

TOWN TALK.

What the Little Birds are Whispering into the Ear of the Journal Editor.

The war scare has caused great excitement in military circles here. Col. Maunsell is exerting his energies to put the R. R. C. I. on a war footing and orders have been sent to the volunteers to hold themselves in readiness. It is gratifying to learn, however, that the prospects for war with the United States are very remote.

While there are many in the School and among the volunteers who would give a good account of themselves in case of an invasion by the Americans we also know of some who would do more fighting with their legs than with their arms, and who after the battle was over would require the services of a washerwoman more than that of a surgeon.

We object on principle to Great Britain threatening the integrity of any independent state, but would be glad if she should capture some remote island on the southern seas and transport thence such men as Fred Hilyard, Bill Rosborough and Col. Hewitson. The community could get along very well without them.

The sudden death of Mr. W. White, hotel keeper of Gibson, at Stanley recently has been a great shock to his friends, and we claim to be one of the number. He was charitable, generous and self-sacrificing, always ready in cases of sickness and destitution to lend a helping hand. No one ever was turned away from his hotel because they had not the money to pay for a meal or lodgings and in this way he has lost considerable amount of money. A man should be remembered for the good he has done; and if many who are without his particular faults possessed a tithe of his virtues this would be a better world.

We would like to find out if this is a free country and if all have equal privileges to come and go to the Post Office regardless of their private opinions or positions in life? This being settled we would like to know why Postmaster Hilyard singles us out among all the rest for abuse and insult whenever he speaks to us at all in that institution and endeavors to drive us out when waiting among the rest to get our mail? This is twice he has insulted and abused us in his official capacity and if he does it again we will find out if we have any rights that he is bound to respect. The British bull-dog is apparent in his nature, and we have too much of the spirit of '76 in us to

tamely submit to him or to that class of aristocracy of which he is a worthy (?) representative.

The "bear-man" went up the street the other day amid the cheers of the bystanders.

"What's that I hear?" he shrieked out at the top of his voice. "Whiskers, whiskers," making straight for the offending parties and seizing one by the throat. "I'll give you whiskers. I'm the bear man from Geary and you can't monkey with me." The persecutors took immediately to their heels and left him master of the field.

The proprietor of a certain up town hotel objects to the noise in the house by the young people in the evening as the country people take it for the Salvation Army Barracks and dirty up and wear out the floor by getting down on their knees before they find out their mistake.

The long-legged "Turkey" has not been seen since Christmas, and the boys have been looking for him in his old familiar haunts but they have failed to find him. It is supposed as is a gobbler he has been gobbled up by some of the citizens for a Christmas dinner. He would go well with brandy sauce.

"Oh would I were a Bird," she cried,
And nestled 'neath his wing.
He took the hint and went to
Shute

And quickly got the ring.
They occupied the selfsame nest
The next succeeding night—
And now upon their wedding
tour

The two have taken flight.

The 'Prentice Boys have a fine onyx lamp stand and lamp to be given to the "auldest poplar man or the poplarest alderman." The voting will take place at McMurray's store. Only 10 cents a vote. Pay your money and take your choice.

The death of Mr. Edward Jack, C. E., removes an old landmark from our midst and will leave a gap in literary, social and scientific circles. Mr. Jack played a leading part on the world's stage. He was most popular and universally beloved because while frequently a guest of the highest dignitaries in the land he would not pass a boot black without shaking hands with him. Such are the only aristocracy that can be popular with the common people; for while they may feel themselves superior in wealth or attainments they are one with the people in heart and soul.

The Ragamuffin turnout for New Years was rather handicapped on account of the absence of snow and did not turn out in as large a force as on former years. What there was, how-

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for

XMAS PRESENTS.

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ever, were quite artistically gotten up.

The children of St. Dunstan's Sabbath School were given a substantial New Year's supper in the Hall. They all enjoyed themselves immensely.

To Mr. Spencer Inch in his recent marriage to Miss Georgie Libby of Marysville we wish for him and his estimable lady every "measure" of health and happiness. He is a man, every "inch" of him and worthy in every way of the congratulations which have been showered upon him on this auspicious occasion.

AFTER CHRISTMAS!

STOCK TAKING! CLEARANCE SALE!

All the left overs of winter goods, and other things, culled during stock taking, marked down to prices that will speedily clear them out.

Cloth Jackets,
Fur Jackets,
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