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THE TERRIBLE TELEGRAM

A Jockey's heart ought to be hard and callous—if he has feeling like other men he will always be getting into trouble. My wife had been dead about eight years at the time I am going to write about, and I only had one child. I had a very good position as Jockey to Lord Kinder's stable, with as much riding as I could well get through, so I don't know what ever possessed me that I should make such a fool of myself over that boy. Goodness knows I had enough to think about without troubling my head with such a young whipper-snapper as that. But there it was—I was as fond of him as I knew how to be, and I was never so happy as when sitting in my little drawing room with his curly head resting on my shoulder. He would sit there by the hour together, as pleased as Punch, telling me all sorts of yarns and explaining all about the boyish scrapes he was for ever getting into. Let's see he would be about 9 years old then—a tiny little chap he was—but as sharp as a needle; and he had already more than one ride on the Kinder Lodge horses.

We had not been having a very grand year. Somehow or other our handicap horses never seemed to win, and the two-year-olds were a very poor lot. We had one good horse in the stable, though, and Lord Kinder and all his friends were backing him tremendously heavily for the Derby. He would have won the Guineas as sure as eggs is eggs, but—bad luck to him—he started coughing on the Monday, and never ate so much as an oat for two days. Even then I could have got third on him if I had ridden him out, and he had been coming on wonderfully ever since.

To make sure there was no mistake, we galloped him on the Friday before Epsom, and he did even better than I expected. It was not a regular trial—they weren't stripped—but he seemed to me to have lost a good deal of his high, showy action, and he got over the ground like a fallow-hammer. He struck me as galloping in much more resolute style, too; and when I pulled him up at the end of a rasping mile and a half, he wouldn't have flickered a candle held within a foot of his nostrils. Yes, I certainly liked him immensely, and I wouldn't have given up the mount for a fifty-pound note.

I never used to go to a meeting if I could help it, till the last minute, and I did not say good-by to Bertie—that's my boy; bless his little heart!—till Tuesday morning. I rode a winner in the afternoon (but not for our stable—we only had a filly running in a handicap, and I couldn't do the weight), but it was a poor day's racing and the weather was nothing.

I was staying in town, at the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, and I went to bed early as I wanted to be down at Epsom first thing in the morning. When I went down to see about some breakfast there was a letter for me, and I was as pleased as a child when I saw the writing. Such writing as it was, too! My word, Master Bertie was his father's son all over! I opened the envelope and if there hadn't been a lot of buzzing waiters about, I believe I should have kissed the dirty little note straight away. There aren't many jockeys, I reckon, who get such letters as that; and still fewer, perhaps who would care about them if they did get them. This is what the young rascal had to say to me:

"NEWMARKET—Dear Dad: the cat's got some foals. There's four of them. May we keep them? Please do. Please telegraf How's Roderick? Has he ate his oats? I hope he'll win. Give him my love and a pat. With the same to you. Dad—(then there was a great blot)—That's a kiss, Your loving.

BERTIE."

For the life of me I didn't know what I'd got to "telegraph" about. Was it about Roderick or the cat's foals? Perhaps the young cub had got a book on the Derby, and felt anxious to known how the colt was going on. But I got over the difficulty by disposing of both questions at one. As soon as I got to Epsom I made inquiries as to how the horse had fed, and at once sent off the following message:

"You may keep one. All the oats are gone."

Then, feeling as light-hearted as a schoolboy, I rode the Derby colt in a steady canter, and also rode another colt named Tennis in a five-furlong gallop.

Lord Kinder and some of his friends, who were staying in the town were on the Downs to see the horses do their work, and his lordship asked me to come back and have some breakfast with them. This I did—thank goodness, I never had much trouble over wasting and all that sort of thing—and we subsequently went up to the Durdans stables to look at a couple of yearlings, which I had recommended his lordship to buy. He didn't like them, and I left him to go and see old Bartholomew Copson and one or two other friends of mine in the town.

I didn't get on to the course till 1:30, and the first person I saw in the jockey was Lord Kinder. He told me Tennis was to run in the first race instead of in the Headfort Plate for which he had also been entered, and I had to look sharp getting dressed.

We had stripped Tennis on the previous Saturday, and had found him to be much better than when he last ran, and I knew there would be a pretty heavy stable commission thrown into the market for which ever race he went for. Over night I had advised them to run him in this Trial Plate, as the race was a gift for him, there being hardly anything in it to make him gallop; but Lord Kinder had said it wasn't worth having, as the price would be so bad. Apparently, however, he had thought better of it, and had made up his mind to have a plunge on a certainty rather than take a longer price about a more open race. In this he showed his wisdom, and I ventured to suggest as much.

"Yes," he said, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. I've laid £600 to $400 on him, and when he has won I shall have a bit more on Roderick."

I soon got weighed out, but when I reached the paddock I found they were already mounted and were waiting for me.

Just as I threw off my coat a telegram was put in my hand. I thrust it into my jacket, intending to read it when I got an opportunity, and I was lifted into the saddle. The rope was dropped, and we cantered to the post. As I was going round Tattenham Corner I remembered the telegram, and thought I might as well see what was in it. I tore open the envelope, and glanced at the contents—and my heart turned to stone.

This is what I read:

"Your son has met with a shocking accident on railway. Come at once and be prepared for the worst."

I read it over again. My head swam, and I felt dizzy and dazed. What did it mean? Was he dead—Oh, merciful heaven, was my boy dead? Was his little body laying there at this moment a lifeless, mangled corpse? No, no; not so bad as that. He had broken his leg, or something like that, and would soon be right again. But what did those words mean, "and be prepared for the worst?" I felt a cold shiver down my back, and—yes; I knew what they meant!

Mechanically I rode on to the starting post, mechanically I took my place in line, mechanically I set my horse going when the flag dropped. I didn't remember anything about the race. After rounding Tattenham Corner I know I found myself on the top of the course, close to the rails, on the stand side, I recollect suddenly remembering that I ought to be riding my horse, and I supposed I sat down and made some sort of pretence to do so. But I was at least fifty lengths behind the others, and if Tennis had been the best miler in England he wouldn't have had a hundred to one chance. I don't know what won the race, but I was a long way last—finishing right away on the opposite side of the course to the others, and I dare say my colt covered a matter of a hundred yards more than they did.

My head was swimming, and everything that followed is very indistinct in my mind. I remember the crowd jeering and hooting as I rode through them on the way to the unsaddling paddock, and I remember the black and angry faces of the swells as they stood round the colt; but I don't think anybody spoke to me till Lord Kinder came up.

I have never seen such a look in anybody's face as I saw in his as he walked up to me. It was absolutely livid with anger, and there was a cold, set gleam in his eyes that I hope never to see again as long as I live. Broken as I was, it seemed to freeze the very marrow in me, and I suppose I cowered before him.

He spoke very shortly, in a hard, clear tone:

"What does this mean?" was all he said.

"I am very sorry, my lord," I answered huskily; "I wasn't fit to ride. Will you read that?" and I put the telegram into his hand.

He took it and stood there the best part of a minute looking at it. He did not speak, but the hard look in his face died out, and without a word he handed it to a gentleman standing next to him, and told him to pass it round. Then he put his hand on my shoulder and drew me into the stand, and we went into one of the private rooms set apart for the stewards. The first words he said were very kind ones:

"You must forgive me, Richard, for speaking to you like that. I didn't know. Poor little boy! I can't tell you how sorry I am for you."

"Thank you, my Lord," I said, or rather tried to say—I had a mocking sort of feeling in my throat, and I dare say the words weren't very intelligible.

It is not many owners who would treat their jockeys like that just after they had thrown their money into the gutter for them. It is not many owners who would accept an excuse like mine after such an abominable piece of riding. I left Lord Kinder's kindness deeply, and I wished that I could say something to show that I did; but the words stuck in my throat and I couldn't shape a sentence.

"Of course you'll go home," he went on; "you needn't trouble about the riding. We must try and get another jockey for Roderick; but if we can't—why, we must keep him for the Grand Prix next Sunday, or wait for the St. Leger. It won't matter; it can't be helped."

He spoke very fast, in a light airy sort of a tone—but he didn't deceive me. I knew what this Derby meant to him, and his blind unselfish sympathy went straight to my heart. I then and there swore to myself that he should be no loser by his generosity, but that if he couldn't get another jockey, I would trample my trouble under foot and would ride the colt myself.

I told him so, and, although he tried to hide it, I saw a flash of hope and relief flash across his face. At first he said he wouldn't hear of it, but that look which I had seen quite decided me, and I told him that, unless he actually forbade it, my mind was made up.

"Well," he said, "I'm sure I don't know what to do. Of course there won't be any train up to town till after the race, so it wouldn't make any difference to you going home. And as for getting another jockey, although I don't choose to say so, that's altogether hopeless. If you don't ride I should put little Payne up; but it would be like giving away £10.

"I will ride him myself if you please, my lord," I said; and without another word I left him and went into the weighing room.

Most of the jockeys were already weighed out, and I paid no heed to anything or anybody.

The course was cleared as I went down to the paddock, and my appearance was the signal for a perfect volley of hissing and jeering. I didn't mind it—my heart was deadened by the blow I had received; everything seemed dark and blank, and nothing that happened now could make any difference.

Roderick was favorite, and although I learnt that he had experienced a very rough time during the last hour—a rumor having got about that I was drunk and I couldn't ride—his starting price, according to the papers next morning, was 7 to 2.

I was determined that I wouldn't lose my head this time. I knew what an enormous amount of money his lordship had on the colt, and now that the first cowering, crushing effect of the news was beginning to wear off I felt the devil rising in me and I longed to be doing some active work—to be wreaking revenge on something or somebody—to be giving vent to my pent-up grief and misery.

I got through the parade and the preliminary canter all right, in spite of the continual hooting and sarcastic remarks, and gained a good place, at the start, next but one to the rails.

At the first attempt we were off, and a colt belonging to Mr. Ernest Somerton at once went to the front. The pace was good from the fall of the flag, and more than one of them was hard at work coming down the hill. Roderick was fighting tremendously for his head all through the furze, and it was as much as I could do to hold him. My orders were to keep behind till I was well into the straight, and to bring him with one long run right away from the road. Coming round the corner I lay about fifth, but I had a good place and didn't loose a foot all round the bend. Then I began to look about me, and I saw that they were by no means all beat, and it seemed likely that there would be a close race between three or four of us. I took a feel at the colt and was pleased to find he was in his best temper and gave no sign (as I had sometimes known him to do) of showing the white feather. I was so well in hand he was going so strong that I didn't make any further call upon him till a good way past the road, and a couple of distances from home I looked upon the race as won. I was holding New Zealand, and Lord Marley had been running under the whip for some time. These two were the only ones I was in the least afraid of: and I heard shouts in the ring of: "The favorite wins for money! Ten to one, bar one!"

I reckoned without my host, however, for I was on the point of dropping my hands when, like a flash of lightning, something dashed past me. An instant's glance told me it was Corinth (a Malton colt, carrying silk for the first time), and I sat down to ride in earnest. His jockey had fairly caught me napping, and opposite the Bell he was a length to the good. The suddenness of his rush for a moment completely staggered me, but Roderick answered like a lion to my calls and crept up hand over hand. I reached the leader's quarters—I reached his girths; we each made our final effort; we each ground the last ounce out of our horse; we ran home locked together.

"Did I catch you?" I asked him anxiously, as we dropped our hands.

"No. Either I've won or it's a dead heat."

But he was wrong. Mr. Clark, who was in the box, was very quick in sending up the winning number, and the mad, delighted shout of "Roderick!" which burst from those myriad throats told me that victory was mine.

For one instant a wild flash of joy and exultation swept through my brain, and then—and then I remembered.

"Be prepared for the worst!" Yes, it came surging back in all its cruel reality. My little boy was dead. He was lying at home stiff and cold—his merry, boisterous laughter silenced forever; the bright color gone from his cheeks—he was dead.

What if I had attained the summit of my ambition? What if I had won my first Derby?—he was dead. What if I had reached the crowning point of my career? What if I had arrived at that which I had looked forward to as the consummation of happiness?—my little boy was dead. What if I was the hero of the day? what if I was hailed as a public idol?—my boy was dead.

Somebody (I suppose it was Morrison) came forward and put the rein on the colt and led him back to the unsaddling inclosure. The crowd made a lane for us to pass through, and the shouts and cheers were deafening.

"Hurrah for Dick Painter!" "Well rode, Dick!" "Good old Roderick!" "Never saw such a finish in my life!" "Here's our good health, old boy!" and all that sort of thing.

Nearly everybody seemed to have backed the favorite, and in their delight at winning their money the people forgot how they had jeered and hooted at me a few minutes previously.

I think most of the gentlemen in the jockey enclosure must have heard something of my trouble, for as I rode in there was almost a dead silence, and I saw many pitying and sympathetic faces turned towards me. One or two of them told me I had ridden a good race, but they must have thought me priggish and sulky, for I paid no attention to what they said.

I took off the saddle and, like one in a dream, went into the weighing room and got into a chair. I was passed "All right," and Morrison took the saddle from me. Then I found Lord Kinder standing by my side. He put out his hand, which I took.

"Thank you," he said simply, and I heard him add under his breath, "Poor chap; what can I say to him?"

I went into the dressing room and took off the brilliant new jacket I had ridden in and hastily got into my ordinary clothes.

Lord Kinder was close to the door when I came out—I am certain he had been waiting for me—and he walked with me to the back of the stand, where I got into a fly.

He shut the door, and after telling the driver to look sharp, turned to go. But before he had gone half a dozen yards he came back and put his head through the open window. There was a mist over his eyes and his voice was low and husky:

"It's—it's a rough world, Richard," he said; "the little lad is better off where he is."

And the next moment he was mixed up with the shouting, swearing crowd and was elbowing his way back to the stand.

I was in plenty of time for the first special to London bridge, and I got there at about a quarter to four. A great many people recognised me and showed great surprise at seeing me go home so early, but I replied shortly that I wasn't well, and for the most part they didn't bother me further.

I got a cab across to Liverpool street, and was disgusted to find that I had nearly forty minutes to wait for a train to Newmarkets. I went into the refreshment room and ordered some dinner; but when it came it choked me and I had to leave it.

I don't know whether it was really a slow train, or whether it was only my impatience but the journey to Cambridge seemed interminable. I had to change there, but luckily I hadn't long to wait for a train to take me on. The station-master came up and spoke to me, and congratulated me on my success; but when the train came in I left him abruptly and got into an empty carriage.

In another half hour I was at Newmarket, and I fancied I could detect the looks of pity with which every one regarded me.

I jumped into a fly and threw myself back so that no one should see me. Every house we passed—every stone—brought back memories of the child, and I groaned as I asked myself miserably what I had to live for now. My wife had been dead for more than eight years, and now my little boy—all that I had to care for—all the sunshine of my life—he, too, was taken from me.

It seemed so cruel. I could have given up anything in the world but him. And only yesterday I had his arms round my neck; only yesterday his soft cheeks were rubbing against my rough whiskers. Only yesterday! And now.

I had nobody to comfort me in my misery. I was all alone in the world. I must bear it as best I could.

The fly pulled up at the gate, and the man got down and tried to open it; but they hadn't expected me back so soon, and it was locked. So I dismissed him, and, going through the side door, walked up to the house.

But before I had gone twenty yards I saw something which made me stop short. I saw something which brought great beads of perspiration out on my forehead, and which made my heart stop beating.

My God! Was I mad—was it a dream—was it a nightmare?

Who was this flying down the path to meet me? Who was this springing on my shoulders and flinging his arms round my neck?

It was my boy. My boy—alive, in all his health and strength!

"Hurrah, dad!" he shouted in the glad voice I knew so well. "Three cheers for Roderick! I've won three shillings and sixpence, I was certain sure he'd win."

The shock was so sudden, the revulsion of feeling was almost too much for me. I staggered forward and nearly fell. My heart was thumping wildly against my chest, and everything reeled before my eyes. I leaned against a tree a minute or two, holding my boy tight in my arms, and tried to realize the delirious happiness that had come upon me.

"How fanny you look, father," he said. "Are you ill—perhaps you've got a stomach-ache? I am glad you've come back. You said it wouldn't be till Friday evening. Shall you have to go away again to-morrow?"

Without answering I carried him into the house, and it was not until I had gulped down a glass of brandy that I managed to speak.

"How—how about the accident, Bertie?" I said hoarsely. "Weren't you hurt?"

"What accident, dad?"

"What accident! Wasn't there a horrible accident on the railroad this morning, and weren't you nearly killed?"

"A railway accident!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Oh, I wish I had been there! Whereabouts was it, dad? I've never seen a fire, and I've never seen a railway accident, and I'd give anything to see one. I suppose it would be too late to go now—it would be all over by this time?"

What did it mean? I sat there for some minutes with the boy on my knee—I was happier than I had ever been in my life before, and I was loath to move. Then I rang the bell for the house-keeper, and asked her whether she had heard anything of this accident; but neither she nor any of the other servants had heard a whisper of it. I sent a message down to Mr. Heavens, the station-master, but his reply was that no accident of any sort had, to his knowledge, occured that day.

What did the telegram mean? Who had sent it? It was clearly a cruel and deliberate hoax, and I puzzled my brain to try and discover its object. Suddenly an idea flashed across me, and the more I thought about it the more certain I became that I had hit upon the solution to the mystery.

The telegram was sent to me by some one who had an interest in Roderick loosing the Derby. The sender, knowing my blind worship affection for the child, relied upon the news so upsetting me so as to render me utterly helpless on the colt. He relied, in short on my riding just such a race for the Derby as I had, in fact, ridden for the less important Trial Plate before it. He probably meant me to receive it just before the big race in which case his foul end would certainly have been attained—and it was only a slight miscalculation of time which had rendered the scheme abortive.

The devilish cruelty of this blackguard plot never troubled him—but I am one of those who believe that such things invariably bring their own curse with them.

One of the first things I did was to telegraph to Lord Kinder. He had been so exceptionally nice to me that I knew how pleased he would be to hear the glad news. The message I sent was as follows:

"Found my boy safe and well. Telegram cruel hoax. Return to Epsom in the morning."

I took this down myself to the Post Office, and I asked them what sort of man it was who had handed in the message in the morning containing the fiendish lie.

"I should know him again," the clerk said decisively; "but I have never seen him before, and I don't think he can be living in the town. He told me your housekeeper had asked him to hand it in."

It was just as I expected, and I had no longer any doubt in my mind on the subject.

As I walked up to my front door I met a porter coming down the path, and he told me he had just been up to leave a parcel which had been placed in charge of the guard of one of the special from town.

I was rather surprised, and wondered what it could be. I took it into the dining room, and, hastily cutting the string, got off the lid of the box. Then I saw the contents, and what I saw made me put my hands to my eyes and sink into a chair.

It was a very curious sensation that I felt, and I dare say the anxiety and misery which I had gone through made me feel more touched than I otherwise should have been. I did what I don't think I had done for the last twenty years—when I took my hands away from my eyes I found they were wet.

A beautiful white cross lay in the box—all the flowers fresh and pure—and on the top was a gentleman's visiting card.

Before I looked at it I knew whose it was. Nobody but Lord Kinder would have had the kindness or the delicacy to think of it.

Just then the little boy came into the room (the little boy for whose dead body that cross was meant) now radiant and joyous with all the exuberant spirits of childhood), and, as he usually did, he made straight for my knee. I don't pretend to be a religious man, but as he sat there, with his dear little head resting on my shoulder, I am not ashamed to own that I tried to say some sort of disjointed prayer. The thing that I loved more than anything else in the world had been given back to me from the dead, and—and you can't blame me for feeling grateful.

Suddenly his eyes rested on the cross.

"Oh, dad, have you brought that for mother's grave? Let us go and put it on. What dear, beautiful, lovely flowers!"

So in a few minutes we went up to the cemetery and laid on the grave of the mother the cross which had been intended for the child. And the little lad never knew who had sent that cross, or for what purpose it had been bought.

As we returned down the High street I was pressed by a great number of people—including Lord Wartnaby and Mr. Horace Searle—to go and spend the evening with them, but I thought I would sooner be quiet; and Bertie and I enjoyed ourselves in our own way alone together.

Next morning I went back to Epsom by the first train, and drove straight to the house where Lord Kinder was staying. He had had my telegram, and he greeted me with an uproarious cheer, and insisted on my drinking a bottle of champagne with him.

He filled a glass to the brim and held it high in the air.

"Here's long life and endless prosperity to young Bertie Painter. May he turn out as good a jockey in the saddle and as good a man out of it as his father before him."

He tossed it off to the last drop and put the glass down on the table. And then his boisterous manner suddenly changed. He turned to me and looked me straight in the face.

"There has been some devil at work in this business," he said, and his eyes flashed, "I swear, as there is a sun in the heavens, I will find out who sent that telegram."

Ay, and he did find it out. It was a cruel blackguard piece of work; but it is a long story, and I must tell you about it another time.

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Cataraqui, No. 92, on Wednesday, June 11th, at 7:30 p.m.

Independent Order of Foresters.

COURT FRONTENAC, No. 86, Regular meeting THURSDAY, JUNE 9th, at Wilkinson's Block, Corner Princess and Montreal streets, at 8 p.m. J. S. R. McCANN, Sec.

Other Canadian Home Circles.

KINGSTON CIRCLE, No. 105, MEETS on MONDAY, June 2nd, at 7:30 p.m., in Hall over School Board Rooms, Montreal-st. J. W. MADDEN, Sec.

Ancient Order United Workmen.

LIMESTONE LODGE No. 91, meet in their Hall, over Public School Board Room, Montreal Street. Next meeting THURSDAY, 12th May, at 7:30 o'clock. W. H. GODWIN, Rec.

Canadian Order of Chosen Friends.

MEETS IN SONS OF TEMPERANCE HALL 2ND AND 4TH MONDAY of each month at 8 o'clock.

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ROBINSON BROS.,

Paper Hangers and Painters.

The dictionary will define the meaning of "BARGAINS," but you must come to us for demonstration.

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BAGOT STREET,

PAPER HANGERS AND PAINTERS.

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Sign Writing, Painting, Kalsomining and Graining,

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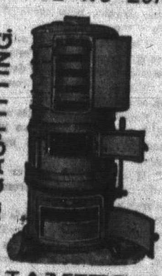

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In Golds and Cheaper Lines, selling Cheap from 5 cents upwards. Beautiful Designs.

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Painting and Kalsomining done neatly and with despatch.

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USE OUR

Lawn Grass Seed

It is the best for our Canadian climate, being composed of various grasses that grow and flourish during different months of the year, so that a

RICH, DEEP GREEN, VELVETY LAWN

is constantly maintained and now is the time to sow.

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Central Dispensary, 124 Princess Street. TELEPHONE NO. 59.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL!

B. H. CARNOVSKY,

—CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,—

Intimates to the public that he has removed from Princess Street to 128 and 130 ONTARIO STREET, opposite Gunn & Co's Wholesale, where he will be happy to receive them, and where, in his new and improved premises, he will be able to attend to work of every kind in his line. Returning thanks to his many patrons for past support, he hopes by strict attention to business, combined with superior style and first-class workmanship, to merit its continuance.

B. H. CARNOVSKY.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR

HALL AND PARLOR HEATING STOVES,

with double heating attachments. Our WOOD and COAL COOKING STOVES and RANGES are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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BEAUTIFUL SHADES OF KALSOMINE 25 cents a package.

PURE MIXED PAINTS, best in the city, $1.25 a gallon.

Also PHILADELPHIA LAWN MOWERS, $6.50 each.

ROYAL CANADIAN WRINGERS, $4.50 each.

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BUSINESS PLACES TO LET.

THE LARGE PREMISES, Nos. 41 and 43 Princess Street, composed of two of the largest stores in the city. Also two first-class dwellings overhead. Large yard and superior stabling will be rented together or separately.

An extensive and prosperous trade has been carried on by the advertiser, and the property is only offered for rental as he has purchased a large stock farm and is desirous of retiring from business.

Possession immediately if desired. Apply to RICHARD A. PATTERSON, on premises.

P.S. All outstanding accounts must be paid before March 25th, or they must be placed for collection.

IF YOU WANT THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FURNITURE Of all descriptions. Call at

H. BRAME'S,

251 Princess street, corner of Sydenham street, Kingston.

THE TEA TABLE.

Read This Down and You Will Be Well Entertained and Posted.

A bill for beverages ought to be liquidated.

The man who owes his butter is overhead in debt.

There is a striking resemblance between some clocks.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Father—Weren't you out very late last night? Son—No, sir, I was in very late.

It is one of the remarkable facts in riding that the carriage is always tired before the horse is.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Wibble—They are now making policemen's clubs out of paper. Wabble—Rapping paper, I presume?

Chief McVeity has added three men to the Ottawa police force bringing its strength up to thirty-three men.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

A dime museum advertises "a great movement on foot." This is probably when the fat woman walks around.

Poet—You say that my poem on swimming lacks something. What does it need to make it go? Editor—Web feet.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

"Go to grass," said the hammock, who had quarrelled with the lawn-mower. "See you hanged first," replied the latter.

James Dickey, Yonge township, has an ewe with the remarkable record of having given birth to eleven lambs in two years.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

I never had an early flame
To whom I would attention pay,
But what another fellow came
And coolly stole my girl away!

When a man is about to take a wife he lays everything at her feet. How different the hen, which lays everything at her own feet.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Willie Brief—"Was Job a lawyer, papa?" Papa—"No, my son. Why do you ask?" "Well, I thought he was. Teacher said he had many trials."

"I just thought I'd stop in and ask you how your were, Mrs. Sharply, and I must be going right away again." "Oh, how kind of you, madam!"

Hanson's magic corn salve cures corns and bunions with three applications. In boxes 15 cents, at Wade's drug store, corner King and Brock streets.

John Brown, Thurlow, has entered an action for $200 damages against the Grand Trunk railway for cutting off the water supply which ran through his farm.

Mr. Joker—I see by the papers that old Fishskin, who was in the glue business, has gone up. Mrs. Joker—How unfortunate! Is it a very heavy failure? Mr. Joker—Yes. Everybody was badly stuck.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Old Joker (pointing to a dignified man)—That chap is the most generous man I ever saw. He is always treating somebody at all hours of the day and night. Young Query—Who is he? Old Joker—A physician.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Bliffers—No use. This work-a-day world, with its ceaseless push and energy, has become too intensely practical for men of fine susceptibilities. There is no chance for imagination. Wiffers—Nonsense! Men of imagination are making big money this time of year, writing advertisements of summer cottages.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

Wild Westerner—In your last paper you referred to me as a horse thief, a murderer, and a liar. Editor—Well, what was there wrong about that? Wild Westerner—I don't see why you want to blast a man's reputation with a statement like that. I may be, as you claim, a horse thief, and a murderer, but thank heaven, sir, I am no liar!

Unmasked.

We had danced together, beneath the gleam
Of the warm gaslight from the chandeliers,
And I told my heart 'twas a fleeting dream,
But my heart was bold and would have no fears;
For I felt her breath as it touched my hair,
And her great brown eyes, with their piercing gaze,
Gleamed out from her mask, while her lip so fair
Lay close to mine in the whirling maze.

I led her away as the music died
In a plaintive strain on the midnight air,
To a cosy nook in the hallway wide,
Where the light shone dim on the oaken stair,
And I held her hand as my heart beat time
To the rhythmic tones of the ancient clock,
And the words I whispered were set in rhyme,
While the clock kept time with a dull "tick, tock."

Then my arm stole gently around her waist,
And I pressed a kiss on her throbbing brow;
But just at that moment her mask, displaced,
Fell down at her feet, I scarce know how.
I do not remember what followed then,
For it all seems shrouded in clouds of mist;
I only know that I fainted when
I saw 'twas my sister that I had kissed!

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE EAGLE STEAM WASHER AND WRINGER on the instalment plan. First class, energetic men can make good wages. Must be strictly temperate. Apply to GEORGE HORTON, General Agent for Leeds, Frontenac, Lennox and Addington, Camden East P.O. W. L. ALLISON, General agent, Kingston, Albert street.

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FOR SALE,

A FIRST-CLASS "COTTRELL & BABCOCK" CYLINDER PRESS, 4 Rollers, Rack and Plate Distribution, in splendid condition. Size of bed, 32x46.

"TAYLOR" DRUM CYLINDER, Air Springs, Plate Distribution. Size of Bed 30x42, lately used printing Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper, N.Y.

"CRANSTON BOOK AND NEWS," Cylinder Press, nearly new, with tapeless delivery, &c. Size, 28x42.

"PONEY ROE," size of bed, 26x22½, in first-class order.

"COTTRELL & BABCOCK" Front, Rack and Plate Distribution. Size of bed, 32x47.

"NORTHRUP" Cylinder Press, 32x46; will print country newspaper.

TAYLOR CYLINDER, Size 19x26, in good running order.

WASHINGTON HAND PRESS, good as new. Double Royal size.

"GLOBE PLATEN" Press, size inside of chase, 19x25.

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WM. MEEK,

Agent for the Babcock Press Co., Kingston, Ont

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On exhibition at

SHERLOCK'S MUSIC STORE.

A Magnificent Heintzman Cabinet Grand Piano in Berry Walnut. This is probably the handsomest instrument in the city. Store open till 9 p.m. Saturdays till 9 p.m.

225 PRINCESS STREET.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

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THOMAS FIRTH & SONS, (Limited.) NORFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, MANUFACTURERS OF CRUCIBLE CAST STEEL For Axes, Tools, Taps, Dies. ALSO SPRING STEEL, LOCOMOTIVE TIRES AND Mild Cast Steel Castings.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, (Limited.) 6 NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD. CUTLERS TO HER MAJESTY. Our Registered Trade Mark Also Is a GUARANTEE of the GENUINENESS of our Manufactures. Please see that this EXACT MARK is on each Blade.

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