

W. C. T. U.

SADDER—A Boy of White Ribbon...

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One walks in sunlight; another goes all weedy in the shade; One treats a path that is fair and smooth...

Why He Did Not Drink.

A big, burly miner had steadily refused to join his comrades in their drinking bouts...

"You ain't no better than the rest of us? Well, why can't you join us and be friendly and sociable like, when we're trying to have a good time? Ain't signed the pledge, have you?" with a sneer.

"No I have not signed any pledge, boys. Well, boys I'll tell you," he said. "It's something I don't like to talk about, but I'll tell you; but perhaps you'll not expect nor want me to drink with you when I've told you the truth."

He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket in his gray flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old silk handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a slip of yellow paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair.

"Boys, I've got a little motherless girl nearly two thousand miles from here, and that curl came from her head. I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dying I promised her that I'd never drink another drop, and that for our little girl's sake I'd be a better man; and when I left my little one with her grandmother I promised them both what I'd promised my wife, and my little girl cut the curl from her head and gave it to me to 'remember her by,' and she said: 'Maybe it will help you to keep your promise, papa. It has helped me. I've worn it next my heart night and day, and I'll never drink a drop, nor do anything that she would be sorry to have me do to while it is there. Now do you want me to drink with you, boys?'"

The man who threatened to have whisky poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say "No"; and from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise. His little girl's curl of shining yellow hair was his shield and buckler, and with God's help, it was to him a sure defence.—J. L. Harbour, in National Advocate.

The first resolve of one who gives himself wholly to God must be never to give way deliberately to any fault, whatever, never to act in defiance of conscience, never to refuse anything God requires, never to say of anything, It is so small for God to heed. Such a resolution as this is an essential foundation in the spiritual life. I do not mean that in spite of it we shall fall into inadvertencies, infirmities, errors; but we shall rise up and go on anew from such faults—because they are involuntary, they will not be consented to them.—John Nicholas Grou.

Build as thou wilt, unspoil'd by praise or blame; Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given; Then if at last the airy structure fall, Dissolve, and vanish, take thyself no shame— They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

"JACK THE RIPPER."

Story of the famous reign of terror in the Whitechapel District of London.

The crimes of "Jack the Ripper," which have recently been recalled by the insane acts of the assassin who has come to be known in Boston as "Jack the Sluggar," began in East London in the Whitechapel road slums on April 3, 1888. The murderer notified the police that he intended to kill 15 women before he stopped. More than that number were killed in London, however, in his peculiar manner and more than 40 in various parts of the world.

"Jack the Ripper" was finally discovered by the talents of Dr. Forbes Winslow, the famous alienist, whose father was the first to make the courts in Great Britain recognize the plea of insanity in criminal cases.

"Jack the Ripper" was conclusively revealed, he attempted to commit suicide, but did not succeed in ending his life, but was placed in an insane asylum. His type of mania bears so many analogies to the weakness of "Jack the Sluggar" that the story of his career, and the analysis of his mind, by Dr. Winslow is of timely interest.

"His crimes were the work of a mad man," said the famous alienist in an interview during a visit to America in 1895, "not a wild-eyed maniac, but a monster of shrewdness, caution and intelligence."

After examining the nature of a half dozen of his murders, I concluded that he was an epileptic maniac. This was partly deduced because his victims were all women, and epileptic seizures of this description are frequently accompanied by erotic frenzy.

I also believe that he was a man of good position, and when the paroxysm which promoted him to his dreadful deeds had passed, he most likely returned to the bosom of his family.

The lunatic's cunning and quickness of action cannot be equaled by a man in the full possession of his mental faculties. With some suffering of this type the frenzy is only periodical. When the spell leaves them they go home and forget entirely about it, and do not even recognize their crimes when they read of it in the newspapers.

From the methodical nature of "Jack the Ripper's" murders, however, and the peculiar surgical mutilation of the bodies, Dr. Winslow changed his theory. The letters were all of them fallen women from the slums and the peculiar mutilation indicated that "Jack the Ripper" thought he was fulfilling a divine injunction by clearing society of the down-fallen.

On a wall in London, in August, 1888, one morning was found the inscription: "Jack the Ripper will never commit another murder." On Oct. 4 Dr. Winslow received a letter in the same handwriting, boasting of the crimes. On Oct. 19 he received another letter in the same handwriting announcing that another murder would be committed on Nov. 9. On the day announced, which was the great celebration of the installation of a new lord mayor, London was horrified in the midst of the festivities by the news boys shouting the announcement of a horrible murder on Whitechapel road, which had all the marks of "Jack the Ripper."

The terrible murder of Alice Mackenzie occurred on July 17 of the following year. Then came the capture on Aug. 8. Some lodging house keepers reported that a mysterious lodger, who had taken temporary quarters had returned to his room about 2 a. m. As an excuse for his lateness he said that he had been robbed of his watch, and had reported it at a certain police station. This proved to be a false story, invented by himself. He had many suits and hats, always wore a different costume in going out, and always was shod with noiseless rubbers. He was peculiarly demented on the subject of immoral women, and delivered great tirades about them.

The next morning another "Jack the Ripper" murder was discovered, London was horrified. The mysterious lodger's room was searched. Bloodstains were discovered on his bed. His cuffs were still wet, where he had washed them himself. Various pairs of rubbers with dried blood on them were found hidden in his room, together with hat trimmings and feathers of a kind usually worn by such women as the victims, and these, too were stained with blood.

Dr. Winslow, who had followed all the crimes, analyzed them, described the mentality of the murderer, and published his theories. The mysterious lodger, alarmed at the publication, attempted to commit suicide, but, being unsuccessful, was hidden forever in an insane asylum.

Employment Agent.—I'm sorry, Mrs. Hauskeep, but I'm sure I haven't a cook that would suit you. Mrs. Hauskeep—Never mind; I've gotten over all that. Just send one and let me see if I could suit her. Little Bertie had been taught not to ask for anything at meals. One day poor Bertie had been forgotten, when he pathetically inquired: "Do little boys get to Heaven when they are starved to death?"

POOR MOTHER SOLD HER BABY.

New York, Nov. 21.—The American says:—For nine years Abraham Weisburg and his wife, Esther, have longed for a child. Six babies did come, but never a one lived an hour after it was born. Last night the Weisburgs bought a baby, paying \$500 for it. They did that rather than adopt one out of an asylum, because they wanted one of whose religious faithright they might be assured as they are of the strict orthodox faith themselves.

The mother, who sold the baby cried as she gave it up, but she said she had three other children, her husband had deserted her and she must do what was the best for the baby and at the same time help herself and the other three.

The child was born Morris Goldberg. He is seven weeks old and his mother is Sarah Goldberg, of Bayonne, N. J. She has been in dire straits for a long time. Her husband, never able to keep her comfortable, left her without means recently, and her family of little ones have had a hand-to-mouth existence for six months.

The last little dead baby was born to the Weisburgs a week ago Sunday. The Weisburgs have caused to be placed on record this unique document:

BILL OF SALE, "Know all men by these presents, that I have Sarah Goldberg, of city, county and state of New York party of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of Five Hundred (\$500) Dollars, lawful money of the United States to me in hand paid, at or before the enacting and delivery of these presents by Esther Weisburg, of the same place, party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have bargained and sold, and by these presents do grant and convey to the said party of the second part, her executors, administrators and assigns, all my right, title and interest, good will and right of possession to the child, Morris Goldberg, seven weeks old, now in premises, No. 242 Monroe street, borough of Manhattan.

"I witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the nineteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two. Sealed and delivered in the presence of Max M. Grantz, Sam Brown, Sara Goldberg."

An awful upheaval.

Chicago, Nov. 20.—A great earthquake which will destroy the greater part of the works of man within the next ten years, was predicted to-day by Samuel Fox, of Summerdale, Ill., former editor, now machinist, scholar, artist, and inventor, who spoke before the West Side Sunday club at St. Stephen's African Methodist Episcopal church, Roney and Austin avenues. This upheaval, he said, was prophesied by Christ, in the Bible, and will extend all over the world. With the works of man will disappear the greater part of the human race itself. From what remains will grow up a great cosmopolitan race, more intelligent and spiritual than any now living, and the golden age—"a new heaven and a new earth"—will be ushered in.

The vast revolutionizing of the earth and the destruction of most of its people will be the direct result of the natural consequence of the extensive irrigation of the valley of the Nile by the British government. Mr. Fox explained. The worst destruction, or "revolutionizing" as the speaker chose to term it, will be in the district where the earthquake originates, but it will extend over the entire world, and its results will be as vast and as revolutionizing as can be conceived.

"The immediate cause of the earthquake will be the saturation of the valley hitherto dry land of the Nile with this extensive irrigation," said the speaker, in explaining the origin of the great calamity. Much of this water taken into the irrigation channels cannot be put to immediate uses in cultivation, and it seeps into the ground. When it goes far enough into the earth it will start a cooling of the lavahot rocks below over a large area. This will start a movement of the earth's crust by shrinkage. When the crust is not touched by water it will be depressed, and at the top where the crust is saturated, a rising process will take place. This will cause great fissures in the earth, reaching hundreds of feet down. Then the earthquake will come."

Perry's Confession.

Boston, Nov. 25.—The Rev. Simon P. W. Drew said last night that about Dec. 18 he will preside at a mass meeting of colored people, at which another attempt will be made to interest them in the case of George Leo Perry, who is charged with murdering Clara A. Morton of Waverley and Agnes McPhee of Somerville.

At that meeting Mr. Drew says something will be told about a "confession" he claims Perry has written and turned over to him.

"I have the confession, written in Perry's own handwriting," said Mr. Drew last night, "but until the meeting I have not a word to say about it."

P. B. Kiernan, Perry's counsel, told a reporter yesterday afternoon that Perry has made any "confession" and he says that Mr. Drew does not possess a statement of any kind by Perry.

"I told Perry," said Mr. Kiernan, "not to write any thing and he has promised me that he will not and says he has not done so, for Mr. Drew or anyone else."

The jail officials are confident that Perry has not written a confession for Mr. Drew. Perry did write a letter to his counsel, but it was examined before it left the jail.

A Mystery Explained.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—A rather amusing mystery in the high life has just leaked out. A certain nobleman was recently informed by his outler of an inexplicable leakage in his wine cellar. Bottles of rare wines were constantly disappearing. The servants, most of whom had been with the family for many years, all vowed they knew nothing about it.

At last the matter became so serious that Scotland yard was consulted. A detective officer took up his residence in the mansion, but during his sojourn nothing happened to excite suspicion. After he had gone, however, bottles of wine began disappearing again. The servants were perplexed and consulted with an electrical expert, who arranged a network of wires in the cellars, connecting with bells in different parts of the house. The wires were so crossed that it was impossible for any to move between the shelves without disturbing them, and setting the bells ringing. For several nights the perturbed house, hold lay awake with ears wide open and nerves on the stretch, but nothing happened. Peace reigned till one night tinkle, tinkle went the bells. The household staff rose, armed itself with various weapons and descended to the basement. The cellar door was opened and a lamp flashed into the subterranean chamber. Behold, there was His Lordship himself, clad in pajamas, helping himself, to a bottle of wine.

A hush fell upon the servants, for it was easy to see that his master was walking in his sleep. His valet followed him upstairs to a lumber room on the roof, where all the missing bottles were found unopened.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Nov. 21.—G. A. Darlington, of Strathcom, Ont., a school of music students, attempted to murder Miss Bertha Sheldon, a stenographer for Mack & Co., this morning, and then turned the revolver on himself with deadly effect. Darlington had been keeping company with Miss Sheldon up to a month ago. He claimed he was engaged to marry her, but that it was broken off. He was infatuated with the young lady, and last night, when he saw another young man accompany her home he became jealous. This morning he awaited her as she was going to work and threatened unless she took a walk with him, and explained why she was accompanied by her home by the other young man, he would kill her. They had proceeded about half a mile south of Main street, when he became furious. She was frightened and ran into Mr. Chris. Tuffel's yard, and sought for help. "Get out of here; we don't want any trouble here," said Tuffel to Darlington. At that the jealous lover pulled a revolver and shot Miss Sheldon in the arm. Tuffel hurried her to the best of the house to prevent the crazed lover killing her. Just then Darlington apparently realized the crime he had attempted. Tuffel heard another shot and running to the front of the house he found Darlington lying on the ground and bleeding profusely from a bullet wound in the neck. Death was instantaneous. Miss Sheldon's wound is not serious.

Darlington served in the British Army in South Africa. He took a prominent part in the Y. M. C. A. work here, and was zealous in the cause of religion. A letter was found in Tuffel's yard after the shooting and signed by Darlington, reading: "Notice.—Please do not send my body home. Give it to the doctors of the University Hospital. My musical instruments are to go to Mr. G. F. M. Gordon. My books are to be given to the Young Men's Christian Association. My clothing and other belongings are to be taken by Edward Keinschmidt. My gold pocket and gold watch to go home. I am insane as ever a man was, and eternally lost. To all my friends and dear ones, goodbye. Love to my darling mother."

PARIS, Nov. 27.—The Ellen Gore drama reached a fitting climax to-day in the mournfully picturesque rue de the American Church in Rue de Boir. The occasion was marked by a notable demonstration of sympathy, not only on the part of the Americans, but by the French middle classes, students, artists and other habitués of the Latin Quarter. At 2 o'clock the street in front of the church was packed by knots of students in unique costumes and as the cortege approached they uncovered their heads in conventional French fashion. The hearse was preceded by a uniformed functionary, wearing a blue sash and a cocked hat. The hearse was draped with black and bore the monogram of the deceased. The oak casket was covered with a pall. It was followed by three state carriages, but excepting the first they were empty. This was occupied by M. Paquet, representing Consul General Gowdy. There were no pall bearers and no mourners. The interior of the building was crowded by women, some of whom were deeply affected and wept.

One of the artists stood sketching the scene. The casket rested on a high catafalque in front of the altar and was covered by five superb wreaths, one of them being from Mr. Gowdy. The eulogies were from anonymous donors, owing to the Americans desiring to avoid notoriety. The Rev. Dr. Thurber officiated. The service included a reference to the proverb: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Mr. Thurber deferred from mentioning the tragedy. The cortege, after the services, proceeded to the Bagnieux Cemetery, where there was a similar brief and simple ceremony. The official report of the American doctors who made the post mortem examination of Mrs. Gore's body at the instance of Mr. Gowdy, is not expected to be presented before Saturday, owing to sickness in the family. Mr. Gowdy is continuing to take depositions and will forward his report to Washington next Tuesday.

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