

Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY

MONDAY AND THURSDAY,

BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

FREELAND, PA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year\$1.50
Six Months75
Four Months50
Two Months25

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrangements must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

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The United States are rapidly becoming a great manufacturing country for export, and at the present rate of progress we shall before many years be selling to the world as much of manufactured goods as of grain and meat.

The Philadelphia Inquirer, regarding American imports into Germany says: "Since she has discovered that the American can outsell her in her own markets she has had a very much lower opinion of Brother Jonathan than she ever had before. If we want Germany's firm and enthusiastic friendship, all that we have to do is to reverse the balance as it shows at present on the books."

That a toy originally designed for amusement may develop into means of instruction, is shown by the cinematograph. Its moving pictures have been employed in Berlin to illustrate difficult surgical operations. It is proved that these vivid and accurate illustrations are a valuable aid to students, being superior to the most elaborate descriptions. The scientific uses of photography are many, but this is an innovation that, with characteristic enterprise, will probably be adopted by medical instructors in this country.

The San Francisco Argonaut, commenting upon the growing tendency of American colleges to confer degrees upon distinguished individuals, says: "There are about four hundred chartered colleges and 'universities' in America enjoying the right to confer degrees—probably more than in all the countries of Europe combined. Many of them, receiving more honor than they can bestow in the conferring of their degree, get what advertising they can from generous indulgence in the practice. After a man has received a degree and uses it (which he does not always do in America), its source is readily forgotten; but the school conferring it secures transitory notice, and its real purpose is served."

Once more the great West is awake. The years of idleness and depression that followed inevitably upon the unnatural booms of a few years ago have given way to a healthiness of growth and development that will yet make of the trans-Mississippi section the empire that Napoleon predicted when he threw down his pen after signing the Louisiana treaty. Mines that had been filled with water for many a month have been pumped out and are in operation again. Mills that have been idle are once more humming with machinery and alive with the men and women who are making their new livings there. Towns that had lost all hope are awake. Lands in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and every other Western state are in demand at prices that are pleasing to the holders, who have been grudgingly paying taxes with no return for a good many years. Farmers who have been disgusted and discouraged in turn are beginning to find life worth living, says a writer in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Monotonous Work.
A farmer entered a watchmaker's, and stood hesitatingly about for some time. At last he hedged up toward the counter with the following request:

"I say, could one of you fellows go out in the country about five miles and repair a watch?"

"Why cannot the watch be brought here?" was the reasonable reply.

"Well, you see, it's this way," said the farmer. "The watch belongs to a sick man, and he has to have it beside his bed to as to tell when to take his doses."

"Then the watch must be going all right," said the jeweler.

"Yes, the watch runs, 'cause the feller makes it run. He says he's getting tired of poking the wheel with a pin, and wants one of you fellows to come and put it straight."

THE FACE IN THE CROWD.

It was but a face in passing—somewhere on the crowded street; Strange that, after all the darkness, in the sunlight we should meet! Strange that, after words that wounded, in the life-ways I should see Lips that never meant the music that they uttered once to me!

Did I feel pulses quicken? Did a sudden mist of tears Blur the beauty and the brightness of the sweet, remembered years? It was but a moment's feeling; though my heart was crying loud, Still, I knew 'twas but a vision fading in the fading crowd.

Sure, there are so many roses, one should never make a May! Faces shall be fair to-morrow for the ones that fade to-day; Life is only in the future—weeping not above the past; And the dust of graves we grieved for brightens into bloom at last!

But these memories—they will linger, steadfast as the stars above; Life is life, the ages tell us—life is life and love is love! Wherefore, on these worldly highways, there is something still of grace In the fancied benediction of a fair and fading face.

Dreams—all dreams; for we are dreamers where the light above us gleams; Dreams are only lights and shadows—love itself is but a dream. Life has duties—duties calling; phantoms, should we still embrace— Leave the lights that shine forever for a dream that frames a face!

Let it pass; the crowd is careless; of that crowd am I to-day; Life and love are fading—fading in the mysteries away. Silent are the stars above us to our hopes and to our trust; Let us dream a heart will love us when another heart is dust.

—Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.

THE DERVISH AND THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SOUDAN.



ON the morning of the day before the battle of Omdurman the English and Egyptian force advanced along the west bank of the Nile to that high, rocky ridge abutting the river called Kerri, or "the death place of infidels." Upon this ridge the dervishes had entrenched themselves for the defence of Omdurman; but early in the day the gunboats accompanying the army of the sirdar, General Kitchener, shelled the ridge so vigorously that the Khalifa's troops were forced to abandon it in haste, with some little loss, and retire toward their capital.

Meantime a battery of howitzers, under Major Elmasie of the Royal Artillery, had been landed on the other or east bank of the river, with orders to gain a position on the hills and shell the town, directing its fire particularly against the fortifications, the Khalifa's palace, and the famous tomb of the Mahdi. Much interest attached to this battery. The howitzers were very effective, and the fifty-pound projectiles fired from them were charged with the new explosive, lyddite.



"HE WAS COMING ON FAST."

The first shell from the lyddite battery was fired into Omdurman just as the English battalions, making their way through the mimosa copse on the bank of the Nile, reached the foot of the Kerri ridge. Radmore, a newspaper correspondent, hearing the heavy report of the gun, and feeling sure that a good view of what was going on in the direction of the town would be obtained from the top of the Kerri ridge, hastened on in advance of the troops, and ran as fast as he could to gain the summit.

After a ten minutes' scramble over thorns, stones and gullies, he reached the crest of the hill, where the dervish camps had been placed. Many white cloth tents and huts, with the still smoking embers of camp-fires inside a low earth-work, here marked the enemy's abandoned line of defence. Shells from the gunboats out on the river had burst all about the place, and as Radmore went on he saw many dead.

But the view from this point was not quite what he wished. Beyond and to the right, a few hundred yards farther away, a portion of the ridge rose higher than the place where he stood, and he ran on, desirously, among the thorn clumps and rocks to reach the highest point.

Meanwhile, several vedettes and advanced skirmishers from the launchers had climbed up close in his rear, and passed over the crest to the other side of the ridge. Radmore continued moving to the right, and presently got to the top, but at an exceedingly rough spot amidst dry thorns and stones. Four or five hissing vultures rose heavily from beside a dead body just before he gained the summit, and he also noticed another body lying face downward between two stones—a strapping Baggara who, Radmore conjectured, had been hit by a fragment of a shell, and had crept here to die.

Grotesque scenes like this were too common in the Soudan to claim more than passing attention. Without a second glance at the bodies, Radmore directed his attention southward toward Omdurman.

gilded pinnacle of the tomb. Within a few minutes another struck the dome, tearing an enormous hole. Then a third, entering the shrine near the cornice of the northerly wall, exploded within, making, in fact, an utter wreck of the interior, although Radmore could not see the effect at the time.

Meanwhile other shells were falling on the river walls, each, as it exploded, tearing away great gaps in the masonry. Nothing appeared capable of resisting the prodigious force of the lyddite. Radmore could see first a sheet of yellow flame blaze out, then flying stones, dust and smoke. Whenever a shell burst panic fell; the soldiers of the garrison ran away on all sides, perhaps to escape the fumes of the explosive as much as its violence.

But now Radmore's attention was recalled by an event much nearer at hand. He felt a scratching under his right leg, where he sat on the loose earth and twigs beside the stone, and glancing down, saw two scorpions. When he jumped up one of them fastened itself viciously to the leg of his trousers. At the same instant he felt a sharp stab, as if a penknife blade had been thrust into his leg. He was struck before he had time to move or brush the venomous creature away!

A scorpion wound is a serious matter, and sometimes proves fatal, to say nothing of the pain, which is intense. Radmore thought no more of the lyddite battery, or what was going on in Omdurman, but promptly turned his attention to his "emergency" package, such as every soldier carried during this campaign. Among other useful articles, these packages contain a small vial of ammonia designed for just such wounds.

Scorpions are abundant in the Soudan. It is recommended in the case of such bites to make a little out at the place to promote a flow of blood, and then rub in the ammonia. Radmore did so as quickly as possible. Hot wires seemed to run along the nerves of his leg; the pain was frightful. Vertigo nearly overcame him; and worse still, numbness began to

affect his whole right side, his arm as well as his leg.

He had sprung to his feet when first bitten, and sat on top of the stone while he applied the ammonia. Now he nearly fell off it, and at length was obliged to rest his head against it to support the pain and giddiness. He believed himself to be dying.

For as long as an hour he remained in a semi-comatose condition; but at last he revived a little, although his right leg, when he tried to move it, felt inert and heavy. His head had now cleared, and he opened his eyes and looked around.

Almost the first circumstance that he noted, consciously, was a low, scarping noise, accompanied by a slight motion in the sparse brush twenty or thirty yards down the slope, in the direction from which he had himself come up the hill.

Raising himself a little, he saw that a man, black fellow, undoubtedly a dervish, was crawling slowly up the hill. This was quite enough to stimulate Radmore's reviving energies. He made a strong effort to rise, and succeeded in drawing himself partly up by his left leg and leaning his back against the stone.

The black fellow, too, partially raised himself, and Radmore now saw that it was the identical body he had seen lying between two stones a little lower down the slope as he came up. He had thought it a corpse then, but now it appeared to be coming on! The queer lines of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" referred to Radmore's mind:

"It's all 'ot and ginger when alive
An' 'ez generally slumming when 'ez dead."

"And, by Jove, he means me, too!" thought the young journalist; for he could now see that the crawling dervish had his eyes fixed on him, and that his distorted features wore a malignant grin.

The Arab was dragging himself painfully forward, rising on one elbow and then pushing with his left foot. Although grievously wounded, fanatical hatred had nerved him to crawl after the English who had passed him, and try to kill him.

Radmore perceived that the black chap was holding some sort of weapon in one hand, and made a hasty effort to draw his own revolver; but as yet his right arm was powerless. He took the pistol in his left hand, and made shift to cock it.

"The dervish heard this, or marked the movement. He stopped, and with eyes like those of some fell reptiles, watched the Englishman for some moments. Radmore tried to think of certain Arabic words and phrases that he had learned, but his memory failed to recall them. He raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Quit that! Begone!" he said, in English. "Leave me alone, and I will you!"

The Baggara showed his white teeth. Very likely he mistook this attempt at propitiation for a defiance. Suddenly screaming forth a curse, he got up on one knee, and with his left hand on the ground, hobbled strangely forward, clutching his weapon in the other hand.

Of his purpose Radmore now had no doubt. He was coming on fast, too, for a man in such plight. The necessity of self-preservation nerved the journalist to shoot.

He then put his thumb right across his knees, and utilized it as a rest for the revolver in his left hand; and as the black fellow came up, he contrived to lodge two shots in his already shattered body, which had the effect of expediting the departure of his resolute spirit to the Moslem Paradise.

The weapon with which he had made this last dying effort against the Englishman proved to be an old sabre bayonet of the kind captured by the dervishes from Hicks Pasha fifteen years ago.

Either the excitement from this encounter or the ammonia so far neutralized the venom of the scorpion-bite that Radmore was soon able to regain his legs and make his way back to the English camp at El Gemnaia.—Youth's Companion.

Blasted Hopes.

In moody silence, with moody brow and folded arms, the young man stood before her.

He was a returned soldier, a volunteer officer, honorably discharged from the service of his country.

He had come back, as he supposed, to make the dear girl happy who had hung upon his neck when he bade her good-bye to go to the wars.

But the dear girl had received him coldly.

A bustling commercial traveler had taken advantage of his absence and supplanted him in her affections.

"So!" he said at last. "You have no remorse for your faithlessness!"

"None whatever," she replied. "You prefer that chap with the sample case to me, do you?"

"Rather."

He drew himself up stiffly. "Miss Grenadine Corkins," he said, "I leave this house forever. I leave it," he added, picking up his hat, "drummed out, but not drummed out!"

And as he marched out of the room with a military step, the heartless girl called out, "Left! left! left! left!" after him.—Chicago Tribune.

SWAPPING AS A CALLING.

A BUSINESS AT WHICH SHREWD MEN GET RICH IN NEW YORK.

They Will Trade Anything From a Clothes Wringer to a Sky Scraper or an Ocean Steamship—Natural Genius Required—Notable Trades Arranged.

"Nowadays people accumulate so many things they don't want and want so many things they haven't got that the business of relieving them of the first and supplying them with the second through the happy medium of exchange has grown enormously in New York," the prosperous-looking man with chop whiskers on whose professional card appeared the legend, "Exchange Broker," said recently to a Sun reporter. "There are more than one hundred men in New York City who follow trading or swapping as a regular thing, and a few of them have become rich in an incredibly short time. We buy up all sorts of things from ocean greyhounds, sky scrapers, and churches to clothes wringers, match boxes, and bed slats, and trade them off to some one who is hankering for a big ship, office building, church, clothes wringer, match box, or bed slat, realizing, as a general thing, a handsome profit in cash or acquiring property worth more than that which we offer in exchange.

"Successful exchange brokers are born, not made. The ability to swap and come out ahead every time is inherent. No matter how clever and shrewd a man may be, if swapping is not a natural passion with him, he is bound to come out at the little end of the horn eventually. In my own case, I began to swap with an eye on the main chance when I was a little tacker in six and lived in a small river town in the Buckeye State. My first achievement was to trade a pair of tadpoles and a view of a sore toe to a little playmate for three sticks of candy were known in those days. With this capital I acquired a genuine Barlow knife and a china tea, which were subsequently converted into still more valuable property. Great odds from little acorns grow. From this modest beginning I suppose I amassed about \$50 worth of treasures dear to the small boy's heart by the time I was ten years old. At the age of seventeen I owned a junk shop, and by the time I had obtained my majority I was sole owner of a prosperous hardware store, a small dwelling and a vacant lot, all acquired through swapping.

"I look back with all sorts of pleasurable emotions on one event of my early career as a swapper. Do you know, I once traded four hogheads of New Orleans molasses for a steamboat? No, 'tisn't a dream. You see, the steamboat, which was an old-fashioned stern wheeler, was on fire at the time the dieker was made, and it seemed as if I had the worst end of the bargain. It was like this: One night in the early seventies the steamer was churning down the Ohio, bound from Pittsburgh for Cincinnati, flying light and working short-handed, when fire started. The boat's nose was headed for the Ohio shore and the crew set to work to put out the fire, but the flames gained so rapidly on them that they were compelled to give it up and take to the small boats. Every man on the burning steamboat reached the landing at our town in safety long before the old stern wheeler began to push over that way. Attracted by the fire, all of my young fellows went down to the landing to look on, and there we found the Captain of the steamboat jumping up and down in the air and acting like a wildman, for he was the owner of the boat and carried no insurance.

"Don't you intend to make any effort to save something from the boat, Captain?" I asked. He came down out of the air long enough to interstare his expetives with the information that he was through with the dog-gasted old hulk, and it could go to thunder and Halifax. Inspiration seized me. On the landing were four hogheads of molasses which I had secured by a trade that afternoon, and I called the Captain's attention to them.

"Will you trade your steamboat as she is for those hogheads?" I asked. He gaped at me in profound astonishment.

"Well, of all eternal fools!" said he at last. "Do you own them hogheads?"

"I do," I responded, dancing up and down in anxiety for the boat was blazing like a town afire, and every minute of wasted time meant loss of money to me in the event of a trade. "If you want to swap, say so quick."

"Blamed if I don't go you," assented the Captain. "It's biggest case of something for nothing I ever struck."

"Boys, you hear the bargain? I said to the crowd.

"Yes," piped the crowd, "and we'll see that the Captain sticks to it."

"Better see that this foolish young imbecile keeps his end of the swap," retorted the Captain, and then, having no more time for the trivialities of life, he returned with renewed fervor to his bold, bad language.

"Come along, fellows," I cried, and in an instant a dozen skiffs, all loaded with strong youngsters, were racing like mad out to the vessel. A promise of liberal pay inspired them with extra energy, and we all went to work on the burning vessel with a sort of frenzy, which resulted in the extinction of the flames along about dawn. Of course the boat was fearfully damaged, but there was still a great deal of valuable property in sight. So next day I had the hulk towed down to Cincinnati where the hull and wreckage were sold for \$1500. After paying the young fellows who had helped me put out the fire, and deducting the actual cost of

the four hogheads of molasses, I found my profits were a little more than \$1000. The Captain never forgave me.

"One summer a few years ago I spent a vacation on a farm not far from Monsey, N. Y. The owner of the farm had two daughters, one musically inclined and the other very much infatuated with her own charms of face and figure. The first wanted a piano and the other pined for a diamond ring, but the agriculturist was too hard up at that time to buy them, although he wanted his girls to have such things. Now, I never lose a chance to make a trade, no matter where I go or how insignificant the values involved, for, as I said, swapping is a passion. So as I had on my hands at the time about twenty-five cheap pianos which had been seized by a client on a judgment held against a bankrupt manufacturer, and plenty of jewelry, I offered to supply the girls if he would trade me twenty acres of land for a piano and diamond ring. The land was worth \$50 an acre and the piano and ring were worth less than—but never mind that. Suffice to say that the dieker was made and I lost nothing. Next spring I built a fancy little Queen Anne cottage on my land at a cost of \$1500, and then swapped it off for a small steam yacht, which I sold some time ago for \$8000, so you see how easy it is to make swapping pay when you know how.

"There is one professional swapper in New York who started out less than five years ago to trade, principally in second-hand typewriters. When he had accumulated ten or twelve he hired a young man at \$3 a week and a small office in an old-fashioned building where rents were cheap, and opened a typewriter exchange, selling the machines for two and three times as much as they cost him and renting them out at \$3 a month. He built up a flourishing business in a very short time, as he continued to add to his stock, and to-day he has big branch establishments in several large cities. His income from typewriters alone must be something like \$20,000 a year."

The Amateur Sherlock Holmes.

"I wonder who that regular army officer is?" said an amateur Sherlock Holmes of this city, indicating a middle-aged gentleman who had just emerged from a St. Charles street store. "How do you know he's a regular army officer?" asked an admiring friend, "it strikes me that his appearance is distinctly military."

"Permit me to say," responded the amateur sleuth, "that you are a very superficial observer. You evidently overlooked the fact that when he felt in his trousers pocket just now he raised the bottom of his coat instead of brushing it aside. The movement was most unnatural for a civilian, and proved conclusively that he was in the habit of wearing a side-slashed military blouse."

"Did you base your conclusion entirely on that trifling circumstance?" asked the other, with some scorn. "Oh! no," replied the analyst airily, "it was cumulative, entirely cumulative. I had already observed that he carried his watch in his outside breast pocket, a habit common to officers, and that he made an involuntary movement toward his larboard hip as he brushed past a lady in the doorway. Of course, he was pushing aside an imaginary sword, and when he paused and started again with his left foot I was certain he was in the service." "You said he was a regular, I believe?" "Certainly, those things are in the habit of years." "Your sagacity does you great credit," said the amateur's friend. "If I hadn't bought my groceries from that gentleman since '92 I'd agree with you on the spot."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wild Cats on Sable Island.

Where cats have run wild on isolated islands they have become very wild and powerful. On Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, they were introduced about 1880, and rapidly exterminated the rabbits, which had been in possession for at least half a century. In one of the harbors of Kerguelen Land, a barren and desolate bit of Antarctic terra-firma to the southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, cats escaped from ships have made themselves at home on a little islet known as Cat Island, which has been used as a wintering place for sealers. Here they live in holes in the ground, preying upon seabirds and their young, and are said to have developed such extraordinary ferocity that it is almost impossible to tame them even when captured young. On Aldabra, two hundred miles northwest of Madagascar, cats have completely exterminated an interesting species of rail peculiar to that island, which, being unable to fly, had no chance of escape.

Business Announcements.

Sometimes advertisements are funny enough to deserve gratuitous circulation. The following are from England, but they will be appreciated by readers in this country:

Two menageries recently arrived in a border town, one of which was under the management of Signor—, and the other under that of his wife, traveling respectively on their own account. Here they decided to unite their forces, and the fact was intimated on the bill thus:

"Owing to the arrival of my wife, my collection of ferocious wild animals is considerably augmented."

This was the work of a foreigner. It is thought to have been fairly outdone by a native who hung out the following from a traveling exhibition of waxwork:

"The public is invited to see Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, in waxwork, as large as life, and other curiosities."

WONDERFUL TWIN CHICKENS.

A Queer Case Reported From a Farm in Massachusetts.

A rather unusual sight was witnessed recently during a visit to a poultry farm near the "Heart of the Commonwealth," says the Boston Transcript. Two chickens from the same egg are here, and as they have already lived five weeks and are apparently as well as any of the others the chances are that they will grow up and become healthful members of poultry society. The owner says he has already received an offer of \$25 for the pair, but prefers to keep the chickens. His attention was called to them first when he saw two bills trying to break out through the shell. The egg containing the twins was carefully removed and the two infant chickens were given the first sight of the world. They were wrapped up in cotton batting and were placed in the oven of the kitchen stove and kept there for some time.

For the first three weeks they were not allowed to go out of doors, and were fed on malted milk and brandy served to them from a medicine dropper. The little fellows are now strong and are able to look after themselves, and run about in a large yard with 100 or more of their relatives.

One peculiarity about these chickens, which, by the way, are of the variety known as Buff Brahmas, is their extreme exclusiveness. They have nothing whatever to do with the others and are constantly together. Where one is seen, the other is sure to be within a foot or two of it. If one of them is picked up or separated from the other both start to calling to each other, and keep this up until the one which has been taken up has been placed on the ground. Then they immediately "join forces" and start off on a foraging trip.

The owner of this remarkable pair of chickens says that he has written to the publishers of two poultry magazines, and has received word that he has been particularly fortunate in keeping these twins alive as long as he has. Instances of two chickens from one egg have been reported before, but it has never been proved, so it is said, that they lived more than seven or eight days.

She, Too, Was of a Large Family.

At a little informal married women's luncheon out in Eekington the other afternoon, given by the hostess in honor of her "guest from the West"—a dainty, languorous, black-eyed woman under thirty—the conversation switched to the subject of large families. It appeared that most of the luncheon came from prolific families. Each appeared anxious to give her family's large tribal record for a considerable distance back, and none noticed the alarmed countenance of the hostess as the talk progressed. The hostess made many ineffectual efforts to signal the conversation to a standstill; likewise, she unavailingly endeavored to sidetrack the large-family theme. But it was no go, and it was finally up to her "guest from the West" to put forth the numerical contributions of her ancestors to previous censuses. When the question was put to her directly she exhibited nary a flush, but smiling languidly, remarked:

"I am the youngest of twelve daughters and eighteen brothers."

"Impossible!" exclaimed all the women except the hostess, who contemplated the figures on her fan with a drawn, dreary smile.

"Not at all," replied the guest. "You are perhaps unaware that I was born and reared in Salt Lake City."

"Oh!" blankly exclaimed the other women. "Quite so!"

Then the hostess experienced no difficulty in shifting the current of talk into the weather channel.—Washington Post.

A Thrifty Western Damsel.

A spirit of thrift was shown by a young woman who entered a car with trundly boxes and bundles. Another young person came in at the next station and recognized her.

"Oh, my, who is to be married?"

"Nobody, and me last of all."

"Then what are the flowers for?"

"A funeral; our teacher died, and we girls put together to get this wreath."

"Poor thing, did she know she was going to die?"

"I don't think so," then, after a pause, she added cheerfully, "but she does by this time," all being said in a most unconscious way.

"How much was the wreath?"

"Two dollars and sixty cents. I only had two twenty-five."

"Did you pay the difference?"

"Dear, no. I made him give it to me for two dollars, so I saved my own quarter I put in, but I'm going to make the girls think I paid two sixty."

"Well, that's right; the wear and tear is worth a quarter surely."—Observer.

The Rulers of Canada.

The Toronto Mail and Empire quotes A. A. Brueneau, a Canadian member of Parliament, as follows:

"I am glad to tell you that the Dominion of Canada is now ruled by French-Canadians.

"Yes, French-Canadians are now the leaders of Canada, and I will tell you their names.

"They are Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Joseph Israel Tarte and A. A. Brueneau.

"The old-timers are passed away, and a new era has arrived.

"The French-Canadians are now the rulers of Canada."

Attempts are being made in the county of Kent, England, to exterminate the sparrow. Sparrow clubs have been formed, and money prizes are given to those producing the largest number of heads.