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DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

A PACKAGE OF LETTERS.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Offers You the King's Pardon.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—'Yet doth he devise means that his banished be not expelled from him.'—2 Sam. xiv. 14.

That passage I never noticed until last week. The wise, witty and imaginative woman of Tekohah said this in trying to persuade David to take back his beautiful but recreant son Absalom. For exquisite strategist woman has no equal in the other sex. If there had been a plain demand that Absalom be taken back it would have been ineffectual, but this woman composed a fiction which completely captured David's heart. She winds up the story by asking him to imitate the Lord, saying: 'Yet doth God devise means that his banished be not expelled from him.'

Indeed, then, are we all banished from God. What do you mean by banishment? Well, it means being driven away and wearing fetters. It means bitter absence from home. It means in some places and on some occasions an expatriation to Siberia to delve the mines and to be fastened in a chain-gang. Yes, the whole race is banished; our first parents from Paradise; the recreant angels banished from heaven; the whole human family banished from peace. Where is the worldly man who has anything worthy of the name of happiness? What are those anxious looks of the brokers, of the bankers, of the merchants, of those men in the club house, of that great multitude of people who tramp up and down Broadway? Banished from God. Banished from peace. Banished from heaven. Sin has broken in, and it has snapped all the strings of the heart; it has untuned all the instruments of earthly accord; it has thrown the whole earth into a jangle. An old writer tells of two brothers who went out to take a walk in the night, and one of them looked up to the sky and said, 'I wish I had a pasture field as large as the night heavens.' And the other brother looked up into the sky, and said, 'I wish I had as many oxen as there are stars in the sky.' 'Well,' said the first, 'how would you feed so many oxen?' Said the second, 'I would turn them into your pasture.' 'What! whether I would or not?' 'Yes, whether you would or not.' And there arose a quarrel, and when the quarrel ended one had slain the other. And so there has been a ridiculous contest in all ages of the world, sometimes about immaterial things, sometimes about suppositions things, and if this man had all the night heavens for an estate, he would not be happy, and if that man had as many oxen as there are stars in the sky he would not be happy.

BANISHED FROM GOD. Banished from peace. Banished from heaven. Now, if my sermon should stop just here, it would be as though a man should look through the wicket of a penitentiary and say to the incarcerated, 'What a hard time you have.' What a small room. What poor fare, what a hard pillow. Alas for you, sir, I will not go to the wicket of the prison, until I can say, 'Sir, do you know what this document is? Can you read that signature at the foot of the page? That is the governor's signature. You are a free man.' If my sermon should stop at this point it would be as though I went into a penal colony, and I should say to the slaves, 'On what small limits you are kept. It is most dreadful that you are never to be allowed fare, what a hard pillow. Alas for you, sir, I will not go to that penal colony, until I can say, 'Sir, I have had taken your case into especial clemency, and in two or three weeks you are to go home to your wives and children. Give me your toilet, blattered hand in congratulation.' A man who tells only half the story of the gospel will better not tell any of it.

Well, my friend, what are some of the means that 'God has devised that the banished be not expelled from him?' In the first place, the foothold up through the rifts of skull-shaped Calvary. Constantine has designated that hill as the one on which Jesus died. Don't Stanley says there are on that hill shattered fragments of limestone rock cleft evidently of the crucifixion earthquake. And, my friends, it is through that fissure of the rock that our path to pardon lies; under the earthquake of conviction, through the dripping crimson of the cross. Ah, do you not like the smell of blood? Neither do I, but without the shedding of blood there is no remission. Our debts are never to be paid unless from the cleften arteries of Jesus Christ they are liquidated. Coming up to-night through those fissures in the rock, you going up, Christ coming down, you will meet, and there will be joy on earth and joy in heaven over your souls.

PARDONED AND FORGIVEN. Now the Christian tracks the blood all around the shiving of the grey limestone rock on Calvary—the blood of the great martyrdom of Jesus Christ. The spring rains came, and they washed that red carnage into the valley at the foot of the mountain; but the Christian easily finds the red mark on the rock, and the glimpse of it in song or sermon stirs all his sensibilities and crowns all his prayers. If it were needed that all the hosts of heaven should be gathered for one great battle,

there would be only one name that is the name of Jesus; and that is the name of Jesus that God has devised that the banished be not expelled from him, I notice still do not mean any influence gone up from earth and etherealized, but the Divine Spirit. Some call him the Comforter; it is best for my purpose to-night that I call him the soul-saving power of the nations. When that influence comes upon a man how strangely he acts. He cries; he trembles; he says things and does things that five minutes before he could not have been coaxed or hired to say or do. The human soul and religion seem antagonistic elements; but this Divine Spirit seems to bring in a harmonizing chemistry that brings in to comity these opposing elements. The general mode of the Holy Spirit is in selecting means that are utterly insignificant, and then making them the steps of Christian ascent.

At a fair in England a man stepped up to a pedlar's stand and bought something. Then he took a leaf from a catechism and wrapped the article in that leaf; but one line in that catechism ushered his soul into the kingdom of God. Two men were resting on the green. One threw a stone and said, 'Christian man came along and said, "I wish I had a pasture field as large as the night heavens." That ushered both of them into the kingdom of God in due time. Oh, it is a mighty spirit. Sometimes people laugh under it. Sometimes they pray under its power. There is a soul bowed down. The Holy Spirit is bowing him down.

THERE IS AN ANXIOUS ONE.

There is a deriding face trying to throw off religious impressions. It is often the case when the Holy Spirit comes to a man's heart he acts internally to throw off the impression. And so sometimes when the Spirit comes to a man he prays, and sometimes he blasphemes; but the Holy Spirit always comes with one idea, and that is to show man that 'God hath devised means that the banished be not expelled from him.' That Holy Spirit is in this house to-night. You have felt strangely ever since you came into this room. There are doors opening in your soul that have never been opened. You are wondering where you will come out at the last. You see that these Christian people are on a road that you are not traveling, and though you may not admit the words heaven or hell in your mind, you are conscious of the fact that there must be two destinies, two careers, two conditions, two termini, two words antagonistic, and everlastingly swung apart. O, what is this suppressed agitation! What is this awful silence! The Holy Spirit! The infinite Spirit! The eternal Spirit! The Divine Spirit! The lightning-footed and fire-winged Spirit! The armed Spirit! The all-conquering Spirit! The omnipotent Spirit! He comes down upon your soul with an avalanche of power. He commands you to repent, he begs you to believe; he asks you to live. 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost?'

AMONG THE MEANS THAT 'GOD HAS DEVISED THAT THE BANISHED BE NOT EXPULSED FROM HIM,' I notice also Christian surroundings. First, there is the influence of ancestral piety. Was there not a good man or woman in your ancestral line? Is there not an old Bible around the house with worn covers and turning leaves, giving you the hint that there was some one who prayed? Was there not a family altar at which you used to bow? The carpet may have been worn out, and the chair may have been sold for old furniture, and the knee that knelt on the one and beside the other may never again be plant in earthly worship; but, you remember,

DO YOU NOT REMEMBER?

Ah! that Christian homestead, the memory of it to-night almost swamps your soul. When the first death came to the house what was it that comforted the old people? When you stood fanning them in their last hour what was it that gave them courage, the dear, old departing souls? O you banished ones, hear the voice of the Christian dead to-night, bidding you come home. I remember being with my father one day when he was ploughing in a new ground. It was very hard ploughing, and I remember the sweat dripping down on the plough handles, and I remember at the corner of the house far away calling us to come home, that the table was spread, and the dining hour had arrived. And some of you are there in life, and you have a hard time. It is rough ploughing, and there is the sweat of toil and the sweat of many sorrows. Do you not hear to-night voices from heaven, crying, 'Come home, the table is spread, the banquet is ready. Come home! Is there not in your present surroundings a Christian wife, or husband, or child, or brother, or sister? There is that influence God has been calling a great while. Oh, you must have been a persistent case to have withstood so much and withstood so long; do what you do next? What will God do next? He will somehow break up this monotony. Will he be fire, or storm, or the opening furnaces of the doomed world? What next? God will not be forever repeating these messages of invitations and alarm. What next? There will be a change in your case. O soul! On the road you travel there is a turn just ahead of you. This night thy soul may be required of thee. Some of you have been called by the gospel for many years. Do you suppose that God will always keep on in that line? No, I tell you plainly, my dear hearer, there will be a change in your case.

FAMOUS GENERALS.

Men Who Have Won Their Way Upward From the Ranks.

Although the modern records of the British Army contain only one notable instance of a General who has won his way upward from the ranks—to wit, the famous and gallant Hector Macdonald—in foreign armies it is by no means rare to encounter such promotions.

General Murat, whose name will always be associated with the monumental figure of Napoleon I, began life as a shop-boy to a Parisian haberdasher. Joining the army as a private soldier, he distinguished himself by various deeds of gallantry, and finally rose to be Marshal of France, whilst at a subsequent date his Imperial master conferred upon him the title of King of Naples.

Again, General Bernadotte, another striking figure of the Napoleonic age, made his first appearance as a soldier as a private in one of the German regiments raised by the British East India Company. In recognition of his great and abiding services Napoleon not only promoted him to the grade of generalship, but later on gave him the kingdom of Sweden. The present ruler of that country is a descendant of the heroic commander. Perhaps, however, one of the most extraordinary military careers of the First Empire was that of

GENERAL AUGEREAU.

Previous to the Revolution of 1789 this famous soldier was merely a soldier in the French army. Owing to a quarrel with a superior he fled the country and attached himself to a Russian legion, but on the rise of Napoleon he returned to his native land and fought under the latter's victorious banner. When he rose from his lowly position, and in the fulness of time received the baton which is the insignia of a Marshal of France. It was of Augereau that Buonaparte was thinking when he uttered the famous dictum that every soldier carried a 'Marshal's baton in his knapsack.'

The commander Andre Massena was originally a simple private in the Sardinian army. By his heroic behavior during the siege of Genoa he preserved France from invasion by the Austrians, and gave Buonaparte time to defeat them at Marengo. In recognition of this mighty aid Napoleon promoted the humble Sardinian to the highest rank in his army, and conferred upon him the title of Duke of Rivoli.

Again, General Lannes, a prominent figure in the latter part of the Napoleonic career, was the son of a journeyman dyer in Gascony. Marshal Ney, who carried out the notable retreat of the starving army from Borodino, was a cooper's son, and rose from the ranks to be his great master's best-loved General.

A LIVING CHALK MAN.

Wrote His Name With the Chalk of One of His Fingers.

A man who might be used as a statue for himself, or as a monument to mark his own grave, must undoubtedly be regarded as a curiosity. Such a man, however, exists. He is Frank Ritter, and he lives in St. Louis, where he is one of the best known publicans. His condition has been brought about by gout, and is due to the deposit of chalk in his tissues, so that little by little they become thoroughly impregnated with this substance, until the vital portions are destroyed and only the lime deposit is left.

This is seen, in a less degree, in people who have chalk stones on their fingers as the result of gout, and this man's case is, therefore, only a magnified condition of the same thing. His left leg has already been removed from below the knee in consequence of its transformation into chalk, and his right leg is stiff and hard as marble, and will before long suffer amputation at the hands of a surgeon.

All his fingers have become so impregnated with this chalky matter that a short time ago when he was visited by some delegates of a surgical society, he actually wrote his name with the chalk of one of his fingers. In spite of this condition, which has been progressing for the past five years, and which he knows will kill him, Ritter is by no means an unhappy or morbid man. He is very alert mentally, all his intellectual faculties being not only very wide awake, but distinctly above the normal, which perhaps accounts for the fact that he does not brood over a condition which would probably tax the patience and the happiness or content of a less highly endowed man.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Canada has 10,000 post-offices.

Only 900 people in 1,000,000 die of old age.

Quebec is 293 years old; Montreal 259; Toronto 103.

British prisoners cost the nation, on an average 433 a year each.

The gold-bearing area of the Yukon is estimated to be 125,000 square miles in extent.

Canada has over 18,000 public schools, with over a million pupils, taught by 27,000 teachers.

Spain has been bankrupt four times in the century, the last being for 550 millions in 1882.

And so the Dinkas of the earliest ages live again in the Dinkas of today. The clan of the Upper Nile once subject to the king who was lost in the Red Sea is now under the rule of Edward VII. of England.

NOT COMPLETED.

Mrs. Darling—You told me before we were married that you had an income of \$3,000 a year. What has become of it? Mr. Darling—Can't tell you until I get an itemized bill from your dress-maker.

A Man's Heroism

Story of the Rescue of Seal Hunters Lost in an Ice Pack.

When we had come to anchor in Trinity bay and all the sails were safely stowed, the captain of our yacht proposed that we should go ashore and see the celebrated Comcau firs.

Bob, my companion asked, 'Celebrated for what?' 'Oh! for several things,' replied the captain. 'He is a most extraordinary man in his many acquirements and knowledge. Born and brought up on this coast, he has passed all his life here, with the exception of the three years his father was able to send him to school, but those three years he made use of to lay the foundation of a wonderful store of practical knowledge. His schooling, as I have said, was but the foundation; by reading and observation he had added to it in a marvellous way.

From his early training and the life of every one on the coast, it would go without saying that he knows how to shoot, but he is more than a good shot he is a 'deadly' shot. Anything he aims his gun at that is within shooting distance is dead. As a salmon fisher, no crack angler who visits these rivers can hope to compete with him. 'As a linguist he can speak, read and write in French, English, Latin and Indian; besides this, he can talk rapidly in the dumb alphabet. He holds the position of telegraph operator at Trinity, also of postmaster and fishery overseer, and besides, when anything goes wrong with the lines for 200 miles east or west, the department immediately wires him to go and fix them up.

'He has more than a fair knowledge of medicine for one who derived all his insight from reading alone. Last summer there was an epidemic of cholera all along the coast among both whites and Indians. Here with a population of 150, two-thirds of whom were down, Comcau, who attended them, did not lose one patient, while at Bersimis, where the department sent a full-fledged M. D., there were 30 burials out of a population of 450. 'You may be sure the poor people of the coast love him. He is all along the coast, and he is loved by all. So the boat was lowered away, and the captain, Bob and I rowed ashore to see this paragon. From the outside look of the place I could see the man was one of good cast and orderly.

The knock at the door was answered by Comcau himself. The captain was personally acquainted with him and introduced us before we entered. I must say I was disappointed. One always is when he has pictured a person in his mind's eye and finds that in reality he is quite a different kind of person.

Comcau looked for Comcau to be a large man and a boisterous one from his position of superiority over others. On the contrary, I found him below the medium, a quiet, low-voiced man, reserved almost to shyness. I saw at once he was a great observer, one who would make deep and penetrating remarks on the ordinary people; or, in other words, he could put two and two together and dovetail them better than most men. We were in a large, clean, airy room, in the middle of which sat a very good-looking lady in a roomy pecker, with a child on each knee. If Comcau himself is reserved and not inclined to talk, his wife can do enough for both. She excused herself for not rising when her husband introduced us. Nodding down at her babies, she said: 'You see, I am a proud mother—they were twins; this she told us before we were seated, and she further informed us that they were the only twins on the Labrador. So she is celebrated also.

When we got fairly settled in Comcau's den, the conversation naturally drifted into hunting and fishing. Bob made some inquiries about the pools of the Trinity. To make his explanation clear, Comcau pulled out a drawer of photographic views of the river. In rummaging these over, he cast aside a gold medal. 'Excuse me,' I said, reaching over and taking up the medal. On it I read engraved: 'Presented to N. A. Comcau by the R. H. S. for Bravery in Saving Life.'

Upon my asking him to recount the circumstances, he blushed and looked quite confused, and said: 'Oh! it was nothing worth speaking of, but about a year ago I was out on the coast about it that they gave me that token. It was nothing more than any man would have done,' and this was all we could get from him unless we carried persistency to an ungentlemanly degree.

After having spent a very pleasant hour we returned on board, and the captain told us the story that the hero himself would not. Two years before, one day in January, Comcau arrived home from the back country to find that two men had that day while seal hunting off the coast been driven off the coast to sea. One of the men was Comcau's own brother-in-law and the other a half-breed. In spite of the supplications of his wife and the persuasions of the other individuals of the place, Comcau set to day. He asked no one to accompany him. The wind all the afternoon had been steadily off shore and was now moderately calm. He took with him some restoratives, provisions, a lantern, a couple of blankets, his rifle and ammunition and what else useful he would think of in his hurry. The ice pack was then about 10 miles off the land, and he reasoned the men must be on the ice, if large and strong enough, or in among it if in small cakes, the latter being much more dangerous.

From Trinity to Matane in a direct line the distance is 45 miles, and to push out in a frail, wooden canoe alone and the darkness coming on in the black gulf in mid-winter required a brave man with extraordinary nerve to dare it, and this Comcau did.

Three minutes after pushing out from the beach, canoe and man were swallowed up in the darkness. The next the people of Trinity heard of him was a telegraphic message on the second day after. It read: 'Matane, hands frozen; Simon, both feet frozen badly.'

This message was to his family, but the Matane people sent a much longer one to the government giving the facts, describing the hardships these men had come through, and a special train was sent down with the best surgeon from Quebec. On the surgeon's arrival at Matane a consultation was held with the country practitioner, when it was decided that the man, Joseph, would have to lose two fingers on each hand and Simon both feet.

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AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY

HOMAGE OF THE PHARAONS PAID TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.

Representatives of the Dinka Tribe Travel 600 Miles to P. Y. Homage to King Edward VII.—Placed the Crown of Honour on Lord Cromer's Head.

Not until several months after the occurrence of an interesting event in the Egyptian Sudan has an account of it been received in London. It was an event that has recalled other events of the kind which took place in immemorial times and representations of which may yet be seen by those who inspect the ruins of the temples of ancient Egypt.

When Lord Cromer made his latest visit to Khartoum, as the representative of British authority in Egypt, he held court, durbar, at the huge red palace there, which was attended by many of the Mohammedan magnates, who appeared in great pomp. There was a ceremony of an unusually impressive character when a body of warlike and stately sheiks, mounted upon their camels arrived at the palace. They had ridden for 600 miles from their country far up the White Nile, and their journey had lasted three months. There were in the embassy seven of the greatest sheiks and one woman of the highest rank, all belonging to the ancient tribe of Dinkas, whom ethnologists regard as the aboriginal inhabitants of that part of Africa.

The Dinka embassy of sheiks, which had obtained permission to visit Khartoum, received a CEREMONIOUS WELCOME from Lord Cromer when they arrived at the palace, after they had announced that it was their purpose to pay homage to him. As the representative of British Majesty he offered them welcome in the Arab language, assuring them that their welfare would surely be promoted by the Anglo-Egyptian rule, that they would never again have occasion to fear the slave dealer or slave driver, and that the British troops, who had been drawn up and set in array for the occasion would guard their country as a part of great Egypt.

The Dinka sheiks were greatly pleased with the welcome they rendered obedience to the potent white lord, and they chanted a world-old hymn in his praise, after which they performed the most curious part of the ceremony. One stately sheik advanced toward Lord Cromer, bearing aloft the Dinka crown of honor, which consisted of a black conical shaped, brimless hat, ornamented with plumes of black ostrich feathers. In a majestic manner he placed the crown on his Lordship's head as a mark of homage on the part of the Dinka tribe, and as representing the traditional tribal symbol of sovereignty.

Lord Cromer was so much pleased with the ceremony that he brought out presents of various kinds. To the great sheiks he gave a fine new raiment of the brightest hues, and to the feminine grandee in their company he gave sundry gifts, among which were a costly parasol and a decorated mirror. In their joy they cried out and

to the "shadow" of British royalty. Next day they began to prepare for the long journey up the White Nile and back to their own country. It appears that neither the sheiks nor the other members of the Dinka clan are either of the Arab race or the Mohammedan religion. They are an autochthonous people, and it is probable that they are descended from ancestors who lived in their country long before Moses led the enslaved Hebrews out of Egypt. They worship one God and possess sacred rites that antedate any history. Their language, religion, and customs are peculiarly their own.

The interesting fact has been brought to notice that such ceremonies as occurred during Lord Cromer's last durbar of Khartoum were but repetitions of ceremonies that had been witnessed in ancient Egypt under the rule of the Pharaohs. The following quotation from a letter describing the scene here spoken of may be taken as direct proof of the fact: 'The sheik comes depicting on the Temple of Amenophis III, B.C. 1450, at Soleh, and also those on the temple of Rameses II, B.C. 1330, in Nubia, and likewise those on the temples of later Egyptian kings at Napata, prove that exactly the same kind of ceremonial homage was rendered to successive rulers of ancient Egypt, after they had each of them in his time, crushed in the Sudan tribes in order to extend the frontiers of the great kingdom.'

'WHAT DREAMS COME.' 'Dobbs—'O'D Titewadd is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep. Dobbs—Does he fear burglars? No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away money.

FEEDING M.P.'S. It may not be generally known that, besides an unlimited supply of free stationery, the taxpayer also provides for members of the British Parliament a grant in aid towards their refreshment. This used to be \$5,000 a year, but in the last decade it was increased to \$10,000, as the Kitchen Committee found they could not make both ends meet with the smaller sum. With this assistance the prices charged are about the same as those of a large club. The food and cooking are good and the wines excellent; the only subject for criticism is the waiting which has always been a difficult problem at Westminster.

A white object can be seen at a distance of 17,250 times its own diameter in strong light—that is to say, a white disk a foot across can be seen 17,250 feet away.

Mr. Darling—You told me before we were married that you had an income of \$3,000 a year. What has become of it? Mr. Darling—Can't tell you until I get an itemized bill from your dress-maker.