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Board Wells Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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LOVE THE LEVELLER

ROMANCE OF A MACHINE SHOP.

She threaded her way daintily through the great shop with its bewildering whirr of machinery and its roaring fires—its flying sparks and dirt and dust and smoke.

Now and again she stopped to watch some great machine perform its almost human work. The men, with their splendid muscles and perfect skill interested her immensely. But her companion was distinctly bored. The grime and sweat and dirt offended his aristocratic senses and the noise jarred upon his ears.

"What you can find interesting in this pandemonium I cannot imagine," he expostulated. "It is bad enough for those who have to be here and do the work, but to deliberately seek it when the sun is shining outside, the roads are hard and a motor car is waiting, is beyond me."

"Oh, Philip, can't you feel the thrill of seeing things done by real people?" she replied. "Just look at that man at the forge! See the great muscles stand out as he lifts the hammer. And see how skilfully he shapes the iron! The strength of a giant, the delicate touch of a woman—it is grand!"

"Well, I'm blessed if I can see it that way," rejoined the man. "Far from seeming romantic, it looks to me as though the fellow might as well be in prison as be compelled to spend his time doing that kind of work. Of course, I suppose they are used to this sort of labor—and somebody has to do it—but I can't say I care to see them at it—anyway, on a fine day with fresh air and a lively spin awaiting me."

Just the shadow of impatience crossed the girl's face at this speech, but she laughed merrily and continued her way through the shop.

It was Ida's first visit to the great works of which her father was the owner. She had been reared in the exclusive atmosphere of wealth, and her vision had not reached much beyond her father's palatial mansion, the theatres, the other palatial mansions in "our set," and the Continental tour.

Of course, she knew about the great mills, but heretofore to her they had been simply acres of gloomy, smoking prisons, from which there was wrested the money that bought all the good things.

On this pleasant day in the early autumn, wearied with the conventional round of pleasures and pastimes with which she was surfeited, and somewhat aroused by a novel she had been reading, which dealt with the world of workers, she had determined to see the inside of those great smoky shops and find just what was going on there and the manner of men who lived among them.

Her father had laughed at her whim, and as he had not time that day to go with her, Philip Hammond acted as her escort. Philip was her constant champion — her destined husband — the son of Mr. Norton's life-long friend, a successful banker.

It was but a moment after the conversation recorded between Miss Norton and Mr. Hammond that an accident occurred.

A man directly ahead of the visitors carrying a heavy load on his shoulders, made a misstep, fell against a great leather belt, and was carried off his feet and was carried upward with the belt. As he realized his danger he gave a fearful shriek and his eyes met those of Miss Norton. The mortal terror of them burnt into her very soul and she shrieked:

"Philip, Philip, save him! Oh, save him!"

She saw the wheel to which the belt was dragging him and knew that he must be crushed.

Philip saw the fearful danger, but stood as one paralyzed.

He could have reached the man from where he was, but stood trembling with white face and horror-stricken eyes.

The attention of the entire shop had been attracted by the shrieks, and a score of men were running toward the scene.

"Pull that lever, you there with the white cap! The black one! Quick! Throw off the belt!" came in clear, commanding tones from behind. But Hammond did not stir. He threw up one hand to shut out the sight of the man being crushed.

In the meantime past the two visitors sprang the man who had shouted.

It was the blacksmith from the forge.

The man on the belt was right in the clutch of the wheel.

It seemed to Ida that she must surely faint.

At that instant the blacksmith made a lunge at the revolving wheel, caught two of the iron spokes and braced his stalwart legs.

It seemed as though he would be thrown against the machine beyond—but no, the wheel stopped with a jerk.

The muscles of the blacksmith's arms and chest stood out like whipcords.

"Quick boys, quick!" he cried; "I can't stand this long."

He had no need to urge. Already two workmen had hoisted a third to their shoulders, and he pulled the victim from the wheel, with one arm badly crushed, but alive.

Then the blacksmith led go the wheel and the machinery started to whirr and buzz. The men crowded about him, uttering congratulations.

"Well, I'm blest, Joe. You saved Mike from bein' made into mincemeat that time. I didn't think it could be done. By Jove, Joe, I'd like to have your muscle."

These and similar compliments were fired at him as he turned with a broad grin to the forge.

Directly in his way stood a beautiful girl with blanched face, her great brown eyes swimming with tears.

"Oh, sir, I want to say you are the bravest and strongest and quickest man I ever saw. I cannot thank you too much. I was afraid he would be crushed to death."

He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"It was nothing, miss," he said. "Any of the men would have done it."

That evening Ida went over the scene with her father. He knew all about it, and told her that the rescuer was Joseph Madern.

"One of the best men we have," he said warmly. "A thorough mechanic and an inventor. We keep him at the forge because there is a particular part of the machine that has to be done by hand, and Madern does it better than anybody else. Few men have the strength and skill combined to do it. We pay him as well as though he were a foreman, but have to keep him at the forge. I have ordered that he be handsomely rewarded for his heroism to-day."

"Papa, I want you to invite him to dinner," suddenly said Ida, after some minutes spent in thought.

"Who?" asked Mr. Norton, looking up from his paper.

"Mr. Madern. I think it would be a much nicer way to show appreciation of his heroism than merely to give it made them very ill. Many 'a castaway crew, however, has found them better than nothing.

"Mr. Madern. I think it would be a much nicer way to show appreciation of his heroism than merely to give it money."

Mr. Norton smiled. He was not wholly undemocratic in his instincts.

"But your mother," he said.

She had an answer, and the result was that Joe Madern found himself with palpitating heart going up the steps of the Norton mansion one evening.

He was neatly dressed and bore himself with a demeanor that charmed the girl as much as the exhibition of strength.

Mrs. Norton absented herself from dinner with cold disapproval.

After dinner Miss Norton took her strange guest to the library, and was astonished at the wide knowledge he displayed of books and the strong opinions he held on economic topics.

He told her of their workingmen's club and the discussions they had. "You should attend one of our open meetings; it would interest you," he said.

"I will," she replied, and she did, and was still more astounded to hear him in debate where he stood like a lion to fight for his opinions, using always the most forceful language and displaying the widest reading and information.

She invited him to call and he did once or twice. As he was about to take his departure on the second occasion he said:

"I think this is the last time, Miss Norton, that I will see you, and I want to tell you how thoroughly I appreciate your kindness and how much I have enjoyed the evenings I have spent here."

"The last time!" she repeated, the blood rushing to her face. "What do you mean? You are not going away?"

"No, but it is better that I should not see you. We belong to different worlds. They do not mix. The very keenness of the pleasure I feel in coming here warns me that I had better not."

"There is only one world for kindred spirits," she said impulsively.

"Do you mean that? Do you know what you are saying?" he demanded, coming close to her.

She stood with downcast eyes. Then, straightening his broad shoulders and throwing back his head, he said: "Miss Norton, I am a plain, blunt man of the people and not versed in the ways of society. I have discovered that I love you and I know it would be presumptuous to propose for your hand. I do not quite understand what you mean by your last remark. If you mean that you consider that we are on a social equality, I want to say that I love you with a love as deep and as honest as man ever had for a woman. I can offer you nothing but that which my arms may earn, and that is not what you have been accustomed to. Still, if it should so happen that your exceeding kindness to me means that you love me, all that is nothing."

He stood looking at her as in a dream. She swayed, and fell into his arms.

"That's what it does mean," she whispered. "You are the only real man I ever saw."

There was a dreadful scene when Madern spoke to Mr. Norton, but he sturdily told his employer that he had been accepted by Ida and they were going to marry with or without parental consent.

Mr. Norton summoned his daughter and she corroborated the statement of her plebian lover.

Then Mr. Norton told them that the girl had not a penny in her own right, and if she married Madern she never would have.

To which Madern replied that that pleased him exactly.

They were married. Madern left the employ of the Norton works and found another position.

The Nortons were unrelenting until some three years later, Mrs. Norton being dead and a fine baby boy having been born in a certain rose-covered cottage in the suburbs, Mr. Norton softened.

Now Madern is superintendent of the Norton works and a still better position may shortly be his.

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STARVATION DIETS.

Boiled Rope, Seaweed, Raw Boots Have Saved Lives.

The hardest fare that six strong men and a boy of 15 ever kept alive on was the daily menu of the Windover's survivors, who were cast up on the Irish coast near Kilsegg a few weeks ago. They lived for sixteen days on stewed rope-yarn, without a crumb of anything else to help digest it, except water; and, though it made them ill, they kept alive on it and did not waste away very much.

The Windover was a bark carrying salt between Spain and the States, with an English crew, and she was dismasted and abandoned about a thousand miles out on the Atlantic. Three of the crew were killed by falling masts, and two others were washed overboard; but the other seven took to the whaleboat and set out for Britain. Being in too much of a hurry they took too little food, but three large butts of water, besides the tank the boat already held. The result was they ate up the provisions in four days, but had water enough for a month, and, after starving two days more, they tried boiling lengths of tarred hemp rope into a pulp and swallowing it. They had a keg of paraffine wax, and though it made them very ill, at first, they eventually contrived to live on the boiled hemp, the tar, boiled to a jelly, adding to the nourishment of the rope. They landed in comparatively good health.

Two men who went to a small island off the Irish coast a little while ago kept themselves going for ten days on a diet almost worse. They landed in a boat, which was smashed by a wave on their trying to relaunch her, and they were left on the bare, rocky island, which has only a slight scalp of coarse turf.

WITHOUT FOOD.

Fortunately there is a spring on the island, but nothing in the way of food but gulls, which they could not catch, and nothing to make a fire with as a distress signal. There are not even any shellfish, as there is no beach, and the pair had to subsist for the ten days on cold, raw seaweed washed up by the tide. For two days they starved, but after that they tackled the seaweed, making three meals a day of it, until rescued. When taken off they were a good deal emaciated, but no ill effects resulted. The same thing happened off the same coast five years ago, when four fisherwomen were imprisoned on an inlet by the loss of their boat. They lived on "kelpie" grass for six days.

A diet of boots is one of the commonest of last-resource foods; and, though it is hard for a well-fed person to imagine that any one could masticate and digest shoe leather, a pair of long seaboots will keep a man alive for a fortnight, if he has a little water. Capt. Maboly, of the foundered steamer Gwalior, and his second officer created a record last year by living for seventeen days on boot leather and a pint of water per day each.

Of course, no teeth can tear cowhide boots; they have to be cut up and shredded with a knife, and the shreds chewed and swallowed. Boiling, even when possible, does no good at all, but takes from the boots what nourishment they contain. A few ounces of leather, being so hard to digest, stays the stomach for fifteen or twenty hours.

The best known and most useful of starvation diets for wrecked or castaway people, however, is that of barnacles, and if anything of the kind happens to you they will probably be your stable food. Barnacles are long, tough, half shellfish, half-vegetable creatures, that grow on the undersides of vessels. Three Englishmen and a crew of Lascars who had been forced to abandon the sailing vessel North Star a few months ago kept themselves going for over a week on barnacles and only two of the crew died. The worst of them is that they give one internal cramps and cause an insufferable thirst; but they do nourish the frame. You have to reach under the vessel's side and pull them off, taking care not to leave the best half of them sticking to the planks. Only a starving person could possibly eat them. Many 'a castaway crew, however, has found them better than nothing.

MONKEYS WITH LONG NOSES.

Rare Variety Arrives in Hamburg From Borneo.

Most monkeys have nothing but nose holes, and no real nose, as we consider it. But there is a monkey in Borneo that has a long nose, longer even than that of particularly long-nosed human beings. A specimen of this monkey, known as the proboscis monkey, has just been brought alive to Europe, and is now in Hamburg. The queer creature has attracted much attention. It looks grotesquely human-like — very much like a man who has put on a big artificial nose for fun. The monkey can move his nose upward or downward, and he can make it stick out straight from his face.

It is very rare to find proboscis monkeys in captivity. Most of them die before they get much farther than the Suez because they are very sensitive to the changes in temperature and to the conditions of captivity.

The one in Hamburg has been named "Kiki." He looks extremely mild and gentle, but his reputation is different. He is accused of being wicked and treacherous.

"What happened 400 years ago this year?" asked Freddie's teacher. "Don't know, please, sir," answered Freddie; "I am only seven years old."

Both Good Fellows

Beside the crystal Klondike, on the trunk of a fallen tree, we sat talking of the town of Dawson, of the various camps and the country generally. Some men were polling and roping along up the swift stream with a flatboat filled with supplies.

A prospector, floating down from Dominion, who had just shot a rapid with a Peterboro, waved his hand and my companion waved back. The man in the boat held up a brown bag filled with dust—his harvest of the yellow corn of the Klondike.

The old miner pulled his white beard to one side and spat far out into the stream, staining the river as he had stained the lower fringe of his mustache, and remarked that Dawson would never be taken by a miner for a mining camp.

It was all very well, he said, to talk of law and order, and it looked well in the outside papers, but if a Forty-niner or a Fifty-niner came to the Klondike, as he had come, to breathe once more the free, wholesome atmosphere of Early Days, that man would go back to the camp of his boyhood, with its electric lights, trolley cars and painted houses, deeply disappointed.

"I have made money in every mining camp that I have seen," said he, "I have traveled abroad for pleasure, prospected and found gold. In South Africa and Siberia, wherever I struck a stake or drove a drill I found the pay-streak.

"It's the simplest thing in the world to follow this girdle of gold that belts the earth. We know it best where it crosses our own country, so wide that it covers the whole West, from Colorado to the Coast.

"Then it sweeps up through British Columbia, spreads out over Alaska, and the Hudson Bay country and follows the Yukon down to the Behring Sea. Cross this cold pond and you pick up the pay streak again and follow it across Siberia, and so around the earth.

"And all along the trail you find the prospector—on the sands of Africa, on the snows of Siberia—hunting, hoping, living in a dream that can never be realized, because, if he find a fortune, he will have exhausted the anticipation to such an extent that the realization will only sadden him.

"There will be a momentary thrill, and then will come the realization that his dream is over. Having become suddenly rich and discontented, he strives for pleasure in the things that money buys.

"He will travel round the world, as I have done, panning the streams and searching the faces of all the frowning cliffs. When he hears of a new field he will join the mad rush in the hope, not of finding a fortune, but the old camp of his boyhood days.

"Ah," he mused, stroking his snow-white whiskers, "if it were as easy to find happiness as it is to find gold, I should be always happy.

"For there is the other prospector, the one who fails, forgets his name, wanders out into the dunes or the drifts, dies and is forgotten."

More of this talk there was, from which I gathered that this hoary prospector was wifeless, childless, rich and unhappy, and there was a helpful lesson in his life.

There we sat, side by side like a stack of red and a stack of white chips on a green cloth, just the same height—six feet of earth would do either of us—both independent; one independently rich, so that he could pay his debts, the other independently poor, so that the sheriff, if he came, could find nothing.

Yet, in spite of that fact, one was sad, disappointed and tired, the other cheerful and full of interest in the great show called Life.

Before we started the old man told me a story—a story that I had heard in Seattle, which is part of the forgotten history of the West that was, but is no more, and this is the story I set out to tell.

The Forty-niner tells it with pride to show that the rough men and heroic women who blazed the trails to the Pacific had big hearts that were always in the proper place.

Many years ago, in a mining camp far out in the wide, wild West, there lived a man and a woman—both good fellows. Without benefit of clergy they abode together for many moons, fell out and finally separated.

Now, for the first time, the woman realized how much she loved the man, and the man became aware that the best had gone out of his life. Of course, she, being a woman, could do nothing, and he, being a man, would do nothing; so they met, nodded, and passed each other and all the while love grew stronger.

All the people in the camp came soon to know of their troubles and all sympathized with them, for they were both good fellows.

Finally, the man gave in, called on the woman and proposed marriage. She consented, of course, and named the next day.

That night in the hotel the man told his friends what was to be, and they all clicked glasses and wished him joy.

That night the woman sat at her one window and watched a big black cloud that came out of the west and heard the low wind come sobbing and crying up the canon. The moan of the wind saddened her and the sight of the black cloud caused her to weep.

The kind woman with whom she lived heard her sob through the canvas wall, and went in to see her. The woman hid her brown head on the knee of her friend, and told her that she was to be married on the morrow, and the good woman kissed her and cheered her and told her that she must not weep on the eve of her wedding day.

Then the bride-to-be wiped her eyes and tried to be glad, but when she was alone she looked out on the black cloud and heard the wind sob, and moaned. When her friend peeped in again the woman, with her glorious hair let loose over her white gown, was kneeling beside her narrow bed.

That night the sleeping camp was startled by the cry of fire. The wind, that had come crying out of the west hours ago, had begun to howl. Wind and fire seem always to go together.

The wooden camp burned like ricks of dry straw. Hundreds of people escaped in the clothes they were sleeping in. When the fire died down and the roll was called only two people were missing, but they were deeply mourned, for they were good fellows.

A man said that a stranger hurrying along the street had stopped and helped him carry his wife and children from their burning home. When they were safe, the stranger, thinking perhaps there were other people in the building, ran back. The ceiling fell and he perished in the flames.

Five blocks away they found the charred form of a once beautiful woman. They made two graves, side by side, and all the people went to pay their last respects to the victims of the fire. Above these graves they raised a great marble monument and upon the face they chiselled:

MR. AND MRS. GEO. BLANK,
Both Good Fellows.

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LONDON'S MILK SUPPLY.

Immense Number of Gallons Consumed Daily.

None save those directly interested in the trade have the remotest idea of the vast quantity of milk consumed in the British Metropolis in the course of a year, said the manager of a well-known firm to the writer recently. Within the last ten years the annual consumption of milk in London alone has increased by 18,000,000 gallons, and now stands at approximately 160,000 gallons a day.

Until 1865 London was responsible for its own milk supply, but the great cattle plague of that year made it necessary for Metropolitan dealers to send to the outlying counties for their milk, thus opening up a market for dairy farmers within 150 miles of London, which has been increasing by leaps and bounds. At present more than 30,000 hands find permanent employment in providing London with milk, while over 2,000 milkmen go their rounds morning and evening delivering it in pints, quarts, or gallons, as the case may be.

The milk for London's breakfast is milked the evening before and churned ready for the night mail. It begins to arrive at its destination at 2 a. m., and a steady supply is kept up until ten or eleven, although the majority of dealers have been supplied by 4 a. m. At midday the morning milkings come in, and a gradual stream of churns is poured into London up till eight o'clock, all of which have to be duly emptied, cleansed, and sent back by the late trains. To prove this is no light task it may be said that a large firm will have 5,000 churns in use divided into three portions. Each churn therefore reaches them once in three days, costs $6.25, and has an average life of from two to four years according to the length of the journey.

The Metropolis is not entirely dependent upon the country for its milk, however. There are about 15,000 cows in London which produce between them 7,500 gallons of milk a day, but the capacities of the dairy farmer in or near the city are somewhat curtailed. Furthermore, the authorities are very strict as to cleanliness, and will only grant licenses for cowsheds which are perfectly drained, roomy, and well ventilated.

It is comforting to know that the milk supply of London is the best in the world as regards cleanliness. It has nearly 300 public inspectors to analyze it, while all the large firms employ private inspectors to see that the supplies are delivered by their milkmen untampered with. Each churn after being used is cleaned by steam being driven into it with the force of 60 pounds to the square inch, which cleanees the receptacle more thoroughly than anything else could do.

Maud—"I think that is just too horrid for anything. Here I've been standing over the side of the vessel for half an hour and can't see it." Ruby—"Can't see what, my dear?" Maud—"Why, the Equator. The captain said we were crossing it."

NUMBER OF EARTHQUAKES

AVERAGE OF FIFTY RECORDED EVERY YEAR.

Value of the Seismograph in Recording Earthquakes at Long Distances.

At the recent meeting at Belfast of the British Association, Prof. John Milne said that the usual yearly average of earthquakes whose effects were felt all over the world is about fifty. Recently, however, they have been more numerous. In the three years between January 1, 1899, and January 1, 1902, the number recorded was 196.

It is only within the past ten or twelve years that seismologists have been able to record instrumentally the efforts of earthquakes at long distances from the place of origin of the shock. The seismograph was invented about fifteen years ago for the purpose or recording earth movements that could not otherwise be observed. In Japan, for example, there are thousands of earth movements or tremors every year which are too slight to be noticed by those on the ground, though it is slightly moved beneath their feet. There are several forms of the seismograph, but the most common is the pencil-tipped pendulum so delicately adjusted that the slightest earth movement where it stands is at once recorded on the paper beneath it.

At the time of the great Japanese earthquake in 1891, it was recorded by a seismograph as far away as Shanghai, China. But no one at that time supposed that the effects of the severest earthquake shocks were distributed through the rocks clear

AROUND THE EARTH.

It was not until a number of seismographic stations were established in Europe that it was found that severe shocks occurring on the margin of the Pacific Ocean could be recorded there. Shocks of the greatest intensity cannot to-day occur anywhere without the fact being almost instantly communicated through the rocks to seismographs in all parts of the world.

The very severe disturbances in Guatemala in April last were recorded by the most northerly seismographs in Canada and by those of Europe.

Prof. Milne says that in all cases the center of origin of world-shaking shocks lies on the flanks or near the bases of the steepest flexures or breaks on the earth's surface. Many of them occur in the abysses of the sea and it is usually found that when these terrible shocks originate on land large areas are raised or lowered as the result of the shock.

Thus, in Japan, in 1891, a breaking down of the rocks occurred among the mountains where the disturbance originated. The length of this break was traced for forty miles and the area of subsidence, which embraced the western part of the Neo Valley, sank vertically from ten to twenty feet.

During the New Madrid earthquakes of 1811-13, which occurred in the Mississippi Valley, in what is now the southeastern part of the Missouri and the northeastern part of Kansas, an area about 5,000 square miles subsided vertically on an average of about ten feet.

Some of these sunken areas permanently attracted drainage from the surrounding country and remain to-day as lakes, the memorials of a terrible period of convulsion among the rocks of the Mississippi Valley, which we usually regard as one of the most stable parts of

THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

There were no such things as seismographs in those days, but men who were scattered over our country felt the effects of those earthquake shocks throughout a region embracing about one-third of our present territory. Seismographs would undoubtedly have recorded these earthquakes throughout the world.

The colossal cause of one of the greatest earthquakes in the past century has been quite clearly established. The Assam earthqauke of 1897 was due to a movement of about 10,000 square miles of the upper rocks through a distance of sixteen feet.

The Cutch earthquake of 1819 resulted in the subsidence of 2,000 square miles of country and the elevation of a ridge fifty miles in length. Similarly, when the center of origin of great earthquakes has been sub-oceanic, soundings have shown that vast depressions have been formed under the sea while coast lines have been raised or lowered. In 1822, about 100,000 square miles along the coast of Chili were permanently lifted about three feet.

In addition to the great earthquakes there occur every year some 10,000 minor shocks, a great many of which are detected only by the use of seismographs. It is supposed that many of these shocks slightly relieve the strain upon the underlying rocks which are being slowly bended or lifted by subterranean forces, without causing enough motion to create any serious disturbance at the surface.

It is said that the delicious flavor which all travelers in France discover in the coffee of that country, is obtained by the addition of a little butter and sugar during the roasting process. To every three pounds of roasting berries one tablespoonful of each of butter and powdered sugar is added. These in melting spread over the beans a thin coating which holds the aroma and imparts a caramel flavor that is distinctive.

The Dread of an Operation
Stares Many Piles Sufferers in the Face—The Safest and Surest Cure is Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Possibly you are a sufferer from piles, and have been disheartened and discouraged because your physician has told you that nothing short of an operation will cure you.

You dread the thought of a surgical operation, for, besides the expense and strain on the nervous system, there is the risk to life itself. It is only a few months since a member of the Ontario Legislature lost his life as the result of an operation for piles. The risk of an operation is too great, and besides it is unnecessary.

Dr. Chase's Ointment has frequently cured piles after surgical operations have failed. It is every day curing cases which physicians have stated to be incurable by any treatment short of an operation.

If you could read a few of the letters we receive from persons who have been cured of piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment you would soon be convinced of its wonderful control over this frightfully common disease.

Rev. S. A. Duprau, Methodist minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., states :—"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps of abscesses formed, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation, and many years of suffering. It is with the grestest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial, knowing that Dr. Chase's Ointment has done so much for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c. a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
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Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
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A REGIMENT IN DISGRACE

THE NINTH LANCERS NOW STATIONED IN INDIA.

Native Was Fatally Maltreated—Dying Statement Implicated Them.

That crack cavalry corps, the 9th Lancers, is in disgrace. According to letters which have been received in England from India by the last mail their leave and all privilege have been stopped because of the ill-treatment of a native which took place, it is said, near their barracks.

The regiment is now stationed at Sialkot, in the Punjab, after service in South Africa only a few weeks short of the full duration of the war.

On the night of arrival at that station the men of the regiment were entertained by men of the Gordon Highlanders and the Royal Horse Artillery, and on the same night a native was brutally ill-treated. He was either kicked or struck, being so severely injured that his death resulted a week later. He was found nearly four miles from the barracks occupied by the 9th Lancers, and was taken to hospital, remaining unconscious till the day of his death. Towards the last, however, he recovered sufficiently to make a statement, in which he said he believed it was one of the 9th Lancers who had ill-used him. Up to that time the regiment knew nothing of the matter.

Although there is much against the probability of a native accurately identifying a khaki uniform in the dark, his dying statement led to inquiry.

SOME TRACES OF BLOOD.

were found within the lines of the 9th Lancers, and this justified further investigation. Much native evidence was taken and very strict inquiry was made in the regiment. Three special courts were held, but all to no avail. So far as the efforts of the regiment were concerned the matter remained a complete mystery.

However, Lord Curzon has very properly determined to treat all assaults upon natives as matters of great gravity, and with the object of getting to the root of the matter a general was sent from headquarters to conduct a further investigation. At the conclusion the general stated that it was hardly fair to blame the regiment individually, and promised to report as favorably as possible. He added, however, that the Government had decided to punish the whole regiment if the culprit was not found out, and he appealed to the guilty man to come forward and save the regiment from punishment.

DRASTIC PUNISHMENT.

The appeal met with no response, and during August the promulgation of the punishment was made.

It was a punishment of drastic severity. It was decided that all officers, non-commissioned officers, and men on leave in India should be immediately recalled, and that no further leave in or out of the country should be granted till January, 1903, and the disgrace brought upon the regiment was emphasized by the extraordinary order that sentries should be placed on all buildings occupied by the regiment until the same date.

As a further punishment it was also stated that the regiment would be debarred from service at the Delhi durbar, but, owing to the fact that many Indian veterans would be present who have been associated with the regiment, it was felt that this might be taken as a personal affront to them and to the force which served at Delhi during the mutiny. This part of the punishment was therefore withdrawn, and the regiment will take its place among the troops to be represented at the coronation durbar.

The wholesale punishment and disgrace have naturally caused great soreness in the regiment, the 9th Lancers possessing the name and REPUTATION SECOND TO NONE. And this treatment must be especially galling to a regiment that has returned straight from long and arduous service in South Africa to service in India, and thus denied the applause and appreciation received by those regiments whose more happy fortune has brought them back to England.

In his survey of individual accomplishments at the close of the war, Reuter's correspondent spoke of the 9th as the one cavalry regiment that by common consent had upheld the highest and most brilliant traditions of English cavalry, and it is on this regiment of splendid accomplishment and hitherto unblemished fame that this punishment and disgrace have fallen.

The punishment is an antiquated method and undeserved way of treating crime. To punish all for the crime of one may be easy, but it is unjust; and the British public showed by its disapproval of the wholesale punishment in the Sandhurst affair how little it is in accord with such measures.

The matter is to be brought before the House of Commons, and it is to be hoped that English opinion will be stirred to demand a similar revision of the verdict to that which was successfully brought about at Sandhurst.

TO CLEAN STRAW HATS.

Fill a pail half full of soft, warm rain water and dissolve a tablespoonful of soap-powder in it and stir it up good; then immerse your straw hat in the suds, moving it up and down until every fiber is wet; then lift it from the water, lay it upon a table and brush it thoroughly until all soilure is removed, using a stiff, little bristle brush. Let it drip awhile, then iron it with a thin cloth between. Iron the crown over a bowl or pail or any article that matches it in shape and when dry press the brim, using the bare iron upon the wrong side to make it stiff, after which it will look like new.

Nearly three-quarters of a million Britons visit the Continent yearly.