

Comic Opera.

of Robert Barr (Luko Sharp).

of Turkish Imprisonment and by the Novelist.

Robert Barr, the well known novelist, is known, was lately the high-handed action on the Turkish officials in Syria, has London. He was suffering somewhat severe attack of malaria, the terms of which he had to his system during his march across the Syrian swamps place where he was arrested and taken up at Seleucia. He gave a representative of the following story and fellow-victims' adventures touching on my own experience a few days before a number of his friends and self found our way up. A British battleship at the harbor and east anchor of two or three days. A fine Turkish war-tub, ill and generally sores, and a most anchor some distance from the British ship. When the ship was later sailed, the ship up with her anchor and out to sea, until both were sight. After a time the Turkish returned, and the officials, the general inhabitants, were convinced that their miserable had driven the British, but no so as they were that the situation is a nut-

on the afternoon of Nov. into the clutches of the Turkish. The day before a number of passengers of the Creole Prince, the shore to attend a wedding. We gave our Turkish friends for examination and in every particular these were found correct. After luncheon the next of the ship's boats was lowered five of us—Mr. Edward Stan Harrogate; Mr. Sydney Lane White, of Frome, Somerset; Mr. Eastcott, of Newcastle; Dr. and the ship's doctor, and I—to visit the ancient ruins near the.

INVASION—TURKEY AROUSED.

We drew near to the beach and could quite make out where the town lay. While we were discussing the matter, all at once, from the two mountains that like giants on guard, one on side of the bay, there burst forth fires. These were picked up and led from hilltop to hilltop, and down into the Valley of the.

We all realized that some-thing had occurred, and with- out delay we put off, but had more than 20 yards from shore up from their hiding places, each leaped the soldiers and down to the water's edge, then on the sand and leveled rifles at us. We ceased rowing at Dr. Pritchard stood up in the and taking off his cap, held it so that the soldiers could see him, and cut that he belonged to the ship.

The soldiers made a great hubbub, to us to come ashore at once, under the circumstances there was no else for it. So ashore we went, and our Turkish (Turkish) passed, and our English passports. The closely examined them, but made the slightest impression on him. He shouted and threatened, he could not understand English, but he had to resort to his own means. We soon made out that the men meant to march us all across to the custom house, but Dr. Pritchard positively refused to leave the boat, of which he was in charge. We reached the custom house, and the quarantine officer recognized us, and once assured us that if we were patient for a few minutes, he would inform the proper authorities of our release. Shortly after in came military commander, who, without casting even a glance at the three, curled himself up on a settee, and began to sip coffee and smoke a pipe. His look, we saw, was from promising, after a considerable time he suddenly called for the men who had taken us. These he looked closely. The quarantine officer, who had returned, said his best convince the military commander we were known and properly accepted and all that, but the latter

If every man could live an out-door life, among his time with gun and fishing-rod and canoe, there would be less illness in the world. Unfortunately, the demands of modern civilization will permit very few to live this ideal, healthful life. Many men have to pass the day shut up in offices and stores, and the nights in close quarters in crowded cities. They get little out-door exercise. One of the results of this unhealthy, sedentary living is the prevalence of that dread disease—consumption. One-sixth of all the deaths each year are due to this relentless enemy. Formerly physicians pronounced this disease incurable. It is now generally known that there is a marvelous medicine that for the past thirty years has been curing consumption almost without a failure. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis and other diseases of the air-passages. It is the great re-builder. It tears down cancerous and excretes old, inert tissues and replaces them with the firm tissues of health. It restores the lost appetite and makes the digestion perfect.

Four years ago I had an attack of grip that my throat and lungs in a bad condition. Mrs. Mary Hartman, of 302 Barker St., Sheffield, Ohio. The doctor told me I had a case of the throat and bronchial tubes, and I was to grow worse. I had pain in the upper part of my chest and a sore cough. I was worse at night and in the morning, with every expectation of a long and painful life. I took a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and three of the bottles began to improve in every way and now I am in good health and have no medicine for me.

would have none of it. He said that the matter must go before the Kaimakam—the mayor of the place.

AN INTERMEZZO.

The Kaimakam took his time. He was two hours in answering, and meanwhile the steamer was blowing her whistle in very despondent. The commander sat like a Hindu idol, except that he occasionally moved to sip his coffee. Presently a servant brought in a prayer rug, and carefully adjusted it so that his master might face the east. The commander critically scrutinized the position of the rug, gave it a twitch to the left, and when it was to his satisfaction prostrated himself in prayer. We three sat in silence. The steamer's whistle had ceased to blow.

All at once, in upon the scene burst Capt. Campbell, of the Creole Prince, enraged at the detention of his passengers. It turned out that the soldier placed in charge of the boat, never having been to sea before, fell desperately sick, and at length collapsed and lay moaning in the bottom of the boat. Dr. Pritchard and Mr. White rose to the occasion, and instead of continuing to the custom house, made for the Creole Prince, to inform the captain of the state of things. Capt. Campbell, without the least of moment put off to do his best for us, when he arrived the scene was quite laughable, although admitted Mr. Barr, "I don't think we properly rose to the situation." The captain stormed and swore to have his passengers, the quarantine officers tried to pour oil on the troubled waters, and the commander, paying not the slightest heed to captain or quarantine officer, prayed stolidly on while we three prisoners sat silently on the bench and gazed upon the strange scene. I think we see its picturesque features clearer now that we are in England than we did when in Syria.

A FRIENDLY PASHA.

Meanwhile, the Kaimakam had seized the opportunity, offered him to pose. He wired off to all quarters of the kingdom the importance of his capture. Capt. Campbell had brought with him an interpreter, and used every means in his power to get us out of custody, but it was "no go." So, although the Turks informed him that they had not arrested him, Capt. Campbell told them that he must stick by his passengers, and as a matter of fact he slept in his lock-up with us that night. We were still sitting round discussing, when there stepped into the room the Pasha in command of the district, a clean-cut Turk of commanding figure and splendid face. Without hesitating a moment he stepped up to us and cordially shook hands with us. When he heard that the whole story of our arrest had been wired broadcast, he threw up his hands. If he had come upon the scene before the absurd wires were sent we should have been freed, but now it was too late. He wired 200 words to Aleppo, the headquarters of the district, asking for our release, and then to be turned to Aleppo. When the morning dawned we were informed that no word had come from Aleppo. We drifted on, and were still closely guarded, hungry, and feeling rather wretched, and the splendid passenger steamer, the Creole Prince, lay in the bay. During the forenoon, by good fortune, there arrived an Arabian lawyer, who had some sort of connection with the British consulate at Antioch. He took up our case, and quietly arranged for a messenger to do a four hours' ride, with word of our plight to the British consul. He was told to ride at hot haste, and promised what he looked upon as a handsome bonus for every ten minutes he was able to knock off the usual four hours. We had grown very weary of waiting.

TURKS THREATEN TO SHOOT.

The hours passed, but no tidings came, and at length Capt. Campbell made up his mind for drastic measures. He ordered a boat to be lowered from the Creole Prince, and the Union Jack from bow and stern, and with plenty of sailors on board piloted it towards the custom house. But the Turks were determined to keep us. The commander drew up his soldiers in line, and we were given clearly to understand that should we attempt to leave, we would be instantly shot down. Mr. Dods implored the captain not to make the attempt, as he had been informed by the pasha, whom he had visited, that orders had been issued to fire on us if we attempted to leave, and on the sailors if they attempted a rescue.

At length he came, his horse a-foam, and himself well tired. With him he brought two letters, one to Capt. Campbell, and a second to the Kaimakam. They were from the consul, and Capt. Campbell, in substance, said: "Show this to the Kaimakam and he will instantly release you." When the message was shown that official, he signally wrapped his cloak around him and departed to the bosom of his family, taking care to neglect to inform the guards that we were go free. There was another delay before the quarantine officer explained the situation to the guard, and after a detention of 28 hours we were allowed to return to our steamer. One who stayed the night in the custom house afterwards developed smallpox, and was put ashore at Malta, and I, myself, have not been well since. The facts are being placed before the foreign office.—London Daily News.

AN ACT OF DARING AND COURAGE.

An unusual accident to a pet cockatoo was once the occasion of an act of no little daring and courage. The poor bird had got hopelessly caught by its chain to the spire of a church near Holloway, London, and an intrepid man undertook to mount the spire and bring down the bird to her owner. For this purpose several long ladders were drawn up to the top of the church tower, and the bird was hoisted and reared up against the steeple. The dangerous ascent was then made amidst the most intense excitement, on the part of a large assemblage of spectators, and the imprisoned cockatoo set free. The rescuer said that perilous as were the ascent and descent, they were as nothing compared to the anxious moments when, standing on the top of the tower, he was engaged with his left hand in unfastening the chain from the cross, while holding on with his right; for during this time the unapprehensive bird, whose reason could not discern the sacrifice being made to save it from a lingering death, pecked at his bare arm, which was covered with blood and made raw with wounds before he could grasp the frightened creature and prevent further injury.

AN IRISH recruit, measuring 6 feet 9½ inches, has just been picked up for the Inniskilling Dragoons.

English Place Rhymes

Some time ago there appeared in these columns a number of rhymes denoting the characteristics and peculiarities of certain localities. The rhymes are very common throughout England and a few more examples may prove interesting.

A Buckinghamshire rhyme describes certain places in that county as follows:

Brill upon the Hill,
Oakley in the hole,
Shabby little Ickford,
Dirty Wottonshall.

A somewhat similar rhyme is current in Northamptonshire:

Armston on the Hill,
Polebrook in the Hole,
Armston turns the mill,
Oundle burns the coal.

Respecting certain places in Norfolk we find this rhyme:

Halvergate hares, Reecham rats,
Southwood swine and Canley cats,
Acle asses, Moulton mules,
Beighton bears, and Freethorpe fools.

Of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, we are told:

Three things you may at Ely see—
A windmill pointed up on high,
The lazar chapel of St. Mary,
A vineyard yielding wine yearly.

The inhabitants of certain villages between Cromer and Norwich are thus alluded to:

Blacking flats, Aylham fliers,
Marsham pews and Hovingham hares.
A rhyme, referring to Rockingham, in Rutlandshire, says:

Rockingham, poor people,
Nasty town, castle down,
One bell, wooden steeple.

Of Hoveton, in Norfolk, it is said:

Hoveton Church, with never a steeple,
Silly parson, ungody people.

Wootton-under-Weaver, in Staffordshire, is described as:

Wootton-under-Weaver,
Where God came never,
In Oxfordshire we are told that:

Dirty Banbury's proud people
Built a church without a steeple.
Of Stoke Golding, in Leicestershire, it is said:

Stoke Golding, Stoke Golding,
Where the boys kiss the girls without
holdest consent.

A particularly appropriate rhyme is:

Stow-on-the-Wold,
Where the wind whistles cold.

A rhyme respecting certain villages in Lincolnshire is very curious:

Waddingham bite all, Snitterby smite all,
Atterby stands in the clay;
Norton hogs and Glenham dogs
Scared Caenby all away;

Normandy pots, Owmby pans,
And Soken new milk cheese,
Sprindling hares, Hackthorn fairs,
And Weldon humble bees.

In Cheshire we are told:

The Mayor of Altrincham and the Mayor of Over,
The one is a thatcher, and the other a

—apparently references to the humble callings followed by the former mayors of those two towns.

Respecting Bewdley, in Worcestershire, we find this couplet:

For ringers, singers, and a crier,
Bewdly excels all Worcestershire.

Petworth, in Surrey, is thus alluded to:

Proud Petworth, poor people,
High church, crooked steeple.

A Kentish rhyme runs:

Deal, Dover and Harwich,
The devil gave his daughter in marriage.

And by a codicil of his will
He added Helvecot and the Brill.

In the county of Durham we find the following couplet:

Seaton Sluice and Hartlepool Mill,
The one goes round, the other stands still,

and in the same county we are told:

When Yarm swims and Ecclecliff swims,
Ainslaby will be a market town.

Yorkshire rhymes are very numerous, and at length Capt. Campbell, who we have set forth the virtues of a most valuable spring:

The water of Hease Well,
Will make tea by itself.

Again, in the same county, there is St. Diana's Well, whose pure water has long been proverbial:

Whoever eats Hammer nuts,
And drinks Diana's water,
Will never leave Witton while
He has a rag or a bone.

The places to which allusion is made in the next couplet are also situate in Yorkshire:

Birstall for ringers, Heckmondwike for singers,
Dewsbury for peddlers, and Cleckheaton for sheddlers.

These places are close to each other in the west riding. To "sheddle" in the Yorkshire dialect is to swindle.

At Argam, near Bridlington, it is believed there is an underground watercourse; hence the saying:

Put a duck at Argam Well,
And it will come up at Grindall Kell.

Several English counties are thus characterized in a popular rhyme:

Cheshire for men,
Berkshire for dogs,
Bedfordshire for naked flesh,
Lincolnshire for bogs;

Derbyshire for lead,
Devonshire for tin,
Wiltshire for hunting plains,
And Middlesex for sin.

Our next rhyme refers to four noted cities, and with it we shall conclude:

Oxford for learning,
London for wit,
Hull for fair women,
And York for a tit.

—Household Words.

Is Your Wife Ill-Tempered?

Examine her feet, and if she has corns buy her Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. Home will then become an Eden. Much of the misery of married life is due to corns. Putnam's Extract is sure, has a rag and bone.

The investigation into Paul Pink's mysterious death at Waterloo has been indefinitely adjourned by the coroner. There are no more developments.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning, and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, pure and effective. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Labor's Realm.

The Trades and Labor Council received an order from Hamilton for 2,000 copies of the January issue of the industrial banner.

London Trades and Labor Council will meet on Tuesday evening in Labor Hall, when the various committees will be appointed.

Isaac Clark, of the local Bricklayers' and Masons' Union, is in Peoria, Ill., attending the international convention. Mr. Clark will be absent from the city for two weeks.

GENERAL LABOR NEWS.

It is reported that printers are in demand in Detroit.

All the German papers published in St. Louis are strictly union.

The shipwrights of Greater New York have entered upon the eight-hour day without trouble.

W. E. O'Brien, a member of Des Moines (Iowa) Typographical Union, has been reappointed state labor commissioner of Iowa.

Thomas J. Kidd, of Chicago, international secretary of the Amalgamated Woodworkers, was in Detroit this week on union business.

The city council of Kenosha, Wis., has passed a resolution, prepared by the printers' union, requiring the union label on all city printing.

At the monthly meeting of Detroit Typographical Union, the local proposition to establish the eight-hour day in Detroit book and job offices was withdrawn to await the action of the international union.

Four hundred men are on strike at the railroad shops at Havelock, Neb., the boiler-makers being the only trade members of the union.

The union has been asked to attempt to introduce a piece system, which would have reduced wages fully one-half.

Design workingmen have already begun the formation of political clubs along the line of independent political action recommended by the American Federation of Labor. Membership is restricted to union men in good standing, and to those supporting the measures endorsed by the Federation convention.

The Spinners' Union of New Bedford, Mass., has voted unanimously to strike against the proposed reduction in wages. This is the first action of the kind taken by any of the New England cotton operatives under the general reduction in the rates of the corporations.

It is the beginning of serious labor troubles.

The decision of the English House of Lords on a labor question, published in last Saturday's Advertiser, has been found to apply in the case of Beck & Sons vs. the Railway Teamsters' Union of Detroit, and the Trades Council, which has the case in hand, intend using the decision in the argument before the supreme court.

The 28,000 cotton mill operatives in Fall River, Mass., who have just been subjected to a 10 per cent reduction, are receiving an offer of only 15 a week. They contend that their wages are low enough, and point out that no reduction is proposed in the salaries of the trustees of the corporations.

26 of whom receive the aggregate of \$229,000 per annum.

During the American Federation convention, representatives of the labor press and labor reporters of the daily press established the Associated Labor Press, and the Trades Council, which organization is "the interchange of news, fraternal intercourse and assistance," and a prerequisite of membership is the possession of a card in a bona fide trades union.

J. Havelock Wilson, president of the Seamen's Union of Great Britain, member of parliament for Middleborough, and fraternal delegate to the recent Nashville convention, is delivering a series of addresses throughout America on the advisability of forming an international federation of workmen.

Following the death of the delegate, died of pneumonia on shipboard while returning to England.

The strike of electrotypers and stereotypers in the city of New York for a shorter workday lasted less than one day. It was an unqualified victory for the union. A scale of nine hours was agreed to. The composition was compromised on nine and one-half hours, with the understanding that the employers would not smother the union.

When the International Typographical Union puts the nine-hour law into effect.

Following are the new officers of Ironmolders' Union No. 31, Detroit: William Glanders, president; James Parkinson, vice-president; Harry Jones, recording secretary; Samuel Wilson, financial secretary; James P. White, corresponding secretary; Robert Jackson, treasurer; Thomas O'Neil, secretary investigating committee; August Gessert, inside guard; Joseph Fleming, outside guard; Thomas Price, statistician; James Macnam, Joseph Broke and W. P. Anderson, trustees.

Following are the places and dates for forthcoming conventions of national and international organizations so far as they have been decided upon:

Carriage and Wagon Makers' International, Detroit, Feb. 14.

International Union of Horsehoes of United States and Canada, Detroit, May 3.

Bicycle Workers' International, Buffalo, N. Y., first Tuesday in May.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, St. Louis, Mo., second Wednesday in May.

Pattern Makers' National League of North America, St. Louis, first Monday in June.

Brotherhood of Boiler Makers and Iron Ship Builders, New Orleans, La., June 14.

Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, Rochester, N. Y., June.

United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, New York city, Sept. 3.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Toronto, second Monday in September.

Journeyman Barbers' International, Evansville, Ind., Oct.

Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen, Macon, Ga., first Monday in October.

International Association of Machinists, Buffalo, first Monday in May, 1899.

United Hatters of North America, New York city, first Monday in May, 1900.

Cigarmakers' International Union of America, Baltimore, second Monday in September, 1901.

The association of workmen in trades unions has a splendid influence upon the members, and has been the means of, first, instilling in the minds of many men a desire for a better education. The union furnished the means and inspiration to complete studies that were interrupted by force of circumstance. This cure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

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floor of the union has been the means of uprooting fixed and narrow ideas, broadening the mind, increasing the conception and general knowledge of all things that relate to social and economic affairs. Well-disciplined trades unionists have a clearer idea of the affairs of state and are consequently better fitted for self-government than those who have had no opportunity to develop their ideas by a similar process.—Detroit Free Press.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength has gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there was nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mantraine and Parmelee are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

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