

# A Pipe of Tobacco

Christmas Day dawned on Hilyard in a Boer prison. The jail was a long, low building of corrugated iron, enclosed within a niched stockade surrounded by a trench through which the town drain ran, this being in its savory turn bordered by barbed wire. Sentries patrolled here, and the click of the Mauser breech proclaimed the vigilance of the Transvaalers who mounted guard in the courtyard within the stockade.

"I wonder if they know at home as wot we've bin copped?" said one man, a sharp, alert Londoner, with a twang of Kentish Town, between gulps of the dirty water with which he closed his meal.

"Sure to! Why, you bloomin' looney," said another, "wot are despatches for, an' telegraph offices, an' newspapers, if they don't know?"

And then, like poor, forlorn things, they all fell—these prison men—to telling stories about home.

"Men" said Hilyard, sitting up with a struggle and looking around at the dirty, hopeless faces, and the gaunt, starving figures of his fellow captives. "We have shared and shared alike, so far, save in one particular—he flushed as he looked down at the filthy mattress that interposed between his body and the filthy earthen floor—but from the worst days there has been something which I have kept to myself." He fumbled with a shaking hand in the bosom of his dirty khaki tunic and brought out something long hidden between the lining and the stuff.

"You see, it's a new pipe," he said, with a last weak effort; full of tobacco, as you see. Take it and smoke it between you; but read the writing on the slip of paper first—mind you give it back to me afterward, though—and you'll understand why I—"

He lay down and turned his face to the wall in silence. Eager voices rose up about him; the pipe was handed from one to another, smelt at, worshipped, dandled by each in turn.

"Blessed saints!" came from the Irishman, breaking the silence; "let me hold it in me hands!"

"Spell out the writin' on the slip of paper round the bowl, Ginger," ordered Trooper Snitchey.

Ginger deciphered, with moving lips and anxious eyes: "I—hope—you—will—enjoy—this—pipe—darling—I—filled—it—myself—Alice."

"Is gal!" telegraphed Trooper Snitchey.

The intelligence voiced from one to another, until, the circuit of the cell complete, every eye turned on the motionless figure of Hilyard.

"Filled it herself wid her own blessed little finger! \* \* \* Mary help her, the poor young crature!" crooned the Irishman. They consulted one another with a glance, and, though there was not a mouth that did not water for the luxury, Hilyard was roused by his pipe being, not ungenerously, thrust back into his hand.

"Take it back, sorr! What would wan pipe be among six starvin' Amalekites? A drop in the ocean!"

"Wot's one suck, or even two, to a starvin' bloke? Wot I wants is to find a 'bacca factory afire an' put my mouth to the chimbley shaft!"

"Take it back, sir!" they chorused.

"Thank you, men," said Hilyard, brokenly. "If ever we get out of this infernal place I'll stand you a three-pound tin apiece of the best tobacco that's to be had in remembrance of this day."

By noon of the next day the dirty little Boer town was in the hands of the English, the commando garrisoning it had fled, and the prisoners were free. Two months later Hilyard landed from a King's transport ship at Southampton Docks. A few hours more—and he was in London.

The pipe was in his inner breast pocket but a great anxiety was in his heart that beat against it. He had cabled and written to his promised wife to announce the news of his speedy return on leave from "the front"—but he had received no answer. Perhaps she had written! If so, the letter must travel all the way back to England to reach Hilyard with its happy welcome, long after reunion with the writer. He could bear the disappointment now, when a fast hansom was carrying him to Gloucester Gate, when a few miles more, perhaps, would give Alice to his arms again.

"This 'ouse? No. 00?" said the cabman, huskily through the roof trap. "The number you gev' me, but there's a board up, 'To Let.'"

The blankness of disappointment visible in Hilyard's face made him add:

"If I was you, sir, I'd ring an' question the caretaker. Per'aps she knows the family's new address."

And Hilyard rang the servants' bell, and a dingy woman came to the door.

"The family left three months ago," she said, and wiped her eyes, which were quite dry, with her dingy apron. "No, they didn't leave no address; they left in a 'urry. One of the two ladies died, an' after the funeral the other took 'er Mar away abroad, both being cut up that dreadful about the death. Which of the two young ladies? The youngest it was, an' a sweet, pretty dear!"

An' all the furniture's stored, an' I'm quite certain as I never 'eard where they'd gone, except just generally the mention of abroad; but the cemetery where the young lady was buried was Highwood—and I'm told no expense was spared \* \* \* an' such a beautiful sculptured monument bespoke that it wouldn't be ready, the undertaker's man told my niece for six months to come \* \* \*"

Hilyard thrust a sovereign into the woman's hand and stumbled down the steps. "Highwood Cemetery," he said to the cabman, and the cabman muttered, "It's 'ard, poor bloke!" as he whipped up his horse.

It was a long drive to Highwood Cemetery, but they got there before the great gates closed for the day, and a man in black with a red nose consulted a register and found the name and told Hilyard to come this way. And presently they were standing by a grave, with a board at the head of it on which a number was painted, and the custodian was repeating the caretaker's story about the expensive monument that would not be ready for six months to come. His hand was ready for Hilyard's money, and at Hilyard's request he shambled away and left him alone.

The grass was beautifully green already, and a wreath of hothouse flowers, not quite faded, lay upon it. Hilyard had not the slightest doubt as to who lay beneath. He reproached her, but only once.

"Oh, Alice, you might have waited until I came home!" he said. Then he took two things out of his pockets—the untouched, unsmoked pipe, with the slip of paper round it, and a Mauser revolver, loaded. He meant to smoke that pipe out and then follow Alice. He knew it was wicked, but things had been too tough. He could not bear any more.

So he lighted the pipe. The tobacco was very dry and burned quickly; there was nothing in the bowl but ash in a few minutes. Then he knocked the ashes out and put the pipe back in his pocket, and took up the revolver. But a voice he knew cried out his name, and with a terrible shock of joy, he saw the living, loving Alice standing near him, dressed in mourning, and holding a wreath of white flowers in her hand.

## KIPLING'S PRAYER WHEN ILL.

Repeated "Now I Lay Me." When Near Death.

Bishop Brewster of the Episcopal diocese of Connecticut in his talk to Yale students on "Robust Religious Faith," recently, cited for them the case of Rudyard Kipling when he was critically ill in New York. He said:

"I suppose you young men are more or less readers of Rudyard Kipling. There is no name in English literature that stands more truly for masculinity than Kipling. In fact, he is said to be not ladylike enough to suit some of his critics. The story that I am to relate about Kipling, and I suppose none of you have heard it, comes to me first hand and shows the strong, vigorous faith which is back of the man's writings.

"A trained nurse was watching at the bedside of Mr. Kipling during those moments when the author was in the most critical stage of sickness and she noticed that his lips began to move. She bent over him, thinking he wanted to say something to her, and she heard him utter these words: 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' that old familiar prayer of childhood days. The nurse, realizing that Mr. Kipling didn't require her services, said in an apologetic whisper: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Kipling. I thought you wanted something.'"

"I do," faintly observed Kipling. "I want my heavenly Father. He only can care for me now."

"It is this masculine, robust religious faith that we see in Kipling's writings," added Bishop Brewster, "and it is a faith which the young men of Yale University may well carry with them in the performance of their daily work."

## MOTORS FOR CHILDREN.

Motor-cars are now being made in New York for the children of the rich. The millionaire's baby, who has passed beyond the perambulator stage may now enjoy its daily outings in a miniature electric victoria, which is supposed to be capable of management by children of four or five years old. The wheel of a "baby victoria" is but a foot in diameter, and the seat is but a foot square. Its cost, however, is not at all in proportion to its dimensions.

## RECRUITING FORMALITIES.

Major Arthur Griffiths says the method is exceedingly cumbersome, and is a curious illustration of the red-tape routine that obtains wherever the War Office rules. The recruit's name has to be entered some sixty-two times, the signatures of superior officers are given twenty-nine times in each particular case, and a bulky parcel of documents has been got ready by the time each man is ripe to take the oath.

## TRAIN STOPPED BY BAILIFFS.

The other day, just as a train was about to leave Kutaf in Hungary, for Palfalva, an official appeared and put seals on the wheels of the engine. The passengers had to get off and walk. The company was 296 crowns in arrears in payment of taxes. Next day the taxes were paid and the train proceeded.

## SPADES FROM HORSESHOES.

Chinese spades from British horse-shoes sounds like an absurd statement, but the fact is that shiploads of old horse-shoes leave London for China. All these come back to London in the form of spades, having been so transformed by the ingenious natives.

## FOR UNRULY PRISONERS.

PUNISHED BY SPANKING IN A TORONTO PRISON.

The Dark Cell Not Permitted.—Opinions of Officials on the Subject.

"What is your method of dealing with refractory prisoners?" "I whip them," was the laconic answer.

In reply to the same question, put to the head official of another and similar institution, the answer was: "Oh, we keep them in solitary confinement three to five days, and feed them on nothing but bread and water. They generally come to their senses in that time, and we have but little more trouble with them."

These, then, are two different methods in vogue in the two principal punitive institutions in Toronto, the jail and the Central Prison.

"When I first came to this institution, the idea of whipping a prisoner was as repellent to my mind as it is to the minds of most people who have had no experience in dealing with criminals of the lowest, the coarsest, and roughest type, such as we get here," said one official. "I believed that form of punishment was brutalizing to everyone concerned, to those who inflicted the punishment as well as to those who received it. I soon, however, found that I was mistaken. I as thoroughly believe now, as I refused to believe then, that the whipping method is the least brutalizing, the most humane, and the only method of dealing with the refractory prisoner of the confirmed criminal class."

## MANY OTHER WAYS.

There are several methods, more or less familiar to those who have ever given the question of punishment any consideration—depriving prisoners of certain privileges, cutting off their rations, solitary confinement, the dark cell, the hose, whipping. These are all more or less practised in our punitive institutions in Canada.

The whipping, however, here referred to as practised in some Canadian institutions, must not be confounded with anything so brutal as the old style of flogging with the "cat." There are only one or two offences for which the cat is now allowed to be used at all, and never as punishment for mere refractory conduct while in prison. Neither must the "whip," as here spoken of, be considered as something identical with the brutalities such as roused an intense feeling of indignation over a whole continent a few years ago, when the revelations of the Brockway Institute at Elmira, N.Y., horrified the community.

## SPANKED WITH A STRAP.

The whipping as meted out to refractory criminals here is simply a spanking with a flat strap. The punishment it inflicts, however, is sufficient to inspire even the most hardened old-timer with a wholesome dread, and as a consequence the occasions are comparatively rare that the whipping has to be resorted to. The mere knowledge that such a punishment may be incurred as a result of refractory conduct is sufficient of itself to secure discipline to such a degree that it may almost be said there are no refractory prisoners to be dealt with.

That would not, however, be strictly true for whippings occasionally occur, but never without the permission of the Government Inspector of Prisons, and never more than ten strokes at one punishment. The man receiving the spanking is invariably able to immediately resume his place at the work-bench or machine, as the case may be.

"Hosing" as a method of punishment, means the turning on of the hose at high pressure, which "tosses the man about like a cork." This form of punishment is not practised in either of the Toronto prisons. It is regarded here as most degrading to manhood, and as treating a man as a veritable rat.

To deprive a man of his food and to place him in a dark cell is regarded with horror by those who advocate the whipping method. "It lowers the vitality of the man, renders him unfit to work, and encourages a spirit of brooding and revenge in the criminal," is the way one official summed up the dark cell process.

## PRICES IN LONDON AND PARIS.

Article of Food.	London Price.	Paris Price.
Leg of mutton, per kilo	2.00	3.00
Rump steak, per kilo	1.60	2.60
Roast beef, per kilo	1.80	2.60
Veal, per kilo	1.60	3.20
Pork, per kilo	1.60	2.60
Butter, per kilo	2.40	4.00
Coffee, per kilo	3.20	6.00
Cocoa, per kilo	1.60	7.50
Good tea	3.20	12.00
Sugar, per kilo	0.40	1.15
Kerosene, per litre	0.20	0.45
Coal, per 100 kilos	3.90	5.60

The octroi duties of French cities make the cost of living much greater in Paris.

## WHY HE WORE THE GOWN.

A clergyman was speaking to the boys in his school on the necessity of growing up good and useful citizens. In order to illustrate his remarks, he pointed to the gown he was wearing, and said:

"Boys, work well and be straightforward, and one day you may wear one of these! Why do I wear this gown, boys?"

One little fellow held up his hand. "Well, my boy, why?"

"To hide the holes in your trousers, sir!" replied the boy.

## ENCOURAGE PUNCTUALITY.

With the view of encouraging their workmen to keep good time, Neilson, Reid, and Co., Hyde Park Locomotive Works, Glasgow, have intimated that every employe who loses not more than eighteen hours' time until the end of June will receive a bonus of a week's wages. The experiment is creating great interest among the workmen, and is already bearing fruit in the men turning out more promptly in the mornings.

## IRISH PRIEST'S PROTEST.

How the Boers Have Treated Roman Catholics.

A Dublin merchant sends out the following extract from a private letter received by him from a Roman Catholic priest at Uitenhage, South Africa.

It will be a blessing when the war is over. The country is a howling wilderness and a ruin—no crops, no vegetation, all a desolate wild waste. At present I am here for a few weeks but will soon be off somewhere else. I enclose photo of altar where I held mass in a tent. Sometimes I have mass under a tree or wagon out in the open, and off at daybreak somewhere else. There is no knowing when the war may be over. Unless the Boer leaders are caught it will last a long time.

"The Boers are furious bigots, hating everything Catholic. No Catholic had a vote, nor was allowed to be a town councillor, policeman, or hold any Government situation. Catholics were subjected to penal laws under the Boer Government. Bishops, priests and nuns are delighted here that the tyrannical Boer Republics are overthrown and crushed. It was impossible for the Catholic church to get on well in South Africa under the Boers. Our schools got no grant under the Boer Government, but now under British rule they are paid by the State. Catholic magistrates are appointed already. It is disgusting to see Catholic papers and Irish M.P.'s sticking up for the cruel, brutal Boers, who subjected Catholics to every indignity here, and deprived them of their rights. The convents during the war the Boers plundered and destroyed, and made stables of the churches. This was done in Newcastle, Natal, where Tim Healy, M.P., has a sister a nun, and in other places as well.

"The British have in every case treated the Boers well. The country could never prosper under the Boers, and no British people could live under their laws, which shut out all Britishers from the privileges of the country. It is 200 years behind the times; no advancement; everything very old-fashioned. The Boers treated the blacks most shamefully and cruelly, shot them down like dogs, and made slaves of them. The pious Boer says, 'The British came and took our country from us.' But the Boer does not say that they took it from the natives and robbed them and shot them down like dogs. The natives are a splendid type of men and women, intelligent and industrious, superior in every respect to the Boers. The poor blacks are well pleased at the overthrow of the Boers. The Boers are a canting, hypocritical race, Bible-reading, Psalmsing bigots. A few years ago a Catholic priest would not get a night's lodging in a Boer house; the missionary priests had to sleep on the open plain. Then how stupid for Irishmen to be raving and sympathizing with the Boers, who despise the Irish, especially the Catholics. I wish the war was over; I am sick of the sad sights I daily see."

## TONGUES BETRAY THEM.

Character Reading by a New Method Now Popular in Paris.

And still they come. Linguistology is the last craze in Paris. If one prefers to call it glossomancy, well and good. Under either name it means tongue reading and it threatens to compete with palmistry.

That a tongue may tell the character of the owner is a safe proposition. A tongue may even, to expert eyes, tell the condition of the owner's liver and from such data many conclusions may be reached. Given the state of a man's liver, history and prophecy both seem possible to even the average logician.

But linguistology has to do only with the shape and form of the tongue. A big tongue, it seems, indicates frankness; a short tongue, dissimulation; a long and broad tongue, garrulity and generosity; a narrow tongue, concentration and talent; a short, broad tongue, garrulity and untruth. The man with a very short and narrow tongue is a liar of true artistic merit.

The disclosures of linguistology may be thrilling, but palmistry has one advantage which guarantees its supremacy over the rival science. The subject need not stop talking during a palmist's reading.

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## FORTUNES GIVEN AWAY.

NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF PRINCELY GENEROSITY.

Sir Ernest Cassel's Magnificent Present—Andrew Carnegie's Generosity.

The recent splendid gift of \$1,000,000 by Sir Ernest Cassel to the King, and through His Majesty to the nation, recalls to mind many other notable examples of princely generosity from which England has benefited in recent years, says London Tit-Bits. As is well known, Sir Ernest's magnificent present is to be devoted to that humane and noble object, the campaign of medical science against consumption, to which each and every one of us may well breathe "God Speed."

It is only the other day, too, that Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave the enormous sum of \$10,000,000 to help forward the cause of education in Scotland. Altogether, it is computed that the generous Scots-American has given away for the benefit of the people of the United States and Great Britain as much as \$75,000,000. If any man, having freely received, has obeyed the Divine command to "freely give" that man is Andrew Carnegie.

The inhabitants of Liverpool and Manchester have good reason to bless the name of David Lewis, late founder of the colossal "Lewis's" concerns in the two cities named. For the benefit of the Liverpudlians and Mancunians Mr. Lewis left about \$5,000,000, which has been, and is being, expended on hospitals, recreation buildings, and other objects of a useful

## PUBLIC CHARACTER.

The late Mr. Thomas Holloway, of pill and ointment fame, spent \$3,750,000 in founding the Royal Holloway College and hospitals, schools and asylums, which are now doing so much for the enlightenment of humanity as well as for the alleviation of its sufferings.

In addition to various splendid benefactions in the United States, George Peabody gave away the enormous fortune of \$2,500,000 towards solving the still pressing problem of the housing of the London poor. For his splendid generosity he accepted the freedom of the city, but declined the baronetcy that was offered to him.

The Baird gift of \$2,500,000 for church endowment purposes in Scotland places the Land of Lakes under a deep debt of gratitude to the princely donor, for the good which it has been the means of accomplishing can scarcely be over-estimated.

Nearly as much was given to Birmingham by the late Sir Josiah Mason. On the college which bears his name and the orphanages he expended some \$2,150,000, so the capital of the Midlands may well hold him in grateful memory.

To Lord Iveagh, Dublin owes a debt which it will never be able to repay. In addition to various other benefactions he made a present to the Irish capital of a sum of \$1,250,000 for the purpose of providing artisans' dwellings, which are under the control of

## THE GUINNESS TRUST.

Subsequently, Lord Iveagh gave another \$1,250,000 to the Jenner Institute of Preventative medicine, which was to be devoted to the purposes of the highest research in bacteriology and other forms of biology bearing upon the causes, nature, prevention and treatment of disease.

More than a century and three-quarters ago Thomas Guy devoted nearly \$1,250,000 of the large fortune he made out of the South Sea Company and by importing Bibles from Holland, to the founding of the London Hospital which bears his name. It is instructive to note that he amassed one of the largest fortunes ever made by a bookseller.

Between five and six years ago the splendid gift of \$600,000 was made by Sir John Blundell Maple to the London University College Hospital, and a couple of years afterwards Sir Thomas Lipton made a present of \$500,000 to the Alexandra Trust, which exists for the useful purpose of supplying workpeople with meals at cheap prices.

The hobby of Mr. Passmore Edwards is the providing of free libraries for the people; and it is estimated that in this way he has made the public a present of the substantial fortune of \$500,000.

In the Ross benefaction of \$1,000,000 for hospital purposes Glasgow received a handsome gift.

## VALUABLE COLLECTIONS.

"Uncle Allen," asked the caller "do you know anything that's good for a cold?"

Uncle Allen Sparks opened his desk, took from one of the pigeon holes a large packet of newspaper clippings tied with a string, and threw it into the caller's lap.

"Do I know of anything that is good for a cold?" he echoed. "My young friend, I know of six hundred and twenty-seven infallible ways of curing a cold. I've been collecting them for forty-nine years. You try these, one after the other, and if they don't do you any good, come back and I'll give you one hundred and sixteen more. Bless me," added Uncle Allen, with enthusiasm, "you can always cure a cold if you go at it right."

He dug up a bundle of yellow, time stained clippings out of another pigeon-hole, and the visitor hastily coughed himself out.