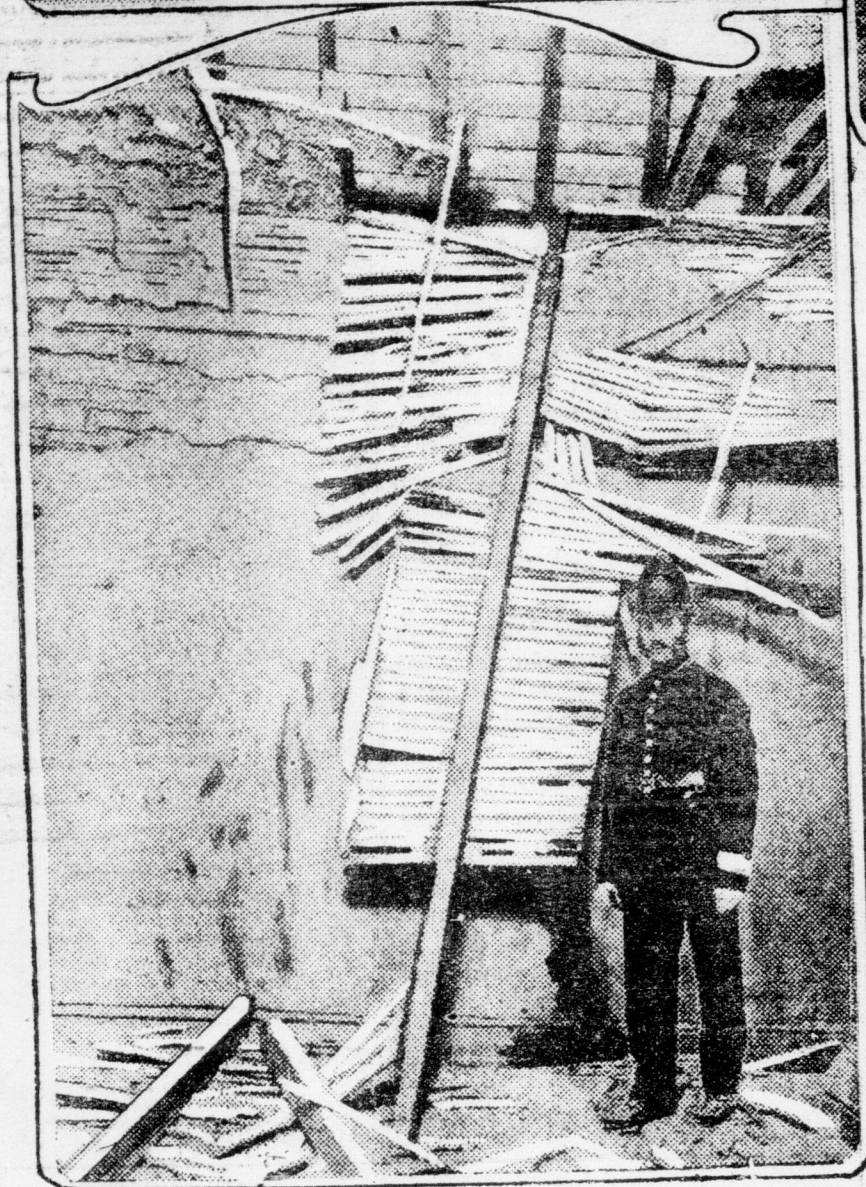


FIRST PHOTOS FROM LONDON SHOW RUINS FROM SUFFRAGETTE BOMB AND TORCHES



These photographs, showing the ruins caused by angry suffragettes in England, have just reached The Advertiser from London. The upper picture shows the ruins of the "Tea Pavilion" in Kew Gardens—A public park in London. The lower one shows the interior of Lloyd George's new summer home, blown up by a bomb.

As an artist in prose he is one of the most marvellous products of the extremely poetical genius of England. The length of a Ruskin sentence is like that of a long arrow that is shot from the bow of the drawers of the longbow. He draws not his ear; he shoots a spear. But the whole goes light as a bird and straight as a bullet.

Pater's Stiffness.
"In Pater we have Ruskin without the prejudices—that is, without the funny parts. I may be wrong, but I cannot recall at this moment a single passage in which Pater's style takes a holiday or in which his wisdom plays the fool. Newman and Ruskin were as earnest and graceful stylists as he. Newman and Ruskin were as serious, elaborate, and even academic thinkers as he. But Ruskin let himself go about railways. Pater cannot let himself go for the excellent reason that he wants to stay; to stay at the point where all the keenest emotions meet, as he explains in the splendid paragraph of 'The Renaissance.' The only objection to being where all the keenest emotions meet is that you feel none of them."

Culture Was a Man.
"One other name of great importance should appear here, because it cannot appear appropriately anywhere else: the man hardly belonged to the same school as Ruskin and Carlyle, but he fought many of their battles and even more concentrated on their main task—the task of converting liberal bourgeois England of prudishness and provinciality. I mean, of course, Matthew Arnold. Against Mills' liberty and Carlyle's 'strength' and Ruskin's 'nature' he set up a new presence and entity which he called 'culture,' the disinterested play of the mind through the sifting of the best books and authorities. Though a little disdained in phrase, he was undoubtedly serious and public spirited in intention. He sometimes talked of culture almost as if it were a man, or at least a church (for a church has a sort of culture life); some man whose name was Matthew Arnold."

"He reminded us that Europe was a society, while Ruskin was treating it as a picture gallery. He was a sort of a picture gallery. His frontal attack on the vulgar and sullen optimism of Victorian utility may be summed up in the admirable sentence which he asked the English what was the use of a train taking them quickly from Islington to Camberwell if it only took them from a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell?"

Thompson's Shaw.
"None of the minor poets were able even to understand Francis Thompson; his sky-scrambling humility, his mountains of mystical darkness, occasional and unashamed blasphemies, his sudden and sacred blasphemies. Perhaps the shortest definition of the Victorian Age is that he stood outside of it."

Now upon this interregnum, this cold and brilliant waiting-room which was Henry James at its highest and Wilde at its worst, there broke in two positive movements, largely honest though essentially unchristian and profane. The first was Bernard Shaw and the Socialists; the second was Rudyard Kipling and the Imperialists.
"The primary position of Bernard Shaw towards the Victorian Age may be roughly summarized thus: 'Our system may not be a perfect system, but it works.' Bernard Shaw replied, even more coolly: 'It may be a perfect system for all I know or care. But it does not work.'"

Rudyard Kipling.
"It is really impossible to criticize Rudyard Kipling as part of the Victorian literature, because he is the end of such literature. He has many other powerful elements—an Indian element, which makes him exquisitely sympathetic with the man that crushes the Indian; a vague journalistic sympathy with the men that misrepresent everything that has happened to the Indian; but of the Victorian virtues, nothing."

BARREL STAVE SNOWSHOES WILL BUCK THE DRIFTS.

Any Boy Can Make These With a Few Nails and Blocks in a Moment or Two.

Barrell staves make fine snow shoes if you know how to use them.

The staves should be sandpapered until they are smooth. Two staves are used for each shoe. They are fastened together as shown in the sketch.

The fitting for the foot is made from the sole and heel of an old shoe, which is cut as shown, with straps to go over the ankle. The shoe soles are fastened securely to the staves. The straps can be made of an ordinary book strap.

Such a pair of snow shoes will do as well as the very best kind.

INVENTOR IN POVERTY.

"At the age of eighty-five, and leading till lately a life of penury, Mr. Charles Teller, the inventor of a system of cold storage, was decorated recently with the Cross of the Legion of Honor and entertained at a banquet by the International Cold Storage Association."



BRAVE BRITISH TARS KEEP SHIP AFLOAT FOR SEVENTY DAYS

Refuse to Leave Their Steamer Though Their Lives Were in Danger—Officers Honored by Lloyds—A Terrible Ordeal.

From the midst of a crowded gathering of city men in Birchington, London, Eng., recently, one gentleman turned towards a row of men who were strange in that assembly, for they were either sailors or mechanics, and were obviously shy and ill at ease. He said: "I don't think any case of the saving of a ship by the prolonged, ingenious, and devoted efforts of her men ever appealed to me like this one. It is the most extraordinary story of its heroic kind I know." The shy men kept their eyes on the carpet and fidgeted.

Seventy Days' Ordeal.
The occasion was a presentation by Lloyds underwriters to the captain and five officers of the Snowdon Range, a steamer which, broken and dismantled, survived over seventy days of hurricane weather in the Western Ocean on her voyage from Philadelphia to Leith; the most remarkable voyage of modern times, testified to both to the quality of the ship and her men.

When she arrived off the south coast of Ireland it was long after her case was considered hopeless. "The Renaissance," the only ship of Providence meant we should all but

MAJOR-GENERAL JIM IS THE BELLY AND BOOTS OF THE ARMY.

The belly and boots of the army—that's Maj. Gen. James Buchanan Aleshire, on whom falls the responsibility of feeding and moving the American troops. He houses them, too—and clothes them. In fact, he is the man who is responsible for getting them to the field of battle equipped with the necessary implements of war and in condition ready to use them. Transportation, feeding, paying, etc., are all under his care.

And he's the first man who ever had such a difficult job. He made it for himself. And he knows his business about as well as anyone on earth. Gen. Aleshire is an Ohioan by birth. He was graduated from West Point just in time to get into the Apache Indian mix-up in Arizona. New Mexico, and Mexico as a second lieutenant of cavalry. It was while fighting Indians that Gen. Aleshire showed an unusual ability to care for the men of his command and for other commands. It was only natural that he should be called into the quartermaster's department, and he's been there ever since.

Up to a few short months ago there were no less than four different staff departments that looked after the moving, clothing, feeding and paying of the troops. Gen. Aleshire always did think this was wrong. Supplies of all kinds should come from one department, he thought, and with the aid of Gen. Wood and a few others he talked Congress into creating one big supply department for the army. And then he was made IT, with the rank of major general.

After all is said and done we only did our duty, and never expected any reward of this kind."

Salvage Men's Interest.
The presentation of the Snowdon Range to the committee room of the Salvage Association, and the remarkable nature of this salvage had brought more shipping men than usual to the ceremony. The doorways were crowded, the ante-chamber overflowed, and some visitors even tried to hear the proceedings from round a bend of the staircase. The surroundings of this finish to a romantic story were prosaic and city-like enough. At the head of the committee table Sir Edward Beauchamp stood and retold the story of the affair, somewhat as though he was stating a business proposition.

But when, in such a place as that, the chairman of Lloyds declared quietly that "never in the annals of the mercantile marine, filled though they might be with instances of courage and devotion to duty, had there been a more striking instance of sense, courage and resolution than was displayed by the officers and crew of the Snowdon Range," it was felt by all there that it was a privilege to be present.

A Frail Hero.
City men murmured "Hear, hear," keeping their eyes fixed on bookshelves full of the records of shipwrecks, on the faded photographs on the walls of old wrecks, and on the model of a clipper ship in a glass case, while the relation of the narrative went on. The six men of the Snowdon Range sat in a row by the windows, smiling nervously.

Captain Dickinson himself, an astonishingly frail hero for such a great story of the sea, had his eyes cast down all the time, pulling at a finger. He looked slightly disinterested.

Before such a company it was necessary but to hear the bald facts to appreciate the story. "Shortly after leaving Philadelphia—Nov. 22—the Snowdon Range and her crew were stove in by heavy seas. On Dec. 5, when 800 miles from the Irish coast, the rudder broke. The vessel fell away into the troughs, and the huge sea pressing over her damaged the lifeboats. The steamer was laboring heavily. Sail was set to keep her as steady as possible, and a boat was launched for an attempt to patch up the rudder. That attempt and other fruitless attempts at this makeshift continued from Dec. 6 to 30."

Sticking to the Ship.
Sir Edward asked his hearers to imagine the feelings of the crew when, after a fortnight of heavy weather in a ship without a rudder, the vessel often entirely submerged by vast seas and torrents of rain, snow, and hail, they had to make up their minds whether they would leave her and take to the boats, or trust that luck would bring along another ship to pick them up.

Another ship did come along, and advised the crew of the Snowdon Range to leave her. They refused. In another fortnight the steamship Welshman sighted them, and after three attempts got a hawser aboard. Several times the hawser broke. The weather grew worse, the barometer fell still more, the Snowdon Range was continually under water, and she had been at sea 56 days. "Haul her better abandon her!" signalled the

Welshman. "Decline," was signalled back. "Will remain till the end."

How Part Was Reached.
The Welshman got her off Queens-town; and the hawser broke in a gale. The rescuer had to abandon her helpless charge. The one anchor of the Snowdon Range—crowing dis- drifted towards the rocks.

Her skipper was not done, however. Searchlights showed him his only chance, a narrow channel—through which, so a tugboat captain had explained to the Snowdon Range, earlier that day, she could not be towed. The crippled steamer drifted in before the gale, broadside on. But by nately putting the engines ahead and through the place where "she could not go."

Sir Edward Beauchamp turned to the sailors present. "I tell you, Captain Dickinson, and the officers of the Snowdon Range, your countrymen are proud of your deed."

The Captain's Thanks.
Speaking quietly in reply for himself and his comrades, the ship's master was very brief and modest. "I wish to thank you for your generous gifts which are much appreciated."



GEN. J. B. ALESQUIRE.

The department is called the quartermaster's corps. It's the branch that puts the strong right arm in army, and the army. And then he was made IT, with the rank of major general.

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Playing around in the damp snow, getting overheated and then cooling off quickly, it is no wonder the youngsters catch cold often.

NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Cod Liver Oil

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helps them to recover quickly from the colds they have caught, and so effectively heals and strengthens throat and lungs that they can better resist future trouble.

Na-Dru-Co Tasteless Preparation of Cod Liver Oil is a splendid tonic and "builder-up" for weak and sickly children. It gives them better appetites, rosier cheeks, steadier nerves and more energy. It is the best combination you can find of Hypophosphites, Malt, Extract of Wild Cherry for Throat and Lungs, and Extract of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil so treated as to make it pleasant to the taste.

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COUGHED ALMOST ALL NIGHT.

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Miss Margaret MacDonald, Port Hood, N.S., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. I took a severe cold, coughed almost all night, with that dry, tickling sensation in my throat. The first bottle did me so much good, I thought I would try a second one, which I am pleased to say resulted in a complete cure. I can strongly recommend it to any one suffering from a cough or any throat irritation."

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