BIDS IN AUCTION BRIDGE.

Surprises In Store For the Beginner---Strategy of the Declarations More Complicated Than It Appears.

One of the peculiarities of auction bridge and also one of its chief attractions is the fact that just about the time you think you know it all you find that you don't know as much about it as you thought you did.

Tell any bridge player that all he has to do is to figure out how many tricks he thinks he can take with a certain suit of trumps, or no trumps, and then to bid that number, and the proposition looks easy. But at the card table he is confronted with another proposition, the bidding of the other players, especially his adversaries.

The dealer, who is compelled to make the first declaration, has always two things to consider. In the first place he must give his partner some idea of what he holds by making a declaration which promises favorable results from his own cards, so that his partner may assist him in one of two ways—in making a better declaration. In the second place, he must if possible prevent the adversaries from giving information to each other of which they would avail themselves in the play of the hand in case they do not get the declaration.

It must never be forgotten that the game cannot be won except by the side that actually names the trump, and not even then unless every trick that is bid is made. Those who play against the declaring side cannot score anything but honors and penalties and cannot advance their score a single point toward game, not even if they make a grand slam.

If the dealer has no particular choice as to a trump he is forced to bid one in spades; but if he has a good declaration of any kind, either in no trumps or in red, he should bid his hand up to its full value immediately. That is, he should bid as much as he can reasonably expect to make if he finds average assistance in the dummy.

As an example, let us suppose that the dealer finds in his hand five diamonds to the ace, king, queen, and the king, queen of spades, with other cards. If he bids one in diamonds, worth six points only, he leaves the way open for the next bidder, sitting on his left, to declare one in hearts or in no trumps, or two in clubs.

While it is true that the dealer's partner or the dealer himself may afterward outbid any of these propositions there is one thing they cannot do and that is make the other adversary forget the suit his partner named. The declaration of one in hearts or two in clubs is not made by the second bidder with any idea of getting the play, but simply in order to inform his partner that he is strong in hearts or in clubs, as the case may be. He names his best suit; the suit which he can best use as a weapon of attack or defence, whether it is a trump suit or not.

With such cards as those named the dealer should try to prevent this information giving by declaring two in diamonds immediately. His cards are worth it. Such a bid will compel the second bidder to make a declaration of such value that he may hesitate to offer it for fear of being sold to go ahead and play it.

If his suit is clubs, for instance, he will think a long time about bidding three in clubs unless he is pretty sure he can get there, because he knows he will most likely be doubled and find several hundred points penalty piled up against him. His partner cannot come to his rescue to pull him out of the hole, if he is doubled, without running the risk of getting into a still deeper hole himself.

It is often very important to shut out this giving of information by one partner to the other by means of what might be called straw bids, especially if it is your intention eventually to declare no trumps if pushed to it; because the information that you have allowed to pass between the adversaries will enable them to pick the right suit for their attack at the opening lead.

Take this case: The dealer, Z, carelessly bid one in hearts when he could just as safely have said two. The second bidder, A, offered two in clubs. The dealer's partner, Y, having the clubs stopped, shifted to no trumps, which was bid up to two tricks, and as a no trumper the hand was played.

Y having been the first to name no trumps, played the combined hands. B, who was A's partner, led his top club and took out Y's stopper in the suit at once. This eventually resulted in B's getting in again and allowing A to make five club tricks, defeating the declaration.

Had the dealer bid two in hearts in the first place he would have shut out A's informatory declaration of strength in clubs and B would have led another suit, enabling Y to clear up his own suit before losing control of the dangerous club suit in A's hard.

Observe that if a player has had a chance to name a suit and the bid is afterward changed to no trumps by his opponents, it is almost a certainty that they have the named suit stopped. Take this case:

The dealer, Z, begins with two in diamonds. A, holding among other things six hearts to the king, queen, jack, offers two in hearts and Y bids three in diamonds. B passes and Z shifts to two in no trumps.

This marks Z with the ace of hearts beyond question, because Z knows that if he plays the hand A will have the lead and will lead hearts. This knowledge that the ace of his suit is against him may prevent A from going on to three in hearts and may also prompt him to let Z try his no trumper. Of course, there are players with nerve enough to make a bluff of this kind in Z's position, hoping to induce A to overbid himself, but they are rare.

A difficult point in the inferences from the bidding is to distinguish bids which are made for the purpose of giving information and those which are made for the purpose of saving the game. Suppose the dealer's side is eighteen up when he bids two in diamonds, it is obvious that if the dealer is allowed to play it he will probably go out.

In order to prevent this and keep the game in for another deal either A or his partner will have to overbid the dealer Z. Suppose A says two in hearts. His partner will not get much information out of it, as it does not necessarily mean that A has a big heart hand, but simply that he cannot let the diamond make go through, and thinks there is less of loss in penalties in a heart than in anything else.

The penalty for the failure of the declaration being fifty points a trick, regardless of the suit named, it would seem to the beginner much simpler to bid no trumps whenever it was necessary to save the game by overbidding, because of the fewer number of tricks necessary. But this may be a serious error, although it is true that the less tricks you bid the smaller the number by which you may fail.

Suppose Z starts with the odd in spades and A passes. Y bids hearts, and B bids two in clubs, prompting Z to increase his partner's bid to two in hearts, just to show that he has a trick or two in his hand.

A has nothing and passes again. It is now up to B to save the game, and it might appear cheaper for him to bid two in no trumps than four in clubs, because the bidder has to pay for every trick by which he falls short.

But at no trumps B might easily lose three or four by cards, costing him four or five tricks penalty, perhaps doubled; whereas he cannot reasonably lose the odd trick even at clubs, which would restrict his penalties to three tricks, even if he bid four by cards.

Probably the most difficult thing in the game is to decide on the probability of the declarers making what they bid. If it is likely that the decoration will succeed it must be overbid in order to save the game. If it is very unlikely to succeed it may be let stand or doubled. Doubling, it must not be forgotten, opens the way for changing the bid and so escaping the double penalty.

Let us suppose such a case as the following: The dealer offers one in spades. A says two in diamonds, so as to be high enough to shut out Y from making an informatory bid too cheaply. Y looks over his hand and finds there are no diamonds in it, and that his only five card suit is spades, king high; besides which he has a single honor in hearts and the ace-queen of clubs.

The dealer's bid may have meant weakness, or it may have been forced, waiting for developments. Y cannot risk three in clubs to outbid A's two in diamonds, so he says two in hearts.

This forces A or A's partner to go on to three in diamonds at the risk of undertaking more than they can accomplish, and it also opens the way for the dealer to declare himself if his original declaration was simply forced. Even if Y-Z are allowed to play the heart declaration and go down on it they have the satisfaction of knowing that A-B cannot win the game on that deal, and while there is life there is hope.

The most dangerous declarations at auction bridge are no trumpers, chiefly because the adversaries make no mistakes about what to lead if there has been any previous bidding. If the suit named by a player is not led by him it is a sure sign that he wants his partner to come through with it and give him a finesse. In such a position it is very nice to know from the bids just what suit that partner can probably get in on.

One of the first things that experience will teach the player is the great difference between playing a no trumper himself and playing against one. Suppose a player to hold eight spades with the four top honors, nothing else. If no trumps is declared on his right his policy will be to keep still because he will have the lead and can defeat the declaration.

If no trumps is declared on his left he cannot declare spades without bidding six by cards, but if the player on his left makes any declaration which will admit of such a bid as three in spades, or even four, the bid should be made, so hat if the declaration is eventually a no trumper on either side spades will be led against it.

But with such a suit a player could never go no trumps himself unless the situation were desperate, because he could not get the suit led.

Doubling, which is usually the concluding phrase of the bidding among good players, is seldom resorted to unless it is practically a certainty that the declaration cannot succeed. Your partner has big diamonds, outbid by two in clubs, and your partner has increased his diamond offer until the adversaries have been compelled to shift to hearts, bidding three tricks. You hold three honors to four hearts and some diamonds, making it evident to you that your heart declaration is simply to save the game.

Two courses are open to you—to help your partner along by offering four in diamonds or to double the adverse heart declaration. The first is risky because they may let you try it and beat you.

NOT SO SERIOUS AFTER ALL.

Tom—She fell from a trolley car yesterday and broke seven ribs.
Dick—Seven ribs? You don't mean it?
Tom—Yes, she had her umbrella with her at the time.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

The second is absolutely safe, because it is practically impossible for them to make what they bid against your hearts and your partner's diamond strength. Refember that hearts was an afterthought with them.

Of course there is a good deal of bluff in the bidding upon occasion. A sharp player will often take advantage of his inference that the opponents are bidding to save the game and not to win it, and will increase his trick offer without changing the suit, just to make them bid a little higher so that he may get a little more penalty out of them. This, like bluffing in another game with which most persons are familiar, is a dangerous experiment against good players, because the very trap you lay for them may be preparing for you.

Take it all in all, auction bridge has a number of surprises in store for those who try it for the first time, not the least of which will be the unpleasant way in which penalty scores pile up against you in two principal cases. These you will find to be when you are too anxious to win the game on your own declaration, and when you are too much afraid that the other fellows will win it on theirs.

HISTORY OF CANADIAN JOURNALISM.

The volume just issued from the press entitled the "History of Canadian Journalism" is one of the most valuable historical works which have appeared in Canada for many years. Edited by a committee of the Canadian Press Association to commemorate that society's jubilee in 1908, it covers the entire field of the Dominion, and embodies many facts possessing an important bearing on the political and social development of the country. The book contains contributions from Mr. Goldwin Smith (formerly a vice-president of the association), Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mr. John Reade, F. R. S. C., Montreal; Mr. J. E. B. McCready, Charlottetown; Mr. Arthur Wallis, Toronto; Mr. Robert Sellar, Huntingdon; Mr. J. P. Robertson, Winnipeg; Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Toronto; Mr. R. E. Gosnell, Victoria, and Mr. J. K. McInnes, Regina. The record of the Maritime press, which dates from 1752, and that of Quebec, which began with the Quebec Gazette in 1764, are fully set forth. In a rapid survey of the Ontario press from 1793 to the present time Mr. Wallis includes the names of many notable newspapers and editors, and touches on many facts relating to public events. Mr. Gosnell contributes a paper on the British Columbia press, and this sketch is full of interesting material little known to eastern Canadians. Mr. Sellar's reminiscences of Toronto journalism in 1856 reproduce with much fidelity the conditions of publishing in the early days of the Globe and the Colonist. The history of the Manitoba press is also a revelation of the growth of newspapers there, and the journalism of Alberta and Saskatchewan is not overlooked. In the history of the Canadian Press Association, which was founded in 1859, there is a great deal of information not heretofore accessible about the early newspapers and editors of Ontario and Quebec, with short biographies of men of note like Hon. Thos. White, Wm. Buckingham, Hon. Jas. Young, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, David Wylie and a host of others. The story of the society touches nearly the political life of Canada before and since Confederation, and is something more than the narrative of a private organization of interest merely to journalists. The book may fairly claim to be a notable contribution to Canadian history. It is copiously illustrated with full page engravings of Goldwin Smith, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and Wm. Gillespy (founder of the Canadian Press Association), and half-tone photographs of editors like Messrs. Willison, Pense, Blackett Robinson, Geo. Pattullo, Dr. Dewart, J. T. Clark, R. V. Somerville, T. H. Preston, Wm. Buckingham, H. P. Moore, M. A. James, Col. J. B. MacLean, John A. Cooper, Robert Holmes, W. S. Dingman, D. McGillicuddy, H. J. Pettypiece, J. S. Brierley, Wm. Watt, C. D. Barr, the late John Cameron, E. Jackson, and many others. The book is fully indexed both in respect of names and events. There is a list of the officers of the Canadian Press Association from 1859 to 1908, and a membership roll which includes over 400 names of the active members of the press of to-day. The book is handsomely printed and bound with gilt tops, in the best of modern fashion. Each copy is sold for two dollars, with 15 cents extra for postage, and orders may be sent care of Mr. John R. Bone, Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Star Office, Toronto.

My Pipe and I.

Sing high the praise of the briar pipe,
That from long use has waxed ripe,
It is a cure for cold and gripe,
Hand over my old blackened pipe.

Its shining bowl I view with pride,
And crowd with weed its charred inside;
Then to a rocker softly glide,
As to a throne, and there abide.

My pipe and book is all I need,
A life of happiness to lead;
This were a barren world indeed
Till Raleigh found this wondrous weed.

Tobacco! Such a friend thou art,
I give thee welcome with full heart;
May we as foemen never part—
I'll be the horse, you drive the cart.

Let others sip the ruddy wine,
Squeezed from the grape on hanging vine;
For drunken bliss I do not pine,
I'll never choose these joys for thine.

Thou art a boon to all mankind,
And made to soothe a restless mind,
A gentle panacea I find,
Thou cheerest all who are inclined.

From wooden briar or pipe of clay,
Sweet fragrant clouds I waft away,
Casting aside the cares of day,
And with each puff my homage pay.

A pretty lass my heart ensnares,
And makes me captive unawares,
She smiles but to increase my cares—
Tobacco all this anguish spares.

My pretty Sally loves me true,
But for awhile, as maidens do;
Her cruel pranks I often rue,
But comfort, pipe, I find in you.

These verses here I humbly chant
And pray one humbler wish to grant,
May grow a green tobacco plant,
That on my grave with leaves aslant,
—Charles F. Saunders.

Rochester, N. Y., December 18.

Men's "engagements bracelets" have arrived in London. The bracelet is a plain flat band of pure gold, which is fastened tightly on to the wearer's arm above the elbow. It is snapped on to the arm with a buckle or joined with an invisible spring. When once it is on it cannot be removed except by a small needle specially manufactured to touch the spring in a tiny hole which is left for its insertion.

Women I've Proposed To.

THE COSEY CORNER GIRL.

BY JAMES L. FORD. In New York Herald.

She was a round-faced, plump young creature of twenty-one, this Cosey Corner Girl with a nose slightly turned up, deep blue eyes that could, when occasion arose, look into other eyes with earnest pleading—occasion generally did arise when their owner wanted something—and a figure whose soft, round curves were alluringly shown by a dress that fitted like the traditional paper on the wall, and whose short sleeves displayed plump arms, slender wrists and dimpled hands, that glistened with innumerable rings and bracelets.

That I fell in love with this paragon almost the first time that I saw her goes without saying, for at this time of my young life what I mistook for love was in reality merely a state of mind, and in her case this sentimental condition was brought about by seeing her seated in a cosey corner.

Never since then have I seen a cosey corner—which is not so much an article of furniture as a state of upholstery—without wondering how many engagements and blissful courtships, and how few marriages, it has been responsible for since its first appearance as an important factor in the social life of the town.

"There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three,' sang Kipling, referring to the latitude of the Harlem River; and the sentimental demoralization that has long characterized the great region that lies to the north of that tributary may be traced directly to the introduction of the cosey corner. The one that served as a setting for my sweetheart's charms was, I believe, the very first ever known above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

I had met the Cosey Corner Girl once or twice in certain rather ordinary grooves of life which I frequented at this time, and had admired her exceedingly, but it was not until my first call on her one Sunday evening at her Harlem home that she made the powerful appeal to my senses and imagination that provoked what I call a "love affair." I called on her that night quite unexpectedly—a fact that may account for the long moments of irritating delay that followed my ringing of the bell in the vestibule of the apartment house, and the further delay that ensued when a small girl, having carefully scrutinized the card that I offered and looked me up and down as if estimating the cost of my apparel, took me up three flights of stairs and left me waiting outside while she went in to see if her sister was in.

Standing in the dark hallway I could distinctly hear through the closed door the sound of shuffling feet, moving furniture and hurried, low voiced commands which usually accompany the making of a hasty toilet in a limited space of time and floor. Then came sounds as of the rolling, tumbling and final slamming of a pair of folding doors, and a moment later I was admitted by the little girl, who wore her hair in a very short pigtail and had the precocious look of a particularly sharp young weasel, and ushered into the front parlor, which seemed to serve other purposes as well, for there were a collar and pair of cuffs on the top shelf of the corner "whatnot" and I noted the corner of a sheet coyly protruding from the bookcase. From behind the tightly closed folding doors the faint noise of hurried preparations reached my ears as I waited. Then, through another door, there came a slight, faded little woman of middle age, with watery blue eyes and a weak smile that revealed porcelain teeth of great regularity, who said she was very pleased that I had called and offered me a hand that was still warm and steamy damp from household work. She mentioned in an apologetic way that it was the servant's night out, and said that her daughter would be ready in a few moments. I had realized by this time that I was in one of those homes in which the dressing bell is rung by the caller himself from the vestibule, and as I had already waited a quarter of an hour I wondered what splendors of toilet were in course of preparation behind those folding doors. Meanwhile the mother babbled on.

"My daughter's a little late with her toilet, but she only just come in a few minutes ago from the park, where she's been driving with one of her gentulman friends. You live way down town, don't you? Yes? Then mebbe it was to the reception of the Mineola Pleasure Coterie that you met my Mayme. There's a lot of grand gennulmen belongs to that, and I told my daughter to go right ahead when she asked me about joining. The only thing I'm afraid of is that some on 'em'll persuade her to go an' get married, same as most of her young friends is doin' just now."

I had never heard of the Mineola Pleasure Coterie before, but somehow I did not like to hear of the attractive gentlemen who belonged to that select social organization and went about persuading members of the other sex to marry them. I thought the old lady a simple-minded, babbling fool, but now I know that there was art in her silly talk, and that I was the only fool in the room. I was about to reply with cold dignity that I had never heard of the Mineola, when the little pig-tailed girl, who had been stage managing the exhibition, suddenly threw open the folding doors and with a sharp scream of 'Sister says will you please step in," effaced herself from the scene. At the same moment the mother rose from her chair and noiselessly melted away behind me.

Never to my dying day shall I forget the scene that met my gaze as I made my way into the dimly lighted back parlor or the emotions that were stirred in my young heart as I gazed upon this Cosey Corner Girl, seated at the far end of the room in a sort of hutch formed of striped Bagdad curtains, hung tentwise over a great bulging divan and supported by two crossed spears. The hutch was further ornamented with a papier mache shield, covered with silver paper. Its shadowy depths were lighted by a wrought iron lamp of Oriental design, gay with panels of red glass, surrounded by iridescent jewels of the same material. At the side of the hutch stood a low stool, which I soon learned to call a tabourette, made of wood, inlaid with mother of pearl, and serving as a repository for a cigarette tray and an ash receiver. The illusion of Orientalism was further carried out by burning incense sticks stuck in various crevices of the woodwork and bringing forcibly to mind the sort of life described in the "Arabian Nights." Seated in the very centre of this exotic bower was my Cosey Corner Girl, a lighted cigarette gleaming between her lips, her white arms showing in the mystic colored light, her bangles and bracelets rattling as she moved, and her feet, fantastically clad in high heeled, sharp pointed slippers of scarlet leather, hanging down before her.

It was the first time in my life that I had felt the full witchery of the Far East, with its burning drugs, soft draperies and colored lights; nor did the fact that it had come to me by way of a department store rob it of one iota of its charms. My heart stirred violently within me and I thought that I was in love. But now I know that it was the rich atmospheric quality of the cosey corner in which this peerless young girl sat enshrined that had robbed me of my senses, just as in previous affairs of what I thought was the heart I had been dominated by the love of personal comfort or the strong appeal of French cookery.

"Awful pleased to see you. Sorry the servant was out when you rang. Come up here and sit down!"

It was the voice of the flat dweller speaking from beneath the striped curtains and the crossed spears, through the fumes of the burning punk sticks, but it did not bring me to my senses. On the contrary, it added to my intoxication.

"I hope you don't think I'm awful bold just because I smoke cigarettes," she said, as I clambered to a place beside her on the billowy divan. "Ma made a fearful kick at first, but nearly all the Mineola girls smoke, and that's a very tony little club. That's the picture of the president over there, on the easel. Most of the girls are just crazy about him. I was out taking a little walk with him just before you came. Do you think he's handsome?"

I left my perch to make a careful examination of the crayon drawing, which stood in a conspicuous place, mounted on a gilt easel. I noticed that the eyes were large and dark, the nose straight and the moustache carefully trimmed and curled.

"He has a weak mouth, which denotes a lack of character, but the upper part of his face is not bad," I remarked as I re-entered the eastern hutch, this time sliding a little nearer to the centre.

"You horrid thing!" she exclaimed. "Every man I know has made his criticism of that picture, but you're the first one who said he looked as if he didn't have any character. He's got a great deal, I can tell you. If he hadn't he wouldn't be at the head of the fur department. There's brain got to go with that job. 'Taint like the tinware."

I adroitly changed the subject, and for an hour or two we babbled on—we two young innocents together—about the actors we had seen and liked, the plays then current in New York and the latest novel. She sidestepped literature with much skill, but she agreed with me that Clara Morris just sent thrills down her back every time and that the poetry in "Led Astray," "There is another Life I long to meet," was just too sweet for anything.

Looking back to it now from the sane eminence of middle life, it seems incomprehensible to me that I should have been so powerfully attracted by the Cosey Corner Girl. But the truth is that with all her foolishness she had a sweet disposition an innocent mind and a personal charm—especially when you were sitting next to her in a shady hutch—that made you forget her imperfections of speech and certain crude ideas of personal adornment. It always seemed to me when I saw her in the clear sunlight that she wore a great many things, such as bangles, furbelows and jet beads, that it would have been so easy not to wear, but 'neath the shade of the Bagdad curtains these things did not count as much as the white arms and plump, smooth cheeks.

A few weeks later, on the occasion of my tenth call, I found her waiting for me, as I thought, in the cosey corner, but as I glanced eagerly I saw a dark figure moving in the shadows, while something that reminded me of a bare human hand I had once seen at a spiritualistic seance flashed through space.

"This is my friend, Mr. Wrigley," said the Cosey Corner Girl, and the president of the pleasure coterie slipped down from the divan, said he was very pleased to meet me and immediately departed, leaving me to fall once more under the conquering spell of my charmer. As he withdrew I noticed that his hair did not lie quite as smoothly on his head as in the picture on the gilt easel, and that he wore a long-tailed frock coat of a style that followed the cosey corner to Harlem, even as the school house follows the flag to our furthest possessions.

In reply to rather close questioning on my part I learned that Mr. Wrigley was "stopping with us for a few weeks," and then I suddenly remembered that I had heard it said of flats that there was never one so small that did not contain at least one boarder.

"In that case," I said to myself, "it must have been his cuffs and collar that I came across one day. It must be he who sleeps in the parlor bookcase! In all probability he spends most of his spare time right here, with her, in this cosey corner!"

The thought of this ruffian in the frock coat enjoying such privileges as these killed every desire in my soul, save one, and that was to win this rounded, pulsating bit of feminity for myself alone. If we had been seated in an ordinary parlor I never would have said it in the world, but the allure of the East had laid its powerful thrall upon me. The red light of the lamp shone down upon us, the fumes of the incense was in my nostrils, and beside me was the Cosey Corner Girl herself, her hand laid lightly on my arm, and her deep blue eyes and red lips were turned temptingly toward me.

Almost before I knew it I had spoken the impassioned words which I hoped would make us one. It seemed to me that the lamp grew dim and the punk sticks ceased to burn while I waited for a reply. She said nothing for a moment, then lifted her right hand, on which gleamed a jewel that I had never seen there before.

"It's too late," she murmered, softly, and, it seemed to me, in a tone of regret. "He was just putting it there when you came in. He brought it with him in case—in case—it might be useful. I was just agoing to mention it."

The Country Town Livery Stable.

On Sunday many of us would be sadly inconvenienced were it not for our livery stable. The ordinary downtown meeting places of citizens on week day— the stores, the barber shop, the blacksmith shop and the newspaper office —are closed, and on Sundays during certain hours we would be lost without the livery stable. It is open on Sundays.

The stable office is a big room, tightly sealed and roofed, so that wind and rain cannot enter. In its centre is a big, long old-fashioned Franklin stove in a sand-filled inclosure. Like before the altar of the Goddess Vesta, the fire in the stable stove never goes out day or night during the season when cold enough for a fire. By the stove sits old "Tom," the stable cat, looking like comfort and shedding comfort all around. Old "Tom" is singed all along his back from staying under the stove too long after the fire gets to going good, but "Tom" does not seem to care a cent about the damage to his looks. Against the walls on three sides of the room are long benches where we sit on a Sunday morning and talk and smoke and chew or keep silent and ruminate. On the walls are advertisements of by-gone country fairs, stock medicines and foods, and a picture of Dan Patch. Should one wish to read, on a shelf there is an old book of some 600 pages, showing how every event in the history of the world has been in strict accord with the prophecies in the books of the Prophet Isaiah and others in the Bible.

We think well in our town of the livery stable and the men who run it. It is a good horse home in a country where people understand and love horses. —Letter in Kansas City Star.

IRISH GHOST STORY.

Young Men's Adventure With an Apparition Nine Feet High.

The Town of Galway, Ireland, is much agitated by the story of a strange apparition which is said to have been seen by some young men on two recent nights. On Saturday, after dusk, two young fellows who were walking into the town, along the railway line, were suddenly confronted by the strange visitor when within half a mile of their destination. They describe it as "resembling a man, but nine feet in height." It approached them quickly, and when almost upon them, suddenly vanished. In terror they ran toward the town, but a short distance further the ghostly visitor again stood before them, and again mysteriously vanished.

On reaching Galway they related their strange adventure, and a number of their companions arranged to sally forth on Sunday evening and "lay" the ghost. Accordingly, a party of young fellows left the town after dusk, armed with shotguns, pistols and revolvers. Blank cartridge only was carried, so that if the ghost turned out to be something more material he might suffer no personal injury. They hid in a bank near the line at the place where the apparition was first seen and waited.

Their vigil was brief, for they had scarcely settled down when in the distance the tall form was seen approaching in the dusk. On reaching the place where they lay, the visitor stood and gazed at them, whereupon one young fellow bolder than his companions, jumped to his feet and presented his revolver fully at the apparition, but no shot came from it, and his arm fell powerlessly by his side. His companions, becoming alarmed, jumped to his assistance, and there was much confusion, in the midst of which the ghost vanished. The party without delay made their way back to the town, where it is said that medical aid had to be summoned to the youthful hero of the revolver.

By this time the story had been circulated all over the neighborhood, and on Monday night another band, among whom were some students armed with big sticks, cautiously stole to the hiding place, but though they waited and watched for hours, the ghost failed to appear, and they had to return near midnight, without having had the satisfaction of "laying" it: Others in the town who state that they, too, had seen the strange visitor before Saturday, describe him as "of a grayish color, eight feet high, and tapering towards the top." Some of them credit him with jumping from the railway bridge into the Corrill, where he disappeared into the waters. That he was not drowned is proved by the fact that he was seen by the youths Saturday night and by their friends on Sunday.—Correspondent, London Standard, December.

THIS ATHELETE OF FIFTY-TWO YEARS

Says He Owes His Wonderful Energy to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Six Nations, Ont., Jan. 18.—(Special)—Fifty-two years of age, but still young enough to captain the lacrosse team, John Silversmith, of this place, can truly be looked upon as a wonderful athlete. One would naturally think he was all his life a healthy man. But it was far otherwise, and he unhesitatingly states that his wonderful energy and vitality are due to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered from Rheumatism for over seven years," Mr. Silversmith says, in telling his story, "and it finally made a complete cripple of me. My back was bent nearly double and when I tried to walk I had to use crutches. Latterly I could not get around at all and I suffered excruciating pain.

"Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills gave me relief; sixteen boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Rheumatism, because Rheumatism is caused by disordered Kidneys and Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure disordered Kidneys.

Epileptics.

(London Free Press).

When a defendant who to the lay mind commits an offence surrounded as was that of Moir with so much appearance of set purpose to kill any one who might interfere with him may evade responsibility upon the ground that during his lifetime he has had epilepsy, then it follows that other epileptics may kill and also escape. And if this be true, it is due to the public that epileptics be placed where they may not do harm.

LA GRIPPE'S VI

Left Weak, Miserable and a Prey to Disease in Many Forms.

La Grippe starts with a sneeze—and ends with a complication of troubles. It lays the strong man on his back; it tortures him with fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him a prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption and other deadly diseases. You can avoid La Grippe entirely by keeping your blood rich and red by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you have not done this, and the disease lays you low, you can banish all its evil after effects with this same great blood-building, nerve restoring medicine. Here is proof of the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over disease.

Mr. P. E. Paulin, Collector of Customs at Caraquet, N. B., says: "In the winter of 1907 I had a very severe attack of la grippe, which broke me down entirely. I had to take to bed for several weeks. During that time I employed a doctor, but without benefit, fact I seemed to be getting worse and worse. I did not sleep; suffered from night sweats, and had no appetite. I was really a physical wreck. On a former occasion I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for general debility, with great benefit, so I decided to again try them. I sent for half a dozen boxes and began to use them at once. When taking the second box I began to feel quite a change in my condition. I was able to walk about the house and my appetite was improving. From that on I gained strength every day, and before the six boxes were done I was able to return to the office and attend to my work. Now I enjoy the best of health, and although 63 years old, am feeling quite young. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a splendid medicine for troubles of this kind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood-making, nerve-restoring tonic. In this way they cure anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and partial paralysis. They are the best medicine in the world for the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

I SAW LIFE.

I saw life in his sculptor's studio,
Modelling souls to deck eternity.
His studio was Time, and round him low
Lay the unmoulded clay, Humanity.
And some of this the artist left to stand
In sunshine, till it gleamed but grew the while
So stoney hard, that when the moulder's hand
Retouched the uncouth lines with sharp-edged trials,
It fell apart in shapeless ruiny,
But where the sculptor took the shapeless clay
From dark recesses of obscurity,
Softened with tears and melting drew away
Its dross with burning griefs, he found that he
Had formed a masterpiece that would endure,
Whose beauty grew with every chisel beat,
And shed a halo 'round which beamed so pure,
That others in its glimmer grew more sweet.
Even so, we see the auburn autumn breathe
O'er the bronze fields, and sunset woods aglow
With softened gold and crimson through a wreath
Of purple haze; and wonder-wrapt, we know
That all its charm and glory would be lost
But for the lonely night and stinging frost.
—Ethel Chapman in the Globe Magazine.

A Funny Family.

"What makes your hair stand so?" asked the child who was watching his mother comb her hair.

"Electricity," his mother cried.

"We are a funny family," remarked the child, after a few moments of thought." The other day you said papa had wheels in his head and now you've got electricity in your hair. If you put your heads together you might make an electric motor, mightn't you?"—New York Times.

Under No Obligation.

"Senator, you surely will vote for this measure."

"Why should I?"

"It's for the benefit of posterity."

"Posterity may go hang! I know already what posterity will say about me, and I'm going to get even with it beforehand. I shall vote against the bill just to spite posterity."

THOROUGHLY TRACTABLE.

His Wife—Willie, what would you like to have me buy you for a Christmas present?

Mr. Weilbroke—O, I'm not particular. A new rug for the back parlor, a set of furs, or something of that kind will suit me as well as anything.

Prompting Him.

"In my memory," slowly answered the reluctant witness, "serves me rightly—"

"One moment," interrupted the cross-examining lawyer, "please remember, Mr. Slick, that your memory is under oath."

O, Come, Now!

Rivers—When it comes to marrying sporting men that blonde Miss Granstan takes the palm.

Brooks—Takes the palm? I should say. Her latest husband is a baseball fan.

WHY SHE GOT ANGRY.

Miss Brunette—They say that there are more marriages of blondes than of brunettes. Why is it, I wonder?

Mr. Bangs—H'm! Naturally, the light-headed ones go first.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO