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PARSONS AS WARRIORS

MANY CLERICAL HEROES FOUND IN ANNALS OF BRITISH ARMY.

French Chaplain, Near Stenay, Celebrated Mass on Caisson While Shells Dropped About His Little Flock—Clergyman Holds V. C. Won In the Afghan War—Padres Won Honors In South Africa.

"Cloth and cassock cover many a stout, valiant, and patriotic heart," the Bishop of London, chaplain of the London Rifle Brigade, said not long ago, referring to the remarkable work performed by the chaplains and priests at present with the fighting armies. It was no exaggerated statement, for no men at the front to-day are doing nobler work and performing finer deeds than the "padres of the regiments," as they are affectionately known, both in the French and British armies.

But a few days ago a story was told of a heroic chaplain who, on the battlefield near Stenay, celebrated Mass at the request of a number of wounded soldiers, to the grim music of the guns which dropped shells within a hundred yards of where he stood. An altar was improvised from a surgical dressing table resting on a box containing splints, and covered with a hospital sheet. On the altar were placed bunches of flowers in vases made from the bases of German shells, and when these arrangements had been made the chaplain proceeded to say Mass, undisturbed by the fact that at any moment a shell might annihilate him.

Another striking illustration of the plucky manner in which regimental chaplains perform their duties is afforded by a letter from a medical officer in the fighting line, who says, "A parson having turned up, we had a service. What a funny service it was! Each man holding a rifle in one hand and sharing a hymn book with the other, while in between the verses of the hymns you could hear the shells whistling, one of which might well have killed thirty or forty of us."

In France, under the conscription law, priests are liable for military service in case of war, and that explains why twelve abbés, who were either officers, non-commissioned officers, or private soldiers, figure in the roll of soldier-priests who have laid down their lives for their country. One, Abbe Luchat, was a sergeant in a cyclist's corps and was killed on the field of battle after being mentioned in despatches on the previous day, while another cleric, lieutenant, Abbe Grenier, was struck down in leading his men in a charge.

Many heroic deeds, too, are being recorded of chaplains in the British army. One of these was with our soldiers during some of the hottest fighting at Mons. Witnessing the cruellest practices by the Germans on the British wounded, he became so indignant that he shot one German and became a combatant on the spot. An excellent shot, he did a good deal of execution among those of the enemy who had aroused his anger, and kept on fighting until he received a wound in the leg which necessitated his removal by the ambulance corps.

The history of British campaigns of the past, however, contains many stories of brave deeds performed by army chaplains, and although only on one occasion has a V. C. been awarded to an army chaplain, scores of them have distinguished themselves by gallant acts which merited the simple decoration—"For Valor."

The V. C. chaplain alluded to was Chaplain J. W. Adams, who, during the Afghan War of 1879, rescued two troopers of the 9th Lancers at the imminent risk of his life. One of the bravest men during the South African War was Padre Robertson, chaplain of the Highland Brigade, who risked his life a hundred times, carrying messages where the bullets were flying thickest, taking water to wounded men, and ministering to the dying on the field. In the Egyptian War, too, Padre Robertson, who accompanied the Cameron Highlanders, specially distinguished himself by bringing in Lieut. Cameron, who had been mortally wounded.

It was in South Africa that Padre Hill at Belmont succeeded in saving many wounded men, and often stood amid a hail of bullets, book in hand, reading the sacrament for the dying. Another chaplain who had a brilliant record of service behind him was the Rev. Robert Brindle, who was with Lord Wolseley in the Egyptian War, and distinguished himself by his intrepid conduct at Tel-el-Kebir. He was also in the Nile Expedition, and was mentioned in Lord Kitchener's despatches during the Donogola Expedition, receiving from the hands of Queen Victoria the D.S.O.

A brilliant feat, too, was that of Chaplain Collins, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, during the Sudan campaign, when a desperate attack was made by the Arabs on Sir John McNeill's zebra. So sudden was the attack that the British soldiers were scattered, but quickly forming into a number of little squares, they faced the foe in a gallant and determined style, Chaplain Collins, standing back to back with Major Alston, doing deadly execution with his heavy revolver.

Among other heroic chaplains might be mentioned the Rev. James Bolland, who was severely wounded at Tel-el-Kebir, the Rev. G. M. Gordon, who was killed in Afghanistan while attending to a stricken soldier on the field of battle, and the Rev. E. Ayrton, who during the Indian Mutiny was surprised and attacked at Chandni by a mob of rebels. Wounded, he plied his stout stick to such excellent purpose that the enemy was kept at bay until some British soldiers rescued him from his perilous position.

Whale Killed by Mine.

An enormous whale drifted ashore near Margate the other day. It had been killed by a mine in the North Sea.

He who waits to laugh last may find little or no occasion to laugh. Woman's rights never gave to the fair sex the right to be manish. Borrowed ability is a shaky capital with which to engage in business.

"SPY PERIL" IN BRITAIN.

Germany Seems to Get About All the Information She Wants.

Feeling against what is known as the "spy peril" has grown very acute of late. It is wonderful how many can tell, from personal knowledge, instances of how the Germans have been kept informed of British naval movements.

Says one prominent personage: "I was talking a few days ago with an American who had just returned from the German capital, where he for objects perfectly honorable and compatible with his duties as a citizen of a neutral nation, had been in touch with the German naval headquarters. In the course of conversation he mentioned the very matter which was supposed to be a British naval secret. I asked where he had learned this, and he told me it was common knowledge at German naval headquarters. Evidently those restricted circles in London were not restricted enough to exclude a German spy."

The recent trial of Lodge, the German spy, who has since been put to death in the Tower, showed how easily information could be transmitted to Germany through Holland and Denmark. It has been established beyond doubt that information which led to the loss of British warships and shooting of British sea-captains was transmitted by means of carrier pigeons.

Lord Harwood tells of flashlight signals from a house on a cliff, the same being sent from fast motor cars, which dash up, flash their signals, and dash away again before seconds good reason to doubt the assurance of the Home Office, made a few weeks ago, that "the German system of espionage in England had been effectively scotched."

Toy Making a Success.

So immediate has been the demand for the hand-made toys produced by the workers under the direction of the British Women's Emergency Corps, that in four weeks the staff has been enlarged to 60 regular workers.

The most interesting developments are seen in hand-cut wooden toys. These bear the individual character inseparable from the hand-made and finished articles of the German craftsmen, which Mr. Wildman, A.R.C.A., has designed, are conspicuously interesting. There are figures of Lord Kitchener, and others of the typical "Jack Tar" and the "Khai" boy, each carefully colored appropriately.

Other attractive and ingenious toys include a "Tudor" house, constructed with Elizabethan timbering, built in sections, so that a wing or a floor may be added at the owner's desire. Hay wagons, mail carts, guns, Noah's arks and the clever little wooden figures like enlarged chessmen, which Mr. Wildman, A.R.C.A., has designed, are conspicuously interesting. There are figures of Lord Kitchener, and others of the typical "Jack Tar" and the "Khai" boy, each carefully colored appropriately.

The Toast to England's Ruler.

At the mess dinner of every British regiment excepting the Black Watch and on board every British warship the toast of the King is given each night of the year.

Very few people have any idea that this is a custom dating back to the end of the 17th century, when sympathy for the lost Stuart cause was so widespread that it was considered necessary to require officers of the army and navy to pledge each day in this fashion their loyalty to William and Mary. Many who were secret adherents to the Stuarts used, when toasting the sovereign, to hold their glasses over their finger bows, thus drinking the health of the king "over the water"—that is to say, the exiled James II.

Hence the reason why the use of finger bows was prohibited in most naval and military messes, and even to-day it is considered a breach of etiquette to have them appear on the table when any member of the British royal family is present.

The Black Watch regiment alone claimed exemption from the daily toast of the King. They were raised to fight the Stuarts, and they always claimed that their loyalty was thus above suspicion.

Answered.

During a military review at Aldershot last summer one of the foreign attaches had made himself obnoxious to several British officers by asking ridiculous and often impertinent questions. At last he caught a Tartar. Turning to an old infantry officer he said:

"How is it, colonel, that your bugle call 'Advance' is so very short, while the 'Retreat' is just the reverse?"

"Because, sir," replied the old veteran, "when a British soldier goes into action it only needs a little note from a bugle to make him advance anywhere, but it takes a whole brass band to make him retreat!"

Admirably Equipped.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the famous Italian linguist, who died at the age of seventy-five, knew and could speak more than fifty languages. He could entertain his English friends with specimens of the Yorkshire dialect and his French or German visitors with the patois of their respective countries. "Dear me," exclaimed Lord Byron, to whom this was told; "he ought to have been the custodian of the tower of Babel!"

State Bakery.

The New South Wales Government has decided to supplement its enterprises by the creation of a state bakery at Sydney. The Government will acquire a bakery and make bread for its own institutions. It is expected that the Government will be able to deliver bread to the public institutions at 1 penny a pound. It is not intended to supply the general public from the Government bakery.

RAZOR AND TEAPOT.

The Two Main Preoccupations of the British Soldier on Service.

A Frenchman who seems to have been attached to a Scottish regiment as interpreter since the beginning of hostilities tells the following stories of his comradeship in arms with the British: "Their courage," he writes, "is admirable. These fellows go into action as if they were going to a picnic, with laughing eyes, and whenever possible, with a cigarette between their lips. Their courage is a mixture of imperturbability and tenacity. One must have seen this invulnerable calm, their heroic sang-froid under a rain of bullets, to do it justice."

"Our British allies have, as every one knows, two main preoccupations—to be able to shave and to have tea. No danger deters them from their allegiance to the razor and the teapot. At the department of the Nord, I heard a British officer of high rank declare with delicious calm between two attacks on the town: 'Gentlemen, it was nothing. Let's go and have tea.' Meanwhile his men took advantage of the brief respite to crowd round the pump, and, pushing soap and water, they proceeded to shave minutely and conscientiously, with little bits of broken glass serving as mirrors."

The writer was profoundly amused by the new British war cry, "Are you down-hearted?" and the resounding "No!" which follows it. After a volley has swept the ranks, then they say some joker to shout the question and all the rest roar out in the midst of general laughter, "No!"

The writer was associated with the British troops in Belgium, where, he says, "God knows the shock was terrible, and the defence, one to ten, admirable. I have seen a crack cavalry regiment almost annihilated in a desperate charge against the German artillery. I have seen the heroic Scots mown down. These are visions which will take long to fade."

"Yet the British have already forgotten those tragic days when they alone bore the weight of the German onslaught. When in my presence those British soldiers were told of the disasters to their best regiments they never flinched. 'Never mind. We'll have the best of it one day,' was the invariable answer after a moment's silence."

"And that imperturbable conviction that they 'will get the best of it' is the best support of their courage, is the secret which with absolute certainty will give them the victory."

Hicks' Story.

It was in 1874 that Hicks first made a county name as a witty raconteur. In that year Sir John Lubbock had been member for Bodmin since the great reform bill, lost his seat and in a petulant mood took legal proceedings against Hicks on the ground that he had abused his official position to influence voters at the poll. In the course of the trial Hicks was called upon to state what he had to say in his defence. In the course of his statement he asked leave of the court to illustrate his position by a story. His request being assented to, he related how a few days previously he had been to see a lad whom he knew well who was laid up from a fall from a vicious donkey, which had kicked out all his front teeth. The lad, said Hicks, had taken the matter in the most kindly way and had said to him, "Mr. Hicks, I have a little problem. 'Isn't the valley of the teeth, what annoys me, but 'tis the nasty, ghostly wishous disposition of the jack-ass.'"

Sir Samuel Spry sprang up in the well of the court in a fury and exclaimed, "He has dared mock me, and I will not stand for it." The court was convulsed with laughter, and Hicks was promptly and fully acquitted of the trumpery charge brought against him.

Ripe For a Change.

One secret in executive work is putting the right man in the right place. Lord Claud Hamilton knew it. Lord Claud was travelling over his line when a brakeman asked him to say in the old country—shouted at Acton station; "Hacton! Hacton!" Lord Claud smiled. A little further on, arriving at Hanwell, another guard shouted: "Anwell! Anwell!"

Quick as a flash Lord Claud said to the conductor: "You see how difficult it is, Thornton, to get the right man in the right place. We must have that Acton porter brought here and we'll send that Hanwell fellow to Acton."

Egypt Needs Money.

The financial adviser to the Egyptian Government has been requested a sum up to \$25,000,000 by the British Government in case the Egyptian Administration finds it necessary to raise a loan to alleviate the situation arising out of the diminished demand for cotton on account of the war. This action serves as a demonstration of the fact that the numerous expressions of their sympathy and friendship towards Great Britain meet with the appreciation they merit.

A Way to Wealth.

Upon one occasion the late Earl Poulett, who, by the way, was a great spendthrift, was paying his physician and on handing the medical gentleman 400 guineas in gold asked him if he knew how to grow rich. The doctor replied in the negative, and the earl advised him never to pay an account by check, but always in coin. "Oh," he added, "the more you look at your money the less inclined you will be to part with it."

Scotland's Forests.

Scotland long ago lost its forests. In the time of James VI. it was lamented that the country was almost naked and "many years ago spoiled of all the timber within the seas." Within the last 100 years, however, great tracts, notably in Perthshire and Forfarshire, that once were bare have been reclothed with "timber."

The man anxious to tell his war record may have run at the first sniff of powder, but that part is omitted.

The man who does not drink may do worse.

G. B. SHAW MORALIZES.

He Declares Others Besides Kaiser Are Guilty of Warlike Passions.

George Bernard Shaw gives his remarkable views on the present war in the supplement of a recent issue of New Statesman, under the title, "Common Sense About the War." While attacking the Prussians, he contends they are not the only people in Europe guilty of warlike passions in the years preceding the war. He adds:

"Let us have no more nonsense about the Prussian wolf and the British lamb, the Prussian Machiavelli and the English evangelist. We cannot shut our eyes for years that we are boys with the bulldog breed, then suddenly pose as gaselles now."

"When Europe and America come to settle a treaty that will end this business—for America is concerned as much as we are—they will not deal with us as a lovable, innocent victim of the slaughter. It must be savage soldiery; they will have to consider how these two incorrigibly pugacious and inveterately snobbish peoples, who snarled at one another for forty years with bristling hair and grinning fangs, and now rolling up their sleeves in the name of other's throats, are to be tamed into trusty watchdogs of the peace of the world."

"I am sorry to spoil the saintly image with a halo which bristly jingo journalism sees just now when he is victim of their teeth in the name of the imminent day of reckoning."

Mr. Shaw regards the present war as a war on war, "on military coercion, domineering, bullying, brute force, military law and caste insolence, condemning the victor."

"In the West I see no insuperable obstacle to a treaty of peace. In the largest sense this war has smoothed a way to it. We cannot smash or divide Germany, however completely we may defeat her, because we can do so only by killing her women, and it is trifling to pretend we are capable of any such villainy. Even to embarrass her financially by looting her would recoil on ourselves, as she is one of our commercial customers. We and France have to live with Germany after the war, and the sooner we make up our mind to do it generously the better. The word after the fight must be 'sans rancune,' for without peace between France and Germany and England there can be no peace in the world."

Regarding the Kaiser's responsibility, Mr. Shaw says:

"It is frightful to think of the powers which Europe, in its own snobbishness, has left in the hands of this Peter Pan, and appalling as the result of that criminal levity has been Germany after the war, and the more we make up our mind to do it generously the better. The word after the fight must be 'sans rancune,' for without peace between France and Germany and England there can be no peace in the world."

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Endorsing For "Bobs."

Among the many good stories told of the late Lord Roberts is one relating to a "character" which was once naively written-for him by a certain soldier servant. "Bobs" had sent the man over to the bank to cash a check for \$250. The clerk wanted it endorsed before he could hand over the money. "What for?" demanded the soldier. "Well, it's the rule, sir," replied the clerk, "until you do endorse it." He was told, "Oh, all right," grumbled the messenger, taking back the check and biting the end of a pen in strained meditation for a minute or two. Having cudgelled his brains, he wrote, and this is what the astonished clerk read on the back of the check when it was pushed over to him again. "I beg to say that I have known Lord Roberts for several years, and he has proved himself times without number to be as brave as a lion, but always kindly considerate to those who serve under him. I wish, therefore, to endorse this check in his honor, and pleasure in respectfully endorsing his check."

The Name, Macgregor.

Many of the Macgregors, when their own name was forbidden, took that of Dechart. This was in gratitude for the escape of a number of them, who, being pressed, got away by swimming the stream that issues from Loch Dechart. Dean Ramsay has an anecdote of his young "Dechart" from Glasgow, when, in being sent to Glasgow College, presented a letter from his minister to the Rev. Dr. Hugh, of Glasgow. He gave his name as Dechart, but in the letter it was Macgregor. "Oh," said the doctor, "I fear it is some mistake about your identity; the name don't agree." "Weel, sir, that's the way they spell the name in our country."

When Napoleon Threatened.

Over a hundred years ago Napoleon I. threatened to invade England and assembled at Boulogne an army of 160,000 men, 10,000 horses and a fleet of 1,300 small ships with 17,000 sailors on board. Nearly half the male adult population joined the Volunteer Corps to resist the invasion and Martello towers, or circular forts, were built all along the coasts of Kent and Sussex. On Aug. 5, 1805, Francis, Emperor of Austria, declared war against France and this caused Napoleon to withdraw all his troops from Boulogne and give up the invasion of England as a bad job.

Weller and Pickwick.

The death of Sam Weller in the workshop of Bath, England, where he was for many years the companion of another inmate named Pickwick, reminds one that the name was first used by Dickens. At Eastbourne one can see a tombstone to the memory of Samuel Vale, a well-known comedy actor, whose whimsicalities suggested many of the characteristics of Mr. Pickwick's immortal valet.

A lot of times temptation appears by invitation.

Good work is quite likely to produce good luck. Be sure you have a just cause for making enemies.

MIRACLES OF SURGERY.

Men Living Who Have Been Shot Through Heart or Brain.

Many a man is walking about the streets of London to-day who was shot through the brain in South Africa.

Many a lover, brother or husband is lying stricken on the Belgian field with a bullet wound in his heart or his head. A few years ago sweet-heart sisters or wife would have given him up for dead and wept bitter tears over the loved one who would never return. But not so now, says an English correspondent. The modern surgeon—a miracle worker if ever there was one—has changed all this. His X-ray and his lancet are a few of the magic means of bringing the apparently dead to life.

A remarkable case of this kind occurred during the South African campaign. Corp. Thomas, of the Worcester Light Infantry, was leading his pony up a hill at Arundel when a Boer, about 400 yards away, fired at him and hit him four times. One bullet went through him in immediate proximity to the heart, and another passed through the upper part of the abdomen. Had this happened at Waterloo Mrs. Corp. Thomas would have been bereft of her husband and the Thomas children would have been orphans.

But it was in South Africa, and Sir William MacCormac was in attendance on the surgeon. Had he examined the patient and found there were no symptoms of internal injury to either the chest or the abdomen. The corporal had a slight rise of temperature for three days, and a week later he was sitting in a train conveying him down country "all out of count of a little stiffness in my finger joints."

Men are alive to-day who carry in their hearts bullets which have made their home there.

In the last campaign in Morocco a French soldier was wounded by a pistol ball which lodged in the left upper chamber, or auricle, of the heart. For a week or two he walked about as if nothing had happened; then he began to feel the pain, and his breathing became difficult. The X-rays were applied to his chest, and the bullet was seen lying embedded in the soft flesh of his heart and wagging like a pendulum at every heartbeat.

It was the work of an hour to get him in hospital, open the chest and extract the bullet and long before the fighting ended, the gallant trooper was out with his rifle again.

At Magerfontein there was a wounded Boer who was shot, while lying down, through the top of his head above the right ear. The bullet entered from his skull and exited at the back of his jaw on the left side. He was not pretty to look upon, but he made a marvelous recovery, which was the main consideration.

"Toy Oceans."

Nearly all the great shipbuilding plants of the world's naval vessels are constructed, maintain a "toy ocean," upon which miniature models of the vessels are launched and operated, in order to determine whether certain details of construction have been carried out correctly.

This idea originated with Froede, the British naval constructor, more than 30 years ago. He performed a series of experiments with scale models designed to predetermine the resistance of ships about to be built for the navy. He made small models of the vessels to be constructed, giving great care to the preservation of the scale; and these models he then towed through the water under varying conditions, by mechanism extremely sensitive to variation in the pull.

The tension in each case was carefully recorded, and conclusions were drawn as to the lines most favorable for speed. To verify his results, a British man-of-war was towed by the other vessel, and the actual pull on the tow rope was carefully measured and compared with the results of the experiments made with a small model. The two sets of answers were so nearly alike as to leave no doubt of the practicability of actual experiments with reduced-scale models.

Good Tactics.

Mr. F. E. Smith recently told the story of the captain of Hussars who gave a dinner to the men of his squadron the night before they left for the front.

"Now, my lads," he said, "treat this dinner as you will the enemy." And they set to with a will.

After dinner he discovered one of the men stowing away bottles of champagne into a bag, and, highly indignant, he demanded to know what he meant by such conduct. "I'm only obeying orders, sir," said the man.

Obeying orders!

"Obeying orders!" roared the captain; "what do you mean, sir?" "You told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, sir, and when we met the enemy, sir, those we don't kill we take prisoners."

Annihilated!

A certain Staffordshire, England, regiment had a very small band; but the commanding officer's feet were well, rather broad. One day the regiment was to march out on parade, but the music was not forthcoming.

"Where on earth is the band?" queried the adjutant. For some time there was no reply; but when the question was repeated, a gruff voice from the rear rank said:

Cannot Dig Potatoes.

Potato-digging has been stopped by farmers in certain districts of East France, owing to unexploded shells being in the ground.

Animals In Chile.

There are 461,908 goats and 698,880 horses and mules in Chile.

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- Olives stuffed with Pimentos
- Olives stuffed with Nuts
- Olives stuffed with Celery
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- Olives assorted stuffed
- Olives, per bottle, 10c.
- Olives, per bottle, 20c.
- Olives, per bottle, 25c.
- Olives, per bottle, 35c.
- Olives, per bottle, 40c.
- Olives, per bottle, 60c.
- Olives, per bottle, 75c.

Our complete fall importation of Crosse & Blackwell's goods arrived as usual, and, while costing us more, we are selling at old prices, with one or two exceptions—

Crosse & Blackwell's

- Mixed Pickles
- Chow-Chow
- Walnuts
- Gherkins
- Olive Oil
- Malt Vinegar
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- Chile Vinegar
- Bengal Club Chutney
- Mango Chutney
- Tirhoot Chutney
- Bombay Chutney
- Anchovy Sauce
- Mushroom Catsup
- China Soy
- Parisian Essence
- Browning for Gravies
- Harvey Sauce
- Anchovy Paste
- Bloater Paste
- Chicken Paste
- Potted Ham
- Potted Tongue
- Potted Ham and Tongue
- Sardine Paste
- Crystallized Ginger, 1-2 lb. tins.
- Parmesan Cheese
- Etc., etc., etc.
- Cadbury's Chocolates and Rowntree's Chocolates are ready for inspection. Make your selections early.

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