PROVINCIAL NEWS

SUSSEX, N. B., Dec. 22.—The funeral of Roland Brewing took place yesterday from the residence of his son, Walter. Rev. Mr. Gilliland conducted the services.

Last evening the Church avenue Baptist church held an entertainment for the children. A Christmas tree was decorated for the occasion.

The examinations in the different departments of the grammar school were held yesterday and today. A pleasing feature of today's proceedings was the presentation of a box of confectionery to every pupil in the school by the Sussex Mercantile Co.

Invitations are out for the annual Masonic banquet and dance to be held on Dec. 27th.

The Presbyterian church is preparing a Christmas tree for this evening's entertainment. A magic lantern show will be given in connection.

Roy Davis has returned from Acadia College to spend his vacation at his home here.

Mrs. Gideon Daly of Fredericton, is visiting Mrs. Murray Huestis.

Mrs. (Dr.) Purdy of St. John, was visiting Mrs. Thos. King this week.

Miss Pearl Stockton, who was attending Mt. Allison Ladies' College, is spending the holidays at home.

Miss Louise Neales has returned from Edgehill to spend the vacation with her parents.

Miss Carrie Roach left yesterday for Riverside, Albert Co.

ST. MARTINS, N. B., Dec. 21.—Successful public examinations were held this week in the schools. The West school, taught by Miss Jessie Brown, held theirs Tuesday afternoon and the pupils acquitted themselves very creditably. Good work has been done during the term, and Miss Brown is much liked. The primary department, taught by Miss Love, gave a unique entertainment at the close of school work. A beautiful Christmas tree adorned the room, from which Misses Essie Black and Blanche Hatfield distributed to the entire school gifts of good things. Recitations were given by Alfrieda Henry, Christmas Time; Roy Hatfield, Kittie's Christmas; Alice Townsend, A Supposition; Villa McDonough, Grandma's Mistake; Jennie Colpitts, Santa Claus Up-to-date; Blanch Hatfield, The Night Before Christmas; Phil. Patterson, Christmas Token; Leona Brown, Santa Claus' Post Office. Recitations were also given by Aileen Howe and others. There were interspersed by songs and dialogues. The little tots appeared to good advantage and elicited hearty applause from the large number of visitors present. Addresses of a complimentary character to teachers and pupils were made by Revs. C. W. Townsend and John Valentine, Trustee Fulmer and Coun. Black and Principal Barker.

J. P. Mosher and wife of St. John, are guests of Mrs. George Mosher.

Five schooners entered the harbor Tuesday for shelter.

ANDOVER, N. B., Dec. 20.— Britt Murphy, brother of Roy Murphy, of this place, accompanied by his wife, arrived home yesterday from Milwaukee, where he has been practicing dentistry for some years. Roy Murphy, who has been west, accompanied him home. Britt's many friends will be glad to welcome him to his old home.

John Curry, who has been atetnding the W. H. B., on account of illness arrived home on Monday.

Miss Helen Perley is spending her vacation at home.

Invitations are out for a grand wedding reception at the home of Mrs. John Giberson, Arthurette, in honor of her son, Manzer Giberson, whose marriage takes place at Fredericton on the same date, to Miss Annie Tweedale, sister of I. F. Tweedale, ex-M. P. P.

Mr. Howlett of Lake Edward, in this county, nearly lost his team in crossing the river on the ice at Trussell's wharf, with a load of potatoes. Help arrived in time to extricate them from their perilous condition.

Mr. Dewitt, of the firm of Dewitt & Heffernan, is quite ill but is somewhat better.

G. G. Porter has been on a business trip to Montreal and Toronto, also visited Niagara Falls and Hamilton.

Guy Murphy and Geo. Laurs have been to Toronto in charge of potato cars for I. C. Manzer.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., Dec. 22—John Kelly, inspector of lighthouses, has been in St. Andrews for the past six weeks with a crew of men placing a block for the lighthouse at the western side of the southern entrance to the harbor. The lighthouse erected last year on a steel pile foundation, which was found not suited to support it, was today successfully removed therefrom to the wooden block, a good solid structure. Mr. Kelly will return to St. John by the C. P. R. tomorrow.

John S. Magee left for Moncton by train this evening to spend the holidays there with his son, John B. Magee, an employe in the traffic audit office.

HOPEWELL HILL, N. B., Dec. 23.—Mrs. Bartlett, widow of the late Geo. Bartlett, died this week at the home of her son, Abner Bartlett, Lower New Horton. Deceased was an old and respected resident of that locality. She leaves two sons and four daughters, one son residing in the States. The daughters are Mrs. Durning of Boston, Mrs. John Russell of this village, Miss Julia Bartlett, residing at home, and Mrs. McLatchy, wife of Rev. E. B. McLatchy, of Moncton. The funeral took place today.

Paul C. Robinson, who has a position on the fishery protection steamer Curlew, came home this week to remain during the winter months.

The plaster recently quarried at the Stiles quarry is being hauled to the company's wharf at the Shepody river. The route is rather circuitous, so the teams have about three miles of a haul. The plaster is said to be of good quality.

Mrs. W. J. Carnwath of Riverside, and Mrs. R. Chesley Smith of this place, went to Boston this week, and will spend the holidays with relatives in that vicinity.

Dr. J. T. Lewis of Hillsboro was in the village yesterday. Much sickness continues, the prevailing malady being pneumonia. A medical man, who was in the village the other day, said he had had five new cases of this disease since the day before.

FREDERICTON JUNCTION, N. B., Dec. 22.—Mrs. Fred Golden of Little Lake, is critically ill with smallpox. There is no increase in the number of cases, but the latest cases are much more severe. The health officers are exerting themselves to restrict the infection, but they are not seconded to any extent by the affected parties. They dearly love their liberty and resent being corraled. Compulsory vaccination would be a good move owing to the apathy of the laity with regard to this sheet anchor of the public safety.

SACKVILLE, N. B., Dec. 22. — The home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Sears, Mt. View, was the scene of an interesting event last evening when their daughter, Alice Maude, was united in marriage to Edwin F. Anderson, of Anderson Village. Rev. B. N. Nobles performed the ceremony in the presence of one hundred guests. The bride was becomingly gowned in white cashmere with lace trimming, and wore a bridal veil. Miss Viola Jones of Point de Bute, was bridesmaid. The groom was ably supported by Coleman Babcock of Sackville. After the ceremony and congratulations a sumptuous wedding feast was served. Many useful and valuable presents testified to the high esteem in which the bride is held. The groom's gift was a handsome set of furs.

Herbert Kay of Centre Village, and Miss Esther Patterson of Midgic, were united in marriage on the 26th inst. at the residence of the officiating clergyman, Rev. Dr. Stewart, York street, Sackville.

Y.M.C.A. HAVE RAISED $23,902.02

Popular Subscription To Be Started at Once

The Y. M. C. A. board of trustees held a meeting in the office of L. P. D. Tilley last Friday. Among those present were John Sealy, W. H. Thorne, E. L. Rising, H. C. Tilley and T. H. Sommerville.

The report of finances in connection with the building fund were submitted. The treasurers reported that there was on deposit in the bank the sum of $16,902.02. Cash paid out for land on which the building is to be erected, $7,000. Total cash collected to date, including proceeds of the fair of nations, amounting to date to $23,902.02.

Messrs. Tilley and Trueman, the committee who had volunteered their services to collect outstanding subscriptions, reported that in addition to cash collected they had pledges from subscribers to pay in their subscriptions in the spring. The amount of these subscriptions, which are considered absolutely good and can be collected when called upon, amount to date to $6,378.43, and the committee so far has only partially gone over the list.

After the first of January a systematic canvass will be made by the board of management and the trustee board of the city, and in order that this canvass may be carried on systematically the president's office on Prince William street will be kept open every Tuesday evening for meetings of the board of management and the trustees' board.

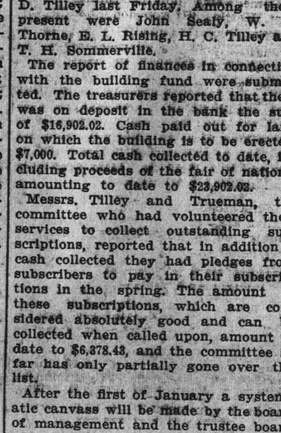
A popular subscription will also be started to get in subscriptions of $10 and under. A reliable person will be secured for this purpose.

The trustees expressed themselves as being particularly delighted with the proceeds received from the fair of nations, and directed the president to forward a resolution of thanks passed at the meeting to Mrs. W. W. White, president, and Lady Tilley, honorary president, and to all the ladies associated with them in making the fair such an unqualified success.

It is the idea of the board to get this building under way in the spring if funds enough can possibly be raised for the purpose by that time.

It is possible that another method of raising funds may arise, as it is quite probable that the board would have no objection of doubling their money on the Chipman Hill property if such an offer were made.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.



NO TANKS—EVERYBODY SOBER.

First Actor—Going out in a tank drama this season?

Second Actor—No; in a temperance play.

CARPENTER KILLED

OTTAWA, Dec. 22.—Joseph Bernard, a carpenter employed upon the new wing of West block, was instantly killed by the collapse of a scaffold which Bernard was engaged in letting down. He fell on the hard ground fifty feet below. Bernard's home was in Montreal, and tomorrow it had been his intention to go there to spend the Christmas holidays.

At thing that is fashionable because it is expensive is usually expensive because it is fashionable.

CROWN AND GARROTE

(Continued from page 6.)

hardships and exposures he was discovering are much pleasanter to hear of from a distance ,or to read about in a well-stuffed chair by a warm fireside. The actual items themselves had turned out terribly squalid when viewed at first hand.

"At last he broke out again. "Look here, Skipper," he said, "I'm fond enough of life, but I don't think I want to earn it by playing executioner. I'd prefer to let this rebel fellow parade me and bring out his platoon."

Kettle woke up from his work. "I'm not sweet on wearing the iron collar again, and that's a fact. It's horrible work waiting to have your backbone snapped without being able to raise a finger to interfere. I'm not a coward, Mr. Carnforth, but I tell you it took all the nerve I'd got to sit quiet in that chair without squirming whilst you were getting ready the ceremonial.

"It's no new thing for me to expect being killed before the hour was through. I've had trouble of all kinds, with all sorts of crews, but I've always had my hands free and been able to use them, and I will say I've most always had a gun of some sort to help me. I might even go so far as to tell you, sir (and you may kick me for saying it if you like), I've felt a kind of joy regularly glow inside me during some of those kind of scuffles. Yes, sir, that's the kind of animal I am; in hot blood I think no more of being killed than a terrier dog does."

"If there was only a chance of being knocked on the head in hot blood," said Carnforth, "I'd fight like a cornered thief till I got my quietus."

"And Mrs. Kettle would lose her 12 shillings a week it— By James, sir, here they come for us."

He leaped up from the bench on which he had sat, and whirled it above his head. With a crash he brought it down against the whitened wall of the cell, and the bench split down its length into two staves. He gave one to Carnforth and hefted the other himself like a connoisseur.

"Now, sir, you on one side of the door, and me on the other. They can't reach us from the outside there. And if they want us out of here, we've got to be fetched."

Carnforth took up his stand, and shifted his fingers knowingly along his weapon. He was a big man and a powerful one, and the hunger for fighting lit in his eye.

"Horatius Cockles and the other Johnnie holding the bridge," quoth he. "We can bag the first two, and the others will fall over them if they try a rush. What fools they were to untie our wrists and shins! But our fun won't last long. As soon as they find we are awkward, they will go around to the windowslit, and shoot us down from there."

"We aren't shot yet," said Kettle grimly, "and I'm wanting to do a lot of damage before they get me. Look out!"

The bolts grated back in the rusty staples, and the heavy door screamed outwards on its hinges. A negro came in, whistling merrily. The two halves of the bench flew down upon his head from either side with a simultaneous crash.

A white man's skull would have crunched like an eggshell under that impact, but the African cranium is stout. The fellow toppled to the ground under the sheer tonnage of the blows, and he lay there with the whistle half frozen on his lips, and such a ludicrous look of surprise growing over his features that Carnforth burst into an involuntary laugh. Kettle, however, was more businesslike. The negro had a machete dangling frim his hip, and the little sailor darted out and snatched it from its sheath. He jumped back again to cover with stim activity, and a couple of pistol bullets which follow him made harmless gray splashes on the opposite wall. Then there was a pause in the proceedings, and Carnforth felt his heart thumping noisly against his watch as he waited.

Presently a brisk footstep made itself heard on the flagging outside, and the voice of the mulatto leader spoke through the doorway.

"If you come out now, one of you shall be garotted, and the other shall go free. If I have more trouble to fetch you, you shall both be roasted to death over slow fires."

"If—if—if!" retorted Kettle, "If your mother had stuck to her laundry work and married a nigger, she'd have kept a very great rascal out of the world. If I'd the sense of a sheep I'd come to you at once, and my poor wife would have 12 bob a week or life, if you want to talk, you frightened lump of gingerbread, come in here and do it, and don't squall out there like a cat on a garden wall."

The suave voice of the ex-priest made a comment. "Saints deliver us from these Englishmen's tongues. Truly they are not fit to live; but why should we send our terriers into the rat pit? A little careful shooting through the window yonder will soon limit their capers, and if the shooting is carefully done, neither will be any the worse as a roast."

El Cuchillo answered him savagely. "Then do you see to it. The big man you may shoot as you please, but if you kill the sailor, look to yourself. That man is in my hands alive, so that I may pay it."

"Amigo," said the unfrocked priest, "you may trust to my shooting. I will pink him most scientifically in one leg and the right arm, and I will guarantee that you shall get him in perfect condition to have your satisfaction on."

"Do so," said the mulatto, and the other marched briskly away on his rope-soled sandals. But in the meantime Kettle's active brain had formed a plan, and in dumb show he had telegraphed it across to Carnforth at the opposite flank of the doorway.

Of a sudden the pair of them rushed out simultaneously. Kettle handed the machette to his companion, and sprang upon the yellow man with greedy fingers. His feet he kicked away from beneath him, and at the same instant grappled him by the throat. It was a trick he had many a time before played upon mutinous seamen, and he had dragged the mulatto back into the cell almost before the man had time to struggle. Carnforth followed closely upon their heels, leaving signatures behind him written redly with the machete.

Capt. Kettle bumped the mulatto's head against the wall as a way of quieting him, and keeping his fingers away from dangerous weapons and threw him onto the floor. He extracted a revolver and a knife from the man's belt, and looked up to see the face of the ex-priest staring at him from the window. Then he sat himself on the chest of his prisoner and prepared to treat for terms.

A shot rang out across the bivouac outside, and then another. The man at the window slit turned away his face. There was a minute's pause, and then a dropping fire began, the sound of it coming from two distinct quarters.

The ex-priest's head went out of sight. It was the last they ever saw of him. Some one outside the doorway shouted "Los Espanoles!" and there was a scuffle of bare feet running away and fading in the distance. And, meanwhile, outside the windows the crackle of rifles grew more noisy and cries rose up of men in pain. The light in the vaulted room grew faintly blue, and the air was sourced with powder smoke.

"By James," said Kettle, "the Spanish regular troops have raided the camp, and the whole lot of them are fighting like a parcel of cats. Hark to the racket. Here's a slice of luck."

"I don't see it," said Carnforth. "If we're out of the fire we're into the frying pan. Sinking that Spanish warship was an act of piracy, and we shall be strung up if the Dons catch us, without the prelude of a trial. Listen! There's a maxim come into action. Listen! I wonder which way the fight's going. They're making row enough over it. I'm going to get to the window and have a look."

"It's tempting," said the little sailor wistfully, "but I think, sir, you'd better not. If you're seen we shall be gastadoe, as they say, anyway. Whereas, if the rebels are licked, the Dons may march off again without knowing we are here. It's a chance. By James, though, I'd like to have a look. Hark to that. They're at hand-grips now. Hear 'em swear. And hear 'em scream.

"Some of them are beginning to run. Hark to that crashing as they're making their way through the cane."

"And hark to those shouts. It's like a lot of cockneys at a foxhunt."

These Dagoes always yell blue murder when they're in a fight,' said Kettle contemptuously.

"The maxim's stopped," said Carnforth, with a frown.

They listened on for awhile with straining ears, and then: "Perhaps that means the rebels have rushed it."

"They may have run. But the Dons ought to be browning the cover if they've cleared the camp. The fools! A maxim would shoot through half a mile of that cane jungle."

"Short of ammunition," said Kettle, "or perhaps it's jammed." A bugle shrilled out through the hot air, and its noise came to them there in the hot, dark room. "That means cease fire, and the Spaniards have won. Our mongrels had no bugles. Well, it's been a quick thing. I wonder what next!"

There was a dull murmur of many voices. Then orders were shouted, and noise came as of moving men, and a few more scattered shots rang out, most of them anewered by cries or groans.

"Hullo!" said Kettle.

A weak voice from beneath him made explanation. "They are shooting their prisoners, senors—the men who were my comrades. It is the custom—the custom of Cuba."

"So you have concluded to come to life again, have you?" asked the little sailor. "I thought I'd bumped you harder. What do you expect to be done with, eh?"

"I am in your hands," said the mulatto sullenly.

"That's no lie," said Kettle, "and I've a perfect right to kill you if I wish. But I don't choose to dirty my hands further. You've only acted according to your nature. And—when it came to me being able to move, I've beaten you every time. But now we'll have silence, please, for all hands. If those Spaniards are going to search this old sugar house they'll do it, and up on a string we go, the three of us; but there's no need to entice them here by chattering."

Their voices stopped, and the noises from without buzzed on. Of all the trials he had gone through, Carnforth felt that waiting to be the most intolerable of all. The Spanish soldiery were looking to their wounds and hunting through the bivouac. Some (to judge from their talk) had gathered round the rusted garrote and were examining it with interest. And a few strolled up to the ruined ingenio, and smoked their cigarettes under its piazza. Any moment the room beneath the boiler house might be peeped upon.

The sun beat down upon the stonework and the heat grew. The voices gradually drew away till only the hum of the insects remained. And so an hour passed.

Another hour came and went without disturbance, and still another; and then there came the sound of a quavering tenor voice singing a scrap from the "Swanee River" from close outside the walls:

O, take me to my kind ole mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

"That Yanke nigger," said Kettle, in a whisper. "He was wounded and delirious before we came, and he's been hidden amongst he cane. They can't have seen him before; but, poor devil, they'll shoot him now."

But no quietening rifle-shot rang out and wonder grew on the face of all three. They waited on with straining ears and Carnforth raised his eyebrows in an unspoken question. Kettle nodded, and the big man rose gingerly to his feet and peeped from the corner of the window-slit. He turned around with rather a harsh laugh. "The place is empty," he said. "I believe they've been gone these three hours."

Capt. Kettle leaped to his feet and made for the door. "Quick," he cried, "or we shall have the rebels back again and I'll own that I don't want to fight the whole lot of them again just now. We'll leave Gingerbread in here till his friends come to fetch him; and you and I, sir, will slip down to the beach and get off in one of the old Sultan's quarterboats."

They passed outside the door and closed and bolted it after them.

"By the way," said Capt. Kettle, "you couldn't happen to think of a rhyme to 'gleam,' could you?"

"No," said Carnforth.

"Well, I'll hammer it out on the road down, and then I'll have finished that sonnet, sir. But never mind poetry just now. I'll say the piece to you when we've got to sea. For the present, Mr. Carnforth, we must just pick up our feet and run."

And so they went off to the quarterboat, and ten minutes later they were running her down the beach and into the sea.

CANADIAN NEWS

Fireman's Body Discovered In Coal Pocket.

Toronto Shylock In Trouble—Campobelio Man Reported Missing—

Farmer Commits Suicide.

SYDNEY, Dec. 20.—The body of Freeman Khornin, a fireman of the steamship Catalone, who had been missing since Wednesday night, was last evening discovered in the coal pocket of the Dominion Coal Company's pier at Louisburg. Khronin left Williams' saloon at nine o'clock on Wednesday night, apparently sober. It is supposed that in the darkness he did not notice the opening into the pocket, and fell in, striking his head against some of the timbering. Surgical examination reveals a fracture of the skull.

Another fireman of the Catalone, Charles Johnston was struck on the back yesterday evening by an ash bucket while at work in the fireroom, and received injuries that necessitated his being put on shore for medical treatment.

TORONTO, Dec. 22.—H. C. Kehr, Toronto manager of D. R. McNaught & Co., a Minneapolis money lending firm, was before Police Magistrate Denison yesterday on the charge of fraud. Martin Lyons testified he borrowed $25 from Kehr, signing what he supposed was an agreement to pay ten per cent per annum and giving as security a chattel mortgage for $200 on his furniture. Subsequently it developed that by the papers the borrower agreed to pay 120 per cent, on the amount borrowed. After returning $30 he fell behind in his payments, and Kehr retained the furniture. "To my mind," said the magistrate, "this is a worse kind of theft than knocking down a man on the street."

ST. ANDREWS, Dec. 22.—Capt. Wm. Batson, of Campobello, master of the tug R. G. Killick, of that port, is missing this morning, and it is feared he has been drowned. He was last seen about 11 o'clock last night, when he left his companion to go on board his vessel. He was about fifty-five years of age, and a widower with a grown-up family.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The funeral service of Charles R. Ray, former mayor of St. John, N. B., who died suddenly in a Lexington avenue car on Monday, was held this evening in the undertaking rooms of The Stephen Merritt Burial Company. Rev. Mr. Monroe read the service.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., Dec. 22.—Jos. L. Osborne, of Milltown, was caught between two moving cars on the Washington Co. railway yesterday, but escaped without any more serious injury than a broken rib. He was taken to his home in Milltown.

Elmer Libby, of Dufferin, was brought to the Chipman Memorial Hospital yesterday afternoon with an ugly axe wound in his foot.

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 22.—The joint committee on church union concluded its sessions last night. The denominational sections reported they found no obstacle to further negotiations for union. The results of the three days' joint and separate deliberations of delegates of the three churches will be summed up in reports of sub-committees, which will be given to the public today.

SACKVILLE, N. B., Dec. 22. — Last night fire broke out in the clothing store of H. Miller, Chignecto Hall block. The blaze was quickly extinguished, but the goods were badly damaged by fire and water. Loss probably $2,000; partially covered by insurance.

KINGSTON, Ont., Dec. 22.—Two hundred and thirty thousand dollars has already been subscribed of Queen's University endowment. The outlook for raising the full amount desired is good.

GALT, Ont., Dec. 22.—A well-to-do farmer, melancholy over the selling of his farm, committed suicide yesterday in the presence of his wife and daughter.

CROSSLEY AND HUNTER

FAREWELL TO BRANDON

BRANDON, Man., Dec. 20.—Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, the evangelists, who have been conducting a religious campaign here during the past month, said good-bye to the people of Brandon tonight, and leave in the morning for their homes in the east. The Presbyterian and Methodist churches were packed to the doors, fully three thousand people being present. While the evangelists have been here fully seven hundred have professed Christianity.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., Dec. 22.—There is little doubt that Capt. Wm. Batson, of the Eastport tug R. J. Killick, lost his life by falling off the C. P. R. wharf during the storm at midnight last night.

He was last seen going to the wharf to get on board his vessel at about 11.30 o'clock. Shortly afterward some men in a clam schooner were awakened by the cries of a man. They came on deck but could see nothing.

Today grappling parties have been seeking for the captain's body. He was forty-eight years of age and a resident of Campobello, where his two children live. His wife has been dead some time.

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 22.—A telegram received in Halifax today brought news that the body of R. J. Leslie, M. P. P. for the Magdalen Islands, Quebec, lost in the wreck of the str. Lunenburg several weeks ago, had been found. Arrangements had been made as soon as the news was confirmed that Mr. Leslie was among the lost, that if found, the body should be kept in the Magdalens until the spring. Mr. Leslie was managing owner of the Lunenburg.



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The best stores sell them.
Clothing makers recognize our cloths as highest standard for quality and satisfaction to the wearer.
HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Have you a friend in St John?
Ask him if he reads
THE SUN,
In the morning and
THE STAR
In the evening.
These papers have a combined circulation of about 10,000 a day.

Five Picture Post Cards

of local views, will be sent to any SEMI-WEEKLY SUN subscriber who sends one dollar on his subscription account before the 31st December next.

A splendid picture of King Edward VII, or 5 Picture Post Cards, will be sent to any new or old subscriber sending 75 cents for a subscription one year in advance.

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W. J. OSBORNE,
Principal.
Fredericton, N. B.

NOTICE.

The Canvassers and Collectors for the SEMI-WEEKLY SUN are now making their rounds as mentioned below. The Manager hopes that all subscribers in arrears will pay when called on.

EDGAR CANNING in Albert and Westmorland Counties, N. B.

F. S. CHAPMAN in King; Co N. B

J. E AUSTIN. in Sunbury & Queens

TO AID STRIKERS

(Special to the Sun.)

OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 22.—The Ottawa Typographical Union will take a vote upon the proposal of the International Union to make a weekly levy of 10 per cent. of the pay of working printers in Ottawa and elsewhere in aid of the typos of the United States and Canada who are striking for an eight-hour day.

Under the classification of married men we find a lot of unknown heroes.

MEN WANTED RELIABLE men in every locality throughout United States and Canada to advertise and post tacking up show cards, fences, buildings, and all conspicuous places; distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary $60 a week and expenses by a day. Steady employment. Good reliable men. We pay our workers. No experience needed. Write for full particulars
SALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ontario, Canada.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

It is not generally known outside the select London circles that when Lady Clara Vere de Vere learned that Mr. Tennyson had been made a baron she hastened to write and send him the following verses:

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
Are we at last in sweet accord?
I learn—excuse the girlish glee—
That you've become a noble lord;
So now that time to think you've had
Of what it is makes charming girls,
Perhaps you find they're not so bad—
Those daughters of a hundred earls.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
When last your face I chanced to see,
You had the passion of your kind,
You said some horrid things to me;
I really thought that you affirmed—
And then—'we parted," you to sail
'Tis so the words came back to me—
My Lord, excuse my girlish glee.
"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
There stand twin spectres in your hall,
So as they found you were a lord
Two wholesome hearts were changed to gall;
The two, an humble couple they,
I think I see them, on my life,
The while they read of Baron T.,
That gardener Adam and his wife.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
You've treated them, it seems to me,
In quite a shabby sort of style,
You have—excuse my girlish glee;
You praised their garden sass, you did;
You flirted with them, don't deny,
And now you fix a vacant stare
And never speak as they pass by.

Trust me, Baron T. de T.,
From yon blue heaven above us leer,
This simple granger and his spouse
Smile as you read your title clear;
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
Nor must you call my language cruel,
It seems—excuse my girlish glee—
Consistency's a lovely jewel.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
I know you're proud your name to own,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
My blood is bluer than your own;
You'll bid me break your heart again
For pastimes ere to town I go,
I'll not do that, my noble lord,
But give you something that I owe.

Baron Alfred T. de T.,
When you were in that angry fit,
You turned to me and thundered out:
"Go, teach the orphan girl to knit!"
I am an orphan girl myself,
And that my knitting you may see,
Here is a mitten that I've knit—
Excuse my gushing, girlish glee.