

MISCELLANEOUS.

In drawing up a will it is always best to call in the aid of a solicitor. Otherwise your executors may have a lot of trouble, and the bulk of your property be swallowed up in law costs. These consequences are likely to follow in the case of the will of Morris Roberts, the Birmingham prize fighter. The bulk of the property is to remain in the Bank of England for twenty years, at the expiration of which time it is to be equally divided among the sorrowing relatives.—*London Figaro*.

Fencing for young ladies is coming in vogue in Copenhagen, where several young ladies of good social standing have recently been receiving lessons in this graceful and health-giving pastime. It would seem that the members of the fair sex can hold their own against the men in fencing, and that they, in fact, frequently excel the latter in precision, swiftness and grace of movement. Nor can there be the slightest doubt that fencing affords an unusual amount of varied and healthy exercise at the same time.

The *New York Herald* says that the disappearance of all titles in the French Chamber is shown by a comparison of the Deputies in the new Chamber bearing titles with those returned by the first elections under the Republic. Now there are two princes, three marquises, fifteen counts and forty-five members bearing other titles—or sixty-five in all. In 1871 there were as many as two hundred and twenty-two, the number of princes being the same. The dukes, however, mustered seven strong, the marquises thirty, and the counts fifty-two.

A very valuable secret in connection with the solidification of petroleum is, it is said, about to be imparted to a large firm in America. The discoverer of the process is not an American, but evidently expects to meet with more enterprise and cash in the United States than in his own country. Hitherto the difficulty or inconvenience of handling petroleum in the liquid state has been a serious drawback in using it, and the secret of the process for converting it from its natural state into solid matter is said to be one of the very highest importance, and will probably have far-reaching results, as it may lead to its more general and more varied uses.

Nothing in an English village or town is more touching and thrilling than the ringing of the nine o'clock bell, commonly called the curfew, says the *Boston Herald*. It was once quite common in New England in the country towns; but in the disuse into which the ringing of bells has fallen it has largely passed away. It is a custom which has found a home among people of English descent, and its early revival is evident from the signs of the times. The new interest in the pealing of bells is manifesting itself in the demand in Cleveland, in Baltimore and in other cities that the curfew shall be restored; and when once the peals are rung from the Christ Church bells in this city, it will be almost imperative that the curfew shall be heard from the centre of old Boston.

The *Daily News*, London, publishes a letter from Russia, in which it is asserted that the importance of the plot against the life of the Czar has been greatly underestimated. Upon reaching the Baroness Marihoff's house at St. Peterburg, the police

found a list of women Revolutionists, most of whom belong to the higher classes. In consequence of this, the Czar has issued an ukase re-creating, from November 18, the special committee for the control of civil service appointments. This committee was instituted by the Czar Nicholas, but was abandoned in 1858. The ukase brings the entire patronage for subordinate posts under the immediate supervision of the Czar, and deprives the higher officials of their powers to appoint and dismiss. The press comments are adverse to the severe mechanical discipline of Nicholas' time.

Mr. John Cook has formed a high opinion of Manitoba, says the *Colonies and India*, as will be seen from the following: "I have paid two visits to the Dominion, and three to the American continent. Five-and-twenty years ago I worked in the bay fields and harvest fields of Ontario for a common wage; I have worked in the bush and ploughed on the best prairie land of Michigan and Illinois; I have been a sheep farmer on the pampas of Buenos Ayres; I have seen the best farming land in Chili, and spent five years on the best and largest sheep stations in New Zealand. Some may say, perhaps, that these remarks have no connection with the question at issue, but I am only giving them to show that my experience qualifies me to pass an opinion; and, in replying to the question, Which is the best country for a small farmer or agricultural laborer? I unhesitatingly give my verdict for Manitoba."

THE VANITY OF GREAT MEN.

It is unquestionable that many of the most celebrated men have been absurdly and foolishly vain, but before any one concludes that vanity is either a part or an incident of greatness it ought to be remembered that no man, great or small, is a fixed quantity, to be counted upon at all times as the same. No man is the same from year to year, from month to month, or from day to day. The processes of thought, the moods of the mind are as swift as the flash of light, and doubtless one man who lives through a long life experiences all the moods of which any man of his level of cultivation has ever been capable. Instead of being true that the vanity of great men makes them great, or that they do their best in the mood of vanity, it is probably true that in doing their really great work they are not vain at all, or even self-conscious at all. It is only as they look back upon it that it inflates some of them with pride, which often shows itself in vanity. "Gods," said Dean Swift, smiting his hand on the table, as he read over one of his own productions, "what a genius I had when I wrote that!" This was vanity, no doubt. And it was vanity in Ruskin which made him say: "With Carlyle I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen." But does this justify anyone in saying, as M. du Clos does in concluding a series of interesting anecdotes on the vanity of great men, that "as people are usually taken at their own estimate, self-appreciation should not be condemned"? It seems rather true as a fact of the physiology of the mind that uncontrollable vanity is a sure symptom of the onset of insanity. All great men are brave in initiative, but the courage which enables them to succeed where others dare not even attempt is never so potent as when it leads to entire self-forgetfulness. When Napoleon concluded himself a demigod, when he began

to stuff his stomach instead of exercising his brain, as he had done, he became unable to keep awake when he most needed to be wary, and having reached this stage he was already far along on his road to Waterloo. And both Ruskin and Swift were far along toward the madhouse when it was no longer possible for them to master their vanity and hold it in the same subjection in which they were holding it while they were doing the work which made them celebrated. Great intellectual effort requires high nervous tension. It is ability to stand this tension which makes greatness, and the vanity of greatness is merely the symptom of reaction—of breaking down, of the insanity which is the result of nervous tension uncontrolled by will. The lunatic asylums are full of people whose symptoms are identical with what some have mistaken for indications of greatness.—*St. Louis Republic*.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. FRANK A. FERGUSON,
OF MERRICKVILLE.

Attacked by Malarial Fever, Followed by Decline—Two Physicians Failed to Help Him—The Means of Cure Discovered by Taking the Advice of a Friend.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr. Richard Smith in the marble business at Merrickville, is well known to most residents of that vicinity. He went through an illness that nearly brought him to death's door, and in an interesting chat with a reporter of the Record told of the means by which his remarkable recovery was brought about. "While engaged in my business as marble cutter at Kingston," said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in May, 1893, with malarial fever. After the fever was broken I continued to have a bad cough, followed by vomiting and excruciating pains in the stomach. I was under the treatment of two different physicians, but their medicine did me no good, and I continued to grow weaker and weaker, and it seemed as if I had gone into decline. About the middle of September I was strongly urged by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had not much hope that they would help me, but from the time I commenced the Pink Pills I found myself beginning to improve, the vomiting ceased and finally left me altogether. I grew stronger each day, until now I weigh 180 pounds. At the time I was taken ill I weighed 197 pounds, and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, illness had reduced me to 123 pounds, so that you will see how much the Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt better in my life than I do now, although I occasionally take a pill yet, and am never without a part of a box in my pocket. I believe that had I not been induced to take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to-day, and I am equally convinced that there is no other medicine can equal them as a blood builder and restorer of shattered systems. Five boxes cured me when the skill of the ablest doctors in Ontario failed, and when I look back to the middle of last September and remember that I was not able to stand on my feet, I consider the change brought about by Pink Pills simply miraculous."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."