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ALFRED MARKHAM,
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THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 21, 1898

THE BY-ELECTIONS.

The five federal by-elections held on the 14th resulted in the gain by the government of one seat in the province of Quebec. It is not quite certain what has happened in Prince Edward Island except that a majority of 117, which East Prince gave to the liberal party when it was out of power, has been cut down to something near the vanishing point. In Ontario the McCarthyite seat, which the liberals tried to capture, remains McCarthyite, and the government has held Mr. Lister's constituency by a reduced majority.

It is fair to say that the nomination of a candidate against Leighton McCarthy in North Simcoe was the work of the local party against the express order of the ministers. Perhaps the anti-McCarthyite candidate had the support of the government after he had entered the field. Whatever support he had was inadequate to the purpose, and the nephew of the late Dalton McCarthy will take his seat as the successful boy candidate.

In West Lambton Judge Lister had a majority of 1,153 over his conservative opponent with a third candidate in the field. The nominal majority, which is about that much, has apparently been cut down, but as the returns are not all in even that much is uncertain.

The Quebec contests were in Montmagny and Bagot, the former a hopelessly grit seat, the latter by tradition and record conservative. In Montmagny the opposition allowed the two rouge candidates to fight out between them a quarrel in the liberal party. They have done so, with the result that the convention candidate, who had the machine support, was elected by a good majority. Bagot, which elected a conservative of the ultramontane type at the general election by acclamation, has replaced him by a supporter of Sir Wilfrid. In view of Laurier's great sweep in Quebec it is possible that the same thing might have happened had a Laurier man been put up against Mr. Dupont in 1896, and this perhaps would have been done but for the great popularity of the late member. In the recent campaign the strongest appeals have been made to the religious and race feeling of the people. Mr. Lemieux has denied the use of the language attributed to him by the Gazette reporter, and says that he told the people whether they wanted to be ruled by Sir Charles Tupper, a Protestant, or by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a Frenchman. But Mr. Bergeron, who spoke in reply to Mr. Lemieux, says that the report was substantially correct, and there is no doubt of the fact that the language of Mr. Lemieux was such as to lead naturally to Mr. Bergeron's retort that the grit speaker would not dare repeat his words in the maritime provinces. Due credit must also be given to Mr. Tarte for his share in the Bagot contest. He is said to have hovered around the borders of the constituency and to have made various nocturnal journeys of an interesting character. All these influences may be mentioned incidentally, but we believe that in French speaking Quebec the Tarte-Laurier government is more strongly intrenched than it was two years ago, or one year ago. There is no sign of a reaction against the ministry in that part of Canada, though there are evident signs of low quarrels among the government supporters.

It is different in the maritime provinces. One would have supposed that if the government had a safe seat in the lower provinces it was East Prince. The districts comprising East Prince have not given a conservative majority since the union, and in 1896 Mr. Yeo, with a government against him, had a majority of 117. In the contest that has now closed, all the influence of two governments was used for Mr. Bell, and the finance minister of Canada personally conducted the affair in the absence of Sir Louis Davies. Mr. Lefurgy, the young opposition candidate, seems to have conducted his own campaign without outside help. Mr. Powell was to have spoken for him, but was kept at home by illness. Senator Ferguson is abroad. The government had the advantage of choosing its own time, or Mr. Bell's time, for the voting. Senator Yeo has no doubt given the kind of assistance that would do most good, and promises are said to have fallen as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa wherever Mr. Fielding went. In view of all these circumstances and influences it would not have been surprising if Mr. Bell had been elected by a majority of three or four hundred. The fact that the government majority has been reduced to one-third and perhaps wiped out altogether, speaks volumes for the strength of the conservative candidate and the weakness of the government.

The by-election at East Northumberland, Ontario, was to fill a vacancy caused by the unseating of Mr. Douglas, a government supporter. His majority last March was 421.

A GOVERNMENT BOAST.

The Quebec organ of the Laurier government is of course more than delighted with the result of the by-elections. It can not find any special cause for jubilation in the Ontario and Prince Edward Island returns, but the results in Quebec fill Mr. Pacaud with delight. The column containing the editorial pean of triumph is surmounted by two flags, the British and the French. This leading article, after enumerating the victories, sums up as follows:

"This is the rally of June 23, 1896, "continued on September 1898, which "is emphasized more and more.

"The province of Quebec is today "completely with Mr. Laurier. No "politician has any illusions on this "point. It is the province of Quebec "which controls the government of "the dominion today, and it will con"tinue to do so until millions of "strangers who shall take possession "of the Northwest may by their great "numbers dispute the preponderance."

This is an interesting proclamation, coming, as it does, with such high authority, for Le Soleil declares, in bold black characters, under its title, that it is "Organe du Parti Liberal."

IT DOES NOT PAY.

A contemporary says that the Sun is the only paper to find fault with the Doukhobor immigration. There are others, but it would not alter the case if the Sun were alone. It is not a question of the admission of these refugees, if they had come and desired to settle among us, as British immigrants do. We are inducing these people to come. We are paying their passage money or a part of it. It is proposed to locate them by themselves, where they will perpetuate their eastern language and eastern customs, and will have no inducement or opportunity to become Canadians. They adopt the village system instead of living on their farms as other Canadians do. They are said to be absolutely illiterate, unable to read or write even in their own language. We do not go so far as to say that the doors should be closed to any fugitive, however ignorant and helpless, who may seek our shores, but if public and private funds are to be expended in such large amounts, we believe it would be better used to bring one-quarter of the number of good farmers from Great Britain or northwestern Europe.

The craze for population is a kind of modern disease among young countries. There is no sound reason in it. The country which has the land and resources beyond the requirements of the people will in future be the envy of those countries which are overcrowded. The country with land to spare has time on its side much more than the country which has people to spare. Canada can afford to select her immigrants, or at least has no need to pay for the acquisition of races which can add nothing to the strength or wealth of the nation.

THE CZAR'S TRUCE.

Mr. Stead has been talking with the Czar and other potentates and probably with his disembodied friend Julia on the disarmament question. He reports that the Czar is deeply grieved and hurt over the conduct of all the other nations who have paid no attention to his pacific proposals. Mr. Stead comes back to western civilization with a glittering proposal of his own. He requires Great Britain and the United States to take the lead in proclaiming "a truce of God" for a period of ten years. During that time there shall be no war, and the armies and navies shall not be increased.

Of course Mr. Stead is nothing if not spectacular. His idea is that the United States shall appoint a peace commission of a dozen or more individuals; Great Britain and the colonies also naming commissioners. Demonstrations of a clamorous nature are ordered to take place at Washington, after which the delegates are to go to England. Great brotherhood meetings must be held at London. These demonstrations are designed to be of such magnitude and splendor that the jubilee festivities will be reduced to a side-show. With this send-off the British and American delegations may next invade the smaller European states, each of which is to add some choice spirits to the company of pacific but ostentatious pilgrims. Gradually working up to the big nations the embassy will swell in size and importance and impressiveness, until it meets on the borders of Russia the gratified Czar, who with tears of gladness on his face will pour out thanks for the fulfilment of his dreams—and those of Mr. Stead. Then will come the signing of the truce, and the beginning of the millennium. One can freely imagine the horror which would fall on the people of great routes of travel if this plan were adopted. There would be a almost universal cry from the nations: "Give us war with all its horrors if need be, but spare us this visitation." Mr. Stead's familiar spirit would be urged to induce the prophet to cease from troubling.

It is not probable that Mr. Stead's scheme will go into effect. But if it should be carried out we can only be sure of two results. We may be reasonably certain that at the end of the truce of God, Russia will be in possession of about the whole of Asia and southeastern Europe, and that at the beginning Mr. Mulock will add to the gloom of the occasion by printing a new postage stamp, rather larger and if possible uglier than his recent atrocity.

HE DESERVES KNIGHTHOOD.

The sum which Mr. Hooley suggested as the price of a peerage was 50,000 pounds, the money to be subscribed to the funds of the dominant party. Mr. Hooley did not arrive at the House of Lords, though he tendered the money, which shows that something more was required than an admission fee. It is suggested that Mr. W. C. McDonald of Montreal will soon be made a knight. This distinction will have cost him over two millions of dollars, for the honor will come, if it comes at all, solely on the score of Mr. McDonald's services to the cause of higher scientific and technical education in Canada. In this case there is no suspicion that the donor was ambitious of such distinction. Until a few years ago he was known as a successful manufacturer of tobacco, one who has made a large fortune in an independent way. He formed no trusts, entered into no combinations, but having established a reputation and acquired all the market he wanted for his goods, he went on producing for only such customers in the trade as he chose to include in his list. Mr. McDonald is one of the few rich men who know when he has money enough, and having spent the first part of his life getting a fortune, he is now devoting his energies to the equally difficult task of spending it wisely for the public benefit. Mr. McDonald's gifts to McGill are the result of a deliberate purpose worked out carefully by himself. The university had already a course of study and a staff in civil engineering, but it seemed to him desirable to make it a school where training could be obtained in all branches of scientific work, as required in modern industrial life. The professorships endowed by Mr. McDonald include two in physics, one in chemistry, one in electrical engineering, and one in metallurgy. To endow each of these chairs he gave $50,000. To provide buildings and equipment he contributed $400,000 to the physics department. For the electrical engineering building he paid $400,000. He furnished a chemistry and mining building at a cost of $240,000, and paid $70,000 towards an observatory. Besides this he gave $400,000 as an endowment fund to provide for the maintenance of some of these buildings. Provision was also made for science scholarships. Outside of the special branches which Mr. McDonald has taken under his protection, he has contributed $200,000 to the law department, $50,000 to the pension fund, $30,000 in other subscriptions, and this week has announced the intention of devoting $50,000 to a chair in history in memory of the late Dr. Kingsford. Mr. McDonald was one of the McGill governors who at a recent meeting found a current deficit of $186,000 on the books. After a short discussion as to the best way of making the accounts balance, the happy thought occurred to them of making up the amount by subscribing it among themselves on the spot.

For the purpose of providing Canada with a university calculated to supply modern needs, and of giving young Canadians such advantages in the way of technical education as are found in other countries, Mr. McDonald has paid out $2,355,000 from the profits of his business. Sir Donald Smith, who had previously contributed a third of a million to the endowment of chairs in McGill, and a quarter of a million to the Donalda building for girl students, added $780,000 last week to the endowment of the ladies' branch of the university. No other Canadian has given so much to the cause of education as Mr. McDonald, and only the late Senator McMaster of Toronto, who left his whole large fortune to Baptist educational work, has made benefactions equal to those of Sir Donald Smith. The honor of knighthood cannot be better bestowed than upon men who have conceived and carried out such large and generous purposes for the public benefit.

Mr. Tarte addressed a club meeting of his followers at Montreal on Thursday evening. He was introduced as "the hero of Bagot."

THEY CAN SPARE HIM.

The correspondence between Sir William Vernon-Harcourt and Mr. Morley suggests more than it says. Both writers set forth in a rather plain way that the late leader is not like some other liberal leaders, unwilling to sacrifice their ease, unwilling to serve except with comrades of their own choice, ambitious for honor without toil. They are especially grateful that Harcourt is not like the publican who owns race horses, and commends tory policy in Egypt. The national liberal federation is considerate and kind, but it does not take sides with the letter writers. The federation votes an expression of regret that Sir William is resigning, but votes down a motion asking him to retain the leadership.

Another month of decreased exports of Canadian goods and of increased imports is reported. This is good for the revenue while it lasts, but it is calculated to cause some anxiety about over importation.

The St. John Sun, we presume, will be prepared to admit that Sir Louis Davies has not heard anything from East Prince calculated to make him sad.—Halifax Chronicle.

It would make some leaders sad to see his majorities cut in two. But perhaps the Chronicle is right and Sir Louis is relieved to find that Mr. Fielding was able to pull the government candidate through in any shape.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The great big church was crowded full, uv broadcloth an' uv silk,
An' each an' ev'ry seam that gathers on our ol' familie's milk;
Shinned boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, and stovepipe hats were there,
An' doods 'its trousercloods so tight they couldn't kneel in prayer.

The elder in his pulpit high, said, as he slowly riz,
Our organist is kep' to hum, tuck up ith foomanz;
An' as we hev no substitoot, an' Brother Moore din't here,
Will some un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy style,
Gave an intrajuctory hiccup and staggered down the aisle,
Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep' er sense of sin,
An' thro' that air uv sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

An' Deacon Purrington, he said, his teeth all set on edge,
"This man profanes the house er God. Wy, this is sacrilege."
The tramp ne'er heard a word he said, but slouched 'ith mumbling feet,
An' sprawled and staggered up the steps and rained the organ seat.

And then went pawin' thro' the keys; but soon there rose a strain
That seemed to just bulge out the heart an' lectrify the brain;
An' then he bowed down in the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees,
It seemed as tho' he'd fallen kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' big an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters an' bulged out to the sky,
The ol' church shook and staggered, an' seemed to reel an' sway,
An' the elder shouted 'Glory,' an' I yelled out "Hooray."

An' then he tried a tender strain that melted in our eyes,
That brought up blessed memories, and drenched 'em down 'th tears;
An' we dreamed of old-time kitchens, 'th Tubby on the mat,
Uv home, an' love, and baby days, an' mother an' all that.

An' then he struck a streak of hope, a song from souls forgiven,
That burst from prison bars uv sin an' stormed the gates of heaven;
The morning stars they sung together no soul was left alone,
We felt the universe was safe and God was on his throne.

An' then a wail of deep despair and darkness came again,
An' long black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes of men;
No love, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs or glad delight.
An' then the tramp he staggered down and reeled back out uv sight.

But we knew he'd tol' his story tho' he never spoke a word,
An' it was the saddest story that our ears had ever heard:
He had tol' his own life history, a' no eye was dry thet day,
When the elder rose and simply said:
"My brethren, let us pray."

—S. W. Foss, Cincinnati Enquirer.

KIPLING ON THE SOUDAN SCHOOL.

(Special Cable to the Mail and Empire.)

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The Times publishes a poem by Rudyard Kipling entitled "Kitchener's School," purporting to be a translation of the song of an Indian Mohammedan addressed to the Hubshees, or Soudanese. The following three stanzas are typical of the whole:

"Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle, and have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning, and all the English give;
It is their treasure, it is their pleasure, thus are their hearts inclined,
For Allah created the English Mad, the Maidist of all mankind.

"They do not consider the meaning of things, they consult not creed or clan,
Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and behold, he becometh a man,
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.

"Certainly they were mad from of old, but I think one new thing,
That the magic whereby they work their magic, wherefrom their fortunes spring,
May be that they show all people their magic, and ask no price in return,
Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, O, hubshee, make haste and learn."

THE LOYALISTS.

For the Sun, by Alfred A. Ferxa, Allston, Mass.

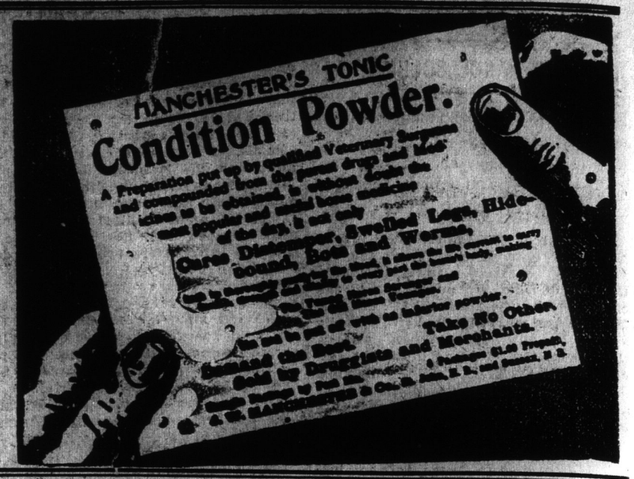
(Suggested by the death of Sir John C. Allen.)

Strong, earnest, men of a sturdy line,
Mentally pure with souls to dare,
Were our fathers of that olden time,
When first they breathed New Brunswick's air,

Then forest clad was Brunswick's land
From mountain top to sandy beach,
With giant trees on every hand
As far as human eye could reach.

And in her densely wooded glens,
The savage lived without a care,
While o'er her hills and through her fens
Roamed fearlessly the moose and bear.

The partridge whirred at every step,
Fled from their path the timid hare,
The trout from sparkling brooklet kept,
And fire abounded every where.



'Twere to such scenes our fathers came
To cultivate a virgin soil,
And they have left an enduring name
For virtue, truth and honest toil.

They built their cabins firm and warm
To shield them from the winter gales,
On some high fertile maple ridge,
Or in the deep soiled intervales.

Their sons and daughters grew a-pace,
Among the great they stand as peers.
And why not? They are a superior race,
The descendants of those pioneers.

Their posterity continue to till the vales
Where the sires did the forests fell.
Through zephyrs soft and winter gales
Their tales of love they still do tell.

The same love tales their fathers told,
That set the maiden's cheeks a-glow,
Those words so new and yet so old
And will remain forever so.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Northern Capital.)

In the dim dawn light of the waking world,
When life in blindness wrought,
And savage tribes in the uncleared land for food and freedom fought;
There rose a singer among the clans, in the glare of the desert sun,
And he found his home wherever he strayed for he knew that life is One.

He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor—he sat at the board of kings;
He tasted the toil of the burdened slave, and the joy that triumph brings;
But whether to jungle or palace hall or white-walled tent he came,
He was brother to king and soldier and slave—his welcome was the same.

* * * * *

There has risen a singer out of the East, in the clatter and chatter and strife;
The babble of markets and blur of print—the turmoil men call Life.
He came to the task that was set for him; and scarce was that work begun
When he knew that the world is a building yet—and the power that builds is One.

He knew by the spirit's countersign that Teuton and Celt and Greek,
Kafir and Pathan and Rajput king, the self-same language speak.
Face to face he has talked with each—they have given him of their best,
He has made his home on the sea and the land, and brought the East to the West.

O singer of men and the hearts of men, you have called the soul by name,
You have followed its path through the changing world. Is it not forever the same?
And whether you travel to Northern snows, or the Southern sea and sun,
You will find, as you found in the ages past, that the heart of the world is One.

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

The following is a new translation of 2 Sam. 1, 19-27, metrically arranged by Professor Karl Budde of the University of Strasburg, a distinguished higher critic:

Hear, O Judah, the horror!
O Israel, heavily mourn!
Thy heights are covered with slain!
Alas, how are fallen the heroes!

Make it not known in Gath,
Nor cry it in Ashkelon's streets,
Lest the Philistines' daughters rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Let no dew be on ye, O hills of Gilboa;
Let no rain fall there, ye treacherous fields!
For there was the shields of heroes dishonored!
'Tis not with oil Saul's shield is anointed—
But with blood of the slain, with the fat even of heroes!

Saul and Jonathan, the beloved, the cherished,
In life and in death they abode undivided.
They were swifter than eagles and stronger than lions.
The bow of Jonathan never turned back,
And never without spoil came the sword of Saul home.

Ye daughters of Israel, thus wail ye for Saul,
Who clothed you in purple and gorgeous array,
Who covered your garments with golden adornments,

"Alas! how are fallen the heroes
In turmoil of battle!"

By thy death, O Jonathan, my heart is pierced through.
Woe is me, Jonathan, my brother, for thee!
Thou wert my rapture, utter, ineffable.
Sweeter to me was thy love than love for a woman.

Alas! how are fallen the heroes,
Perished the weapons of war!

A TIME IN THE KITCHEN.

The fork said the corkscrew was crooked;
The remark made the flatiron sad;
The steel knife at once lost its temper,
And called the tea-holder a cad.
The teaspoon stood on its mettle;
The kettle exhibited bile;
The stove grew hot at the discussion.
But the ice remained cool all the while.

The way that the cabbage and lettuce
Kept their heads was something sublime;
The greens dared the soup to mix with them,
And the latter, while it hadn't much thyme,
Got so mad it boiled over—the fire
Felt put out and started to cry;
The oven then roasted the turkey,
And the cook gave the grease spots the lye.

The plate said the clock in the corner
Transacted its business on tick,
And the plate, which for years had been battered,
The clock said was full of old nick.
The salt said the cream should be whipped,
The cinnamon laughed—in a rage
The cream said the salt was too fresh,
And its friend wasn't thought to be sage.

You'd not think a thing that's so holey
As the sieve would have mixed in the fuss,
But it did, for it said that the butter
Was a slippery sort of a cuss;
No one knows how the row would have ended,
Had not the cook, Maggie O'Dowd,
(Her work being done) closed the kitchen,
And thusly shut up the whole crowd.
—From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

INTERRED AT RETFORD CEMETERY,

September 7, 1898.

HERE
lies, in a horizontal position, the outside case of
CHARLES HUDSON,
Clock and Watch Maker,
who departed this life, wound up in hope of being taken in hand by his Maker, and being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set going in the world to come, on the 4th day of September, 1898, in the 73rd year of his age.

Subscribe for the "Semi-Weekly Sun."

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG.

When earth produces free and fair
The golden waving corn,
When fragrant fruits perfume the air
And fleecy flocks are shorn,
Whilst thousands move with aching head
And chant this ceaseless song:
"We starve, we die, oh, give us bread!"
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought while seasons roll
Across the fruitful soil,
When luxury from pole to pole
Reaps fruit from human toil,
When from a thousand one alone
In plenty rolls along
And others scarce a joy have known,
There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away
To barrenness and drought
There must be something wrong to pay
That's worth the finding out;
With surfeits one great table bends
The while a famished throng
Fight for the crust the board extends—
There must be something wrong.

Then let the law give equal right
To wealthy and to poor;
Let freedom crush the hand of might—
We ask for nothing more.
Until this system is begun
The burden of our song
It shall and can be only one:
There must be something wrong.

—Rev. Echran Ray Clarke.

DOYLE'S DEATH.

Coroner Berryman began his inquiry into the cause of the death of John Doyle Friday evening.

D. Mullin announced that he appeared in the interests of the relatives of deceased.

There was a large attendance of spectators. After the jury had been sworn in they proceeded to the hospital and viewed the body. The following is the jury: Jas. A. Brogan (foreman), David Watson, Joseph Hatfield, John Chipman, Thos. Lawson, Thos. Richardson, Ed. S. Hennigar.

Dr. Macaulay, resident physician at the General Public hospital, was sworn. He said John Doyle was admitted to the institution on Wednesday. He was in an unconscious condition. He made an examination of the deceased; pulse very rapid; respiration rapid and rather shallow. Dr. Emery saw deceased about half an hour after his admission. Deceased was cold when admitted; remedies were prescribed and he took them. Had no reason to suppose Doyle had been injured. There was a bruise over one of his eyes; the injury might be due to falling or a blow; there were slight abrasions of the skin on the knuckles of both hands; also slight bruises on the legs; without a post-mortem examination he would not know the cause of Doyle's death; his case was considered hopeless at the time he was admitted to the hospital.

The inquest was continued on Monday night and adjourned.

MONCTON.

Ordination Service in St. George's Church—Bought Good Horses.

MONCTON, N. B., Dec. 19.—Twelve more converts were immersed by Pastor Hinson in the First Baptist church yesterday morning.

In St. George's Church of England yesterday, Bishop Kingdon conducted the first ordination service ever held in this church, when the rector's brother, J. Hugh Cooper, was admitted to the Sacred Order of Deacons. His lordship delivered a stirring and earnest address, and the service was a very beautiful and impressive nature throughout. In the evening confirmation was administered to a class of fifteen.

M. D. Gillies, of Stewiacke, N. S., has purchased from D. Logan of Moncton, the well known trotting mare, Beatrice Mack, and also George B. Willett's speedy six-year-old Speculation. He takes them home with him.

Deacon Daniel L. Keith, an old and respected resident of Kinnear's Settlement, Salisbury parish, died on Monday night, after an illness of only two days.

An extensive revival is reported at Butternut Ridge. Forty-one converts have been baptized.

A coroner's inquest was held at Hillsboro last week to enquire as to the death of Jane Ann Steeves, which occurred suddenly a few weeks ago. It had been reported that she was choked to death by a piece of meat, but the evidence went to show that this was not the case, death being due to a disease of the heart that produced cardiac dropsy.

SUSSEX NEWS.

SUSSEX, Dec. 19.—Hon. F. E. Morton, judge of probates, is seriously ill at his residence.

R. D. Boal, postmaster, who has been confined to his bed for a week or more, is somewhat improved, yet his condition is causing his friends considerable uneasiness.

The names of six persons are mentioned here as being on the outlook for vacancies, which they feel they could fill with credit to themselves and the county.

Ross & McPherson, furniture manufacturers, sent from their establishment today a load of furniture for the interior of a new public building. They have other large orders yet to complete.

TYPEWRITING BY TOUCH,

The Fredericton Business College

Without looking at the keyboard, the same as in piano playing, and using all the fingers, is the system now taught in this college.

By the new method greatly increased speed, ease and efficiency are secured; and injury to the eyes caused by constant change of focus in glancing from machine to manuscript, as in the common method, is avoided.

SHORTHAND: The Isaac Pitman.

BUSINESS: The latest and only up-to-date system, and we are the only ones who can use it in this locality.

Send for catalogues.

S. KERR & SON.

Odd Fellows' Hall.