

# Japan's Fighting Sailors.

## Though Small, They Like to Tackle Big Russians.

No other two types of seamen are quite so different as those of Russia and Japan.

The little "Japs" essentially a seafaring sailor. You never meet him on sailing ships, except as cook or steward.

But the captains of foreign steamers like Japanese crews. They are thoroughly hardworking and steady. They can be relied upon in time of danger, and when ashore they seldom get drunk. In this last respect they are the most wonderful sailors in the world.

The Russians, especially those from the Baltic region, make nearly as good sailors as the Scandinavians. Almost every English and American sailing ship carries a few Russian, and the writer was once aboard a ship on which there were five Russians before the mast. They were thoroughly sailors. They could not read their native language, but they were well read in English novels of the penny-wool sort.

They were all Baltic Russians, and they always made the distinction. "Vat, you tink I vant to be takin' for fun of dose Black Sea fishermen?" one of them asked one day. "Well, perhaps I don't need to tell you that I am not come too do Bosphorus. I don't look like dose shrivelled up grain humpers, do I?"

He swelled up his gigantic chest and stretched out two arms that were like a main yard. He had been in the czar's navy, but had deserted to sail in foreign merchantmen.

They have Norse blood in them, these Baltic seamen, and they prefer the free and vagabond life of merchant sailors. Therefore the seamen of the Russian men-of-war are mainly "dose Black Sea fishermen."

The writer spent several months in Black Sea Russian ports and, being at that time before the mast, came into close contact with the seafaring men. Despite the rustic Russian characterization, they are not particularly shrivelled up, although not so tremendous in size as the Baltic men.

Russian sailors are fond of fighting when very drunk, but not otherwise. Two of them tackled each other one day on the quay in Odessa. They threw their arms about each other's necks and kicked with their knees and feet.

A crowd of seamen gathered about, and finally an onlooker gave one of the combatants a sly but hard kick, whereupon the crowd laughed. This went on until the two had been kicked by the outsider broke loose from his adversary and turned fiercely on the humorist.

Several others ventured into the scrap, and pretty soon a dozen men were sitting, tearing and punching one another and jumping on those who were down.

Suddenly a Russian naval lieutenant, in his bright uniform, flashed into the crowd and, with a quickness about him with a thin cane. The fight ended in an instant.

The huge, clumsy sailors were cowed by authority and stood cringing about the officer, like dogs before their master.

On the other hand, when an English police officer once tried to quell a row among some Russian sailors in an English seaport they played football with him through a window. That was only because his uniform wasn't Russian.

When some reserves finally came upon the scene, the belligerents went willingly to jail. The next day they were arraigned in court. Their faces were beaten and bitten.

The Magistrate expressed great disgust at their methods of fighting. This surprised them. Through an interpreter these fellows said:

"If you fight, don't you try to hurt the other fellow as much as you can? I don't fail to use all the means given you—your teeth, your feet, your nails? If we were to use only our fists, we couldn't hurt each other in a year, and the fight would never end."

The Japanese sailor's idea of fair fighting is diametrically opposed to that of the Russians. His rules are stricter even than the American's. At any rate, he disapproves of a big fellow's pitching into a little man, even though the latter may have science with him.

This trait was shown at one of the countless sailors' fights that take place in Nagasaki.

Two sailors of an American ship went ashore to settle a dispute in the good old Nagasaki boxing ground, accompanied by the combatants and their Yankee backers to the suburbs.

One of the fighters was much smaller than the other, but more active, so it was a pretty even match. But it didn't take anyone long to observe that the sympathies of the Japs were with the little fellow.

Time was called. After sparring, the big fellow landed a hard knock on the little chap. A hiss came from the crowd.

The little chap danced around, and taking advantage of an opening, landed so heavily on the big fellow's jaw that he felled him. The yell that arose from the onlookers would have done credit to ten times their number.

"Good, good, good, little man!" they shouted, their little brown eyes glistening with excitement.

So it went on. Every time the big fellow landed a blow they bleated or were silent, but when the small man struck home they wept and howled for joy.

Finally several small, uniformed, mounted police appeared. If their object was to disperse the crowd, no one knew it. They were lifted off their horses and swallowed up by the throng.

Later on one of them waved his arms and screamed with joy when the little chap finally put his big opponent out of business. Then the Japs carried the victor on their shoulders to the nearest tea house, where they cheered him most lustily, made him drink as much sake as he could, cheered him again, and then the big fellow, for displaying such good taste in losing.

The Japs themselves are not afraid of a fight, even when their opponents outnumber them. This was shown by an encounter several years ago between two Japanese men-of-war's men and six hoodlums on Folson street in San Francisco.

It was after dark, and the rough, seeing two Japs coming down the street, thought they could bulldoze them as they could Chinamen. They tackled the two Japs, and the two Japs tackled them.

It looked as if the Japs were doing a ballet dance—their legs shot out in all directions, and six very sick looking hoodlums disappeared down a side street. The two Japs seemed highly elated.

Deep down in the Japanese sailor's heart is a glowing hatred of the Russian sailor. It is about his only racial prejudice.

The Russian has not particular animosity for the Jap; he merely considers him a very funny and sometimes a very pugnacious little chap.

The Russian sailor likes fight when he is drunk, and if any Japs are around, he will favor them as well as the next one. But the Jap, who does not drink, and who enjoys a fight when he meets somebody he does not like, loves to get into a mix-up with the Russian. As a result, times are never dull ashore, whenever Russian ships anchor in Nagasaki harbor.

In Nagasaki the gallies of all nations consider it a prime duty to get drunk when they are ashore, and usually the Russian sailors are in the majority. The British tar, American tar, or German tar may run nowing through the streets, but unless he tries to walk over anybody he meets, the small, neatly uniformed dock patrolmen will wink their almond eyes at him.

But let a Russian sailor attempt similar antics and it is all up with him. The first little patrolman who sees him makes a dive and grasps the czar's sailor by the wrist.

Usually the Russian is twice the Jap's bulk, but that is immaterial. He stands no show at all. The Jap has a peculiar jiu-jitsu twist that he applies to the wrist, and the Russian goes along to the lockup every time.

If he begins to fight savagely the policeman shows him what jiu-jitsu tactics really are. Therefore it is not an unusual sight in Nagasaki to see a brown policeman, scarcely five feet over all, coming down the street with a six foot three Russian sailor in tow and in complete submission.

Twigs in Water.

Now is the time to bring some twigs indoors and put them in a vase of water to the top of the vase. Choose anything you like, and if you do not know what it is, so much the better! There are three classes of twigs that are especially interesting; early-flowering shrubs; the common shade trees, and above all the fruit trees which are the largest and showiest flowers. Winter buds are generally long and pointed; fruit buds are short and fat. If you know what kind of twigs you have, you might put a little merchandise tag at the base of each and record the date of bringing indoors and the date of bloom.—Country Life in America.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A V&Y OLD DINNER.

An antiquary in the city of Brussels named Goebel gave perhaps the oldest dinner which has ever been eaten. A description was given by one of the guests, Mr. Amariah Dukes. He says: "At that dinner I ate apples that ripened more than eighteen hundred years ago; bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread with butter which was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England; and I washed down the remnant with wine which was old when Columbus was playing barfoot with the boys of Genoa."

"The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the Pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for several centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table and each had a mouthful of bread and a teaspoonful of wine, but was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon. The fruit was sweet and as finely flavored as if it had been picked but yesterday."

The Modern Kitchen.

N. Y. Sun.

Mistress to servant, who has just given notice—"What inducement can I offer you to remain?"

"I want an abscissoid." "What is that?" "I want a curtain before the kitchen range."

Bright, Entertaining and Instructive

The Four-Track News for February. Only 5 cents at nearest news dealer.

Shop-worn Joke.

Toronto News.

(Since the Bear came out of his hole, the Japanese have been doing nothing but Russian the Growler.)

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Here's a hard puzzle, which would you sooner be—one of the claimants of the miser Todd's money or one of the lawyers?

# Saves the Dying

Doctors didn't give Mrs. James long to live—but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart foiled them and cured her.

For fifteen years Mrs. John A. James, of Waton, Ont., was a great sufferer from Heart Disease. For days at a time she was confined to bed, and it seemed as though every breath might be her last. Her physicians said that she might "drop off" any minute. With woman's tenacity in suffering, and believing that "while there's life there's hope," she started using Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Three bottles cured her.

This remedy relieves in thirty minutes and cures every form of heart disease and nervousness. Three bottles cured her.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 4¢ doses 10c. 2¢

A Great Old Man.

One Henry Jenkins, died in England on Dec. 6, 1670, at the alleged age of 169 years. He is said to have been a fisherman for 140 years. Although he could neither read nor write his reach of memory was such that he would calmly give evidence in court of the victor on their shoulders to the nearest tea house, where they cheered him most lustily, made him drink as much sake as he could, cheered him again, and then the big fellow, for displaying such good taste in losing.

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# THE POPE'S SLEEPING CAR.

Although the Pope never travels he owns a sleeping car, which was constructed in 1868 when the line from Rome to Naples was opened. It will be exhibited at the Milan Exhibition in 1905, to inaugurate the Simplon tunnel.

There are three compartments—a throne-room, a car for the guard of honor and a bedroom. The throne-room is richly furnished and has a canopy engraved with the papal arms and the twelve apostles. The carriage is so arranged that the Pope when seated on his throne is plainly visible and can give his benediction to the crowds at the stations. The sleeping car is divided into three parts—bed, bath and dressing rooms—which are hung with yellow and white, the papal colors. The bed is of ebony and ivory.

I was Cured of lame back, after suffering 15 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Two Rivers, N. S. I was cured of Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Antigonish. I was Cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS... Dalhousie.

Sayings of the Sages.

Papa—Show me that you deserve my daughter and you may have her. Spindleshanks—I have made her love me, sir. Papa—Take her! You have performed a miracle beyond my comprehension.

"What does he look like?" "Oh, he dresses well enough—and yet—oh, you'd know directly you looked at him that he was a genius."

Small ways in life are the intellectual women do not make good mothers? Brown—They don't usually get a chance, my boy.

When a divorcee and a widow meet in rivalry, Satan takes his bow.

"The manager says he engaged the 40 chorus girls in 20 minutes." "Gracious, but he's quick at figures."

Explained at Last.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

She wore an ostrich feather. And somehow to my eyes, Although I am no critic, It didn't harmonize.

It seemed to stand out lonely. A tall addition patched, For I could not discover What thing it was it matched.

But after the theatre The thing was simple, quiet; She wore the ostrich feather To match her appetite!

Of vizards she had ordered.

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What shrunk your woollens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

# SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Advice to Smokers.

Dr. Case, a well known French physician, lays down the following rules for smokers, and maintains that those who observe them need have no fear that tobacco will do them any harm.

1. Only smoke mild cigars.

2. Only smoke good cigars.

3. Never smoke the last half of a cigar nor the end of a cigarette.

4. If a cigar or a cigarette goes out do not light it again.

5. Do not eat where there is a cloud of tobacco smoke.

6. Do not chew the end of a cigar.

7. Use a cigar holder or cigarette holder and line it with cotton, for the nicotine will cling to the latter and will only penetrate in very small quantities into the smoker's system.

\$33 TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Via the Chicago-Union Pacific & North-Western Line from Chicago daily during March and April, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver, and other Pacific Coast points. Very low rates to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Ogden and Salt Lake City. Corresponding low rates from all points.

Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, through without change, double berth only \$7. Choice of routes. For particulars, address B. H. Bennett, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

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# ISSUE NO. 9 1904.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children's Coughing. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the remedy for Diarrhoea.

# A Money-Maker

We will pay you \$1000 for each other made a n 1 all-year-around money-maker. It's a profitable business, an exceptionally good one. It brings in the dollars. Plan and full particulars for 10 cents in stamps. Don't forget the stamps, and address Standard Supply Co., Hamilton, Ont.