PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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AND WHY NOTCONTEMPT FOR IT

The story of the method by which the supreme court of New Brunswick has attempted to sustain its dignity in the case of Mr. JOHN V. ELLIS reads like a page of almost forgotten history. It carries one back to the days of fifty years ago, when the legislature of this province was equally afraid of the voice of the press, and equally vindictive with those who presumed to criticize its faults and follies. The legislature has long since acquired better sense, but it would appear that the court is still living in an atmosphere which pertains to the generations of the past.

Mr. ELLIS has been fined, imprisoned and put to enormous costs for a contempt of court. He has not denied the contempt and at this time, he doubtless feels it more strongly than ever. Others may possibly share his opinion on this point. He is in jail, while those who are at ince his accusers, his judges and his jury, are at large and free to indulge in their various tastes and habits. For aught the world or PROGRESS knows, some of them may be overburdened with work in not only being judges but practically counsel in many cases brought before them; some may be gambling in stocks, and some indeed may be pocketing the proceeds of a gam e of poker. Judges are only human after all. It would be quite possible for a judge of the supreme court not only to curse and swear on the judicial bench, but to be visibly and notoriously drunk and In the face of such possibilities it seems folly to construe the words of Mr. ELLIS, into a contempt of court. Had he undertaken to show how often the judicial ermine has been dragged in the mud, he might have said much more than he did say, and no vengeance the courts could wreak on him would make that ermine a whit the whiter.

gone beyond the police, the legislature and even the high and mighty supreme court of New Brunswick, in upholding what is right

> to the future historian it will appear incredible, that the daily papers of St. John have taken so weak a stand on so vital a point. It must have been cold comfort for

Mr. ELLIS to read the half-hearted endorsement of the Telegraph, and it may have been a refreshment to turn to the purely were no worse than was expected.

The files of the St. John papers of today will tell a strange story half a century hence. Those who are living now and be living then may try in vain to explain why, when punished for asserting the cardinal rights ot journalism, a journalist found his weakest support among the members of his own vocation. It is a stigma on the ethics of ournalism that such a thing should happen. No newspaper man, if fearless and honest, can avoid rendering himself liable to legal penalties. If the principle of daring to do right is to be rewarded by fine imprisonment and the draining of private purse, it is time the facts were understood. an experience as severe as that of MR. ELLIS. When this happens the last thing that ought to be expected is that fellow journalists should pass by on the other side, or give at the best a weak and wavering support.

It is far from the intention of PROGRESS to attempt to make either a martyr or a hero of MR. ELLIS. He is neither, but his case is the exemplification of a principle and every newspaper man who is not controlled by a clique or a souless corporation should recognize and treat it as such. The supreme court of New Brunswick

can quote the name of distinguished jurists who have voiced its decrees. The present chief justice, SIR JOHN C. ALLEN, would be an ornament to the bench in any land. It was he who, as the mouthpiece of the court, pronounced sentence on Mr. ELLIS. The task was undoubtedly an unpleasant one, as it would be to any decent man.

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case is an important incident in the cam- and best impulses of their lives, resting assured that if they do so, the cup of honor paign. In these days the press has will be poured for them in the end.

St. John is not a city of monuments and, and denouncing what is wrong. Under in fact, lacks ornamentation of almost any these circumstances it seems strange, and description. There are, I believe, within the city limits, five drinking fountains, which are of a more or less ornamental character, and one monument-that to the memory of the gallant Fred. Young. This monument is a spread-eagle affair, and in poor taste-not at all as suitable as some simple, graceful shaft to commemorate a partizan comments of the Sun and find they brave deed. Perhaps it is considered that there has never been anything else done in

this part of the world deserving of being commemorated in enduring marble, stone or brass. Yet should there not, at least, be a monument to the founders of this city -the "Loyalists"-those people who had the pluck (or, as our American triends say, the bad judgment) to come and form a settlement on this rock where now stands St. John? By the way, though, I believe the drinking fountain at the head of King street is intended as a "Loyalist monument." Surely they deserve something more than that. Then, should there not be a monument to commemorate the Confederation of 1867? In fact, if we were a sentimental It may be the fate of any journalist to have people, there would be many things which we might commemorate by means of monuments of some description, and many gifted men-leaders of the people-whose names might thus be perpetuated. Necessity, however, as well as instinct, keep most people busy trying to "make a dollar,' and matters that cannot be called just altogether "practical" must suffer neglect.

> A clock is a very useful and very necessary thing-especially at a railway station, where "time is everything," and a minute one side or the other of train-time makes all the difference in the world to a traveller. There is a hole in the top of the I. C. R. station-house here-a sort of "monocle"which has looked down in the same vacant manner upon the throngs which frequent this vicinity ever since the building was erected. It may be that it is intended to place there a medallion of some great man who is not dead yet, but it would seem to most sensible people that it was just the very place for a clock. Why, oh why, has one never been placed there, where it is needed

HABITS OF THE WOODCOCK. The Birds That Sportsmen Are Hunting

To this country long ere the melting snows have left the woods, the hollows, and the zigzag fences, comes Philohela-minor, the wood-cock, the "doodle bird" of popular Nimrods, the "big, brown snipe with the everlastin' meouth" of country lads, and the "cock" of all true sportsmen. He is a hardy fellow, and rejoices in the brisk, exhilarating air of the early vernal season. Like all his other feathered friends at this period, his "fancy lightly turns to thoughts that he proceeds in a fashion peculiar to ly the identical spot of ground from which he started his ascension. It is thus he attracts his mate, and she often joins him in this strange performance. The note "quock quock" is not exclusively peculiar at this time, for upon being suddenly flushed or wounded, or when squeezed in the hand, the writer has known him to make this guttural sound. Hold him, sometimes when you have barely wing-tipped him and see what large, soft lustrous eyes of dark hazel, this night bird has; how almost human they seem. What orbs to make love with in the bright moonlight, in which he revels and selects as the choicest time for all his doings. Poor chap; he is at great disadvantage in the daylight, and from his want of proper sight, at times seems stupid. Frenchmen call a dolt bete comme une becaser, because his confrere. Scolo-

thus handicapped also. The weil known woodcock "whistle" caused by the peculiar use of his wings in rising from the ground and in his flight; it is not issued from the mouth, as many suppose. The intensity of this " whis ling seems to vary with the angle at which he rises-the greater the angle the more perceptible the sound. This is not always noticeable in his flight by day, and at night one is only made aware of his passing over-

pax rusticola of England and France, is

remain in the swamps, his denuded condition rendering the long to-and-from flightimpossible. His favorite resort there is

Now with Zest

up dead streams that lie in the heart of such swamps, where the flags and coarse water grasses keep the ground moist. He is particularly given to the river banks now, for it is an easy matter to discover dry spots among the growth that borders the streams where freshets have washed up sand, and where nettles are apt to grow Then, too, he can sit on the warm edges where the meadows join the river growth, for haying is over, and the high water scatters sand that dries up and numbers warms in the sun, and here he can cuddle down and moult secundem artem et naturam. of love," and he seeks a bride, larger than It is an easy matter for him to run in to himself. It is at this time of his wooing the rich, moist ground, under the heavy, tall ferns, or to the hollows and pitch holes along the banks and probe for a fat meal. The woodcock takes most kindly to corn fields, selecting those where the soil is fertile, and particularly those that contain damp hollows and scattered trees; apple trees are the favorites, and often corn is planted in orchards. This is his paradise ; he can sit in the dry part of the field and moult-witness the many old feathers one finds in the corn-and as the spirit moves, run to the rich and damp part of the field and bore. At this season the woodcock makes short fights if disturbed, and is very apt to drop down in the open if by chance driven outside of the cover. Thirty-five years continuous experience has led the writer to believe firmly that, just

prior to the moulting season, there is a flight north to the hills of northern Connecticut, New York, and Massachusetts from the latitudes of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and southern New York. It is notorious that the woodcock disappears to a great extent from those latter localities in August, only to return after moulting is over and the early frosts set in. It is equally sure that into the first mentioned districts there is so large an influx of birds at this time that it cannot be set down to the mere shifting of ground by the home birds. The month of September is of the same kind as August, except that the birds are then generally scarcer and its first three weeks may sately be counted as the poorest time from July in which pleasurably to hunt for

woodcock. He does not like cold, sour ground, with rank-growing and interwining grasses, nor close bogs, nor big, thick growth, where the sun never shines in to vivity the soil. Unless he happens to have found some tresh spring run, he will rarely be come upon among the old gnarled alders with sconck-cabbage underneath; in fact, in this above all other places in the city? The head by the whistling of his wings; it is part of the country, he eschews places where it is habitually found, unless among ed, could not bear this protracted silence widely scattered large trees on fresh oozy ground. Covers of all sorts grow old, even though once famous, and become clogged with low and entangling vines, and are useless. It is the part of the gunner to discover new ones that are growing up. These remarks are for the most part general; it is not easy to determine beforehand just what his wite could not help laughing, and she special class of cover woodcock may take to, and success depends upon finding this out each secon and period thereof. Then a thorough knowledge of a wide range of territory will enable the sportsman to go direct to the identical growth and bottom that for the time best suits the vagaries of this fastidious bird. Now comes the great equinoctial storm, generally drowning the low and putting the ble, honest, fearless and conscientious. uplands in desirable condition. Then the He will make the year kind of representations. woodcock takes to all sorts of high cover. Frost arrives and the flights begin, the birds drifting along slowly at first and remaining if the weather is fine and the ground in good condition. The birds each year seem to take lines of flight through sections where storms have becattle most prevalent. Later on, and when the sold weather hur-ries the flights along, the woodcock will often stop in buckwheat or corn stubble and in old potato rots, feed, and journey on before daylight overtakes them. As a rule, the hens are the first to migrate and last of all come the little old "cock whistlers.' Early in the fall moving birds seem to seatter quite generally about the different covers, but in the sharp, late season they mainly settle in or about some special piece, except possibly a few stragglers. The writer remembers having gone over a very large alder cover lying in one tract, on a certain day in early November, and never could he or his companion move one single cock. The following forenoon we killed forty on this same piece, and though we scoured the surrounding country later in the day could only find nere and there a Mr. Woodcock is a bold, brave fellow and a gentleman every inch of him. If there is now and then a poltroon he is the exception that proves the rule. Often, when the dog is pointing him, whether wounded or not, will he cock up his tail, spread like a fan, and bristling like a game cock, make fight at the dog. He is much more readily flushed at night, and if asleep by day he of course appears to lie very close, as if skulking. If the weather be wild and windy he is very much alive at all times. Thirteen in a Dozen.

Autuma on the Bay Chaleur.

Sad leaves of purple and red and gold In your beautiful winding shroud: the mud banks and the bottom of the dried-The drops of tears fall on your cheeks, From the eves of a crimson cloud. The Bay Chaleur has a dark blue veil, Spread over her handsome face: And her weary bosom softly swells. To the summer's last embrace.

> Her whispers have still the old refrain. To the gray shore coid and lone; Where the voices of loving hearts and true, With the sunny days have gone; And footsteps that followed the shining sands When the laughing winds are gay; And faces they loved to touch and fan Like a dream, have passed away.

Full soon 'neath the cold December morn, Will the storms of winter blow; When the sapphire light of a lovely life. Has melted away like snow. But never from out my heart of hearts. By this autumn sky and sea; Shall the vanished music I hear no more Be silent and still to me.

Oh, speak to me once heart broken sea, From your tears along the shore: And sing to me here your mystic song Of the bright forever more. Oh, star of night reveal a face, In one gleam of its vanished bliss: That lifted my life to a world of life And a paradise made of this. CYRUS GOLDE.

Our Poet.

I wander where the river strays Through woods asleep in pearly haze, With quiet nooks where earliest peer The firstlings of the dawning year. I feel, but scarcely seem to share, This sense which haunts the happy air Of young life stirring everywhere; For ever at my heart of hearts A pulse of nameless trouble starts watch this tender April sky; see its aimless clouds go by gaze, and gaze, and only think It would have pleased our Poet's eye

From his low nest the glad lark springs, And soars, and soaring ever, flings Blythe music from his restless wings. Though ail the air be trembling pleased, The unquiet soul is nothing eased; I hear with scarce the heart to hear That carol ringing quick and clear; I hear, and hearing, only think-It would have pleased our Poet's ear.

His ears are shut from happy sound; His eyes are softly sealed; The oft-trot old familiar ground, The hill, the wood, the field, This path which most he loved that runs Far up the shining river, Through all the course of summer suns He treads no more for ever. -[P. P. Alexander.

Diogenes Up to Date.

A man had a quarrel with his wife which led to a breach of the peace. The woman took her revenge by refusing to speak to him for several days. The husband who was good-natured enough when not excitany longer, and thought of a way to break the spell One afternoon he lighted a candle, stuck it in a langern, and while his wife was sit-ting in the room, busy sewing, he began to look under the table, the chairs, etc., as though he had lost something. At this asked bim---"What are you looking for ?" delighted at having gained his point, he cheerfully replied : "I was looking for your tongue !"

humself and his relative, the English snipe. Any farmer's boy can tell you how at dusk, when the light of day is turned down low, the woodcock flies from the woodland to some open spot, and in his love making rises by short gyrations to a height of 100 feet or more, uttering a low, deep, sonorous "quock quock," remains in air, almost poised, making small circles when folding his wings darts head first to near-

With the merits or demerits of the Queens county election case PROGRESS has nothing to do. This is not a political paper, but in politics or out of them it believes in what is right. It has not always agreed with the opinions of Mr. ELLIS, nor is it likely to do so. Were he even a pronounced enemy of this paper, the principle would remain the same, and that principle is this :

In the course of his duty as a writer for the press, he dared to denounce what he believed to be wrong. He did so in what -compared with the possibilities-were moderate terms. Six years later, the insulted court, some members of which have been more or less criticized by the press and public for other acts in the meantime, arrogates to itself the functions of judge and jury, and condemns Mr. ELLIS in due and ancient form

It may be urged that having dealt a like sentence to Mr. HAWKE, of the Moncton Transcript, the court could do no less with Mr. ELLIS and be just. The sting, however, is not in the sentence but in the award of costs. It was in the power of the court to be generous in this matter, but it chose to be otherwise. It condemned the prisoner to pay the costs of his own convictions. Its judgment seems as ungenerous as it was unjust.

More than half a century ago, a newspaper man, Mr. PIERCE, of the Miramichi Gleaner, had the audacity to comment on the proceedings of the legislature in a style that would be considered commonplace today. For this levity regarding a solemn humbug he was summoned from Miramichi to Fredericton in the dead of winter and imprisoned in the York county jail for the fountain. It poor Hebe had the power of remainder of the session of the house. Such | motion she would probably jump over into | a thing would not be tolerated by public opinion in these days, and a few years hence the supreme court of New Brunswick will no more dare to repeat what it has now done than would the legislature attempt to go back to the stand it took in the days of PIERCE, of the Gleaner, and DOAK & HILL, of the Lovalist. The battle for free speech, for the right

of the press to condemn what seems to be

wrong in high places or low places, has not

one, as it would be to any decent man. It is to be hoped SIR JOHN will "never do but where, oh, where, is the clock? Will in the daytime, without always making it again."

But suppose, as some did suppose, SIR JOHN C. ALLEN had been sworn in as governor of this province before the passing of sentence in the ELLIS case, who then would have spoken the words that sent an honest man to jail? Presumably the senior judge, and that man is the Honorable ACALUS LOCKWOOD PARMER.

There is reason to apprehend that contempt of court will in time become epidemic, and be recognized as a contagious disease.

It seems a pity that the race between the "Vigilant" and there "Valkyrie" should have been won Bf such a way as to demonstrate nothing except that accidents will happen. The English yacht appears to have lost the third and decisive race through the tearing of a spinnaker. It will always be thought that, had it not been for this mishap, she would have won by a small margin. The American yacht, in addition to being on home waters, had many other things in her favor which she would not

have had on the other side of the occan. The relative merits of keels and centreboards are, however, as much a speculation as before. It is a pity there was nothing more proven on one side or the other. Of all kinds of racing, yachting has the most to commend it to all classes and conditions of people. It is not only manly

and healthful in its tone, but it involves an amount of scientific calculation, the application of which extend far beyond the sport itself. It is an honest sport, and is exceptional in these days because of that fact

On the third page of this paper will be found a report of part of Prof. GLEASON'S lecture on "How to Shoe a Horse." Nine men out of ten are interested in this noble animal and this lecture is at once most valuable and interesting.

How long can historian HANNAY grind out the Loyalist yarn and write editorials for two daily papers?

Where is the private press censor of the Telegraph? He is needed.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

I notice that the little statue of Hebe has been placed in position on the West side drinking tountain. For some reason or other it appears to have been plastered over with "stucco" or some such stuff to imitate tree-stone. This seems a great pity, however. I suppose the people who had this done did not know any better, but thought they were doing the right thing in trying to make the figure match the body of the

there. We are neglected and slighted as together cannot probably raise enough 'influence" to have the I. C. R. station completed by having a clock placed in it where one was intended to go.

There are good many places besides St. John which have "Winter port" aspirations. Portland, Maine, is one of these, and, like St. John, always appears to be looking forward to a period of greatness and glory to arrive. Portland, however, laurels. The juvenile brood is here sate has been almost made by Canadian business, yet she looks forward to more. Mr. Thomas B. Reed, of Portland, ex-speaker of the United States Congress, who cherishes the idea that some day the city of his birth will become one of the great cities of the continent, recently said in an "interview:" Portland harbor is one of the finest on the Atlantic coast. It is at least two days nearer Europe than New York, and one day nearer Europe than Boston. The annexation of Canada to the United States, or the union of the two countries, one of which is bound to come in the course of time, will surely bring to Portland the great prosperity that should be hers by reason of her admirable harbor and her geographical position." The union may possibly come "in the course of time" but as a candid triend I would not advise Portland to depend on that for her "prosperity." She stands to lose Canadian business in the future instead of to gain more of it.

PELHAM.

The Freaks of Nature.

The freaks of Mother Nature are increasin' day by day. And a-puzzlin' all the scientists in kinder sort way

To find a solid reason why on life such things intrude, As Eng and Chang the Siamese twins an' " the-cuffsan'-collar.dude.'

Now Eng an' Chang the brother twins parted could not be. When Chang went callin' on his gal Eng bore him

company;

The doctors say before their birth they vowed they'd "stick togither:" That's why the twins were two-yet one, united

through their liver.

this wondrous freak. With joy, she cried " I'm victor yet, my knowledge

can't be beat;" But when the dude came saun;'ring in with cuffs al.'

chokin' collar She swooned away at such a sight an' seemed beat

her wits away.

down to Gray.

But de'il the part of dudes at all in it was found sub-

On Charley Darwin then she called an' asked him i he knew

true:

dude."

and promiscuous. He is tond of localities they were takin', The Reason Why. where raspberry and blackberry bushes Their hair came out, they looked like boys flourish among the brush, aud particularly Mrs. Scoldwell-Never once since the points of the compass. swimmin' all a-shakin' day of our marriage has my husband come With tailors' suits a fittin' well with cuffs an' collar among the young evergreens. At this time home intoxicated. Mrs. Coldspell-what an exemplary man! I suppose he stays he effects the up-hill and down-hill country, **Rubbers** For Nothing. chokin'. "The "folks" they christened them the dulewhere he can sit all day in the dry air and away until he has sobered up, it it takes a attend to the shedding of the old and the they're human-like no jokin'." growing of the new feathers and fly out readily at night to feed in the closely adjacent lowlands and moist places. In week. And thus the freaks of Nature are a-comin' day by day, Was Willing to Wait. And a-puzzlin' all the scientists in kinder sort o' very dry seasons he is found in great Young man,-I thank you, sir, for your way kind permission to call on your daughter. numbers in the large swamps that grow To have their answers ready, for Nature's often in the wide valleys. He is driven there to Father,-Remember that I turn out the gas rude. Imposin' monsters on us like the "evolution dude." find the damp ground for feeding, and, as at ten oclock. Youth,-All right, sir; Pil ____BROWN, JRe the uplands are far away, is compelled to not come before that time.

not some one in authority have it placed himself heard. The little cock bi ds who tarry late in the fall, veterans with hard, usual and our three members of parliament dry, reddish legs, are often designated by sportsmen as "cock whistlers" from the prevalence of this sound with them. I'hey are fleet of foot, and upon being flushed two or three times, leave for parts unknown. The woodcock's cradle is made of dried

leaves and grass, rudely and with little apparent care. The favorite spot for breeding is on the mountain or hillside or on rising ground, near a little rill and at the toot of some tree, clump of bushes or from floods. They habitually nest, too, in the lowland swamps, under a stump on fallen log. At times they will build on top of a bog, but woe to the younglings i treshets overtake them before they can use their wings. It is countrymen's "tell" that the parents tote them on their backs to places of safety at such a dire juncture. Credat Judæus Apella! They are dear, cunning little fellows with their miniature bills and light cafe-au-lait down so well known in the average barnyard chick. They have three reddish-brown stripes that run from head to tail along the back and sides as well as markings of the same hue underneath the eyes. It is in July that they are most esculent and delicate to the gourmet's palate, for they then feed almost entirely by "boring," and frequent the bushy side hills, where springs abound and the ground is soft and oozy. It the season be a dry one they are all forced to resort to the moist lowland covers, though they, too, always hold their complement of summer birds during this month, unless flooded by continuous rains. Later on in the season the woodcock feeds to a moderate ex-

tent on the uplands by turning over leaves and subsisting upon such bugs and insects as meet his fancy. During the winter months in the South this is the main source of their sustenance, but the nature of their food imparts a less desirable taste to the flesh

The operation of "boring" consists in forcing the bill into the earth nearly up to where the feathers begin to grow at its base, and apparently requires some little exertion, though one hungry and industrious bird will make the ground appear as the woods were tull of 'em" to the neophyte. It is well known that the woodcock And thus when Science had explained what caused lives by suction as well as by extracting from the soil. He has a long, slim, sharppointed tongue that, no doubt, is extremely sensitive, and enables him to discern what he is in search ot beneath the ground. A friend says that he has watched a woodcock

During the early part of August begins loaf known as the "inbread," or "vantage iected the moulting season, which lasts till the First Housewife. How many servants loat," or, in Scotland, the "too bread." first week in October, though there are to you keep? Thirteen was called also the "devil's doalways some laggards who fail to get their Second Ditto. Nore; but we have no zen," because of the ill-repute of the numnew tall suits home from the tailors and ince he had crossed the River Styx, if Evolution's end of them as casual visitors. ber; and it has been suggested that in the dressmakers as soon as the most of their days when bakers were most unpopular, brethren. The great essential to moulting is Candid Enough. 'My theory's right" Darwin replied, "as I made their name may have been substituted for dryness, and to that end the woodcock now that of the devil. The expression is found It has evolved the monkey cute into a blooming seeks high ground, and takes up his abiding posed to darling? in "Martin Marprelate," published at least place on the dry side hills of alders and He (sincerely)-No; but you are the birches; also where the growth is young as early as 1538. And it happened thus "the monkey's with nly girl who ever accepted me.

The usual story of why thirteen is called teeding, and that he first bores numerous cut " all holler.' holes, and then patters with feet and wings tips on the neighboring ground in intima-tion of the gentle falling of rain that he the baker's dozen is that an unnamed law o Mr. Flyer, who was calling. of England compelled bakers to give thir-She soon revived and viewed the "scare" that took teen loaves to persons who bought a dozen loaves; but it does not seem to be wholly An' brought to mind her knowledge all from Ganot may coax the earth worms through the much surprised. correct. Laws against light-weight loaves borings to the surface, and thus have them "I heard pa tell ma that you couldn't were enacted in England, very severe on Whose great big book "Anatomy" has Nature all fall an easy prey to his ingenuity and keep your head above water.' the bakers; and to avoid the penalties the dissected appetite. custom grew up of bakers giving an extra They Are Nomads.

His Chances of Success.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he : Jones is a good man ; he is capa-He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning.'

"Do you really want to see Jones elected ?" said a solemn-faced old man. I do indeed. I'd give anything to see im elected." answered the bore.

"Then never let anyone know he saved your life counselled the solemn-taced

Found the Combinations.

Mable-Oh, Helen, I got a letter from George this afternoon, abjectly begging my torgiveness of our little quarrel last week, and inclosing a diamond ring. And he's oming to-night.

Helen (decisively)-That's what comes f quarreling. Just you wait. I'll give my Henry such a razzle-dazzle to-night, that he'll either commit suicide or send me a ring inside of three days.

They Have Good Memories.

Nearly all diamond dealers have remarkable memories. Several instances have been recorded where a dealer has identified a stone ten years after he sold it, and after it had been recut. They never examine a diamond by artificial light nor when the sun is shining. As a rule they select a window facing the north. This method prevents artificial glitter.

Mistook the Symptoms.

Doctor-Yes; the symptoms are very serious. You must get to bed at once, and I will call and see you twice a day. Patient-In that case, it's lucky I joined the club last week.

Doctor-A club case! Why didn't you say so? Take a pennyworth of Epson salts; you'll be all right to to-morrow.

His Hair was Dry.

"Your hair isn't wet," said little Tommy

"No, of course not. What makes you think my hair was wet ?" he asked, very

She-Am I the first girl you ever pro-

Selfishness casts its shadow from all Mitchell, the shoe dealer, makes an interesting and attractive announcement in his usual space in this issue. He gives a pair of rubbers-men's, ladies', or children's, with every pair of men's, ladies', or children's boots purchased from him. The offer closes Monday, so everyone who reads this paragraph does not want to lose any time.

Rodney slip and try and wash off the plaster they have stuck on her and stand torth in her original metal. However she is there, although in a talse coating, and appears to modestly invite the natives of the West-end to the study of classic literature. There is a verse somewhere which says: "Coy Hebe flies from those who woo, And frowns on those who fawn upon her; Follow thy life and she'll pursue To pour for thee the cup of honor.". Here is an incentive to all who pass by, yet been fought to a finish. The ELLIS to follow out boldly and bravely the highest