

DEFOE WROTE OF ST. VINCENT

Described Imaginary Destruction
of the Island.

Remarkable Coincidence Between
Narrative and What Actually
Occurred.

In connection with the destruction of property and life by the volcanic eruptions on Martinique and St. Vincent, the most interesting bit of classical English literature is probably an article from the pen of Defoe. In 1718 he contributed to *Mist's Journal* an account of a "Destruction of the Isle of St. Vincent" by the outburst of the volcano there.

At that time Defoe had not obtained fame and great popularity by the success of "Robinson Crusoe," and his other novels, but he was an exceedingly industrious and skillful pamphleteer, bookmaker and journalist. In 1717 he had undertaken the management of *Mist's Journal*, a Jacobite organ. He wrote for it matter of all kinds—gossip, letters on various subjects from fashions to politics, and transcripts of foreign news.

He showed particular aptitude, however, in a kind of work, that stamps him as the first and greatest of "yellow journalists." He would take a small hint or scrap of news and weave about it an astonishing web of circumstance and detail that made it an altogether interesting and convincing narrative. Indeed, a rival journalist declared that Defoe's hand was evident in *Mist's* account of the "Fragibility of the style," the art of which is truly a master of the world for truth. These forgeries were all on a small scale till he applied his genius to the story of an astonishing volcanic eruption, "Robinson Crusoe." The three most noteworthy pieces of his "pretence work" are his "History of the Great Storm," "Mrs. Veal's Ghost," and the following imaginary history of the destruction of St. Vincent.

This reprint is from Volume II. of Lee's "Life and Newly Discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe," London, 1829. The article, which appeared in *Mist's Journal* on July 5, 1718, is remarkable for the number of incidents which have an almost exact parallel in the disaster of 1902.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. VINCENT.

"We have a piece of public News this time of such consequence, and so necessary for all our readers to be fully acquainted with, that our friends who have written several Letters to us, which otherwise deserve publishing, must excuse us for this week.

"This relates to the entire Desolation of the Island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, by the immediate hand of Nature, directed by Providence, and in a like manner astonishing to all the World, the like of which never happened since the Creation; or, at least, since the destruction of the Earth by Water in the general Deluge.

"Our accounts of this come from so many several hands, and several places, that it would be impossible to bring the letters all separately into this Journal, and when we had done so, or attempted to do so, would have been confused, and the World not perfectly informed. We have therefore thought it better to give the substance of this amazing Accident in one collection, making together as full and as distinct an account of the whole, as we believe is possible to come at by any intelligence whatsoever; and at the close of this account we shall give some probable guesses at the cause of so terrible an operation. The relation is as follows, viz.:

"An Account of the Island of St. Vincent in the West Indies, and of its entire Destruction on the 26th of March last, with some rational suggestions concerning the Causes and the manner of it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND.

"The Island of St. Vincent is the most populous of any possessed by the Caribbians, its latitude is 16 degrees north from the Line. Those who have seen the Island of Fern, one of the Canaries, affirm that this is more of the same figure. It may be about eight Leagues in length and six in breadth. There are on it several high Mountains, and very fruitful plains, if they were cultivated. The Caribbians have many fair Villages, where they live pleasantly, and without any disturbance; and tho' they have a Jealousy of Strangers, yet do they not deny them the Bread of the Country, which is Cassava, Water, Fruits, and other Provisions growing in their Country, if they want them, taking in exchange wedges, hooks and other implements of Iron, which they much esteem.

"On the 24th of March a French Sloop arrived at Martinique, and from the Island, and of St. Vincent the 22nd, and, as the Master reported, he bought some Fish of some of the Savages who inhabited there, and who came off to him in three Canoes. He says that all was safe, and in very good condition there, for anything he perceived, only that some of his Seamen report since the disaster, that one of the Indians told them, they had been terribly frightened with Earth-

quakes for some time, and with flashes of Fire like lightning, which did not come out of the Clouds as usual, but out of the Earth; and, that they had felt these Earthquakes for a month past, to their very great Amazement.

HOW THE ERUPTION BEGAN.

"On the 27th in the Morning, the Air was darkened in a dreadful manner, which darkness by all accounts seemed to have extended over all the Colonies and Islands which were within 100 miles of the place; but was perceived to be more or less dark as those Islands were farther or nearer from the Place.

"But that which is most remarkable of all, is, that at some of the Islands, and at Martinique in particular, a dreadful Flash of Lightning, as they call'd it, was seen on the 28th, about Eleven o'clock at Night. This flash, which they call'd Lightning, we shall account for in the following relation.

"It is to be observ'd in the next Place, that as there were several Ships, or other Vessels at sea, in several ports among the Islands, some of these had had a more terrible sight of this thing than others; particularly they write that in one Sloop, which is come into Martinique, the men are so terrified, and gave little or no Account, others came into the ports so horribly frighted, that they scarce retain their Senses; others give confused Accounts, and so, more or less distinct, as they were nearer or farther from the Place, the sum of what may be gather'd from them all, is this:

THE HEAVY FALL OF VOCANIC DUST.

"That the next Morning, when the Day began to break, the air look'd dismally, (viz.) all overhead was a deep, impenetrable darkness, below, all round the edge of the horizon, it look'd as if the Heavens were all on Fire. As the day came on, still the darkness increased, until it was far darker than if it had been in part of the Night before; and, as they thought, the Cloud descended upon them. The darkness still increased, until in the afternoon they were surpris'd with the falling of something upon them as thick as smoke, but fine as dust, and yet solid as sand; this fell thicker and faster as they were nearer or farther off, some ships had it nine inches, others a foot thick—upon their Decks; the Island of Martinique is covered with it at about 7 to 9 inches thick; at Barbadoes it is frightful even to the tops of the Mountains; it exceeded four inches; it is fallen over the whole extent of the Island of Hispaniola, and there is no doubt it has been seen on the Continent of New Spain, about the point of Gulana, or the mouth of the Orinoco, all which will perhaps be accounted for in some measure in the following narrative.

"The continued falling for two or three Days and Nights successively; that it was impossible for any man to find out or so much as guess at the nature of it, or of the cause, till it came to produce it, till the whole came to discover itself; but all the people stood amaz'd at the Cause, and several Letters were sent to England, and to Barbadoes, in relation to it, as of a strange Miraculous Shower of Sand, of which we gave an account in our Journal of the 20th past.

"The first News that was given of this falling of this sand, was that it was under sail, on the Night of the 27th, belonging to Martinique, by which we had the following particulars: that on the said Night, about Midnight, the Island of St. Vincent rose up into the Air, with a most dreadful eruption of Fire from underneath the Earth, and an inconceivable Noise in the Air, as if things were not only blown up, but blown out of the very sea, with a dreadful force, as it were torn up by the Roots, or blown up from the foundations of the Earth.

TERROR CAUSED BY THE ERUPTION.

"That the Terror was inexpressible, and cannot be represented by Words; that the noise of the bursting of the Earth at first, is not possible to be described; that the force of the Blow was such, that the whole body of the Island was rais'd so furiously, that the Earth was entirely separated into small particles like Dust; and as it rose to an immense Height so it spread itself in an incredible Distance, and fell light and gradually like a small but thick Mist. This part, we suppose, must be occasioned by the force of the Blow, effectually separating the parts, otherwise they would have fallen into a Volcano of Motion, proportioned to the weight of the whole, the particles pressing one another, whereas now every particle was loose and independent in the Air, and fell no faster than it was press'd by its own Weight, as in a shower of Snow or Rain.

"The more solid parts of this Land, which was lifted up by this Blast, and suppos'd to be of Stone, Slate or clay, or such solid Matter as would not dissipate or separate in the Air, like the spread of the Blow, and the Thunder itself, and these we think to be the several Reports or Blows, which were heard, even to St. Christopher's, of the Deluge, and of the Thunder that of St. Vincent, and of which the people in these Islands, as well as in the Ships, heard about a thousand or twelve hundred distinct Blows or Re-

ports, and supposed it to be the Noise of Guns.

THE GATHERING OF THE RELIEF SHIPS.

"As soon as it was understood by the inhabitants in other Islands, that it was that such an Island had been Irruption of the Earth at the Island of St. Vincent or thereabouts; Sloops, Barks, and other small Vessels came from all parts to see how it was—to enquire into the Damage suffer'd—and to get an Account of the particulars; but how astonish'd must these Enquirers be, when meeting from all parts upon the same errand, they may be suppos'd to go Cruising about to find the Island—some examining their Books, to cast up the Length they had sailed—some blaming their own Negligence for not keeping a right reckoning;—and some their Men, for mistaking their Distance—others taking observations to know the Latitude they were in; at last, all concluding, as it really was, to their great Confusion, that the said Island was no more;—that there appeared no remains,—except three little Rocks,—no not any Tokens of the former Existence of the Island; but that, on the contrary, in the place of it, the Sea was excessive deep, and no Bottom to be found at two hundred Fathom.

"Some we hear, by casting up the Dimensions of the Island, to reduce it to cubic inches, are pretending to tell us what weight of Earth this Blast has rais'd up, and consequently would tell us what force it was that must raise such a quantity of Earth, and this is a perfectly needless Enquiry, and many ways impracticable also.

SPECULATION AS TO THE CAUSE OF THE PHENOMENON.

"But it may not be an unfruitful Search if we endeavor to inquire, and offer some probable Essay at the manner, how such a wonderful Thing as this is in Nature, has been, or may be, perform'd. There seems to be only two several ways for us to conceive of the possibility of such a Thing, we mean by the ordinary course of Nature, and concurrence of Causes.

"The first, we suppose, do, we have nothing to say to it, it is our purpose in this case to enquire into it. Infinite Power might as easily blow this whole Earth up, and dissipate every part of it into the first Atoms, from which it may be supposed to have been made, as he could, by the power of his Word, form this beautiful Figure from the unshap'd Chaos; but this we say, is out of the present Question.

"Our Enquiry is into natural and probable causes, which might produce such a terrible Irruption in Nature as this has been, the like whereof was never heard of before.

"First, a Concurrence or Conjunction of subterranean and nitrous particles in the subterranean Caverns of the Earth; of which some might happen to be under this Island, of a vast extent, according to the quantity of which articles the Force would be; and there's no question but that these particles taking all by the chain of Vent, given to them by some accident of Earthquake, or otherwise, might be able to perform this terrible Operation.

"We have not room to say any more of this Affair in this paper; we shall add, by way of evidence of these two Ways, this terrible Event, of blowing up the Island of St. Vincent, may be supposed possible in Nature; so we do believe that all the Philosophers in the world cannot find a third." On Aug. 2, 1718, the following note also appeared in *Mist's Journal*:

THE ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT NOT DESTROYED.

"They pretend to tell us a strange Story, viz. that the Island of St. Vincent is found again, and is turn'd into a Volcano, or burning Mountain; but we must acknowledge, we do not believe one word of it."

Cold Comfort.

The butler in a Scotch family occupies a privileged and unique position. He sometimes assumes a freedom of speech which seems to American ears to border on impertinence; but to those who know him his frank speech is only one of his many evidences of his interest in the family welfare.

A young American woman was the guest at a house where a butler of that sort reigns. She submitted to his patronage with a good grace, but one day there were unexpected and important guests for dinner, and a little while before the meal was served the butler waylaid the young American. "I'm fearin' there'll be no quite enough soup," he whispered, "so when it's offered, ye maun decline it, lass."

"Decline soup, James," she said, laughing. "Why, that would not be polite."

"Weel, not precisely," said James, with a benignant smile, "but they'll a' make excuses for ye, thinkin' ye ken nae better."

Evidently a Landsman.

The boy who can use his eyes as sharply as did the hero of the following story from the Chicago Post, and can make as reasonable deductions, need not mind if his teacher calls him obtuse.

The teacher in this case thought her pupil very stupid, and finally asked: "Do you know whether George Washington was a soldier or a sailor?"

"He was a soldier," replied the boy promptly.

"How do you know?"

"Cause I saw a picture of him crossin' the Delaware, an' any sailor could know enough not to stand up in the boat."

Could Not Speak English.

One of the most common faults among those who speak incorrectly is the misuse of English prepositions. "Different from" becomes "different to" in the popular speech of England, and, too often, "different than" in America. The New York Times mentions a queer juggling of prepositions, the achievement of two small boys: "William," asked the teacher, "why were you absent from school this morning?"

"Oh, come 'n' stole me coat on me."

"What's that. Stole your coat on you?"

"Aw, he can't talk English," said William's brother James. "He means some 'un stole his coat off 'im."

King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra were the names given, by permission, to two locomotives recently constructed for the accelerated services between Euston and Manchester, England.

Canon Lambert, of Hull, England, has successfully made protest against the local school boards which furnished the children with copies of the national anthem in which one verse, containing the lines, "Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks," had been excluded.

On the Heels of Dewet.

Under this title a writer in Blackwood is giving a series of very brilliant pictures of South African war. In the March number is given, with Dutch fidelity, a little vignette of the guerilla fighting into which the war has then shrunk. A British column is crossing the veldt, with tiny parties of scouts thrust out on every side, like the antennae of some huge insect. Suddenly the news is brought that one of the outposts is in the presence of the enemy. Here is a picture of the fight which follows:

THE CHARGE.

"A heavy dragoon, sweating from every pore, his face portraying the satisfaction of a man first shot over, he realizes what it means, came galloping in. He handed to the general a slip of paper from the subaltern in command of the acting on my left flanking patrol—about fifty mounted men advancing towards me. I am on a rise 500 yards to the southwest of the farmhouse."

"That is a good boy," said the brigadier musingly, as he swung round on his heel and took in the topography of our position at a glance. "A very clear report. Here! you tell the officer commanding the pom-pom to take his gun up to that rise. And you" (turning to another of his staff), "tell Colonel Washington to send a squadron with the pom-pom! Wait, don't be in a hurry; hear me out, please. Tell the rise at the squadron is to extend, take the rise at the gallop—dis-mount just before it reaches the top. Now you may go."

"Then turning to the chief of the staff, 'Have you got a match? Thanks. Now, tell Freddy, (the major), commanding the battery R. H. A., to send two of his guns on to the rise south of the dam. Send a troop with him. I will be here with the rest to await developments!'"

"Good, now you go with the pom-pom. I shall be here; let me know developments. Get along. Don't argue. Already the pom-pom is trotting out of the farmhouse enclosure and the squadron of Dragoons extending on the plain beyond. The faces of the gunners are as impassive as if they were about to gallop past at a review. They have been doing this sort of thing for months. It has no novelty for them. But with the Dragoons it is different. This is their first engagement; you can see it in the countenances of the men nearest you. The excitement which whitens men's cheeks and makes every action angular and awkward."

"B Squadron 20th Dragoon Guards—Gallop!"

"Pom-pom—Gallop!" comes the echo.

The Boers must be close up, for the advance guard is falling back. They are coming back for all they are worth. It will be a race between us and the enemy for the possession of the ridge; please Providence that we should win. The Boers are not the officers realize this, and sitting down to their work they make the pace. The wild line careered behind them suits itself to their lead; instinctively it closes inwards. Only 200 yards more. The sky-line is clear and defined. No heads have appeared as yet. One hundred yards! Now we are under the rise, the horses feel the hill—a few seconds more, and we shall have the Boers on our heels. Steady, men, steady! Up goes the squadron leader's arm. "Dis-mount!" A chaotic second as the frenzied line reins in. "No, 3's."

Where are the "No. 3's?"—Way for the pom-pom! The straining team crashes through the ranks. The dismounted troopers follow their officers up the slope. A moment of suspense—and a long-drawn breath. We are first. There are the Boers dismounting a hundred yards away. Action from the pom-pom! The Dragoons spring to their feet to facilitate rapidly of fire, while the pom-pom churns the dry dust of the veldt into little whirlwinds among the flying horsemen. Five hundred yards away stands a kopje. In three minutes the last of the Boers have placed it between them and the British fire—except for the three or four that lie motionless upon the plain.

"Now, we shall have it! and the pom-pom captain turns to the squadron commander. 'I advise you to make your men lie down again. I'm going to man-handle my gun down the slope.'"

"Click-click, click-click, click-click" go the Mausers. The Boers are on the top of the kopje. It is to be their turn now. No! there is a roar behind the farm, then another, and another. Then three little white clouds open out on the lip of the kopje.

"Good little Freddy!" soliloquizes the pom-pom captain as he snaps his glasses into their case. "He was watching them. I must get my beauty to the end of this rise, to catch them as they leave." "Pom-pom, limber up!"

"Boom-boom-boom. There are more little puffs of white over the kopje. Click-click once, and the brush was over. What was it worth? Four mangled rebels on the veldt, and one stalwart dragoon, with white drawn face and sightless eyes, and to the beautiful blue of heaven."

"The brigadier cantered up to the rise. A section of horse artillery rumbled up after him. 'Look here,' he said to the squadron leader, 'you must get your men on to that kopje; they are not worth the powder—there are not more than twenty of them. If I were you I should open out, divide and gallop round both flanks of the kopje; it's open veldt beyond, and we'll look after you from this ridge. You won't see any more of them than their tails. Don't pursue beyond 2000 yards. My orders are to go to Britstown, not to wear my horses out over scallywag snipers!'"

"Ah! here's Mr. Intelligence, direct from the bloodstained field; now we shall know the damage!"

"Brigadier—Any Boers wounded?"

"Intelligence Officer—Yes, sir; two, and two killed."

"B—Are the wounded talkative?"

"I. O.—One is too far gone, sir; the other is quite communicative."

OURSELVES.

AS SEEN FROM MARS.

What peculiar little people those Martians are down there on old Mother Earth. See how they rush about! Those with pants on are men. They come out of their little houses every morning to go to a place, and rush along the same road every day as if they never would be there in time. The funny part is that when they get there, some of them do nothing but scratch a little piece of steel on paper making black marks, others count green pieces of paper, and the more of this paper they have the happier they seem. In the evening, back they hurry along the same road again to their little houses. They do this day after day, and they don't seem ever to weary.

Those other little figures in pretty dresses—they are called women. They look sensible. Most of them are, too. But it's really wonderful how many of them are in slavery and don't know it. If they could only get above their surroundings, and look at themselves—how queer some of their work would seem. For instance, they are very anxious to keep their little houses, their little hands and faces, and their clothing clean.

You see that one there with her hands all roughened, and her knuckles hard! She did that trying to clean her clothing, and she did not need to had she only known.

Look at that one rubbing the clothes up and down on that board! She does that week by week. She wears the clothes more in the washing than she does in using them.

See that one hurrying to the bargain counter! She did the same a few months ago; made a good bargain, too; but she wore out the bargain in half the time for want of just a little thought, and here she is hurrying to the bargain counter again. Not a waste of shoe leather!

Notice that old looking some of them before their time—that is really the effect of downright white slavery. And the worst of it is they don't know they are slaves.

Peep into that room where those two are sweating their lives out! Do you see that little square piece of buff-

looking material? Well, that is what ruins their hands, wears out their clothing, and keeps them in a perpetual flurry. They are absolute slaves to that—and they don't know it.

Look into that room; there are a number of women whose hands are not rough, whose clothing is whiter than the rest, and wears longer; they are not old before their time. They have taken time to think, and have realized that it made all the difference to their hands, their clothes, and their work, whether that buff material was pure or impure.

Some of these little women, when they want some of that buff material they use so much of, simply hurry to or send some one to a shop and ask for "soap." Those who think and know the difference ask for "Sunlight Soap." They know Sunlight Soap is pure.

See, there is one of the thinking women in that shop—that little man has given her something else instead of "Sunlight Soap." See her push it back and say, "I'll have nothing else but Sunlight Soap, octagon bar."

That little child running along the road with a pack on its back, to a shop to say that her mother won't have the impure soap sent in place of "Sunlight Soap."

It is very interesting for us up here in Mars to watch how the little mortals on old Mother Earth come gradually to realize how much depends on little things, and on such a little thing as soap, and how, as they think for themselves, they all turn to "Sunlight Soap."

See that little girl dropping a postcard into that letter box! That card is addressed to Lever Brothers, Limited, Toronto, and asks them to send her free a copy of "Weekly Expenses Reduced." Sure as they read that book they turn to use "Sunlight Soap," and they really save money in the weekly wash.

Note.—The above may seem, and is a picture of the fancy, but it is founded on fact. Sunlight Soap is distinct from all common laundry soaps, and there is a marked difference in the effect produced by Sunlight Soap. One ounce of "Sunlight Soap" is worth two ounces of ordinary soap.

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"B.—Well, what has he got to say?"

"I. O.—He lies about himself. Swears that he is a Free Stater; but as a matter of fact his name is Pretorius, and he is a son of the farmer from whose wife we got our guides last night. By the merest chance we took a photograph of the farmer's two sons out of an album we found at the farm. And here is one of them wounded today. From his account it appears that a man called Lotter is here with a command, and that he and his have just brought off rather a bad thing. Lotter's command only joined the rebels returning from Nieuwjaarsfontein about an hour ago. The rebels knew that our advance squadron was at this farm last night, and when they saw us here, they mistook us for Major Twine, and knowing his strength attacked in good heart."

"B.—I thought it was something of that kind. Well, we need not eat our hearts out about Twine. Those swine won't be taking any more today, especially now that they have reason to believe that we are about."

THE CAMP.

"As the shadows began to grow long across the level of stunted Karoo we had placed our ten miles behind us on the road to Britstown. Never a further sign did we see that day of our enemy. But this is typical of this free fighting on the open veldt. Your enemy comes upon you like a dust devil—he appears, strikes, wins or loses, and then disappears again as suddenly as he came. You fight your little battle, bury your dead, shake yourselves, and forget all about the incident. This, I assume, for the last year has been the manner of the life which all mounted men have led out here."

Lord Dufferin: A Sketch

An interesting character sketch of Lord Dufferin is published by the English Review of Reviews.

It was a man who had spoken for his sovereign in more courts and represented her in more capitals than any other living man. He was the viceroy of the Queen in India and in Canada. He was her ambassador and plenipotentiary at the court of the Sultan in ancient Byzantium. He spoke for the Empire to the Tsar at St. Petersburg, to the President of the French Republic, and to the King of Italy. He began his public life by pacifying the Lebanon. A quarter of a century later he presided over the pacification of Egypt. With the exception of the annexation of Burma, his exploits were the victories of peace.

A MANY-SIDED MAN.

Lord Dufferin was one in whom the man was ever more prominent than the statesman, the diplomatist or the administrator. Nothing in all his state papers, many and eloquent though these were, can compare in simple pathos and the glow of genuine human feeling with the tribute which he paid to his mother in a preface to her collected poems. In reading what he says of her, those who never had the privilege of knowing him may understand something of his singular fascination. Speaking of his mother's influence upon his early life he wrote:

"The dominant characteristic of her nature was her power of loving. Generally speaking, persons who love intensely are seen to concentrate their love upon a single object. In my mother's case, love seemed an inexhaustible force. Her love for her horse, for her dog, for her birds, was a passion, and the affection she lavished on her own mother, on me, on her brothers, sisters, relations, and friends was as persistent, all-embracing, perennial and indestructible as the light of the sun. However little, as I am obliged to confess to my shame, I may have profited by these holy and blessed influences, no one, I am sure, has ever passed from boyhood to manhood under more favorable and ennobling conditions."

Again he wrote, when chronicling her death:

"Thus went out of the world one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wisest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth. There was no quality wanting in her perfection; and I say this, not prompted by the partiality of a son, but as one well acquainted with the world, and with both men and women. There have been many ladies who have been beautiful, charming, witty and good, but I doubt whether there have been any who have com-

bined with so high a spirit, and with so natural a gaiety and bright an imagination as my mother's, such strong, unerring good sense, and womanly discretion; for these last characteristics, coupled with the intensity of her affections to which I have already referred, were the real essence and deep foundations of my mother's nature. Her wit, or rather her humor, her gaiety, her good taste, she may have owed to her Sheridan forefathers; but her firm character and abiding sense of duty she derived from her mother, and her charm, grace, amiability and loveliness from her angelic ancestress, Miss Linley.

A SAD CLOSE TO A GREAT LIFE.

He was saddened in later years not merely by the sense that his life-work had ended before his life, but by the regarded as the disastrous result of the Irish land legislation. An Irish landlord himself, no one could decant more eloquently upon the injustice wrought in the attempts to do justice to the tenant. Speaking of Mr. T. W. Russell's agitation for the expropriation of the landlords, he recalled with a melancholy smile the familiar illustration which he used in the early days of Gladstone's reform: "You insisted," he said, "upon putting the tenant into bed with the landlord. You will not have long to wait before he insists upon kicking the landlord out."

The misfortune in which Lord Dufferin was involved by his association as director with Mr. Whitaker Wright was one of the indirect results of the drying up of his rental. Lord Dufferin's retiring pension was said to be only £1,500 a year. If his rental remained intact it might have sufficed. As it was he found himself in serious straits, from which he endeavored to extricate himself—and with disastrous results. On this it is unnecessary to dwell, but it is glad to be able to reproduce from the Paris correspondence of the Times a letter written by him to an old friend and colleague just after the crash:

"I have, indeed, been wading in very deep water, and I have acquired a new fortitude to go through the ordeal. The catastrophe was brought about by the folly of our managing director, who embarked in a gigantic gamble on the Stock Exchange, where he stood to win a million of money for his company, and he would have done so had he not been betrayed by his confederates. Poor man, he meant it all for the best, and himself has lost heavily; but, of course, it was a monstrous thing to take such a step without a word of warning to his chairman or his other colleagues. Moreover, gambling on the Stock Exchange with our shareholders' money was altogether an illegitimate transaction. It was also unnecessary, for the company was in a stable and hopeful position, though for the moment a little encumbered with a metropolitan railway it had undertaken to build before I joined it. But this was a passing embarrassment, and indeed, in a fair way of being turned to our advantage. It is really heart-breaking, I am nearly ruined, and, of course, many other persons are involved in the same calamity. The one bright spot in the whole business is the fact in which my shareholders behaved. When I went to preside at the meeting in Cannon street I expected to be torn in pieces by the 2,000 persons assembled in the great hall, and the company's legal advisers strongly recommended me not to attempt to make a speech; for, they said, 'They will never listen to you.' But I told them that this was a kind of business I understood better than they, and that, though I might be hoarse and interrupted, I was sure I should succeed in obtaining a hearing. Instead of being attacked by the audience, no sooner did I take the chair than I was met by a hurricane of cheers; and when I began to speak you might have heard a pin drop, and the only interruptions were cheers of approval, and when I sat down one would have thought that I had announced a dividend of 100 per cent, so great was the applause, and even after I had left the room they gave 'Three cheers for Lord and Lady Dufferin.' It quite melted my heart, and it enhanced my opinion of human nature. And what do you think that good fellow C—, whom you may remember, did? He asked leave to place £1,000 at Lady Dufferin's disposal, and yet he himself is a poor man."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure backache, sideache, scanty, cloudy, thick and highly-colored urine, diabetes, dropsy, and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys.

Rebinding a Skirt

involves time, labor, bother and expense, which is unnecessary. If your skirt is bound with S. H. & M. Bias Velveteen there will be no necessity for rebinding, and you may rest assured that your skirt edge will always look neat and clean. S. H. & M. Redfern, a bias corded velvet, not only protects the skirt but adds to the beauty of it. You may be sure you are getting the best skirt binding if the letters S. H. & M. are on the back of every yard.

If the letters S. H. & M. are on the back of any skirt bindings you use, you may rest content.

S. H. & M.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
SKIRT BINDINGS