

IN THE TUNNEL.

Didn't know Flynn,— Flynn of Virginia,— Long as he's been 'yar? Look ee here stranger, What hev you been? Here in this tunnel He was my pardner, That same Tom Flynn,— Workin' together, In wind an' weather, Day out an' in. Didn't know Flynn! Well that is queer; Why, it's a sin To think of Tom Flynn,— Tom with his cheer, Tom without fear,— Stranger, look 'yar! Thar in the drift Back to the wall, He held the timbers Ready to fall; Then in the darkness I heard him call: "Run for your life, Jake! Run for your wife's sake! Don't wait for me. And that was all Heard in the din. Heard of Tom Flynn,— Flynn of Virginia. That's all about Flynn of Virginia. That lets me out, Here in the damp,— Out 'o the sun,— That ar derned lamp Makes my eyes run. Well, there,—I'm done! But, sir, when you'll Hear the next fool Asking of Flynn,— Flynn of Virginia,— Just you chip in, Say you knew Flynn; Say that you've been 'yar." —Bret Harte.

A WATERLOO GUIDE.

His Thrilling Recital to the Tourists.

The cool breeze comes pleasantly and a little impudently up here at the top of the Belgian Mound; men face it bareheaded, and ladies control their distended skirts. The guide fans his brown face with his crape-bound bowler hat, mops his neck with his red handkerchief. The guide is not one of the uniformed men who wait down at the hotel; he prefers to give a free lecture in regard to the affairs of '15 and to trust to luck. "En attendant," says the guide, "I gif you my cards. No charge." "The English leaves something to be desired—" "His father was employed immediately after the battle to assist the wounded. Was thirty-two years has guide to the strangers." "They arrive," cries the guide. A breathless, joyous crowd. They swarm up the narrow steps; they walk briskly round the four corners of the pedestal on which the lion stands. Only at the guide's earnest, almost tearful, request do they consent to seat themselves on the tiers of the pedestral and listen. "One moment, mister." "At your service, sir," replies the guide. Is this Waterloo? "I go to tell you, sir. You must gif attention, if you please. Will you oblige me, sis?" The guide addresses the humorist with much politeness. "I find you leed' seat here—joost here. Close to this sharming young Americane. So!" The humorous youth is placed near a damsel with amazingly small brown shoes, and consents to control his spirits. The guide raises his thick stick, points with sudden excitement south, and raises his voice: "I com-mence to tell you the trut'. I tell you the gr-r-eat Battle of Waterloo; I tell you all about it. I tell you the posession of the armies; I tell you everything." The guide taps his nose with an acute air. "I tell you things dose oser guides la-bas do not tell you, be-cause—be-cause they do not know. Ver' well." "About this fight?" suggests some one. "Now, you listen, please. I give you important facts I tell you the trut' I tell you what I know. I give you the whole trut'." "Let her go, Gallagher." The remark comes from an impatient American. "We can't stay here many years." "Here" (pointing with his big stick), "here we get the twenty-two armee, where you see the white coo what stands all alone by himself there. Good! That is the centre of the English armee. O-blige me also by seeing that building there where my stick I point. Hup there they coom; hup come also the French armee. General Bulcher he come up there." "Who was Blukai?" asks a spectacled young lady. She is taking notes. "The German general." "Oh" (returning to her note book) "you mean Bloosher. Go on." "Here, where I point, you see laty and shentleman on bicyclette, is it not? That is where splendid magneificent charge of what you call 'Schotch Greys' was made. It happen joost where the laty and shentleman is descending from the bicyclette. As they charge—as they charge they cry (the guide waves his hat and shouts with excitement)—they cry. 'Schotchland forever!' That's what they cry. 'Schotchland forever!'" "Good old Scotland." "I tell you the trut'. The Scotch they take two French colors. Also here where I point you have the splendid charge of the French Cuirassiers. That is so. There, where the woman is beating a garpet, there was the depot of—listen, all of you—of the English Life Guards." The man falls back a few steps to watch his interested audience. "The English Life Guards." Sho' the Life Guards—man kills two, three, four men. Sho' did, all by himself. My fasser he tell me 'bout it; my fasser he live in little village over there, called Planchevoit." "Say, now," the American girl's father interrupts; "how is it you Frenchmen blow like this 'bout our soldiers, eh? Don't seem quite the right thing, does it?" Half the audience says, shyly: "Hear! hear!" "Pardon!" The guide draws himself up and taps his stick on his waistcoat majestically. "Pardon, I am Belge." The guide goes on with his lecture; "There where the two sheep is, Napoleon he looked

through his glass and he see Blucher, and he say to itself, 'That's Grouchy,' he say. But' (acutely) "that's no Grouchy, my friends; that's Blucher all the times. Over there" (with sudden change of attitude), "over there is where Marshal Ney fight. He fight well, Marshal Ney. He call himself the brahvest of the brahv.' Oh, it was splendid fight, laties and shentlemen. It all happen on a Sunday—the eighteen of Shune, eighteen hoondred fifteen, I tell you the trut'. The English they call it Vaterloo; the French they call it Mont St. Jean; and the Prossians they call it Belle Alliance. That's the trut', sir. At eight o'clock on the Soonday it was all over. All finish. All settle. Napoleon he say, 'All is lose; save who can,' and he go away, and Blucher he follow." "No flies on old Blucher." "I tell you the trut'. If you ask of him, the mens down there in their tam uniform"—the guide allows his indignation to get slightly the better of him—"they tell you not so mooch, and they sharge you two franc. I sharge you nosing; but if—" The fates are kind to the guide. The American girl with the small shoes takes her brother's soft hat and goes round. "I'll trouble you for a trifle for the guide," says she. The guide gasps with joy as he watches the American girl. When she empties the francs into his red pocket handkerchief, he distributes his precious cards recklessly, as though they were only ordinary pasteboard. "Well, now we'll have to hustle," says the American girl's father. "We'll jest get down as fast as we can and get back sharp to Brussels. We're due in Parrus you see tonight." "My baby had crump and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. Sold by Gaden Bros.

The Fast Steamer Line.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—The Times this morning publishes an article on the Pacific cable and the proposed steamship service to Canada direct. It says the success of the movement is largely due to Canada. The English government does not intend to subsidize the Australian-Pacific service from Australia to Vancouver. It is also understood that the government will only subsidize the Atlantic service on conditions that better time can be made over the Canadian pacific railway than can now be made under existing conditions. In both the steamships and the cable schemes the principle is recognized that the line will have British connections exclusively. The line must in the first instance be carried westward from the center. By the acceptance of this principle Canada obtains a position she had never occupied before as the main highway for the British empire.

15 Years of Itching.

Wm. Golding, commercial traveller, 30 Esther-st. Toronto, says: For 15 years I suffered untold misery from Itching Piles, sometimes called pin worms. Many and many weeks have I had to lay off the road from this trouble. I tried eight other pile ointments and so called remedies with no per-

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R. B. JONES, MANCHESTER HOUSE

When Should a Judge Retire?

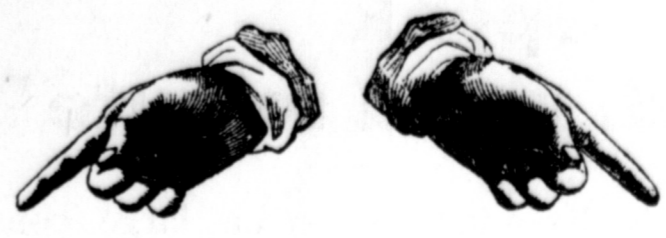
"Thank God!" exclaimed a newly appointed judge of the high court on installing himself at chambers, "nothing can dislodge me from here except a petition to the crown from both houses of parliament." It is a wise provision of our constitution which places the salaries of the high court judges on the consolidated fund, and renders them removable by nothing less than the machinery mentioned above. It would surely be intolerable if any member of parliament might move to reduce the salary of a judge, and we have ample evidence in the United States of the evils of a judicature dependent on popular election. But a moment's reflection will convince anyone that the judicial bench in this country enjoys a dangerous immunity from criticism, not to speak of control. What a business there was to persuade Mr. Justice Stephen to retire! How delicately his infirmity had to be hinted at, and how Mr. Cobb was abused for daring to ask questions about it in the house of commons! From the profession itself the judges receive no criticism, for the leaders dine with them, and the juniors are afraid of them. Even the press seems to have a vague notion that criticism of a judge is contempt of court. The judges of the high court, therefore, are the only class of public men in England who never see themselves as others see them; and the consequences of this immunity are not good—how could they be, human nature being what it is? To expose abuses is always an unpleasant and invidious task; but there is one abuse at all events which ought to be pointed out before the opening of the law courts next week. We allude to the fact that there are at this moment several judges on the bench who are too old for their work, and who ought to be retired. This is a public grievance and the administration of justice is injured by it. A strong government like the present ought to pass an act providing for the compulsory retirement of judges at a certain age. It may be news to some people that there is no rule or law, written or unwritten, as to the retirement of a Judge of the Court of Appeal or the High Court. After a judge has been on the bench fifteen years he may, if he likes, retire with his full pension, and he may retire at an earlier period with a smaller pension. But if he does not like to retire, there is nothing to compel him. He may be deaf (many of them are); he may be sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything; unless a petition to the sovereign for his removal can be carried through both houses, he can, may, and sometimes does sit in the seat of justice until he drops off it into his grave. The innocent may reply that Her Majesty's judges are far too conscientious, if not too proud, to remain in important public posts, to the duties of which their physical strength and mental faculties are no longer equal. The answer is that facts do not support this theory. A man is not thought able to copy a despatch in Downing Street after threescore years; and, according to Lord Playfair's report, a professor is past his work after he has reached threescore years and ten. But dress an octogenarian in horsehair and ermine, and he apparently becomes endowed with superhuman powers of body and mind. For let there be no mistake about the character of a judge's duties; if properly performed, they are of a most exhausting nature, calling for a concentration of intellect and a physical endurance such as are at the disposal only of men still in the prime of life. The judge has to sit in a stuffy atmosphere from half-past ten till four; he has to write down with his own hand the evidence; he has to closely follow counsel, to see that they observe the rules of evidence; he has to sum up to the jury; or he has to apply metaphysical principles of law to masses of complicated facts. If he makes a mistake, millions may be lost, or an innocent man may be hanged. Will any one maintain that this sort of work should be entrusted to a man at an age when he should be playing with his grandchildren, or preparing for his exit from the world? The time has come for plain speaking. The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Attorney-General should draft a bill providing for the superannuation of judges at the age of sixty-five, or seventy at the latest, and in certain cases at the age of sixty, if the Lord Chancellor shall so decide.—Saturday Review (London).

Heed the Warning.

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Accommodating a Detective.

It is such a pleasure to be arrested by a headquarters detective in New York that I wish they would take me in once a week. I was standing on the corner the other day to finish a cigar before taking the elevated down town, when a genteel looking man sauntered up with an unlighted weed in his mouth and said: "Light, please?" "Certainly, sir." "Thanks." "Don't mention it." "Rather nice day," he remarked as he sized me up. "Beautiful day." "I think you'd better come down to police headquarters!" "All right. Shall we go over and take Third avenue?" "Yes. Don't try any foolishness!" "Certainly not, and don't you get lost in a crowd. Don't we have a glass of beer first?" "Yes—come on." We got the beer and paid for it, and we walked down Fourteenth to Third-avenue. On the way he asked me: "Been in town long?" "Only five years." "I knew you at once," he laughed. "Did you? That's nice." "How's Chicago?" "Chicago was all right when I was there 22 years ago." "Ah!" "Ah!" "When we got off at Houston street, to go over to police headquarters the man began to look a bit anxious, and seeing this, I said:



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"Can't be you have made a mistake, eh?" "I think not," he replied, but I knew that he was doubtful. He took me straight to detective headquarters and into the presence of the inspector. The inspector glared at me for half a minute and then turned to his man with: "You must have sore eyes! He isn't the man no more than I am." "I'm willing to accommodate," I said, as I stood hat in hand. "Who are you?" "Here's my card." "Well, my man has made a mistake and I'm sorry for it." "Oh! No harm done." "You'll overlook it, will you, like a good fellow?" "Certainly." "Well, have a cigar and my humble apology. This doesn't often happen." "Thanks. Can I do anything more for you today?" "No. Good-day." "Good-day." Just Out. The pocket edition of the wonder-working K. D. C., price only 35 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Try a bottle. It immediately relieves distress after eating, sour stomach, flatulency, headache, etc., and is the mighty curer for all other forms of indigestion.