

LITERATURE AND WHISKEY.

Peculiar Complaints Made by a Canadian Writer.

A singular complaint comes from a Canadian author. Mr. Arthur Barr, writing in the Canadian Magazine, expresses his belief that Canada ought to be the Scotland of America. 'The bald truth is,' says Mr. Barr, 'that Canada has the money, but would rather spend it on whiskey than on books.'

This is a serious charge. But does it not involve rather sweeping conclusion? May not a country produce whiskey and literature simultaneously?

Mr. Barr compares Canada with Scotland. Is not the production of whiskey another parallel?

No one can deny that Scotch whiskey has a reputation co-extensive with the world. Has this reputation been obtained at the expense of literature? There is no good ground for such a supposition. The 2 have gone on conquering with equal step. Scottish literature is full of whiskey.

Indeed, the Scottish poets of the last century were quite too fond of it.

Tennant and Ferguson were devoted to the joys of the bottle, and died young in consequence.

Burns was an expert in whiskey before he became an exciseman. The verses of these men celebrate in glowing terms the charms of the flowing bowl.

Even in later literature whiskey vies with heather as an attraction. Wm. Black was a most respectable gentleman. But in his novels pipes and whiskey are always brought out. Sheila herself, the magic princess of the North, set forth the glasses every evening for old Maskerzie and Frank Lawnder. And who can bring down a deer or land a salmon without whiskey? The thing is unthinkable. It whiskey could be taken out of Scottish literature very little would be left.

Mr. Crockett is as everyone knows a highly moral writer.

But even Mr. Crockett is not guiltless of allusions to the national drink. The author of 'Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush,' too, recognizes the pathos of the bottle.

Nor does Mr. Barrie banish potatoes from the village of Trumms.

No, indeed; Scottish literature without whiskey would be a barren affair.

There must be some more recondit reason. It is unnecessary to attempt to discover what it is. Canada may not support authors, but it certainly produces them. And it would not do so if whiskey and literature were real antagonistic.

A Few Mistakes.

People do not often make the mistake of giving too much. A certain lady who not long ago entered a Glasgow church was an exception to the rule. At least she thought so. She passed the collection box at the door and dropped in sixpence. Then she took her seat in the church and waited until the preacher appeared. To her disappointment the officiating minister was not the Doctor H whom she had come to hear. On inquiry she found she had entered the wrong church. It was not yet too late to hear the preacher of her choice, but the sixpence was another matter. To leave it in the box would be clear loss. The lady was equal to the occasion. Slowly descending the gallery stairs she requested her sixpence back, and received it from the officiating elder. More to be excused was the shoemaker's apprentice of whom Christain Work tells. He possessed but a penny and a florin, and while in attendance at a country church dropped the florin



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Rheumatism—"I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief. Was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and five bottles gave me relief and enabled me to go to work." WILLIAM R. BOACH, Margaretville, N. S.



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in the plate in mistake for the penny. Finding his mistake, he rose, left the pew, deliberately fished out his silver piece, and put in the copper coin instead. A student attending an Edinburgh church put a half-crown into the plate by mistake, and the elder stoutly refused to give it back. He was determined to be even with that elder, however. For thirty Sundays he attended the church and persistently allowed the plate to pass him. Then he was content. At a penny a Sunday the account was now even between him and the elder. Perhaps the thirty sermons did him little good, although they cost him but a penny apiece.

Most Respectful.

Among the stories told of Charles Lever, the witty novelist, is one which concerns the days when he was British consul at Trieste. He had accompanied his daughter to London for a little social enjoyment, and had neglected to go through the formality of asking for a leave of absence. On his arrival in London he was invited to dinner by Lord Lytton, who was delighted to see him. When he arrived at Lord Lytton's house, his host said, 'I'm so glad you could come! You will meet your chief, Clarendon'—the minister of foreign affairs. The novelist, much embarrassed, began to give reasons why he must tear himself away, but before he could make his escape, Lord Clarendon was announced and almost at once espied him. 'Ah, Mr. Lever,' he said, blandly, 'I didn't know you were in England; in fact I was not even aware that you had asked

for leave from Trieste.'

'No-o, my lord,' stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a second, but no more than that: 'no, my lord; I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship for me to come and ask for it in person!'

FIGHTER AND PREACHER.

Ex-Champion Fitzsimmons' Introduction to the Late Evangelist Moody.

When Bob Fitzsimmons arrived in Chicago fresh from his victory over Jim Corbett in Carson City, 1897, he stayed at the Auditorium hotel, and there met the late D. L. Moody for the first and last time. Fitzsimmons was the guest of a well known race horse owner, and he, with a party of men, was talking over the fight with Corbett, when a sudden burst of music came in through the theatre door leading to the hallway of the Auditorium.

'What's the doing?' asked the prize-fighter.

'Moody is holding services, and he's all right,' responded one of the party.

'I would like to meet that chap, as I have heard a lot about him,' said Fitzsimmons.

A few moments later the prize fighter and his friends were walking down through the corridor of the hotel when Mr. Moody came hurrying in from Michigan ave on his way to the service.

'That's the big preacher,' said one of the party. Mr. Moody halted for a moment, on hearing this remark and smiled in a pleasant manner. Promptly the horse owner led the prize-fighter up to the famous evangelist and said: 'Mr. Moody, this is Mr. Fitzsimmons, who has just whipped Jim Corbett out west, and he wanted to meet you.'

'Mr. Fitzsimmons, how are you, sir?' said the evangelist. 'I hope we shall see you at the meeting. We are having rousing good times. Come in, gentlemen, I believe you would enjoy it.'

And, with a wave of his hand, Mr. Moody was off down the hall, leaving the prize fighter and his friends looking perplexed.

'Well, he ain't half bad, is he?' remarked the Cornishman. 'Let's call his bluff and go in.'

Fortwith the party entered the theatre and occupied seats in the rear of a box. All but Fitzsimmons seemed to weary of the sermon, but he stayed until the last. A day later he again met Mr. Moody in the hotel, and, interrupting the latter while he was talking to a party of friends, he said: 'I was with you yesterday, and I enjoyed the talk, and Bob, like a blushing school-girl, hurried away.'

'What a wonderful man he would be if he would bend his efforts toward fighting for the Lord instead of fighting his fellow-

Advertisement for 'THAT SNOWY WHITENESS' soap, featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and a banner with the product name. Text describes its benefits for cleaning fabrics and its low cost.

A Proof of Their Honesty. Yarmouthians are certainly a very honest people. On Saturday a gentleman went into a barber shop in town and thoughtlessly laid a package of bills, amounting to \$520, on the table while preparing for a shave. He was in the chair about half an hour and during that time a number of persons passed in and out. He seized the package like a drowning man at a straw when his attention was called to it.—Yarmouth Times.

A Contractor's Holiday. Contractor George McArthur went on a trip yesterday to Philadelphia, Montreal and other large western cities. He has had a prosperous year and now proposes to enjoy himself for a time. His wife accompanied him.

We Would Like to do Our Part. In making your New Year a happy one call us up and we'll call around for your bundle and you will be satisfied. UNGARS LAUNDRY, LYING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, 28 to 34 WATERLOO STREET, PHONE 58.

I suppose that the Roberts investigating committee will want to hold off their decision until next summer. 'Why so?' 'So that a full and complete census of the Roberts family can be taken.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Said Mrs. Gadabout, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: 'Are you glad to see me again, Edith?' 'Yes, mam, and mamma's glad, too,' replied the child.

'Is she?' 'Yes, m'h. She said she hoped you'd come today and have it over with.'

Old Man—Why don't you marry? Young One—Do you think a man could procure all the necessities of life on \$1800 a year? Old Man—Of course; but not the luxuries.

Young One—Well, I haven't decided yet whether a wife is a necessity or a luxury.

Mrs. Bibbits—So you have named your girl twin Henrietta? Mrs. Thibbits—Yes, but I changed it a little. It was such a long name that I cut it in two and called the boy Henry and the girl Etta.

'I don't understand your reference to Bardsley as 'a man of means.' He tried to borrow a dollar from me yesterday.'

'He always means to do something worth while, only he never does it.'

'I'd lay my life down for you,' protested the poetical lover. 'Yes,' argued the practical maiden, 'but would you lay down the carpets?'—Philadelphia Record.

Willie—D d y'er have a good Christmas? Tommy—It was not as good as last year. Gee! I wuz sick for 3 days after that.—Philadelphia Press.

Two women shop the livelong day— The joyous hours speed fast away; All busy they grow; they dwell afar, And mixed their bundles on the car.



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