The Georgetown Herald.

FOURTY-FIFTH YEAR | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 23, 1910. | ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

The Georgetown Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
AT THE
HERALD PRINTING OFFICE,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year, $1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents, in advance.

The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

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Advertisements will be changed once each week without extra charge.

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Publishers.

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Successor to Messrs. Goodwillie & Goodwillie.)
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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR. Office and Residence, Georgetown.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr. Cumberland.) Office and Residence, first door south of Baptist church.

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
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PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, U. T. M. Surgeon and Medical Health Officer. Residence and office Market St., near Congregational church. Coroner for County of Halton. Phone 23.

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DENTIST
Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches. Office over the Post Office.

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(Successor to H. G. Reed, V.S.)
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, Mr. Reed's old stand. Calls Promptly Attended. Phone 31.

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J. A. HELL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Milton, Peel and Wellington. Residence, Church st., Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Mail Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BENJ. PETCH, Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel. Usual terms. Dates can be arranged at this office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at THE GEORGETOWN HERALD Office will receive prompt attention.

SOCIETIES.

HOME CIRCLE
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 61, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the society will be furnished by the following:—
J. MAIRS, Sr. J. ALLEN,
M. LONG. E. MAWHINNEY

BARBERS

HARVEY ADAMS
TONSORIAL Artist. Most up-to-date Shaving Parlor in town. For an easy shave or a sanitary hair-cut we guarantee. Next door to Herald Office. Agent for The Pearl Laundry, Berlin.

O. M. MAHEUX SHOP.
DAVIS CAMP, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 25c. A call solicited.

A. NEVINS.
GEORGETOWN'S Leading Barber. The best of workmen and best materials used. Main Street, Georgetown.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. HAMBEN & BROS.
PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

J. A. TRACY
Clerk Township of Esquesing,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Insurance-Money to Loan. Office: Council Chamber, STEWARTTOWN.

Insurance!
Fire, Life and Accident.
DISTRICT AGENT
FOR
CANADA LIFE
G.G.ROE, Georgetown

Ferguson
PHOTOGRAPHER
Pupil Illinois College of Photography.
Studio—Main st., GEORGETOWN.

THE NEW
CATALOGUE!
of the Central Business College of Toronto contains some special guarantees of very great interest to students who desire to attend a first class reliable school. You are invited to write for it.
Address to
W. H. SHAW, - President
395 Yonge St., Toronto.

Arthur B. Castell,
T. S. F. College of Music
London, England.
Choirmaster Presbyterian Church.
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing.
GEORGETOWN - ONT.
Tuition Fee (in any branch) $6.00 per term of 30 lessons, at my residence or at pupil's home. Pianos tuned.

Tell Some Sick One

It Is True If It Fails.

Will you tell me one of Mankind?
Will you tell some sick friend of this, and thereby help him?

This one or four that your hard learned of a medicine so certain that its maker dare say to the sick: If it is absolutely and unconditionally true if it fails.

And you can doubt, already many of Dr. Shoop's Restorative owe their popularity.

For 20 years it has been the standard remedy for stomach, kidney and heart ailments everywhere in America.

When the "makers" of something survive all these years, despite all evil, it is for some unquestionable reason that time proves and proves itself to health seeker.

I am sure that the Stomach, Nerve, Heart, Bladder, Kidney—for it is all wrong.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes direct to the source of these ailments—the falling, fainting, feeble or controlling nerves. And herein lies the increase in and success.

When these nerves are again made well and strong, then only in the normal end of all such ailments.

Twice it is a great satisfaction that I can put my formulas right to you. Not a penny to risk. Not even a penny for all 30 days, and if it fails to help you, the entire expense is mine, not yours.

Then why should the sick take any chance on any other medicine, whose maker dare not back it just as I do by this remarkable offer?

Take how a Restorative Remedy—and that remedy is approved by the name blended "No help, no pay" protective plan.

Because, you are free to accept one test of you would your home physician. My advice and the book taking are yours—and without cost.

Perhaps a word or two from me will clear up some serious ailment. I have helped thousands upon thousands by my private prescription of nerves. Dr. Shoop's. My best effort is surely worth your sick friend.

So let me send you an order at once. Take the message to some sick friend.

A postal will bring the opportunity.

I will have an honest and trustworthy druggist to whom you can conveniently go for the Restorative.

But first, take me for the order, for all druggists are not authorized to give the thirty test, and write me and I will see all directly. Remember that tomorrow never comes. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 12, Racine, Wis.

Which Book Shall I Send You?

No. 1 On Dyspepsia.	No. 4 For Women
No. 2 On the Heart	No. 5 For Men
No. 3 On the Kidneys	No. 6 On Rheumatism

NO SHOVELING REQUIRED!

Standard Anthracite
Scranton Coal in all sizes.
Automatically Screened
and Loaded.

COAL
—AND—
WOOD

Select Lump for Domestic and Threshing purposes. Smithing and Cannel Coal. In fact I carry everything to be found in an up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.

John McDonald,
GEORGETOWN ONTARIO
TELEPHONE NO. 13

High-Class
Shoe Repairing!

Old Shoes made as good as new. Work done neatly, strong and promptly. Special attention paid to Farmer's rush jobs. Repairing done while you wait. Cash System.

J. A. Ballantine
Main St., Next Bowling Alley.
HOURS—8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Open Wed and Sat. evenings.

Lee Sing
LAUNDRY
ROE BLOCK, NO. 1.
First Class Work Guaranteed.

SCRANTON
COAL
In all sizes.

We have in stock a large amount of Slabs in four-foot lengths suitable for summer fuel.

Portland Cement
Flour, Feed and Provisions.

John Ballantine
GEORGETOWN, - - ONT.
Phone 30.

Tickling, tight Coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription Druggists are dispensing everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different than common cough medicines. No Opium, no Chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves a harmless, long healing mountainous shrub, gives the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to even the youngest babe. Test it yourself and see! Sold by E. J. Scott.

The Merchants Bank of Canada.

MONEY MATTERS

In these good times all workers are saving more money than ever before, and all thoughtful people will desire to save a part of their earnings for future use. The Merchants Bank, through their Savings Department can help you to save money, because:—

Money deposited in their Savings Department is safe from fire or any risk of loss.

It is not liable to be spent needlessly.

Will earn money for you in interest added to your balance.

One dollar will start an interest bearing account, and your additional savings can be added at any time.

G. C. Lawrence, - Manager
Georgetown Branch.

BANK OF HAMILTON

THIRTY [illegible] Economical Man.

A shrewd business man is spoken of as thrifty because he saves.

Perhaps only a dollar at a time—perhaps more—but the real secret of his success lies in the principle of saving.

One dollar will start an account with the Bank of Hamilton.

W. N. McKAY, Agent
GEORGETOWN.

Head Office
HAMILTON

Don't Be Doubtful

about the quality of the goods you purchase here. There are some genuine bargains in Stationery which we will give until our stock in this line is considerably reduced.

IN WRITING PADS.

DUBLIN BOND, ruled, reg. 10c for	8c
ABERDEEN BOND, ruled, reg. 10c for	8c
GOVERNMENT BOND, plain, reg. 10c for	8c
FRENCH LINEN, plain, reg. 10c for	8c
CARDINAL LINEN, plain, reg. 10c for	8c
BANKER'S LINEN, plain, reg. 10c for	8c

Ask to see our TABLETS de LUX SERIES, something new in Linen Tablets from ..... 10c to 25c

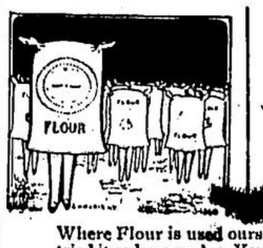
IN BOX STATIONERY.

PAPETRIES, reg. 25c for 20c

We have to make room for our Christmas Stationery, so here is your chance to get some real bargains.

Edw. J. Scott, Phm. B.
Druggist and Optician
Phone 76. - - Georgetown.

BRAIN WORKERS
who get little exercise, feel better all round for an occasional dose of
"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives
They tone up the liver, move the bowels gently but freely, cleanse the system and clear the brain. A new, pleasant and reliable laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.
25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.
NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL. 21



It Stands Alone.

Can you guess why? It's because it hasn't a peer—there isn't any flour equal to ours.

Peerless Flour

is what we offer to all good house-wives, and promise them that for all culinary purposes.

Where Flour is used ours is best. If you haven't tried it order a sack. You'll never use any other. All kinds Grain wanted at Georgetown Elevator and Norval Mills. Highest market prices paid.

ROBT. NOBLE
NORVAL MILLS.

My Valet Louis
Cleaner and Presser

Late of Main Street, is residing at the back of the Public School, Georgetown, where his numerous customers can have their Clothes cleaned and pressed at lowest possible prices:—

Suits Cleaned and Tailor Pressed	$1.00	A specialty of Ladies Dresses at	$1.25
Suits Sponged and Pressed	.75	Skirts Cleaned and Pressed	.75
Suits Pressed only	.50	Waists " " " from	.25

White Shoes, Gloves, Parasols, Drapes, Chenille Curtains, Hats, Furs, Rugs, Carpets, &c., dry cleaned equal to new. We kindly solicit your patronage.

POETRY.

SOME THINGS FER DAR.

When I die an' I enter thish
I'll tell Mr. Ma'k jussh shh,
Shtand you 'no, to 'n'l you wha
He had a kind 'o way
Of talkin' an' actin the yard
An' talkin' fer a while,
An' thinin' me 'till yer'd 'nd how
He yarns' half a mile.

I spec think, w'en I'd grow up
I'd take my dad in hand
An' set thing from like he did mi'
Jussh 'cos he kept the land.
But I'm glad I'm a kid instead
Cos I'd have to work
An' I've done gone up an'
I'm bossin' of a saw-mill up
In the pine-timbered land.
An' dad lives up there with me
In a little house we've got,
He's gettin' pretty feeble, too,
An' sits around a lot.

He potters 'round ther garden, feeds
Ther chickens an' ther pigs,
An' looks at me admirin' like
An' sez I'm strong an' big.
An' when night comes we sit thar an'
He reads the papers sum,
An' we both got to thinkin' that
There ain't no place like hum.

I bring him his terbacker an'
Ther little things he likes,
An' helps 'im interested in
Airships, an' wars, an' strikes.
An things he likes ter read about,
His eyes is gettin' dim,
An' lots o' times I set thar late
A-readin things to him.

His hair is gettin' mighty thin
An' white, an' some o' these
Bright an' sunny mornin's, like
The passin' of a breeze,
He'll close his eyes forever an'
'Ll leave me powerful sad,
I'm mighty glad I'm able ter
Do doin' things fer dad.

—Talbot O. Bateman, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

THE BRIDGE FIGHT.

A Quarrel Between Two Ends of a Town.

By WILLIAM ALFRED CORBY.
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"I tell ye Dick's not been bought off! It's a baseless slander that had better not be repeated in my hearin'!" William Shapiro, representative farmer of the "north side," was proud of his son Richard and religiously jealous of his honor.

"Well, neighbor," said Hanson, putting his foot on the hub of Shapiro's wagon, "I'm only tellin' ye what's bein' whispered around. I don't want ye to think, neighbor, that I suspect Dick. Fer from it. But it's unfortunate just at this time, with the board election only a week off an' us a-tryin' to git up a debate with them side-steppin' south siders, to have our best speaker disappear without a clear explanation. Ye really can't blame people for talkin'. An' then, he's with

"I AM THE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN."

them lawyers an' politicians over there in Emporium, ye know, an' it's like one good tater in with a sack o' rotten ones. What did Dick say anyway?"

"He simply said he was goin' down to St. Louis on business for the firm he's studyin' law with."

"Well," concluded Hanson, "sorry he can't be here to rip 'em up the back in that debate. Ye'll have to take Dick's place, won't ye, neighbor?"

"Reckon I will," assented Shapiro, with a complacent air—"that is, if we can git 'em in a corner an' make 'em debate at all. I'm goin' over to the south side today, an' I'm goin' to make 'em show their hand 'fore I git back. Can't ye go 'long, Hanson, an' back me up?"

"Can't today, Neighbor Shapiro, but hope ye'll land 'em for a debate, an' I'll be on hand to yell for our side," promised Hanson, looking after his neighbor as the latter touched his lead mare with the whip and started on.

"We'll give 'em the best we've got in stock!" Shapiro shouted back.

In a half hour he arrived at the Wallkarusa river, the stream which flowed from west to east, dividing Wallkarusa county into two warring sections, a small but aggressive community on the north side, but with the bulk of the wealth and population on the south side.

Farmer Shapiro stopped at the approach to the ferry and pulled the cord depending from the big bell suspended from an overhanging treetop. But the clangor of the bell, speeding across the turgid stream, attracted no attention on the other side. No ferryman showed himself.

"Bleepin' off last night's drunk, like's not," the north side farmer muttered to himself disgustedly.

Farmer Shapiro stood his tall form up in his wagon and tugged nervously at his gray, brown beard as he gazed across the river, growing more and more nervous. The river was deserted save for the signal tall ships farther away and a small, white, steamy launch plowing its way like a bounding flame of a snake, who leisurely skirted the farther line started the little steamer, angling and headed the ferryboat across the river.

Fuming the quarter hour necessary two hours later, Shapiro and Quigley jumped aboard. Without any preliminary words Shapiro said:

"Reckon ye got our challenge. We'd landed fer been an' south side 'politicians, an' they're quicker'n a streak of lightnin' when it comes to a debate. Can't seem to find anybody in the east side. [illegible] Hanson [illegible] Dick's name [illegible] arguments with their bridge. [illegible] voters are entitled to know that. Now if the gum shoe method's your game we're goin' to smoke ye out. It's either debate or publicity of another kind. Either ye'll debate with us in the open or we'll post the fact that ye didn't dare to meet us all over the county. This is Monday. The election's a week from termorrer. Plenty o' time to make all arrangements an' pull the debate off Saturday night. It's up to you."

"Keep cool, Shapiro," said Supervisor Wilkins. "We've got nothin' up our sleeves. If the voters o' the south side want to build a bridge for the special benefit o' the north side nobody's going to prevent 'em sayin' so next Tuesday week, an'"—

"For the benefit o' the north side!" broke in Shapiro, getting red in the face. "We north siders have been s-helpin'."

"Oh, well," in turn interrupted Wilkins, "no use o' any argyment now, Mr. Shapiro, an' if we can find a good speaker to"—

"That puts me in mind," interposed Supervisor McHenry, "that there's a travelin' man over to Mrs. Williams' boardin' house that told me this mornin' that he'd present our side if we wanted him to. He's a-travelin' for some trust company, examinin' applications for loans, I believe. And they say he hails from Cherokee county an' has been in the legislature from that county, so he ought to be a good speller."

"Good!" exclaimed Wilkins. "We'll see him, Mr. Shapiro, an' let ye know if arrangements can be made. Suppose ye see Dick 'll talk for your side."

Shapiro told them of the impossibility of Dick's appearance, for which he was very sorry, and that he himself would have to represent the north siders.

The north side farmer drove home much elated. "The debate's a-comin'," he told Hanson. "They've a-goin' to git some travelin' feller that's been to the legislater from Cherokee county to speak for 'em. But I ain't afraid o' him. He may be a glib talker an' all that, but he hain't got the arguments, an' them's what counts in a debate."

"Say, ain't it a pity Dick ain't here?" regretted Hanson. "He'd make a meal of that legislater feller."

"I ain't sure but Dick 'll turn up yet in time fer the exercises," said the elder Shapiro hopefully, "but I'll be loaded to the muzzle in case he don't."

The news of the proposed debate spread quickly, and appearances pointed to an enormous attendance. A canvas covered grand stand lighted by electricity was erected, benches provided and all details arranged. It was plain from the public interest in the event that the fate of the bridge bonds would be largely influenced thereby.

Saturday night came, but Dick, like one of Napoleon's generals on a certain occasion, did not come. Something had detained him, and the responsibility of the coming debate was upon his father. The ferryman was kept busy that afternoon carrying north siders across the river. They were taking no chances. They, the whole population of them, went early to occupy front seats and shout for their side.

Farmer Shapiro, not to appear unfriendly, met his opponent to be, a smooth, professional looking man with gray hair and beard, at his hotel, and arm in arm they walked down to the mass meeting when the hour arrived.

The resolution to be debated was: "Resolved, That bonds in the amount of $100,000 should be voted by Wallkarusa county for the building of a bridge across the Wallkarusa river at the point known as Banning's crossing."

William Shapiro as the affirmative speaker made the opening address, his allotted time being forty-five minutes. He spoke with directness and force if not with rhetorical polish, reciting the facts that every north sider knew by heart. The "south" had the railroad, the county seat, the high school and nearly everything else desirable, toward all of which the "north" had contributed in various ways, while the "north" had nothing. In asking for the bridge they were merely asking for what was their own by right.

The speech was frequently interrupted by applause, and at the close the whole north side contingent arose and yelled in chorus for five minutes.

"The distinguished gentleman from Cherokee will now address you," pompously announced the chairman, and amid deep silence the smooth, gray bearded stranger arose.

He spoke in a low voice and with ease, but without enthusiasm. He consumed twenty minutes of his time in generalities before coming to the matter at issue at all. He praised the county, its soil, its people, its schools. He talked—merely talked—until an impatient south sider called out, "Weal, how about the bridge bonds?"

But the interruption only made the matters worse for the south side, for the first "point" the "gentleman from Cherokee" made was that to build the bridge would deprive "a worthy poor man"—the ferryman—of his means of livelihood.

This raised a howl of laughter from the north siders and disgusted the south side politicians, for every resident of the county knew Hiram Banning for a worthless drunkard.

In vain the chairman called for order and admonished the meeting to give respectful attention to "the gentleman from Cherokee." But the crowd from both north and south had taken the measure of "the gentleman from Cherokee," and, though the north siders were delighted, the whole mass meeting voted him a zero quantity as a speaker. He tried to drag her on for a few minutes, but soon sat down utterly exhausted, but silent of his forty-five minutes.

Shapiro then spoke during the closing twenty minutes, and the occasion became a north side demonstration and a very biting south side, fling. The distinguished statesman from Cherokee did not come to the end of all for his closing speech, and the cheering adjourned, the north siders going home triumphant.

The following Tuesday, true to his promise, Dick Shapiro returned to time to vote for that bonds, which carried by a large majority. And the next morning, calling his father into his room and opening a safe case, Dick showed him a theatrical makeup, and said: "Father, I am now [illegible] practiced from Cherokee. I did not make much of a speech for the south side, but I let down the bars for you and the north side."

CHAMPAGNE BARRELS.

Bismarck Demanded 5,000 From France, but Got Only Five.

Germany's governmental policy is to encourage the exports of brain, labor, sunshine, air and water. There is nothing in sugar, in alcohol, but carbon, gathered from the air, but hydrogen and oxygen gathered from the rainwater, transformed by the sun into beet plants, grown in fields, tilled and wielded by hand, the beet pulp being transformed by other hands and skilled knowledge into sugar and alcohol.

Denmark and Holland export butter, which takes nothing from the soil. The French import Asiatic silk, weave it at Lyons and export the finished product. They export wine by analysis 87 per cent water, 10 per cent alcohol and 0.04 per cent aroma and bouquet. Water and alcohol take nothing from the soil, but the aroma makes the wine worth from $10 a pound down.

In the peace negotiations between Bismarck and the French in 1871 it was not the money indemnity, it was not the loss of territory, that prolonged negotiations. Bismarck bethought himself to demand 5,000 empty old champagne barrels impregnated with the aroma, the bouquet producing ferment, and this the French refused. They had consented to pay $1,000,000,000; they broke heartedly gave up Alsace and Lorraine, but the bouquet of their priceless wines Bismarck should not have, and in the end they compromised on five barrels.

The French were instinctively governed by supernal common sense.—Harrington Emerson in Engineering.

Washington Irving.

To Washington Irving more than to any other writer belongs the high honor of being the creator of American literature. Irving was not the first American to write good literature, but he was the first American to write in a way to catch and hold the European attention. It was through Irving's writings that the old world was made aware of the fact that there was an American literature. Hildreth, Prescott, Cooper, Poe and others of the pioneers came in for a full measure of praise, but Washington Irving will always hold his title as father of our literature.—New York American.

Hub of the Social Universe.

"We do not hesitate to call the Covent Garden Opera House 'the hub of the social universe,'" says the London Sphere. "We have been in the opera houses of Munich, Dresden, Milan, Berlin, Paris and Vienna, and there is nothing quite so impressive in any one of these as can be found at Covent Garden in the height of the season. To visit Covent Garden Opera House in the season is to know life at its most magnetic point."

At the Wrong Door.

"My health and digestion are perfect, doctor," began the caller in the office of the medical man. "I haven't an ache or a pain. The trouble with me is that I cannot sleep at night."

"Well, if that is the case sir," said the learned physician, "I suggest that you consult your spiritual adviser rather than me."—Lippincott's.

Greatly Overrated.

"Mrs. Caswell, while you were in Venice did you see the Bridge of Sighs?"

"Oh, yes; I saw what they called that; but, my land, I've seen bridges ten times its size without ever going out of Pennsylvania!"—Chicago Tribune.

Definite Instructions.

Telegraphers have their troubles, like the rest of mankind, and the men who follow the dots and dashes tell stories based upon actual happenings that almost test the credulity of the hearer. A man now in charge of a Postal office is responsible for the following, which occured to him when he was holding down a key in an obscure place in the suburbs:

"A farmer came in one day and handed me a message to 'Mrs. Smith, New York city.' I asked for the address, and my patron, looking at me with a pitying smile, replied:

"'Sonny, you just send it to Mrs. Smith, who keeps a boarding house in New York. Don't let any one know you don't know where her place is.'"—Philadelphia Times.

Followed Instructions.

She was a woman of very puritanical notions, and when she came into his room to kiss her little boy good night and found that he had not said his prayers she was very much shocked. "How was it, Willie," she asked, "that you neglected such an important duty?"

"You see, mamma," he replied, "when dad sent me in a hurry to bed he said there mustn't be another word out of me tonight."—Lippincott's.

Just the Very Trouble.

A French scientist says that the oceans hold enough gold in solution to give each inhabitant of the earth $24,000,000. The trouble is that they will continue to hold it.—Albany Journal.

Might Is Right.

We have noticed that when two boys are playing with a wagon the smaller boy is pretty apt to be the horse.—Atchison Globe.

A LEGAL DILEMMA

Tangle of Red Tape in an English Extradition Case.

GETTING AROUND THE LAW.

Only the Quick Wit of the Canadian Police Inspector Kept a Notorious Criminal in Custody When in Reality He Was on Free as the Air.

The manner in which a prisoner can transport to England from a foreign country is treated while on the voyage home depends very much on the captive who has him in charge and also on whether or no there is any condition exist to vary the contemplating violence either to himself or to others.

For instance, in the case of James Maliver, who was taken to England all the way from Buenos Aires, there was a strong suspicion—probably ill founded—that he contemplated committing suicide. Consequently Inspector Frost, who had him in charge, decided to take no risks that he could possibly avoid.

The regulations do not permit of an unconvicted prisoner being handcuffed on board ship once the vessel has left port, and he must be allowed one hour's exercise on deck each day. These indulgences, if indulgences they may be called, were therefore not withheld from Balfour.

But he got few others. For twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four he was immured in a locked cabin. He was not permitted even to enter the public dining room, his meals being brought to him by Mr. Frost after the rest of the passengers had dined. He was, besides, watched and was subjected to rigorous search immediately on coming aboard.

His only relaxation was a social game of chess with some of the passengers who kindly came to his cabin to play with him by permission, and in the presence of his keeper. This seclusion lasted exactly one month and a day, and Balfour afterward declared that it was the most trying experience of a captivity that was destined to continue for nearly twelve years.

One of the longest and in its later stages one of the pleasantest voyages ever undertaken by an unconvicted criminal was that which Charles Hyltee Davidson, the notorious forger, made some years back in the custody of Chief Inspector Murray of the Canadian department of justice.

Murray tracked the wanted man to Mexico and secured his extradition to Canada. But then his difficulties began. He could not bring his prisoner back by the direct route through the United States, for immediately Davidson set foot in that country he could have demanded to be released. There was therefore nothing for it but to convey him by way of Jamaica and England and thence back across the Atlantic to Quebec.

On the voyage Murray kept Davidson under close observation, although allowing him considerably more freedom than Frost allowed Balfour. When, however, he had got safely as far as London he was both worried and astonished at the likelihood of his having had all his trouble for nothing.

The law was, he was told, that a prisoner extradited from a foreign country to a British colony could not be kept in custody in England for longer than twenty-four hours, nor could he be taken as a prisoner on board a British ship sailing from a British port.

Here was a dilemma. Davidson was free as air—had he only known it. But Murray was equal to the occasion. "Look here, Davidson," he said, "I've got you safe. There is only the last stage of the journey to complete. If I allow you to travel saloon with me as an ordinary first class passenger will you give me your word to play me no tricks?"

To this proposition Davidson, knowing nothing of the real state of affairs, was naturally quite ready to agree. And so it came to pass that one of the most notorious criminals Canada has ever known came home in state; free, yet not free, a voluntary prisoner, and yet an involuntary one.—Pearson's Weekly.

Youthful Truth.

"I appeal to Mr. Verity, whose truthfulness nobody doubts," said the outraged hostess, with a glitter in her eye. "Mr. Verity, do you think I supply my boarders with bad butter?"

The others looked eager attention to see how Mr. Verity would get out of it.

"Madam," he answered, with a bow, "the truth on which you compliment me forces me to declare that your butter is one of your strong points."—Baltimore American.

Bites.

The safest way to measure your maximum bite longitudinally is to lay it out on an ear of corn. To get the depth of the bite, measure it in a slice of watermelon.—Boston Globe.

And the best way to determine the capacity of your bite is to watch you eat beans.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Serious.

Mother—Oh, Ethel! What has happened to your dolly? Ethel—The doctor says it's a nervous breakdown. He prescribed nuculage.—Life.

Reason For His Disgust.

"He's disgusted with the way the politicians are running things in this town."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he ran for office and was defeated."—Detroit Free Press.

Nibbles the Weed.

"I'm tired of this old joke about a woman sharpening a pencil with her husband's razor."

"There's nothing in it. No woman sharpens a pencil. She gnaws it to a point."—Pittsburg Post.

Yes Near.

"What animal," said the teacher of the class in natural history, "makes the nearest approach to man?"

"The flea," timidly ventured the little boy with the curly hair.—Chicago Tribune.