

DOTTY KINKS IN MANY SANE MINDS

Queer Aberrations of Some
Normal People.

BEST BEWARE OF MYSOPHOBIA

That's a Morbid Desire for Tidiness,
But Insanity Just the
Same.

New York, Jan. 15.—Dr. John D. Quackenbush told the Entertainment Club at its last meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria how easy it is for perfectly sane people to get insane at times and how wheels in the head may be removed by mental suggestion. The doctor, who mixes psychological research with his medicine, paid for his entertainment by the club by handing out a choice collection of thrills and creepy stories, all of which were culled from his professional notebook.

Delusions of the sane are a matter of nerves and twentieth century strenuousness, said the doctor. If you play bridge or poker too much, play the races, speed an automobile, dabble in Wall Street, work or play too much by electric light, live in a flat, eat adulterated food or breathe bad air you are liable to imagine that microbes are playing tag on your coat sleeve; or, if you happen to keep bees in your cellar, you may be afraid to go into that cellar for fear of eating a bee.

These are merely mild pranks of the delusional bug; but if you have a bad case you may be scared to death of lemons or want to throw yourself into the arms of the first fat woman you may chance to meet on Broadway. "Among my patients," said the doctor, "have been persons who dared not cross the threshold of their homes and had not been out of their homes for months, who could not force themselves on a car, or wash, or dress themselves, or shake hands, or sleep under a bed quilt. Some have diseases that no one ever had before. Wheels go around in their ears, they see birds and the fluttering of wings, footsteps follow them. They see things crawl through the keyhole faces of people on the wall, flies whisper secrets to them.

"Many have a baseless fear of insanity, and one woman sought a position in an asylum so as to be on hand when the day of aberration should arrive. Lots of people come to me saying they are bewitched—an exceedingly common delusion today.

"A well-known authoress believes she is under the hypnotic power of a doctor who comes into her room disguised as a clown and flaps his astral wings underneath her bedclothes. There was a lady who was on her way to Alaska to found a moral town where drinking and gambling should be excluded. She met on a train a gambler, who fixed his piercing black eyes upon her and put her under a spell. From that hour bad luck pursued her and she abandoned the scheme of the moral town."

Dr. Quackenbush told stories about a woman who could not sit in a theater for wanting to fire a pistol at the person in front of her; of a woman who saw a coarse word scribbled on a fence and couldn't help saying it herself; of a man who developed a mania for going to law, and in one instance pursued in execution with persistent malignity during five years of controversy only to be defeated in court twenty times in succession. One subject complained of a spirit that came to him and offered to give the Oddfellow grip. Another declared that God had dictated a letter to her.

Others imagined that neighbors were tapping on their feet putting weights in their shoes, and then they used electric currents; that people read their thoughts. Some are in deadly fear of being poisoned, and one man the doctor did not keep an electric fan constantly whirling over his pillow to blow away a noxious powder that a member of his family had sprinkled there, he insisted.

A common delusion of the sane, said Dr. Quackenbush, is a morbid horror of just and disorder (mysophobia). One patient feared that if the cups and saucers were displaced they could never be put back, and spent the greater part of a night keeping them on the shelves, the sight of a goblet upside down drew him into a frenzy. Cases like these are promptly cured by suggestion, said the doctor.

"When a sane person wrongly called insane of infectious mind manifests itself in delusions of doubt," he said, "the doctor will go back several times to see the gas has been turned off properly, the stock certificates returned to be safe. A neurasthenic I have gradually brought to the front steps undecided as to whether to mail a letter in the postbox on Fifth Avenue or the next corner in Madison Avenue until a mental conflict precipitated an attack of hysterical weeping.

"The vague sense of being afraid, so characteristic of neurasthenia, often takes concrete shape in phobias, phobias of anxiety or fear, like horror of matrimony or a bridal tour, fear of opposing, fear of making people cough, sneeze, of being locked up in a steam bath, of cabin, fear of a church building, the service itself, fear of going to bed, fear of waking up and knowing the next morning, fear of seeing the North River and of ferryboats, of looking down hill, going up an elevator, fear of going into a room where there is a man who kept bees there in winter, and who would be likely to pick up a bee and eat it, fear of simply being afraid.

There is a humorous as well as a pathetic side to some of these abnormal phobias. A physician recently had his cure imagined that his clothes were covered with microbes. He was constantly brushing them off. He had fifty napkins a day in desperate haste to brush them off the tableware, his wife was unable to keep a servant

In her employ, and his practice went by the board.

"Even hard-headed businessmen become the victims of ludicrous obsessions. A young man applied to me last autumn for the cure of an irresistible impulse to throw himself into the arms of every corpulent woman he saw and he was hustled to sleep by her. It is generally conceded that asylums for the insane are filled with inmates that might have been saved had they been opportunely treated."

Dr. Quackenbush read a number of letters sent him by persons who imagined he could benefit them by absent treatment suggestion on other persons. One man who had some oil paintings to sell wrote the doctor asking him to make Tom Lawson buy his pictures. Another wanted him to hypnotize poor, prostrating debtors and make them pay up.

"I once prepared a young lady to receive a proposal," said Dr. Quackenbush. "Her lover was due that night from Boston, and I consented to do the best I could for her. She must not be too eager and so convey the impression that she was an easy conquest. She must not be too frigid and repel the advances of affection. I worked one hour over that sleeping beauty impressing my views, and when I wakened her I felt that she was thoroughly equipped to go through the trying ordeal. Do you know, that man never came. He has not since materialized and the poor girl is still waiting for an opportunity to give expression to my instructions. On another occasion I was induced to put a young man to sleep and make him ready for the declaration, but the girl threw him down and I never could believe that he carried out my suggestions."

A GREAT YEAR FOR DEER HUNTING.

G. T. R. Returns Show Remarkable Increase in Number of Deer Killed in Open Season.

From the latest returns received by the Grand Trunk Railway System in Ontario for fish and game, it appears in comparison with the season of 1905, the number of last fall had a full measure of success.

During the fifteen days open season of 1906 the Canadian Express Company transported 2,100 carcasses of deer with an aggregate weight of 318,215 pounds, all of these being shipped from points on the northern division and Ottawa division of the Grand Trunk against a total of 2,796 carcasses in 1905, or an increase of 304 deer, with an increase in weight of 11,820 pounds.

The districts from which the largest numbers were shipped were the Magalloway River (Burk's Falls), Trout Creek, South River, Lake of Bays (Huntsville), Kearney, Powassan, and the Haliburton region. This number, of course, cannot be taken as an estimate of the number killed, as a large number are eaten by the hunters in camp, and a large number are transported home by the settlers. When it is considered that nearly 5,000 hunters were in the several districts during the open season, and that each hunter is allowed two deer, it can be conservatively estimated that the close upon 10,000 deer were killed during the fifteen days of the open season between Nov. 1 and Nov. 15.

Other authentic information it is found that during the last seven or eight years deer have been seen from 150 to 200 miles further north than they were found before.

Instead of diminishing in numbers the deer in the "Highlands of Ontario" are increasing. The woods are full of them, and the game laws are so well enforced by the Ontario Government that good hunting in that territory is assured for years to come.

Without subjecting Ontario to the severe restrictions of the game laws as seen the largest influx of hunters that has ever been. Not only from the towns and cities of Ontario have the Nimrods turned out in large numbers, but from the United States many have taken advantage of the hunting attractions that appeal to lovers of sport, and the life in the woods following the chase.

There has been some discussion in the newspapers to the effect that the large number of deer who go in each year in quest of deer will diminish the supply, but this has not been borne out by the facts and returns. This game is not on the decrease, but on the contrary they seem to be multiplying in the several districts in which they are found, though in the region where railway construction has been going on for some time it has had the effect of driving them further north or to other parts of the Province into more sparsely settled districts.

IT IS A LIVER PILL—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in the liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to disturbances that come from irregular habits of eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the notice of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to FARMER'S Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

Twenty-three years ago the late Roscoe G. Smith, of Cornish, Me., wrote to Amos L. Allen, the private secretary of Congressman Reed, thanking him for some agricultural reports. This letter has just reached Mr. Allen. It was laid away in some correspondence of Mr. Reed and has since then been waiting for someone to send it along to the owner.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S TEething, COLIC, ALL PAINS, BRUISES, WIND COLIC, and the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's.

A true patriot is a man who represses his genius; and doesn't try to save his country.

SUDDEN TRANSITION from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, or the substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs, and the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is safe and comes convinced. Price, 25 cents.

Reform seems to be needed everywhere except in our own intimate vicinity.

DEAD BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE

A Child Snatched From Grave
After She Ceased Breathing
Twenty Minutes.

London, Jan. 15.—The remarkable case of a child, Ruth Geoffrey, who was virtually raised from the dead at the Farnham Isolation Hospital, has aroused intense interest.

The child, who is eight years old, was taken by her mother to the hospital in a dying condition. She apparently ceased to breathe while preparations for the operation were being made, but artificial respiration being employed, she began to breathe again twenty minutes later.

"It is certainly a remarkable case," said one of the hospital doctors. "The child, who has twice had pneumonia, was brought in apparently in a hopeless condition, suffering from diphtheria. She was really at her last gasp. She was removed to the operating room, where two doctors and three nurses were in attendance. No sooner had the chloroform been given than the child's breathing ceased. Her heart certainly did not beat. The child's color was waxen."

One of the nurses left the room, saying, "It is all over." But the doctors determined to proceed with the operation. Tracheotomy was performed, though the child was apparently dead. The operation took exactly twenty minutes. Then, as a last hope, artificial respiration, aided by strychnine, brandy and hot bottles, was employed.

To everyone's amazement, the child began to breathe again. The staff was delighted as well as astonished.

How long the child ceased to breathe it is, of course, difficult to tell. Unless her heart becomes affected, there is an excellent chance of her complete recovery. The tube has been removed from her throat and she can speak quite clearly now.

Experiments at this same hospital on the subject of dietetics have produced some interesting results. Faddists who understand the physician's say, and use common sense, but there is just chance that the great eater may be better off in the matter of health.

In a lecture on "The Diet of Today," at the Institute of Hygiene, Prof. Halliburton by a sly dig at the vegetarian, and expressed the opinion that it was safer to eat rather too much than too little.

Proteid, albuminous or nitrogenous foods, he said, were essential for the repair of tissues. Starch and sugar were equally necessary as a source of energy and heat, and milk was the most perfect food existing.

Prof. Halliburton recalled the experiment of Prof. Chittenden of Yale University, by which he cured himself of rheumatic pains by taking less proteid food and daily increasing the quantity of nitrogenous food. Prof. Halliburton argued that the Yale experiments did not mean all persons should follow them to keep healthy, but that temperance in proteids was as necessary as temperance in drink.

It was the extreme fads wherein lay danger. He added: "The poor in large cities of vegetarian nations, who have low nitrogenous intake show less resistance to privation and disease than do meat-eating people. A proof that their diet is that they are forced to take the very richest of proteids, milk, eggs and cheese. Badly cooked vegetables, however, are more digestible than badly cooked animal food. The real usefulness of the apparent excess in eating," the professor said, "is that certain constituents of a vegetable nature are necessary for the building up of tissues, but the amount of these tissues is very limited. Taking the case of the far eastern nations, where the native population is diluted with a small number of whites, it is the latter, the meat eaters, who come to the front and who withstand privation and disease better than vegetarians or the black race."

MESSAGE WAS TOO LATE

Russian Consul Commits Suicide Under
Dramatic Circumstances.

Liverpool, Jan. 14.—Colonel Robert de Gelmann, the Russian consul at Liverpool, died at his residence at Alburgh yesterday morning from the effect of two wounds which he inflicted on himself with a Turkish dagger.

He had been driven to despair by financial troubles in connection with his estate at Warsaw. His servants were aroused late on Thursday night by a revolver shot. They rushed into his apartments and found that he had fired at himself and had stumbled against the sideboard.

He ordered the servants away, and then seized a Turkish dagger and stabbed himself in the region of the heart. His fall brought up the servants again. They found him in a pool of blood.

Four medical men were summoned, one of them being the assistant consul, Dr. Ouranofski, and they remained with the injured consul all night. Colonel de Gelmann was unconscious until breakfast time. Then a telegram arrived from his daughter at Warsaw stating that all his troubles had been satisfactorily ended. Colonel de Gelmann listened to the message and exclaimed: "It comes too late, too late." A moment afterward he fell back and died.

Colonel de Gelmann has been consul at Liverpool for two years, after acting as assistant Russian consul at Bremen. He was formerly a colonel in the Imperial Russian Guards, and served in the Russo-Turkish war.

During the siege of Plevna he was the officer in charge of the bodyguard of the Grand Duke Nicholas. He slept in an outer apartment of the duke's bedroom, and one night a Turkish spy, frustrated by him in an attempt to reach the duke, stabbed him with a dagger. Colonel de Gelmann killed his assailant after a fierce struggle, and

5 or 500 or 5,000,000

—they are all
alike.
Each biscuit
as light as if
made by fairy
hands.

Baked to a
golden russet
brown.

So fresh,
and crisp,
and tempting,
that just opening
the box is teasing
the appetite.

And you
find a new
delight in every
one you eat.

You get perfection
when you get

Mooney's
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SMALLMAN & INGRAM

THE WEATHER TODAY.
Colder.

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

Get Your Share of This Special 50c Chiffon Taffeta

A splendid, firm, durable silk with that soft, rich chiffon finish which everyone admires. If it was a trifle wider we could class it with our regular 75c silks. At 50c it is worth hurrying after. And the only way you'll make sure of getting your share will be by coming here immediately. Only 50c pieces to sell. Choice of navy blue or brown. On sale now at.....
Silk Department—Main Floor.

Buy Teacloths, Traycloths and Centerpieces at January Linen Sale Prices

Our January Linen Sale is, as usual, a big success. But we want to make it even more successful. With this idea in view we have provided you with the following big money-saving programme from which to select a stock of teacloths, traycloths and centerpieces. Those who live out of town can take advantage of these reductions by ordering through our mail order department.

Remember, our linens are of strictly reliable quality. When we offer you anything that is not all linen we call your attention to the fact that it is union. Everything is sold on a plain, straightforward basis. A safe, sure, satisfactory buying trip is the result of a visit by person or mail to the Satisfactory Store.

CLUNY LACE TRAYCLOTHS, with 6-inch pure linen lace border and pure linen center. Size 18x27. Regular \$3.25. January Sale Price.....**\$2.75**

Same style as above. Size 20x30. Regular \$3.75. January Sale Price.....**\$3.15**

OVAL CLUNY LACE CENTERPIECES or Traycloths, with 4-inch lace border and pure linen center. Size 20x30. Regular \$3.00. January Sale Price.....**\$2.55**

TWO OTHER STYLES. Same size as above. Regular \$3.25 and \$3.50. January Sale Price.....**\$2.95**

A SNAP IN CLUNY TEACLOTHS. 4 only Cluny Teacloths, with lace border, insertion and medallions. Slightly damaged. Size 36x36. Regular \$3.50. January Sale Price—just half.....**\$1.75**

1 only, similar style as above. Size 45x45. Regular \$6.50. January Sale Price.....**\$4.45**

Quantities are limited on above goods, so it will not do to lose any time in coming here for them. Linen Department—East Store.

Trimmed Hats With
Prices Deeply Cut
Millinery—Second Floor.

Colored Coats at Ridiculously
Low Prices.
Mantles—Second Floor.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM, 149, 151, 153 and 155 Dundas Street

ENGINE BECAME MOUND OF ICE

Stalled Under Water Tank at
Nanton, Alberta, and Even
Fire Froze.

Winnipeg, Jan. 14.—They have been having a gay time on western railroads this year, owing to the unprecedented cold. At Nanton, Alberta, the other night, the local thermometer stood so low as to be altogether beneath contempt. Outside the depot the downward tendency of the weather gauge drew out the nail which held it to the wall, and the whole apparatus fell to the platform with a dull, sickening thud. At Nanton, Engineer McCrae took his big locomotive to the tank to give it a drink, while the passengers were eating their supper. Nanton has, unfortunately, a water tank of magnificent proportions and ample capacity. After the tender had been filled, the fireman found that something had gone wrong with the works, and do what he might to stop it, the water still flowed from the tank over the tender, and the coal and the track, and, in fact, all over the place. This is where the unfortunate of the tank's capacity comes in. As fast as the water fell it froze, till in a little while the wheels of the engine and her tender were firmly embedded in a large body of solid ice. She could neither go ahead nor back up.

The engineer rang his bell, presumably to keep the train from freezing. He whistled "go ahead" and "back up," but nothing happened. He had tried and failed to bluff the elements, but was compelled to lay down. Meanwhile Superintendent Niblock, whose car was attached to the train, was in the thick of the trouble, but as love laughs at locksmiths, the ice king scoffs at superintendents. Big fires were lighted under the locomotive, but in vain. There was entirely too much atmosphere for the amount of heat available. The casual observer, who was, of course, present, said that in his opinion the fire was frozen. The engineer said if he could only back up a bit he could go ahead, and did not seem pleased when somebody suggested that he should go ahead a bit so as to back up a bit, so as to be able to go ahead, which was what he and everybody else wanted to do. While all these things were taking place the train was becoming more and more firmly rooted in the soil. The passengers, with that charming disregard of facts, began to blame the railway company for the state of the weather. Cheerful pessimists brought reports from time to time to the effect that there was no way out, and that Nanton was the northern terminus until the next chinook.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacture of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Quilted and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 698 Richmond Street. Phone 997.

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Matches

The "Flint and Steel" have passed away,
The Lucifer has had its day,
The Eight-Day Match has ta'en its flight
And paled its ineffectual light.
Not one of these could "hold a patch"
On Eddy's SILENT PARLOR MATCH.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Ltd., Hull, Canada
DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond Street, London.

SUES CANCER DOCTOR

Wife Not Cured, He Demands Return
of \$20,000 Fee by Doyen.

Paris, Jan. 14.—George Crocker's suit against Dr. Doyen for restitution of a \$20,000 fee which he paid the physician on his undertaking to cure Mrs. Crocker of cancer some two years ago, came up for trial today. Mr. Crocker contends that the contract made with Dr. Doyen was not fulfilled, that his consent to it was obtained by "moral violence," and furthermore that he ought not to have been compelled to pay in advance.

It was in 1904, two years after Dr. Doyen had announced his discovery of a cure for cancer, that he was called in to attend Mrs. Crocker at Cannes. He said he could cure her, although her case had been pronounced hopeless by noted American physicians. Mr. Crocker says that Dr. Doyen refused to name his fee before, but after he had been treating her for about two weeks told Mr. Crocker over the telephone one day that his fee would be \$20,000, and that it must be paid at once or he would abandon the case.

Mr. Crocker paid the amount demanded, although he thought the charge preposterous. Mrs. Crocker grew worse as the treatment proceeded, until at length Mr. Crocker called in another physician, who advised him to discontinue Dr. Doyen, and he did so. Two months later Mrs. Crocker died at Newport.

Mr. Crocker asks the court in case it should decide in his favor to give the amount awarded to him to the Pasteur Institute of France.

The idea of catching fish by means of a beehive with a hole in the top of it is a strange enough one. Yet this, says the Country Gentleman, not inadequately describes the method employed by fishermen in the Philippine Islands, who clap their apparatus down over the sluggish bottom-feeding fish and then, putting their hands through the hole in the top, extract their victims.