

LORD TWEEDMOUTH FOR WAR OFFICE.

It Is Believed He Will Have Difficult Portfolio in the Liberal Cabinet.

New York, Nov. 15.—The London correspondent of the Tribune cables as follows:—

Foreign affairs hardly make a ripple when the slack water of domestic politics is at the lowest ebb. The Russian revolution, which only in Finland is an entirely sane movement, is exposed to the intrigues of reactionaries at the capital and other great centres of population and to the horrors of mutiny at Cronstadt, and rioting, pillage and anarchy elsewhere, while Count Witte is struggling to keep a business cabinet together until the Duma can assemble. The British comments are cold and listless. Nobody seems shocked when the London socialists publicly proclaim the hope that Gen. Trepoff and other autocrats will be sent to heaven by chemical parcel post, and everybody is amused when an optimist like W. T. Stead, returning from Russia, takes a pessimistic view and draws a parallel between the lonely czar at Peterhof and the solitary Gordon standing guard at Khartoum. American questions pass with scant observation, because there is absolute confidence that there cannot be a serious complication in that quarter when the British fleet has been received at Atlantic ports with enthusiasm and splendid hospitality. Ambassador Rock has confirmed this view by his diplomatic reference to the fisheries question at the Guildhall banquet. There is no evidence that the British treaty with Cuba has yet come up as a disturbing element in diplomacy. The American municipal elections are dismissed curtly by the press with the comment that the enemies of corruption are evidently growing stronger. The conservative journals are not altogether pleased with the evidence that the municipal ownership movement is gaining ground in America. Even on the Liberal side there is a tendency to hold excessive municipal borrowing responsible for the failure of free trade to keep the industrial workers of England fully employed. Workless London certainly needs explaining.

There is no change in the political situation, but there is increasing

probability that Mr. Palfour will resign in March, on a financial question of some sort, and leave the Liberals under the obligation to appeal to the country. The tactics will be his, for Mr. Chamberlain, while entirely loyal to him, is not responsible for the methods and manoeuvres which have increased already, beyond doubt, the Liberal majority in the next Parliament, yet Mr. Balfour, with his usual cleverness, will choose the right moment for his resignation, and he may have some thing like a trump card to play at the last moment. Apparently it is in hand already, although he has concealed it. He has not moderated the magnitude of the distress now prevailing in London from lack of employment, either when he addressed the delegation of women at the local government offices or spoke at the Guildhall. He has not, however, emphasized the fact that the lack of employment for large masses of the population proves Mr. Chamberlain's case for revision of the fiscal system since it is the strongest possible evidence that English workers are not kept busy under free trade and that the cheapness due to free importation is of no practical advantage when earnings are stopped.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, without doubt, will be the next Prime Minister, but it is less likely than ever that he will accept a peerage and retire from the Commons. He has only one rival, Lord Rosebery, and will not be eager to serve in the House of the failure of Mr. Broderick and Arnold the more brilliant orator. As matters stand, Mr. Asquith will be forced to content himself with the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, without leadership and Lord Rosebery, acting from patriotic motives, will take the Foreign Office. The War Office will be the most difficult one to fill after the failure of Mr. Broderick and Arnold Forsythe to do anything with it. Probably the Liberals will put a peer in it. Lord Tweedmouth is as likely as anybody, with a clever talker like Winston Churchill as Under Secretary, in the Commons.

GLYMPSES OF HUMOR.

A North Carolina doctor inclined to be mindful of other people's business was riding along a country road. He drew up where a native was husking corn in a field.

"You are gathering yellow corn," said the doctor.

"Yes sir, planted that kind," came the reply.

"Won't get more than half a crop," volunteered the physician.

"Yes, sir, planted it on the half-shades,"

The doctor was somewhat nettled at this and replied:

"You must be mighty high a fool."

"Yes, sir; only a fence between us."

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband has something laid aside for a rainy day.

Mrs. Doyle—I'll bet it is my husband's umbrella.

A "Subscriber" once wrote to an editor and asked:

"Please tell me, does a man in running around a tree go before or behind himself?"

The editor answered:

"That depends. If he is trying to catch himself, and consequently goes behind. If, on the contrary, he is running away from himself, the deduction leads to the very obvious conclusion that he precedes himself, and consequently goes before. If he succeeds in catching up with himself and passes himself, at the moment of passing he neither precedes nor follows himself, but both he and himself are running even. This is the only case where he does not go before or behind himself."

There is a man living in Waterbury, Conn., who is the head of a large family, nearly every member of which is a performer on some kind of musical instrument.

A Bostonian, who was visiting the house of the Waterbury man, referred to this fact remarking that it must be a source of great pleasure to the family, but to this observation the father made no reply.

"Really," continued the Bostonian, "it is remarkable. Your younger son is a cornetist, both your daughters are pianists, your wife is a violinist, and, I understand, the others are also musicians. Now what are you, the father of such a musical combination?"

"I," replied the old man, sarcastically, "I'm a pessimist."

Governor Warfield of Maryland at the reception to Prince Louis, Batterberg, remarked that he would like to present his six-year-old daughter, Emma. He was asked to bring her.

"I have a little boy just your age," said the Prince.

"What's his name?" the Governor's daughter asked.

"He has nine names, one of which is Louis, but we call him Dick," was the reply.

NECK AND NECK.

The lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and counsel for the defence stopped forward to speak, when the new judge interrupted him. His eyes were wide open, and filled with wonder and admiration for the plea of the plaintiff.

"Defendant need not speak," he said. "Plaintiff wins."

"But, your Honor," said the attorney for the defendant, "at least, let me present my case."

"Well, go ahead, then," said the judge, wearily.

The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gasped in even greater astonishment.

"Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now defendant wins."

JUDGE'S KIND ADMONITION.

On one occasion Judge Dewey, of Boston, had before him a couple of girls charged with stealing ribbons from wreaths on graves.

As the evidence of their guilt was not satisfactory, he ordered their discharge, accompanying it with this admonition: "Girls, keep out of the cemeteries as long as you can."

INVITATION FROM THE HOME FOLKS.

This is a cordial invitation from the "home folks" in Georgia to the absent one in Texas:

"Dear William—This is to let you know that you are invited home to spend 'Thanksgivin' an' Christmas. We are mighty in debt, an' have five or six mortgages to pay off, an' you are invited to come, an' bring all you can with you, an' we'll give you a couple of good dinners."

RELIGIOUS CONTEMPLATION.

Wife—My dear, I can't understand why you are so fond of looking at pictures of angels?

Hubby—It comforts me to think that the fashions never change in heaven.

LIMITED.

The old farmer went to one end of the swaying coach to wash his hands. He could find only a few remnants of soap. "Boy," he drawled, "there don't seem to be much soap here?"

"No, sah," chuckled the porter, "you know dis is de limited. Ebbything aboahd am limited."

Then the old man tried to fill a glass from the water collar. He could force out only a few drops.

"Where's the water, boy?"

"Not much water sah. Dat am limited, too."

Presently the porter brushed the old farmer down and the latter handed him nine coppers.

"Why, boss," protested the porter, "yo' gib de porter on de ilder train a quarter."

"I know," chuckled the old farmer, "but this is the limited and everything should be limited."

BEAVERS FELLED THE OAK.

And Laid it Exactly in the Spot They Wanted it.

New York, Nov. 15.—For several weeks a colony of beavers in the Bronx Zoological Park have been working to prepare a dam that they might construct their village for the winter.

Wednesday afternoon the head of the village, a fierce old fellow with

whiskers, called the members together for the final work.

An eighteen-inch oak tree which had been left standing in the pond for the beavers to work upon needed only a little gnawing to topple it over into the water. No wood-chopper ever gauged more closely the direction in which a tree must fall than the aged beaver. When the oak fell it landed in exactly the spot where the beavers knew it must fall to make the dam.

The aged beaver, who had been instrumental in felling many trees, took the result with the utmost composure, but he did bark just a little as he gave orders for a continuation of the work. All of the beavers, after they had congratulated one another, set to work gathering sticks and brush with which to perfect the dam.

A pair of mallard ducks that did not understand the beaver tongue when told to get out of the way were killed by the falling tree.

THE HERALD'S FASHION PLATE.



A "VERY BEST" FROCK FOR THE MISS OF 15.

Simple lines are best liked for the misses' frocks, but any suggestion of severity should be avoided and sufficient freedom of outline provided for to lend grace to this somewhat awkward age. The illustration is a smart model developed in Alice blue, Henrietta, the skirt made in box pleat panels, between which is set a sharp flounce. The bodice shows an effective application of hand embroidery—one of the features of this season's fashions, and one which, by the way, Henrietta is splendidly adapted to. A double collar of the cloth is finished on the edge with a

double ruffle done in scallops in a darker shade of silk, with a tiny line of gold cord following the outline. A vine pattern in the dark blue silk, with touches of gold, edges the collar, and this appears at the top of the stock and on the bands that encircle the sleeve at elbow height. Straps of dark blue velvet ribbon of the shade of the embroidery silk outline a vest effect in the front, and cross below the shoulder blades in the back, the ends confined under a narrow girle and sash of the same velvet. The finishing touch of elegance in this costume is the footwear, the hosiery a stripe of a light and dark blue, and the shoes shiny leather pumps tied with bows of the blue velvet.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

The Authorities Have Stopped The Sale at Local Drug Stores.

As stated in the Herald Tuesday the local druggists have been notified by Postmaster Hilyard to discontinue the sale of postage stamps. In issuing the order the postmaster acted under instructions from the postal authorities at Ottawa. It is contended that the business of selling stamps was greatly overdone by one or two local druggists, to the detriment of the post office revenue. The stamps sold were not in many cases obtained from the local post office, but were taken as currency from country postmasters. The latter are allowed forty per cent on all the stamps they sell, and have been carrying the business on to such an extent that the department has been obliged to shut down on them.

The only legally appointed stamp vendors in the city at present are Mr. John A. Morrison and Miss Lipsett. It is likely that there will be a movement to have others appointed.

A HEROIC RESCUE.

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 15.—James St. Germaine, 15 years old, living at 7 Sutton road, was instantly killed yesterday morning by being struck by a Boston & Albany train at the Grand Street crossing.

George Loville, 12 years old, Henry Monahan, 12 years old, and Albertine St. Germaine were rescued from the fate of young St. Germaine by Edward A. Bigelow.

The children were on their way to the school connected with the Church of the Holy Name on Crystal street. They started to cross the Boston & Albany tracks when the whistle of an express passenger train warned them of their danger. Their progress forward was checked by a train of freight cars and being too frightened

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LOOKED INTO THE RIFLE.

Clifford Burgess Receives Bullet in the Head.

Lindsay, Ont., Nov. 15.—A young man named Clifford Burgess, telegraph operator, a son of Rev. Mr. Burgess of Bethany, Ont., was brought to the Ross Memorial hospital yesterday morning suffering from a gun shot wound, the bullet penetrating the left eye and emerg-

ing at the base of the brain. Young Burgess was assistant station master at Kinnmount, and yesterday joined several companions in a walk. One of the party had a rifle and began shooting at a mark. When Burgess' turn came he pressed the trigger, but no explosion followed. He then lowered the butt of the gun to the ground and looked into the barrel. Just then the charge went off. The unfortunate young man died at the hospital at 6 o'clock last evening.

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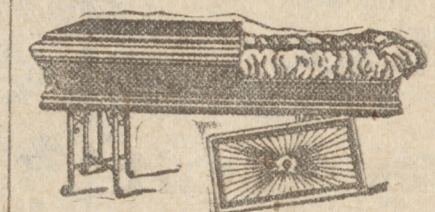
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P. FARRELI

Oct. 17, 1905

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Oct.

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