies, apples and other goods who carries his wares through the cars. The buffet and the dining cars have reduced his field of operation, but he is still in business, and selling the same old sandwiches to the people who cannot afford to ride in drawing room cars, and to them the quick lunch on the plan of those which are some parts of Europe would be a blessing."—New York Tribune.

His Ability.

Fuddy—You say that Biglin gets a salary of \$10,000. And there is posted every morning in Biglin—he is not an educated man and he has no natural abilities.

Daddy—Except the ability to get a salary of \$10,000 a year.—Boston Transcript.

PRISONER OF HIS FEARS.

John Has Fifty Beds and Lets No One Know Which He'll Occupy.

"The commander of the faithful" is of middling stature, rather under than over the average, and of weakly constitution. His countenance has no wicked marks of degradation, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type of expression. It is of the Circassian type from the mother's side, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type from the father's side. The eyes are haggard, the forehead insignificant and narrow, the eyebrows very thick, forming two great arcs, which coalesce. The nose is dominated the whole physiognomy and is slightly inclined to one side at the lower extremity. The mouth is large, the lips thick. The sultan wears his beard long, and care has been taken to keep it as long as possible within the last few years. It is a family tradition among the heirs of Osman to speak in a loud voice. Abdol Hamid's utterance is strident and imperious. It is the voice of a master addressing those whom he regards as his slaves.

Even since he has been on the throne Abdol Hamid has rarely gone to bed at night to rise in the morning like an ordinary mortal. He seldom retires until dawn, but rises again at 8 o'clock, having spent the night hard at work listening to reports and attending to affairs of state. When he has nothing else to do, he reads French detective stories, for he has an all pervading idea that conspiracies are being hatched against him, and passes his time circumspectly an imaginary conspirator.

Nobody knows where he will spend any part of the day or evening. Often he enters a building, and while the sentries stand by a back door and he has gone by a back door and to some other building. Moreover, in what ever part of the palace he may be, there is a permanent service of surveillance day and night, and he is constantly accompanied by a score of persons, who organize a special service in the building or apartment where he happens to be for the moment.

Where the sultan will sleep is never known. He possesses more than 50 beds in the different parts of the palace, and these bedrooms are separated from the rest of the edifice by iron doors and furnished with most ingenious and complicated locks. Two superb St. Bernards also sleep outside the door of the apartment in which the sultan may be found, for he knows that four footed guardians cannot be tampered with.

Formerly used to move about among the numerous palaces on the Bosphorus, but Abdol Hamid put a stop to it. The lazar houses were closed, and the benefit of a change of air, their palace is their prison, and nowhere does political claim take many victims as in the harem of Yildiz.—Contemporary Review

FIELD DIVERSIONS.

A Federal Officer Who Reads Novels Between Engagements.

General Horace Porter tells the following anecdote in his "Campaigning With Grant" in the Century. During the ten days of battle through which we had just passed very little relief, physical or mental, had been obtained, but there was one staff officer, Colonel B., who often came as bearer of messages to our headquarters, who always managed to console himself with novel reading, and his peculiarities in this respect became a standing joke among those who knew him. He went about with his saddle bags stuffed full of thrilling romances, and was seen several times sitting on his horse, under a brisk fire, poring over the last pages of an absorbing volume to reach the denouement of the plot and enjoying the greater curiosity to find how the hero and the heroine were going to be extricated from the entangled dilemma into which they had been plunged by the result of the surrounding battle.

One of his peculiarities was that he took it for granted that all the people he met were perfectly familiar with his line of literature, and he talked about nothing but the merits of the latest novel. For the last week he had been devouring Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." It was an English translation for the officer had no knowledge of French. As he was passing a house in the rear of the "angle" he saw a young lady seated on the porch, and stopping his horse, he turned to her with all the grace of a Chesterfield and endeavored to engage her in conversation. Before he had gone far he took occasion to remark, "By the way, have you seen 'Les Miserables'?"

"No, I have not," she replied, with indignation as she tartly replied: "Don't you talk to me that way. They are a good deal better than Grant's misadventures which the colonel's peace of mind."

Like the Octopus.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—You women remind me of octopuses. Mrs. Crimmonbeak—I don't understand you.

"Well, you know, the octopus buries its head and believes it cannot be seen."

"Yes, I've heard of that."

"Well, you women cover your head with a bonnet and think you are out of sight!"—Yonkers Statesman.

One Better.

Jim Fart—I'm in luck. I got \$500 last night on the wheels of horses.

The Crackerjack Joe—Dat's nothing. A fren o' mine cracked a jewelry crib last week and got five 'ousand on a tray of diamonds.—Exchange.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It soothes and soothes the passions and keeps them in a perpetual calm.

The toothpicks of orange wood, which come from Japan, are made by hand. It is said that a Japanese workman can whittle from 18 to 20 dozen a day.

