

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT.

By Rudyard Kipling.
The four was on the cattle, for the gale was
An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an'
let the creatures free—
An' the lights went out on the lower deck,
An' no one near but me.
I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet
there,
For the lower deck is the dangerousest, re-
quittin' constant care,
An' give me as the strongest man, though
used to drink and swear.
I see my chance was certain of bein' horned
or trod,
For the lower deck was packed with steers,
chick'n' peas in a pod.
An' more pens broke at every roll—so I made
a contract with God.
An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have
woud be the case,
If he got me to port alive I would exalt his
Name,
An' praise his Holy Majesty till further or-
ders came.
He saved me from the cattle an' He saved
me from the sea,
For they found me 'twen two drowned ones
where the roll had landed me.
An' a four-inch crack on top of my head,
as crazy as could be.
But that was done by a stanchion, an' not
by a bull's head at all.
An' I lay still for seven weeks convalescing
of the fall.
An' readin' the shaly Scripture texts in the
Seaman's Hospital.
An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He
says to my prayer:
"I never put on My ministers no more than
they can bear."
"So back you go to the cattle-boats an'
preach My Gospel there."
"For human life is chancy at any kind of
trade."
"But most of all, as well you know, when
the steers are mad-afraid,
"So you go back to the cattle-boats an'
preach 'em so I've said."
"They mustn't drink an' swearin', they
mustn't knife on a blow."
"They mustn't gambler their wages, and
you mustn't drink no."
"For now those boats are more like hell
than anything else I know."
I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I
should get.
An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome
an' out of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord was laid on me,
An' I done what I was set.
I have been smit an' bruised, as warned
woud be the case,
An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly
as Scripture says:
But following that, I knocked him down an'
led him up to Grace.
An' we have preaching on Sundays when-
ever the sea is calm,
An' I use no knife or pistol, an' I never
use no gun.
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide
my fighting arm.
An' I sign for four pound ten a month and
save the money clear,
An' I live in the lower deck, an' I
never lose a steer.
An' I believe in Almighty God an' preach
His Gospel here.
The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove
'em wrong.
For I am in charge of the lower deck with
all that doin' wrong.
Which they would not live to a lanatic, and
the competition so strong!

SHEER LUCK.

When the great pink diamond of
Guznes reached Europe it created
widespread interest and took im-
mediate rank with the historical stones
of the world. It was compared with
the finest gems in the royal and imperial
regalia, savants wrote learned dis-
quisitions upon its beauties, and the
magazines and newspapers spoke of
its value in a way that made one's
mouth water.
Among others whose envy was
aroused by the descriptions of the
stone was a Mr. Lamrock, a gentle-
man who had passed under many
aliases in his career, and who had
only recently been released from Port-
land, where he had been sentenced
for mistaking the proprietorship of a
check.
As he read of the great diamond his
eyes sparkled at the thought of its
worth. There it was—£200,000—and
you could put it in your waistcoat
pocket.
But how to get it?
The ex-convict, as he pondered over
the subject, knew the task was not
an easy one. The papers imparted the
confidence that it was in Messrs.
Bonsfield Brothers' safe at Bristol;
but burglary was not in his line.
There are grades of refinement in all
professions, and he looked upon bur-
glary as vulgar, besides which night
watchmen, strong rooms, and electric
alarms made such work hazardous
and only fit for people better supplied
with physical strength than brains.
The first step was to obtain the con-
fidence of the Bonsfields. To get this?
—an introduction. How?—to forge it!
Without more ado he wrote a short
note to Congleton & Co., the cele-
brated diamond merchants at Hatton
Garden, asking them if they would
care to buy some old family jewels
and received a reply expressing their
willingness to inspect them. After
studiously examining the calligraphy
of their letter with a magnifying lens
he set himself to practising a num-
ber of curves and flourishes on a sheet
of paper. An hour's work secured his
satisfy him, and he then indited the
following epistle:
"Hatton Garden, Jan. 4, 1898. Messrs. Bons-
field Brothers, dear Sirs—As a client of
ours desiring to inspect your pink diamond
known as 'The Light of Guznes,' with a
view to purchase, we should feel obliged if
you would send it to us. Our Mr. Lamrock
will call upon you a few hours after you re-
ceive this letter and will bear a note vouch-
ing for his identity. We shall be happy to
undertake all risk and responsibility for the
custody of our representative, and we beg
to remain yours faithfully,
CONGLETON & CO."

When this production of his pen and
brain had been carefully scrutinized,
our calligraphist composed another
short letter, which stated that the
bearer was Mr. Lamrock, the repre-
sentative of Congleton & Co. He then
went out and bought half a dozen
Havana cigars, four of which he
steamed open and unrolled. Smearing
the interior portion over with a dark
treacly liquid, he rolled them up again
with expert fingers and put them into
his case.
The first letter he had written he
sent by registered mail, going down
to Bristol by the same train that took
the mail. But on his arrival there he
waited for three hours so as to allow
of its being delivered before calling. He
then went to their office and presented

his credentials, the genuineness of
which were not for a moment sus-
pected.

The Bristol firm, who acted with
great caution in all their business
transactions, thought it safer that the
stone should be under the custody of
their own representative, and deter-
mined that one of their partners,
young Harry Bonsfield, should accom-
pany Lamrock up to London, taking
it with him. This, however, was a
contingency provided for both by
Lamrock's cigars and by a neat little
revolver that nestled in the pocket of
his great coat.

It was a bitterly cold day, and a
biting east wind made them shiver in
spite of their coats and wraps; so much
so that they mutually regretted that
the operation of securing a reserved
carriage left them no time to pay a
visit to the refreshment room.

They had just seated themselves
comfortably and the train was al-
ready in motion, when an elderly gen-
tleman with a jovial, red face and
black bushy whiskers opened the door
and bundled himself in.

Bonsfield was annoyed and Lamrock
disgusted; but as the intruder was
profuse in his apologies, and it
was too late to mend matters, they
had to accept the situation with the
best grace they could. After the lapse
of a quarter of an hour he had talked
their reserve away, and proved him-
self so amusing a companion that they
all became quite friendly; and then
Lamrock, who had grown suddenly in-
comparable, pressed the others into ac-
cepting a cigar apiece. The jolly-
faced intruder was not to be outdone
in hospitality. He opened his hand-
bag, and with a merry wink produced
a flask of curacao which the intense
cold made particularly acceptable to
them all. Lamrock, indeed, found
the liquor so delicious that he took
two glasses. Before they got half
through their cigars he noticed with
suspicion that the conversation began
to slacken, and that his companions
showed a disposition to go to sleep.

Bonsfield was the first to succumb
to somnolence, and Lamrock even
began to feel sleepy himself. He
fought against the sensation by get-
ting up to admire the colored photo-
graphs beneath the hat-trails and by
trying to fix his attention upon the
passing scenery. He opened his cigar
case, counted and examined the con-
tents, and looked puzzled. He was
apparently satisfied, but he had not
given himself one of the dragged ci-
gars, for he puffed vigorously away at
his stump, hoping that it would help
to keep him awake. He once thought
that the fumes of his companions' ci-
gars might be affecting him, and
opened both windows. But he found
the cold air had no effect. The in-
truder also began to look as if he
would soon follow Bonsfield's example.
He vainly tried to look wide awake,
but his head would droop heavily, his
feet would sink down upon his chin,
and he would then pull himself to-
gether by a supreme effort and try to
sit up straight.

Their respective struggles to keep
awake, however, grew more and more
feeble until the pair finally collapsed
in their corners, and slept as if they
would never wake again.

When the train arrived at Swindon
Junction the guard discovered them
asleep, and after trying in vain to
rouse them, upon the conviction dawned
upon him that it was a case of foul
play. The three passengers were taken
out and removed to the hospital, ar-
rangements being made by the police
that on their recovery all three should
be detained in custody pending in-
vestigations. So, when they had been
brought round to consciousness, they
were taken to the police station.

Harry Bonsfield easily established
his identity, and was set at liberty;
but the information that the police
revolvers they found in both their
overcoats, two self-told cigars, and
two equally damaging cigar stumps,
the remnants of curacao in the flask,
and a very suspicious false beard, all
these incidents led to their arrest,
and subsequent conviction.

Scotland Yard keeps the flask as a
curiosity, for it has two compartments
from which the contents were taken
at the will of the owner by a slight
pressure on a secret spring. Both
compartments contained curacao; but
was left of one sample was
found to be drugged while the other
was pure.

The jovial gentleman, like Lamrock,
had had his imagination fired by
the accounts that the newspapers
gave of the great pink diamond. He
had wormed it out of a clerk in
Messrs. Bonsfield's office that the
junior partner was taking it up town,
and he thought that the opportunity
for which he had waited so long had
at length arrived. Tearing away from
his lodgings, he had provided himself
with his flask and a revolver, and was
just in time to catch the train. When
the whole facts were revealed in the
police court, the nature and astonishment
of Lamrock and the jolly gentleman
was past description. It beat even
that of Harry Bonsfield. All the three
seated in this scene are now firmly
convinced that one of the incalculable
sheer luck—H. N. M., in the London
Weekly Sun.

Cataract of Ten Years' Standing Cured
by Dr. Chase.
I suffered from Cataract for ten years
and was treated by some of the best
physicians in Canada. I was recom-
mended by Mr. C. Thompson, druggist,
Timbuctoo, to try Dr. Chase's Cataract
Cure, and can state positively it cured
my Cataract and Catarrhal Sore
Throat.

Yours respectfully,
ANNA A. ROWEY.
J. D. PHILLIPS, J. P., Eden, Ont.
Witness.

TRY AGAIN.
(Montreal Star, Ind. Con.)
The premier has acknowledged that
the all-Canadian route must have a new ter-
minus. If he will tear up the contract and
propose a new route, we will generally, he
may win public approval at
last.

BLESSED IS HE.
(Peterborough Times.)
Blessed is the girl who expecteth not a
government office until she gets it, for he will
not be disappointed.

Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN.

WEEKLY SUN!

Special Notice to Our Readers.

Two Issues a Week, the First
on Saturday, January
1st, 1898.

Thus Giving the News to
All Subscribers While
It Is Fresh and
Timely.

Go to Your Post Office Twice
a Week Henceforth for
Your Favorite Fam-
ily Journal.

With the opening of the
New Year a radical change
will be made in the publi-
cation of the WEEKLY SUN;
a change that we feel sure
will be heartily appreciated
by all subscribers.

Commencing January 1st
1898, the WEEKLY SUN
will be issued in two parts
of 8 pages each,—one part
on Saturday, January 1st,
and the 2nd part on Wednes-
day, January 5th—and this
new departure will be con-
tinued throughout the
year. By this plan read-
ers of the WEEKLY SUN
will receive the advantage
of the best news service
ever attempted in the Mar-
time Provinces.

The WEEKLY SUN fear-
lessly invites comparison
with any of its contempor-
aries. It is a newspaper,
first, last and all the time.

It prides itself on its accu-
racy and truthfulness. Its
columns are clean, pure
and free from sensational-
ism, containing no matter
that may not be presented
to the Family Circle.

It has been for years a
welcome visitor once a
week in thousands of
homes throughout New
Brunswick, Nova Scotia
and Prince Edward Island.

It now proposes to double
the number of its visits,
and to call twice a week
instead of but once a week
on its patrons.

By issuing the WEEKLY
SUN in two parts, Satur-
days and Wednesdays, its
subscribers will be placed
as near as possible on a
level with the city readers
of the daily papers, and
will be furnished with the
news of the world as fresh

from the telegraphic wires
as the the mail arrange-
ments of the country will
permit

This great step in ad-
vance in the news service
of the WEEKLY SUN will
not be accompanied by any
advance in price. On the
contrary the management
have decided to make a
startling reduction in the
annual subscription, and to
offer the WEEKLY SUN to
Subscribers who pay in ad-
vance at a discount of 25
per cent

Henceforth the WEEKLY
SUN will be conducted on
a strictly cash basis, and
subscribers who are in ar-
rears can take advantage
of this unparalleled offer by
squaring their bills and re-
mitting 75cts. for the new
year.

DEATH OF JOHN ROOD.

(Victoria, B. C., Colonist, March 8th.)
John Rood, the salmon cannery
and steamboat owner of Lower Inlet, who
returned from the north by the Is-
lander, died on Sunday night at the
Jubilee hospital of cerebro spinal
meningitis, contracted, it is supposed,
during a single day's stay in Skagway.
He was attended by Dr. O. M.
Jones, with other thoroughly skilful
practitioners in consultation, but they
from the first held out no hope of the
patient's recovery—indeed, it seemed
to be only a matter of hours when his
breath must have a fatal termination.
The deceased gentleman was a native
of Pictou, N. S., aged 41 years, and
leaves a widow and family, resident
on Stanley avenue in this city—whence
the funeral takes place today.

Aside from the fact that Mr. Rood
was one of the best known business
men of the north, the circumstances
under which his illness developed and
the disease itself command for the
case more than ordinary attention—
complicating as they do the conten-
tion of the Lynn Canal doctors that
they have only idiopathic cases, and
deal with no epidemic. Mr. Rood
confided to a fellow passenger on the
Islander's homeward trip that he had
been warned by a friend in Skagway
that it was "a sick town and a good
one to keep out of." The same day
he saw one of the dead from the pre-
valent malady, and the strange purple-
black of the skin convinced him that
the disease was something quite out
of the common for this part of the
world at all events.

He himself had a premonitory chill
while in the place, but as no more
serious symptoms developed during
the three days' steamer trip, he was
aware that he had contracted
anything more serious than a vexat-
ious cold. Last Friday night, as he lay
down, on a couch in the hope that a
nap would improve his condition, as
he had been "out of sorts" all day,
he had not since been conscious, and
so rapidly did that disease develop that
a Wrangell man now in the city says
that similar cases of what he has
heard the miners call "black death"
are reported from Lake Bennett and
along the trail while the northern
doctors differ widely as to the proper
treatment. A peculiarity of the case
has been that death has usually re-
sulted within 72 hours, few of the vic-
tims being over 30 years of age; while
the fact that new-comers are the suf-
ferers contradicts the hitherto accept-
ed medical theory as to the origin of
the disease—like scurvy—in a want
of fresh vegetables.

Including Mr. Rood, three Victorians
have now been claimed as victims by
the Skagway epidemic, poor Coles of
the Danube being the last of these.

JAPANESE VIEW OF BRITAIN.

England, owing to her isolation, is steadily
losing her position of eminence in the far
east. Russia, owing to her alliance, is
steadily mounting to the throne of super-
iority. The dominant influence that Great
Britain once wielded in China has been
stolen from her by Russia. In Corea she
has been similarly ousted. Her struggles to
retain her place are pitiable by her isola-
tion. No elaborate argument is needed to
convince that where two countries have identi-
cal interests, they can best promote them
by coalition. England and Japan are in that
position. It is the common object of each
to preserve the status quo in the Orient.
From Hong Kong to India, against attack
Japan desires to ward off the approaches of
strong and dangerous powers. Their object
is, and by combining they can certainly
attain it, while, at the same time, conferring
on the Orient the blessings of peace.—Kok-
shin Shinbun, Japan.

LAWS FOR ALASKA.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)
The American government has been far
behind the British in enacting legislation for
the commissions and providing for its
enforcement.
The lawless condition of affairs that has
existed and still exists in the American side
of the line in the Klondike region and pre-
sents a serious and dangerous situation.
Since the territory came into possession
of the United States our lawmakers have
been slow to enact legislation to the coast
to the exclusion of everything else,
and as a result, there are no laws ap-
plicable to this vast section.

"The strongest government since confeder-
ation" has not one man that can begin to
hold his own in debate with Sir Charles Tupper
or the Hon. George B. Foster—not one.

AT WINNIPEG.

Rev. J. A. Gordon's Second Visit to
the Land of Prairies.

He Finds Signs of Improvement on Every
Hand—The Rush to the Klondyke—
The Greatest Railway the
World Has Ever Seen.

(Special Correspondence of the Sun.)
CLARENDON HOTEL, Winnipeg,
March 7.—Owing to the trying climate
of St. John during the months of
March and April, I have been advised
to leave the city for these months.
Through a favorable combination of
circumstances I have been enabled to
come out west and spend some time
in this growing and wide-awake city
of Winnipeg, where salt sea vapors
are unknown, the air is clear and the
sun shines almost always in a cloud-
less sky. To this city I have been in-
vited by the First Baptist church to
supply its pulpit, made vacant by the
sudden and sad death of the true and
trusted Baptist leader of the west, the
late Rev. Alexander Grant.

Some seven years ago, in company
with others, I visited Manitoba, the
Northwest Territories and British
Columbia, travelling over about all
the lines then owned by the C. P. R.,
and by carriage in sections to which
there were no railway lines, some 600
miles. I have been anxious to go
over the same route again and note
what improvements, if any, have been
made during the interim. So far as I
have yet gone there is abundant evi-
dence of improvement on every hand
and in every department. The next
marked thing one meets here is the
absence of the croaker, and the spirit
of hopefulness and faith in the future
of the country that obtain.

The present rush for the Klondyke
is, I think, bordering on a craze. The
trains seem to be crowded with men,
rich and poor, strong and weak; men
and some women, too—of almost
every color, and from every clime,
rushing like a western cattle stampede,
helter-skelter for the gold regions
of the cold north. Some may
get gold, but all certainly will get a
good deal of hardship.

Today I met a Rev. Dr. Edward, a
Presbyterian divine, on his way from
Dawson City, and his report is far
from reassuring. He says that while
one makes his heap, thousands have
lost and will lose their all, and their
health, if not life, in the bargain. Sur-
fering discouragements will not daunt
those who, inspired with thirst for
gold, have turned their faces Klondyke-
ward.

In the great railway race fight that
is now on, the C. P. R. is evidently,
and I think, deservedly, holding its
own. All their trains seem full. They
give service and comfortable accom-
modation. Their officials are con-
scientious and obliging. In every way the
C. P. R. seems to have the inner track
in the race for patronage. It is worthy
to note, and I think a source of satis-
faction for Canadians, that the C. P. R.
forms the chief military, com-
mercial and political overland high-
way in the world. It owns and con-
trols 7,123 miles of road, 2,000 of which
are in the United States, tapping
some of the best centres of trade in
the republic. While the C. P. R. earns
and receives as subsidies, especially
for its water connections, an enor-
mous amount of money, yet it distrib-
utes to the trade and among the
laboring class of our dominion an
enormous benefit, the loss of which would
be keenly felt by the people. Without
doubt the C. P. R. has been one of the
most important factors in the open-
ing up and development of our west-
ern country and its wonderful re-
sources.

The corporation that stretched its
steel rails over the prairies, tunneled
the Rockies and bridged the chasms
and connected St. John and Vancou-
ver, will not and should not come out
second best in this fight.

J. A. GORDON.

N. B. AT SPORTSMEN'S EXHIBITION.

(Boston Herald, 14th.)

The New Brunswick exhibit is one
of the notable features of the show,
and will give a new idea of the re-
sources of the region in the way of
game. The matter of game protection
has only been a public question there
for a comparatively short time. "Since
the rush of hunters and sportsmen to
Maine," according to D. G. Smith,
fishery commissioner for the province,
"the wild animals seem to have emi-
grated into our country, and we have
seen at considerable pains to con-
serve the game. Counties that never
knew a deer 10 years ago have large
herds now, and moose, which were a
rare animal several years ago in New
Brunswick, are now relatively com-
mon. Smaller game have also in-
creased, and the questions involved
in game and fish protection have be-
come a matter for serious govern-
mental attention. The experience of
the state of Maine has been valuable
for us, and we expect to profit by the
lessons so handsomely learned in the
neighboring commonwealth."

"My attention has been more direct-
ly and officially concerned with the
fish, and we have appliances now,
quite on a par with the best in this
country. We realize to the full the
advantages of perpetuating the fish
supply, and have developed the hatch-
eries in some directions to better re-
sults than have been attained here, I
think. In the rearing of sea trout, es-
pecially, a very valuable migratory
fish, with habits much like the salmon,
we have been very successful, and
this year, for the first time, liberated
the fry, and hope to have the rivers
of the province fully stocked in a few
years. The very obvious difficulties
of showing such work have prevented
us from showing the living fish here,
and we have had to be content with
photographic representations mostly,
with a few stuffed specimens, unsat-
isfactory at best in the showing of

fish, but giving some idea of the re-
sources of the country. This speci-
men," pointing to a handsome mount,
"is of a salmon four feet long and
weighing 44 pounds, when alive. The
finny riches of the Restigouche are
familiar to the 'states' people, of
course, but we have a great deal more
down there that we can only tell you
about here."

"This exhibit is made by the New
Brunswick government, practically all
of the specimens coming from the
crown land office. The fauna of the
region is much like that of Maine, of
course, but there are a few animals
here, not unknown in this country,
but which are more common in the
more northern latitude of New Brun-
swick. This Arctic owl, marten, white
fox, and caribou are a supply, the
last named being more accessible. I
think that in Maine. We have some
woodcock also, as you see, a bird well
enough known here, but not so large,
nor I think so wary, as in our coun-
try. Probably the hunters will tell
you that there is a scarcity of the
wariness of any woodcock, but these
handsome birds are big enough, you
see, to keep a man and a dog busy
catching them."

THE MISPECO PULP MILL.

M. F. Mooney returned home on the
15th inst. from England and Scotland,
where he has been interesting a num-
ber of capitalists in the proposed pulp
mill. Mr. Mooney arrived on the
Gallia and did not wait for the vessel
to be docked, but came ashore on the
tug. Mr. Mooney looks in excellent
health and told a reporter he had a
fine trip across in the tug. A ques-
tion regarding the result of his trip
he intimated that the pulp mill is an
assured fact. A number of Scotch
paper manufacturers were interested,
and it was likely he would proceed at
once to build a mill at Mispeco. It
depended on one thing, and that was
to obtain permission to build a small
dam on the stream near Loch Lomond,
and he hoped to have no trouble
securing such permission, for there
was no reasonable objection to it. The
dam was to keep back a supply of
water in case of a drought. The mill
will be built at Mispeco village, and
that deserted habitation will be resur-
rected, for it is possible that one hun-
dred hands will be employed and
homes will have to be built for them.
The mill will be a large brick struc-
ture, three hundred feet in length and
one hundred feet high, and will be
completely supplied with the most
modern pulp making plant. Most of
the machinery will be procured in
Canada and the United States. The
digesters, large steel boilers, forty-
seven feet in height, will be imported
from the states. Mr. Mooney says, as
they are not made in Canada. The
stone on which the mill will be built is
an advantageous one. It is not far
from the Bay of Fundy and there is
a fine chance to ship goods. Mr.
Mooney said that the manufactured
pulp would be conveyed to the city in
barges, and thence loaded on steamers
and vessels for Glasgow. The site is
the most desirable also for the pur-
pose of wood. All that was required now
was the permission to build the dam
and then Mispeco would have a fine,
large mill, from which St. John would
largely benefit.

ALL NIGHT SESSION.

(Woodstock Dispatch.)
Grand Master Hipwell, at the re-
quest of committee master of York, J. J.
Libby, assisted by about 600 brethren
from Woodstock, Medicine Hat, Can-
terbury, organized Hipwell lodge, No.
75, L. O. A., under most favorable ad-
vantages. Twenty-three candidates were
initiated and received the degrees and
the following officers were elected: W.
D. Ware, J. J. Libby, chap.; J. B. Bern-
ard, sec.; Geo. R. Brown, fin. sec.;
Geo. Ingraham, treas.; W. K. Old-
ham, D. of C.; Miles Taylor, lect.; A.
J. Way, Abigail Fox, George Schirer,
Lincoln, Miller and Arthur Taber,
committees. Grand Master Hipwell
opened the lodge on Tuesday evening,
March 10th, and the new work-
shipful master closed it on Friday
morning at 9 a. m.

LOT OF TALK.

(Turro Headlight.)
The fact that farmers down the line
are hauling their hay to the Halifax
market by road, and also driving their
cattle there rather than by the new
rates on the I. C. R., which they are
unable to do, is creating a lot of talk,
not at all complimentary to "Car
Harris."

POULTRY MEN TO ORGANIZE.

A meeting of all persons interested
in the formation of a Provincial Poul-
try Association will be held at Hotel
Dufferin next Monday evening, 21st
inst., at 8 1/2 o'clock. Representatives
from all parts of the province are
cordially invited to attend, and the
press generally is requested to give
publicity to the date and place of
meeting.

WOODSTOCK BOARD OF TRADE.

At a meeting on the 13th inst.,
Messrs. Carr and Gibson, and Willard
L. Carr were elected members.
A motion that the banks be asked
to take American currency at the
face value, after considerable discus-
sion, unanimously adopted.

STILL HARPING ON BRITAIN.

Russia has, in being able to concentrate its
strength at any point of the frontier, a
mighty advantage over Great Britain. She
can without expending her Baltic provinces to
invade despatch her entire army to
Baltic to the far east. In a word,
the strength of the Russian position in eastern
Europe is a great security that can be
maintained there as the so-called Euro-
pean "love of peace."—Hamburger Nachrichten.

SOMETHING IN THIS.

(Hamilton Herald.)
The New York Sun calls upon all patriotic
Americans in congress and out of it, to
in doing all possible injury to the C. P. R.
because that corporation is the most pow-
erful opponent of the annexation of Canada to
the States. After all, good Canadians may
feel impelled to love the C. P. R. for the
enemies it has made.

He—They say one should learn from the
mistakes he has made and the foolish things
he has done. She—If you followed that ad-
vice, dear, you'd be one of the brightest men
on earth.—Free Press.