POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 1, 1902.

HOUSANDS OF GIRLS FROM LIFE OF SHAME.

Methodist Missionary Secures Most To Attack Richest District of Important Decision in Japan.

Pittsburg, Pt., Fab. 26.—The Methodist Protestant Board of Foreign Missions of the United States met here today. The report for the year showed that about \$16,000 had been expended in the foreign work. A letter was read from Missionary Murphy at Yokohama, Japan, telning of the wonderful reform movement now in progress in Japan. For many hundred years fathers in Japan have been allowed by law to sell their daughters to disorderly houses. One of the girls escaped about a year ago and took refuge with Mr. Murphy. He made an appeal to the supreme court of Japan and has just secured a decision that the practice is virtual slavery. This decision liberates more than 55,000 girls and about 11,000 have than 55,000 girls and about 11,000 have already escaped from their bondage.

THAT AWFUL

"I have proved Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple ablets to be the only effective remedy for my, yspepsia. I have used most everything I could ear of, but these tablets "touch the spot" and ake away the awful depression and distress in limost quicker time than it takes to tell it. You may publish this that all sufferers from Indigesion and Dyspepsia, may find the relief I did. Mrs. M. Grenery, 51 Alice St., Toronto. Sixty tablets, 35 cents.

Sold by M. V. Paddock.

London requires 600,000 cows to supply it with dairy produce.

INSURGENT FLEET TO BEGIN OPERATIONS.

Isthmus of Panama.

Panama, Colombia, Feb. 25.—A steamer which arrived here this morning reports having met the fleet of the Colombian Liberals off Punta Mala and that these vessels undoubtedly intend to commence operations on the coast of the province of Chiriqui, the richest district on the isthmus. It is believed here that the Lib-eral General Herrera perceiving the strength of the government, will not attack Panama but will await attack by the government troops. Punta Mala is about 100 miles from Panama.

For Conducting Lottery Business. Niagara Falls, Feb. 25-(Special)-Waliam E. Hunt, arrested at Fort Erie last riam E. Hunt, arrested at Fort Eric last week, charged with conducting a lottery business contrary to the laws of Canada and using his majesty's mails for fraudulent purposes, was committed for trial by Police Magistrate Logan this morning. Several witnesses gave evidence for the crown showing that Hunt conducted a lottery business. James Henderson, post office inspector, testified he had letters going through Canadian mails going to ing through Canadian mails going to and from the accused as manager of the Fort Erie-Kentucky lottery and filed some two or three dozen such letters as evidence. Bail of \$3,000 was granted.

than twenty-four years. All Druggists.

There are 13,000 policemen in London drawing salaries of \$6,469,760, while there are 6,000 in New York, drawing salaries

SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH'S PICTURE PUZZLES



"THAT BOY IS CALLING ME." WHERE IS HE?



JAMES I DON'T SEE YOUR BROTHER THIS MORNING, WHERE IS HE?"



I HEAR A LION! WHERE IS HE?"

Great Apostle To The Gentiles Fought With Beasts There.

A GREAT CLOUD OF WITNESSES

Viewing the Christian Life as a Combat. There is Consolation in the Idea That the Warrior Has Many Celestial Sympathizers.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Can ada, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of To ronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

course of Dr. Talmage is full of inspiring thoughts for those who find life a struggle and shows that we have many celestial sympathizers; texts, Hebrews xii, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" I. Corinthians xv, 32, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus. Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cen-

is pass or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world, the Amphitheatre. The whole building stand in the arena where the com-bat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victin, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think

that Paul himself once stood in such a place and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus." orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence. The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at

the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a will strike when his life depends up-on the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then rallying his wasted strength he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,- go forth on the high behest. 000 clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the Peo-

ple, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of 100,000 people Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite

idea of the Christian life as a com-

The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of

your soul! Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it for twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen-reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of spirit. With that thou mayest drive

him back and conquer!
But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. The combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jun-

gle; this is with the roaring lion of Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. Not They stand in the centre of an immense circle of

sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gid-con and Barak and then says, "Be-

con and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena. around which circle in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of wit-

amphitheatre on the day of a cele-bration, sat Tiberius or Augustus or bration, sat Tiberius or Augustus or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns. The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed and the tears wiped away and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us—nay, unheard of condecension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my pow-

They gave to the men in the arena in the olden time food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

Opening the world of the scene of the arena!"

What! Are the scene of the scene of the arena!

Once in the ancient amphitheatre a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the The lion must be slain by a sword."
Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King in this case is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not cuffer us to be tempted above, what that they would sit so lovingly to

who put their trust in him."
I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor which I was a the glood. is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living host into a hear of 125 000 corress. These years heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yon-der chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These at creation stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrap-ped in the swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dig nity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower or-ders of heaven hear the command and

angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of

I look again and see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into th time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it last Red Sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at, ye were stoned, ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at

In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzze! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting

and halleluiahs. I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth he preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Pablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25

emancipation. Who is that army of 6,666? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array, 884,000, who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group,

Felicitas of Rome and her children.
While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns, another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the other was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. They are all together, a family group in Heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "if I had who exclaimed as he died, "if I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out with redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with to the dogs; they were daubed with conbustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright

as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out; the swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an observing pathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume; the floods cannot drown; the lions can-not devour. Courage down there

What! Are they all looking? This hour we answer back the salutation they give and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery—that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who There are the sweet singers lady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If Heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainerd, of the aborigines evan-gelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burma took Heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! Do we in Christ's cause suffer from the cold? They walked Green-land's icy mountains, Do we suf-fer from the heat? They sweltered in tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we prosecuted? They were anathematized, And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn

Must you be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease While others fought to win the prize Or sailed through bloody seas?

I look again, and I see the gal-

lery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children—do they look with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle of life? They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last fare-well. Though years in Heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names They watch this fight for Heaven.

But here I bause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! O majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! throngs! How shall we ever stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us and angels for us and pro-phets and apostles for us and the great souls of the ages for us and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us! No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us! No, ye loved ones, whose arms are stretched to receive No; we will never surrender! My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried, 'Here, here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here!" I heard the roll call of Heaven, and [was only answering to my name!" [wonder whether after this battle of this life is over our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified and, with the souls, shall cry, "Here, here!"

Belting.

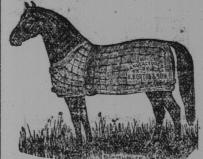


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House Action on Philippine Tariff Bill. LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Candidates in Kings.

H. HORTON & SON,

To the Eeditor of The Telegraph: Sir,--I notice there is an occasional correspondent writing to the Globe in the interest of the Tory party in Kings county. He thinks a great deal of the Liberal party (?) and wants them all to vote for Mr. Sproul. He does not write over his own signature for various reasons. It would be dangerous to do so, for he would be captured as a curiosity-a Tory whose bowels of compassion yearn and expand condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the will forbid the rushing out of more there are John Calvin and James for the Liberal party. Today Mr. Sproul is bidding for Liberal votes and if the gether? There are George White is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are they thought him a fanatic, because they thought him a fanatic, want everybody to kick them for having the world the people are pouring into worked against their own interests h electing a Tory instead of a Liberal. The Tories are very kind-hearted with Lib-erals when they think they can use them for their own selfish end, but who ever knew a Tory to conter a solitary favor on a Liberal? How the Tories will chuckle to themselves if they can use any part of the Liberal press or any of the Liberal votes in accomplishing their selfish purpose. At the nomination in Hampton on Saturday all admitted that the government had done some good things for the people, but that those things could not go on if the opposition attained power. What can Mr. Sproul do for the people? He can Mr. Sproul do for the people? He who is doing all he can to pull down the government at Fredericton as well as at Ottawa; he who is doing all he can to take away the rights which the Liberal party has conferred upon us, can expect no favors or special privileges at the hands of those he is traducing in every mood and tense all over Kings county.

Let the Liberals of Kings beware. There are enough of them to elect Mr.

pathy with the administration and on who has the ability to advocate their claims. Mr. King is a brilliant speaker and an able lawyer. When he speaks he gets down to solid facts and makes every word tell. No waste of words or beating round the bush. He is indeed an able acquisition to the party and the Liberals should receive him with open arms. Let them also remember that the present gov-ernment has done more to ameliorate the condition of the farming community than any other government that ever existed. Let them bear in mind who it was that built up the cheese industry and made cash plentiful in every hole and corner in New Brunswick.

All this was condemned by the party that Mr. Sproul represents but now he has to admit the good they have done and thinks the same state of affairs can go on if he is elected. Hoping the electors of Kings will consider well their own interests and elect Ora P. King, I remain, Yours in haste, LIBERAL.

Havelock, Feb. 25, 1902.

A Matter of Choice.

To the Editor of The Telegraph: Sir,—Will you kindly say which is considered correct spelling in this country, unequalled or unequaled. DEBATER.

[There are authorities for both spellings; the American majority favor but

one 1.—Ed. Tel.1 St. John Shareholders' Meeting. There was a meeting of the St. John shareholders of the Charlottetown Light & Power Company at the Royal hotel last evening. L. L. Beer and W. A. Weeks on behalf of the Charlottetown holders of stock, made a proposition for a proportionate assessment to wipe out the liabilities of the old company, rendered necessary by the amalgamation of the rival lighting companies in Charlottetown. The St. John shareholders agreed to sell their stock at 50 cents on the dollar, and the option to purchase is to remain open for 24 hours. The offer will probably be accepted. Among the St. John holders present at the meeting were ex-Mayor Sumner of Moncton, and J. A. Belyea, representing the Pitfield estate; J. M. Robinson, Geo. H. Waterbury, E. L. Rising. Rupert
J. Haley and C. J. Milligan. It will be
remembered that a few months ago The
remembered that a few months ago The Telegraph announced the amalgamation of the lighting interests of Charlottetown by the combination of the Royal Electric, Full Electric and the Charlottetown Light & Power companies. This amalgamation was completed last August on the basis of \$15,000 in stock and \$15,000 in first mortgage bonds to the shareholders of the Royal Electric Company; \$19,000 in stock of Heaven breaking upon our to the shareholders of the Full Electric Company, and \$21,000 in stock to the members of the original Charlottetown Negroes in Alabama will contest the constitutionality of the new state conname. This combination of interests has put an end to the ruinous competition Forests cover one-tenth of the surface which had for years prevailed in the of the world one-quarter of Europe, as lighting of Charlottetown.

and Horse Blankets, which we offer at the We manufacture all'sty les Baire s. 11 Market Square, St. Sohn, N. B

Washington, Feb. 26—The house today sent the Philippine tariff bill to conference, non-concurring in all of the senate A "DEMON" DISEASE

The Dominion Steel Company. Here is an American opinion (the Bangor Daily News), on the recent changes in

than we are and they are in receipt of government subsidies which almost insure the payment of expenses. Their progress will be interesting if not instructive as an object lession touching the ingratitude which monied Americans are likely to experience when they go into alien lands and invest their capital for the benefit of the natives—and themselves.

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Take them and go about your business-they do their work while you are doing yours.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are purely vegetable and act upon the Liver without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. 10 cents a vial.

They are system renovators, blood purifiers, and builders. Every gland and tissue in the whole anatomy is benefited and stimulated in the use of them. 100 pills in a vial, 25c. 45 Sold by M. V. Paddock.

Paper Mills Adopt Eight-hour Day. Boston, Feb. 25.-The announcement

was made at the business offices of the Great Northern Paper Company here to-day that a voluntary reduction in the ime schedule at its paper mills will be made from 12 hours to eight hours for a day's work. The mills are at Millinocket and Madison, Me. The employes directly, heretofore have been working 12 hour

A THOUSAND PITIES

That everybody whose skin is on fire with some one form or another of Skin Eruptions, should not know of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application controls the flame a few applications cure.

bleeding, itching and ulcerating Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Eczema, Itch, Sain Blotches, Pimples, Chronic Erysipelas, Liver Spots. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is specially efficacious as a Pile cure. Apply it before retir-ing for from 3 to 5 nights and a cure is assured.

Sold by M. V. Paddock.

Italy's Strike Situation. Rome, Feb. 25-Despatches from all parts of Italy show that the railroad employes belonging to the mobile and territorial armies are joining the colors readily in accordance with yesterday's decree of

the government, a step taken to prevent

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