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ON THE

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ON

DOMINION DAY, JULY 1st, '99

PROGRAMME,

1 Mile Novice
 1/2 flying start (heats)
 1/2 Open
 1/2 Open
 2 Handicap
 5 " "
 1 Boys 16 and under
 100 Yard Dash (Handicap)
 220 " "
 440 " "
 880 " Run
 120 Yard Hurdle Race
 Running Broad Jump

Entries close with Secretary, Monday, June 26th. Fees 50 cents for each event. Special low fares on all trains and steamers. For train arrangements see posters. Sports begin at 1 p. m. sharp. Admission 25c. Grand Stand 10c.

L. B. McMILLAN, L. F. MUNSEY
 President Secretary
 132—dy2aw

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ADDRESS.—Agency Director, New York Life Building, Montreal.

135—

SEE YUP,

By BRET HARTE.

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I don't suppose that his progenitors ever gave him that name—or indeed that it was a name at all—but it was currently believed that—as pronounced See Yup—it meant that lifting of the outer angle of the eye common to the Mongolian. On the other hand, I had been told that there was an old Chinese custom of affixing some motto or legend—or even a sentence from Confucius—as a sign above their shops, and that two or more words, which might be merely equivalent to "Virtue is its own reward," or "Riches are deceitful," was believed by the simple Californian miner to be the name of the occupant himself. Howbeit, See Yup accepted it with the smiling patience of his race, and never went by any other. If one of the tunnel men always addressed him as "brigadier general," "judge" or "commandore," it was understood to be only the American fondness for ironic title, and was never used except in personal conversation. In appearance he looked like any other Chinaman, wore the ordinary blue cotton blouse and white drawers of the Sampan cooly, and, in spite of the apparent cleanliness and freshness of these garments, always exhaled that singular medicated odor—half opium, half ginger—which we recognized as the common "Chinese smell."



Our first interview was characteristic of his patient quality. He had done my washing for several months, but I had never yet seen him. A meeting at last had become necessary to correct his impressions regarding "buttons"—which he had seemed to consider as mere excrescences, to be removed like superfluous dirt from soiled linen. I had expected him to call at my lodgings, but he had not yet made his appearance. One day, during the noontide recess of the little frontier school over which I presided, I returned rather early. Two or three of the smaller boys, who were loitering about the school-yard, disappeared with a certain guilty precipitation that I suspected for the moment, but which I presently dismissed from my mind. I passed through the empty schoolroom to my desk, sat down and began to prepare the coming lessons. Presently I heard a faint sigh. Looking up, to my intense concern I discovered a solitary Chinaman whom I had overlooked sitting in a rigid attitude on a bench with his back to the window. He caught my eye and smiled sadly, but without moving.

"What are you doing here?" I asked sternly.

"Me washee shirts, me talkee 'buttons.'"

"Oh, you're See Yup, are you?"

"Allee same, John."

"Well, come here."

I continued my work, but he did not move.

"Come here, hang it! Don't you understand?"

"Me shabee, 'omme yea.' But me no shabee Mellikan boy, who catchee me, allee same. You 'omme yea,' you shabee?"

Indignant, but believing that the unfortunate man was still in fear of persecution from these mischievous urchins whom I had evidently just interrupted, I put down my pen and went over to him. Here I discovered to my surprise and mortification that his long pigtail was held hard and fast by the closed window behind him, which the young rascals had shut down upon it after having first noiselessly fished it outside with a hook and line. I apologized.

"Velly good for Mellikan man," he said. He had been fixed in that uncomfortable position for some minutes, but plunged at once into the business that brought him there.

"But why didn't you come to my lodgings?" I asked.

He smiled sadly but intelligently.

"Mishel Bally" (Mr. Barry, my landlord), "he owes me five doller for washee, washee. He no payee me. He say he knockee hellee outee me allee time I come for payee. So me no come house, me come schoolee. Shabee! Mellikan boy no good, but not so big as Mellikan man. No can hurtee Chinaman so much, shabee?"

Alas, I knew that this was mainly true. Mr. James Barry was an Irishman, whose finer religious feelings revolted against paying money to a heathen. I could not find it in my heart to say anything to See Yup about the buttons. Indeed, I spoke in complimentary terms about the gloss of my shirts, and I think I meekly begged him to come again for my washing. When I went home, I expostulated with Mr. Barry, but succeeded only in extracting from him the conviction that I was one of "them black Republican fellas that worshiped nagnurs." I had simply made an enemy of him. But I did not know that at the same time I had made a friend of See Yup.

I became aware of this a few days later, by the appearance on my desk of a small pot containing a specimen of camellia japonica in flower. I knew the school children were in the habit of making presents to me in this furtive fashion—leaving their own nosegays of roses from their parents' gardens—but I also knew that this exotic was too rare to come from them. I remembered that See Yup had a Chinese taste for gardening and a friend, another Chinaman, who kept a large nursery in the adjoining town. But my doubts were set at rest by the discovery of a small roll of red rice paper containing my washing bill, fastened to the camellia stalk. It was plain that this mingling of business and delicate gratitude was clearly See Yup's own idea. As the finest flower was the topmost one, I plucked it for wearing, when I found, to my astonishment that it was simply wired to the stalk. This led me to look at the others, which I found also wired! More than that, they seemed to be an inferior flower and exhaled that cold, earthy odor peculiar to the camellia, even, as I thought, to an excess. A closer examination resulted in the discovery that, with the exception of the first flower I had plucked, they were one and all ingeniously constructed of thin slices of potato, marvelously cut to imitate the vegetable waxiness and formality of the real flower. The work showed an infinite and almost pathetic patience in detail, yet strangely incommensurate with the result, admirable as it was. Nevertheless this was also like See Yup. But whether he had tried to deceive me or whether he only wished me to admire his skill, I could not say. And as his persecution by my scholars had left a balance of consideration in his favor, I sent him a warm note of thanks and said nothing of my discovery.

As our acquaintance progressed, I became frequently the recipient of other small presents from him—a pot of preserves of a quality I could not purchase in shops, and whose contents in their crafty, gingery dissimulation so defied definition that I never knew whether they were animal, vegetable or mineral; two or three hideous Chinese idols, "for luckee," and a diabolical firework with an irregular spasmodic activity that would sometimes be prolonged until the next morning. In return I gave him some apparently hopeless oral lessons in English and certain sentences to be copied, which he did with marvelous precision. I remember one instance when this peculiar faculty of imitation was disastrous in result. In setting him a copy I had blurred a word which I promptly erased and then traced the letters more distinctly over the scratched surface. To my surprise See Yup triumphantly produced his copy with the erasure itself carefully imitated, and, in fact, much more neatly done than mine.

In our confidential intercourse I never seemed to really get nearer to him. His sympathy and simplicity appeared like his flowers—to be a good humored imitation of my own. I am satisfied that his particularly soulless laugh was not derived from any amusement he actually felt, yet I could not say it was forced. In his accurate imitations I fancied he was only trying to evade any responsi-

bility of his own. That devoted upon his taskmaster! In the attention he displayed when new ideas were presented to him there was a slight condescension as if he were looking down upon them from his 8,000 years of history.

"Don't you think the electric telegraph wonderful?" I asked one day.

"Velly good for Mellikan man," he said, with his aimless laugh. "Plenty make him jump!"

I never could tell whether he had confounded it with electro-galvanism or was only satirizing our American haste and feverishness. He was capable of either. For that matter we knew that the Chinese themselves possessed some means of secretly and quickly communicating with each other. Any news of good or ill import to their race was quickly disseminated through the settlement before we knew anything about it. An innocent basket of clothes from the wash, sent up from the river bank, became in some way a library of information. A single slip of rice paper aimlessly fluttering in the dust of the road had the mysterious effect of diverging a whole gang of cooly tramps away from our settlement.

(To be Continued.)

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QUEEN STREET

Dividend Notice

MERCHANTS BANK OF P. E. I.
 Charlottetown, June 1st, 1899

Notice is hereby given, that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the capital stock of the bank has been declared payable at its banking house on and after July 3rd next. The Transfer books will be closed from the 19th June, to the 3rd of July next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
 J. M. DAVISON,
 Cashier.

June 1st, 1899

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