

Warnings and Presentiments

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF OMENS AND SIGNS THAT WERE VERIFIED IN FACT—AN ENGLISHMAN DREAMS OF A COBRA—STORY OF A MISSING BRIDGE.

[By Charles S. Pearson in Chicago Record-Herald.]

The average person is too deeply engrossed in the problems of the present to be concerned about "mystical lore" of the future; but while prepared to deride the idea of signs and omens, scoff at predictions and premonitions of death, the most practical can only admit that there are many happenings incapable of explanation. Such for instance is the following fully authenticated incident of the remarkable warning given—Lieut. Knightsbridge, a young English officer, who recently arrived in India and formed one of a party collected at the special invitation of a native prince to hunt tigers.

On their way to the rendezvous appointed by the raja, the sportsmen were halted by an old fakir who was squatting in the dust of the road soliciting alms. Responses were liberal, and the donations tendered by Knightsbridge's companions were accepted eagerly by the fanatic. When the lieutenant held out his hand with a coin in it, however, the fakir rudely brushed it aside, tottered to his feet, stared fixedly at the benefactor, and, pointing at him a bony, quivering finger of accusation or admonition, muttered a string of sentences in Hindustani. His refusal of the gratuity and peculiar actions arousing curiosity, an attendant was asked to interpret the meaning. This he was evidently loath to do, but was prevailed upon finally.

"He says that he will not take a gift from a doomed man, excellency; that you are marked for death—unless you do what he advises, sahib," declared the shikaree to Knightsbridge. "And what should I do to prevent this sudden departure?" demanded the officer, much amused.

"You must put yourself on a level with the tiger, you hunt, he insists, sahib; you must meet the tiger on an equal footing, else Fate will decree you will die just before the tiger dies," answered the shikaree gravely. To this was supplemented the native's statement that Ram Dhas, the fakir, was a fount of wisdom, and that his predictions never failed of fulfillment.

It was remembered with tragic vividness four days later when on their return the members of the party passed the fakir, four bearers conveying in a litter the body of the young officer, whose death had occurred under unusual circumstances.

A tiger had been wounded slightly, had disappeared, and as Knightsbridge was most desirous of getting his first shot at big game, he had been allowed to lead the pursuit with a companion on an elephant. The latter was a veteran at tiger hunting, not easily alarmed, and perfectly tractable. Standing in the elephant's howdah, to obtain a better view of their surroundings, the two men approached a dry nullah. The elephant, however, had never crossed this and to have secreted itself in the jungle beyond.

As the elephant was in the act of traversing the big ditch, with a terrific "Woof!" the tiger, most unexpectedly charged from behind a straight at the elephant. The big beast wheeled with wonderful agility, but stumbled and fell to its knees. Knightsbridge, whose footing was insecure, was projected clear over the edge of the howdah, missing the rock bottom of the nullah on his head, breaking his neck and dying instantly.

After the elephant's avoidance of the tiger's rush, the fierce brute con-

A Rheumatic Wreck.

AFTER HOSPITAL TREATMENT FAILED DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURED HIM.

"I suffered the greatest agony from rheumatism. Leading physicians prescribed many medicines, but with unsatisfactory results. I was compelled to go to an hospital, but even the treatment there failed. Then I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and today I am a well man."

These words were spoken by Clifford L. Forbes when interviewed at his home in Port Maitland, N.S. Mr. Forbes is a fisherman and had always been very healthy, until some three years ago while fishing off Newfoundland he was seized with a very severe attack of rheumatism. In his own words he says: "I was fishing in the Grand Banks in the spring of 1903 when I was stricken with rheumatism. I could not work or sleep, and the pain was almost unbearable. My case was so serious that I had to be landed and for weeks I lay in a Cape Breton hospital as helpless as a cripple. The hospital doctors prescribed different remedies, but they did not cure me. I then left the hospital and was taken home with rheumatism apparently completely fastened upon me. Day and night I suffered. Nothing I did for the trouble seemed to help me and I became despondent and downhearted. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was skeptical, but my friend praised the pills so highly that I determined to try them with the result you see today. I am fully cured and have not since had even a tinge of that dreaded affliction. I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I urge all rheumatic sufferers to try them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. Forbes because they struck straight at the root and cause of his crippling rheumatism. They persisted in the mere symptoms like ordinary medicine. They don't act on the bowels. They do only one thing, but they do it well—they actually make new blood. In that way they root out all common blood diseases like anemia, headaches, backaches, rheumatism, scalds, neuralgia, and the secret ailments of girls and women who suffer unspeakably when the richness and regularity of their blood becomes disturbed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

tinued on a direct course. Immediately succeeding the accident, Knightsbridge's companion, who had retained his stand in the howdah, heard shots from the rear which resulted in the tiger's death. In this manner the fakir's prophecy had been fulfilled to the letter.

A MYSTERIOUS WARNING.

From India also comes this strange story describing how Arthur Montfort, an Englishman, was saved from a horrible end through the intervention of an agency concerning which he can only theorize. In the employ of the Indian Government, the man was located in the hill country where wild beasts and all sorts of creeping and crawling things were plentiful. One evening he retired in his bungalow at the accustomed hour, and, always blessed with untroubled slumber, he says that he must immediately have passed into unconsciousness, as was invariably the rule.

It was long after midnight when the sleeper was attacked by a frightful nightmare, something he declares he does not remember having experienced previously. So hideous and harrowing was the dream, in which he seemed to be tortured and oppressed in an indescribable manner, that he woke suddenly, teeth chattering, cold perspiration streaming from his forehead. So assured was he that fearful danger of some description was menacing him that he was on the point of leaping from his resting place to the door to investigate.

At the instant, as if an invisible hand had reached out to him, he was impelled to remain in the bed. Near the low couch on which he was stretched was a taboret holding a box of matches. These he found by groping, and struck one. As the light illumined the darkness an involuntary gasp of horror burst from his lips. He saw coiled on the floor, a few feet from the side of the couch, an immense cobra, hood erect, "spectacles" showing, waiting to sink its deadly fangs into his body. Quickly he lit another taper, drew his revolver from beneath the pillow, and killed the reptile.

The creature must have entered the chamber through a window high up, though in order to do this it had to scathe the perpendicular outside wall of the dwelling.

Montfort's terrible adventure is related in a letter to a friend in New York. He writes in conclusion:

"Had I not heeded the mystical Hence that prevented me from throwing myself from the bed, you know what would have been the outcome. A cobra's bite is inevitably fatal. I talked the affair over with our surgeon who has spent many years in India and is something of a naturalist. His suggestion that his snake-slaying himself might have been unwittingly responsible for the warning, he stated emphatically that he judged not; that so far as his knowledge and belief extended, a cobra under such circumstances, could have been nothing connected with its presence to disturb me, such as odor. "So I have arrived at the conclusion that the warning was one of those inscrutable manifestations of Providence occasionally vouchsafed us miserable sinners. Perhaps if not that it was my alter ego, my subconscious self, or was it instinct, the heritage of savage ancestors, not wholly eradicated because of the disse of civilization, that latent, which came to my aid at the moment of my greatest peril."

TOLD OF A MISSING BRIDGE.

Students of psychology detect much of peculiar interest to discuss in the extraordinary case of Engineer Seaver of the Illinois Central Railroad. He was driving his locomotive into the darkness a couple of hours after midnight, with more than two hundred passengers in the train behind him. A strong, healthy man accustomed to deal with superstitious beliefs, he was wide awake, and totally unaware that danger was imminent, when suddenly he was flashed on his mental retina the representation of a long piece of track with a block out square out of its middle. The vision instantly faded, when as if whispered in his ear, but strikingly intelligible, these words followed: "My son, the bridge is gone."

Concluding that he was the victim of hallucination, he drove the engine for some distance, and then, as if guided by a power irresistible, his hand sought the throttle, applied the brakes, and the train came to a standstill. Leaving the cab, he hurried up the track, seen dimly ahead, and discovered a bridge spanning a chasm burned away so completely that there was nothing left but the bare rails stretching across.

It was utterly impossible for Seaver to have discerned the bridge from the position where the vision of the missing section of track came to his astonished brain—that of itself would have been a miracle. Where did the warning of this intangible nature originate? It was a question which he frankly stated he was unable to settle to his own satisfaction; but the fact remained unaltered.

Equally mystifying and equally difficult of analysis, from the viewpoint of the materialist, is the circumstance wherein another locomotive driver was permitted a glimpse of the fate in store for him in a railroad wreck, in West Virginia. The engineer was Mr. James Regan, who climbed into the locomotive with which he was to take a fast train over the mountains eastward, one night in Parkersburg, West Virginia, his face full of foreboding. When the fireman inquired the incentive of his melancholy expression, he received only a shake of the head; and when he persisted, he was told that substitute had been on hand, I should not have come. Something tells me this is to be my last run."

Later Regan confided how in a dream he had seen his locomotive lying bottom up, with the sides of the track at a locality whose environment had impressed themselves so vividly on his brain that he was able to portray the scene in detail. When he was asked the cause of the dream disaster, he solemnly reminded his interrogator it had been granted to him to see, not to alter the cause, but the effect solely. He reiterated that he was positive the dream augured dire misfortune to him.

Between intervals of firing the locomotive during the trip the fireman heard Regan repeat frequently, as if to himself, "I wish we were at the end of the run! I'd give any amount if we were at the end of this night's run!"

How accurate a prevision of what was to happen, and the sequel, are given in the continued statement of the fireman at the investigation of the accident that befell. He attested: "As we were flying down the mountain, I asked Regan if we were not a little behind time; but he said no, we had past the last station right on the schedule. Those were the last words he spoke. I was bending down to get a shovelful of coal, when there was a tremendous crash, the engine seemed to heave beneath my foot and then rear up, and I went out through the opening between the engine and the tender. When I picked myself up, cut and bruised from the fall, I saw the engine reeled over on its side across the track, broken to pieces. Next my eyes made out in the center of the track a big rock slipped down from the embankment above, completely filling the space between the rails. After it became lighter I recognized the spot as the one Regan had described to me as pictured in the dream. They pulled his crushed body out from under the engine when the wrecking crew came."

A DEADLY GIFT.

That one could feel a terrible dread over the prospective ownership of an ordinary gold watch actually happened to the purser of a Pacific Mail steamship lying between Panama and San Francisco. When, in San Francisco, the purser, confided to an intimate friend, a wealthy plant of Central America, that after the next trip but one he was to be wedded, the planter offered him a handsome new watch.

To the intense surprise of the donor, the purser viewed the watch with unmistakable disfavor. He hastened to explain, because he did not appreciate the other's motive in tendering it. As soon as he beheld the timepiece it stirred up in him a nameless dread, appeared "fairly to radiate calamity" for him. His friend ridiculed what he considered simply superstitious folly, and urged him to accept the watch. The purser took it, though with evident reluctance, and nothing more was thought of his unaccountable aversion. In order to be nearer his fiancée during the stay in port, the purser secured an apartment at the Baldwin hotel in the heart of the city. The second night he was at the hotel it was burned, and the owner of the watch was one of those missing. His room mate divulged the fact that the two had escaped to the street, when the purser remembered he had left the watch, returned to find it, and perished.

CASES AMONG SOLDIERS.

It is a well-known fact that soldiers often have designated the actual day of their deaths, even going so far as to specify the hour, and one of the most notable examples is that of a company captain in the siege of Richmond. One morning he divulged to his fellow officers that in some inexplicable fashion had been conveyed to him the intelligence that he would die at midnight. When during the day his command was ordered to be in readiness to attack twelve that evening, his mind at least was fortified by a positive. Some time before the assault was to take place the order was revoked, but at the prescribed hour the officer was struck by a random bullet from the enemy's lines and mortally wounded.

At the battle of Fredericksburg during a moment's halt the members of Company E, Second Wisconsin regiment of volunteers, threw themselves flat on the ground behind a slight rise. One of the privates was facing the rear engaged in earnest conversation with a comrade when unexpectedly he made a leap high in the air, and immediately afterward a round shot plowed a wheelbarrow of earth from the spot he had just vacated. It was believed indubitably a case of premonition, since the soldier could offer no explanation for having jumped.

LINCOLN'S PREMONITION.

Those who were admitted to the close friendship and confidence of President Lincoln were well aware that he had faith in the prophetic character of dreams, or one dream, rather, as it had visited him on occasions innumerable, and he had learned to construe its meaning as that some uncommon event would soon follow.

On the memorable fourteenth of April he informed the members of his cabinet session that the preceding night the dream had come to him, and as he had seen it just preceding the important battles of Antietam, Fredricksburg, Gettysburg, and others he mentioned, he realized that they were on the threshold of some momentous issue. In telling of the dream he stated that when it held him he seemed to be in "a singular, indescribable, vast, but always the same, moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore." His auditors were profoundly impressed by his earnest declaration that he felt something would befall.

That night the news that he had been assassinated was flashed to a stunned and horrified people.

Writing of her husband, Mrs. R. E. Lee discloses a singular circumstance transpiring a few days prior to his unexpected taking off. He was late at dinner and when at last he joined the others his wife asked him where he had been. He made no reply, but stood up as if to offer a blessing for the meal. Still no word came from his lips, and he seated himself, not heeding the anxious inquiries put to him by members of the family. On his face was an expression of resignation, and in conclusion the wife avows that the look was never to be forgotten, and she has

JOHN LEE'S FEAR

Was Averted by the timely use of South American Nervine—Doctors did their best but were powerless.

"Mr. John Lee, of Pembroke, says:— 'I had indigestion. I had lost my appetite. I was run down in flesh. I was so sick that I feared fatal results, and was almost in despair because my physicians seemed to be doing nothing with the disease. I was induced to try South American Nervine. I received some benefit from one bottle that I persevered in the treatment, and today I am a new man and am cured completely.' (113)

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure liver ills.

Sold by Callard & McLachlan.

no doubt he realized then that his end was near. On his bed of illness Walsey asked the attendant the hour, and was told that it was between eight and nine. "Nay, nay, it cannot yet be eight of the clock, for at that hour you are destined to lose your master," he returned. He passed away next morning when the clock was striking eight.

THE COAL MINER'S DREAM.

At the coroner's inquest over the body of a Pennsylvania anthracite coal miner it was revealed how the man had been forewarned of the manner of his death. The wife testified that the evening previous to his being killed he had returned to his home in an unusual state of depression, which was the result of the mental impression he had received that dire catastrophe was awaiting him, and which he could not baffle. During the night he started up from slumber and complained that he felt as if a ton of rock was on his head. In the morning, added to his fit of dejection was the memory of what had transpired during the night, and he would have remained home for that day, had not the wife made light of the premonition. When he departed from the house he kissed his little daughter farewell, remarking that he did not expect to see her again.

That afternoon a neighbor employed in the same shift brought the wife the intelligence that the husband had been caught and killed under a mass of rock, and that he was the only one injured. The wife hastened to the mine shaft, exclaiming that she was guilty of the murder of her husband, in that she had influenced him to work against his will, and was with difficulty restrained from hurling herself into the pit.

New Light of Heredity

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES SOON TO BE ANNOUNCED.

Results of the Study of Plants and Animals at Cambridge University—A Boon for Farmers.

It is claimed for the School of Agricultural Science at Cambridge University, England, that it has accomplished greater marvels in recent years than the famous achievements of Burbank in California. A report will soon be issued which is expected to make a greater sensation in the world of science than any other recent discovery.

The line of investigation has been the study of what is known as Mendel's law of heredity, and its application to be demonstrated not only in vegetable life but with regard to animals as well. The principle is best shown in a simple illustration. It is known that if a dwarf pea and tall pea are crossed the resulting crop the next year will be all tall peas. The second year's crop, however, will be in exact proportion one-quarter dwarf peas, three-quarters tall peas.

If three tall peas just one-quarter will be pure tall and never again show signs of dwarfness. The remaining two-quarters will be impure, but again when crossed with their like will give pure tall, pure dwarf and mongrels in due proportion.

So we find all our grandchildren, so to speak, of pure strain that the proportion 1:2:1 has a mystic application—that is one-quarter of these grandchildren will be exact or pure reproductions in one quality of their grandmothers, one-quarter will be pure reproductions of their grandfathers, and two-quarters, though resembling one grandparent, will have latent in them the qualities of both.

It is affirmed that all qualities transmissible by heredity in vegetable and animal life are governed by this law. In regard to animals, the simplest and best known case in common experience is perhaps that of the blue Andalusian fowl.

If the pure black and speckled white varieties be mated together, all the chickens will be blue Andalusians. But mate two of the blue Andalusians and it always happens that the chickens are of three sorts—some black, some speckled white, some of the composite color known as blue Andalusian; and the most inexplicable fact in this family picture of inherited qualities is that both the blacks and the whites and also half of the descendants of the blues in the next generation may be called pure bred—that is, in certain definite respects no trace of the cross will again appear in their progeny.

This issue, though it has rather a different appearance, is theoretically much the same as in the case of the peas, and proves the existence of a deep rooted law that will revolutionize the science of developing varieties.

Though the physical secret is obscure, the course of this strange behavior in the fowls and the peas may be considered for practical purposes

Make in various styles and at different prices, but only one quality—the best. A piano is bought for a lifetime of wear. We warrant all

Martin-Orme Pianos

to be perfect in construction and to improve in tone with age, instead of weakening, as ordinary instruments do. Where the Martin-Orme Piano is not represented, we ship direct and guarantee safe delivery to your nearest station, in any part of Canada. Write for descriptive booklet, prices and terms, free on request. ORME & SON, Limited, OTTAWA, ONT.

Sold by Callard & McLachlan.

MADE IN CANADA.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

The Kind that Pleases the People.

PURE, WHOLESOME and ECONOMICAL.

TRY IT. Refuse Substitutes. At all Dealers.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.

certain. After vast numbers of experiments, chiefly with plants, but also with poultry, mice and other animals, a number of characteristics—such as the shape of the comb in fowls, certain color in the peas, beardiness in wheat, perhaps eye color in man—have been marked down as answering to fixed laws which we can control.

The Mendel law is of course by no means free from complications and the experiments are still in their infancy. Still, the Mendel law, which combines the strength of the Manitoba hard grain with the yield of the softer English wheats. It is maintained that the value of the English wheat crop will be increased by this means to the extent of fully \$2.50 an acre. This is the only one of the practical features of the investigation which will shortly be announced.

The problem of the application of the Mendel law to the breeding of animals and human beings is much more complicated, but it is believed that important discoveries in the breeding of sheep, cattle and perhaps horses are already available.

RAPID WORK BY PHOTOGRAPHERS

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING PICTURES FOR CINEMATOPH DISPLAYS.

London Daily Mail: As regards the rapidity with which daily events can be photographed and shown within an hour or two to the general public, the following account of the arrangements made for the Grand National 1907 race will suffice to give some idea of this. Six taking machines were at work on different points of the racecourse, and a special van was in readiness for the films to be developed while en route to London. The moment the race was over the train started, and while running full speed homeward the operators were hard at work developing. Indeed not only were the films developed, but they were washed and dried on a special mechanical drum.

On arrival a motor car in waiting carried the film quickly to the printing establishment, where 500 feet of it was printed on to the positive film. As soon as this was done the film was rushed off to the Alhambra, Empire and Oxford theaters, and shown to an almost incredulous audience. When the final cup tie was played at the Crystal Palace a motor car drove the film to London, and within three hours a cinematograph display of the match was given.

The royal wedding which took place recently at Wood Norton was another occasion on which remarkable celerity was displayed by the energetic cinematograph operators. The bridegroom and the procession were photographed with apparatus which had been perfectly adjusted beforehand. The moment the necessary photographs were secured the films were rushed through at breakneck speed, and, as is well known, the wedding ceremony was shown to Londoners on the evening of the same day.

BREAKING THE NEWS—WITH AN AXE.

Capt. Pritchard, of the Mauretania, was talking about sailors.

"We are a bluff lot," he said. "Did you ever hear about the sailor and the parrot?"

"Well, once upon a time an old lady was returning from abroad with a parrot, of which she was very fond. She entrusted the bird, with many admonitions, to a sailor for the voyage."

"Seasickness, or something, killed the parrot the third day out. The sailor, knowing how upset the old lady would be, could not bring himself to tell her the bad news, but asked a companion, famous for his skill in such matters, to break the bad news to her very, very gently. The man assented."

"And approaching the old lady with a theatrical face, the famous newbreaker touched his cap and said: 'I'm afraid that 'ere bird of yours ain't going to live long, ma'am.'"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the old lady, in alarm. "Why?"

"'Cause he's dead,' was the reply."

THE NAUGHTY BABY.

Of course, baby cries about very little things sometimes, because he is only a baby. When there are big things it is right for big people like mamma and your uncle to cry, too.

Do you think that baby cries about nothing? Big people sometimes think so, but they are wrong. Baby knows more than you do. There is always something.

I saw a tiny baby one day in his little wagon. He looked as well and as strong as a baby could. It was a fine, bright day, and he had a rattle to play with, and he had a nice, soft, white carriage and a pillow and a

Clark's

PORK AND BEANS

You must Eat— to work, — but choose a food that combines flavor, economy and the maximum amount of nourishment.

For Breakfast— try a steaming hot dish of Clark's Pork and Beans—nothing better. Gives a substantial supply of working energy for the day.

Three flavors:—Plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce. Purity and quality guaranteed by the stamp "Canada Approved Establishment 24," and by the name of

WM. CLARK, Mfr., Montreal.



EVERYWHERE THE FAVORITE.

"SILENT" PARLOR MATCHES

D. McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Head Office—Toronto

Paid Up Capital, - - - \$3,000,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

AEMILIUS JARVIS, ESQ., - - - President

RANDOLPH MACDONALD, ESQ., First Vice-Pres.

A. A. ALLAN, ESQ., - - - Second Vice-President

HON. D. McMillan, HON. PETER McLEARN,

ARCH. CAMPBELL, ESQ., M. P. W. K. McNAUGHT, ESQ., M. P.

A. E. DYMONT, ESQ., M. P. ALEX. BRUCE, ESQ., K. C.

F. G. JEMMETT, R. CASSELL,

General Manager. Asst. General Manager.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest at best current rates paid quarterly

Men's Mitts

IN MULESKIN, BUCKSKIN, HOGSKIN, HORSEHIDE.

65c to \$1.50

A few pairs of Buckskin Gloves, genuine Indian tan, from British Columbia. Some with and some without gauntlets. Come early if you wish to secure a pair of these.

WESTMAN'S HARDWARE

121 Dundas St. Market Square.

Now you see what made the baby cry, for nothing happens without some reason. If our baby cried we would not say it was naughty, would we? No, indeed. What would you do?—St. Nicholas.