PICTURES OF WAR

NO 14.

THE SALAMANDER

A Narrative of Hopeless Endeavor Incident to the Siege of Port Arthur, Dealing With the Heroic Effort of Rear Admiral Wiren—The Man Who Fought a Navy."

J. GORDON SMITH

"She opened fire at seven miles—
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
And once she fired, and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
The deck-beams break below,
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again."
And he answered: "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile—
As ye shoot at the flying duck—
And the great stern gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,
And the great stern turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below—
You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runners jam."
And he answered: "Turn and go!"
—Kipling.

BEHIND Golden Hill the sun set in a crimson flare on the horizon of the Yellow Sea now covered with the chromatic debauch of evening and Togo's watchful lead-painted warships cast long shadows as they lifted on the long rollers as they had done for several months. They were not far from where they rode that grey morning when the Petropavlovsk was mined and Makaroff with seven hundred others went to death when she careened and foundered, leaving the sea littered with bodies the flood tide threw on the beaches for days.

Capt. Naikimoff stared at the distant squadron for some minutes from behind the casemate of the big group of single pivot quick-firing Creusot guns on Tiger's Tail; then he threw away his half-burnt cigarette and shook his fist at them with an almost Gallic excitement. Then he turned on his heel and made his way back to the New Town where his friends awaited him at the Bear—though Nogi's eleven-inch Osaka mortars threw shell crashing through the stone walls of the New Town Chinese servants still carried trays burdened with champagne glasses to the bon vivants of the Port Arthur restaurant.

It was August, and the lean days had not commenced.

There were two Port Arthurs in those days, the old narrow-streeted and brown Chinese city and the new European city two miles away with its new-made dock-basin where a Scotch engineer was in charge of the repair crew patching stricken battleships, its three 700-feet-long wharves, its railway terminal, roads, bridges and modern buildings, a palace half builded for Admiral Alexieff, the Czar of the Orient, a Russian cathedral with long-haired, unkempt priests of the orthodox faith, tenements, parks, shops like those of the Nevski Prospect, public gardens, bandstands and all the impedimenta of a city of Russia, lit at night by oil lamps at the street cotners which burned oil carried over the trans-Siberian road from far Baku, but not a tree or shrub. A bare city it was. Alexieff and his engineers had plans they will never carry out for electric tramways, waterworks and other public works. They had pyramids of Welsh coal and coal briquettes, and heaps of Japanese coal—over 200,000 tons there were for which Russia had paid ten prices to peculating officials, and the Novi Kral was published daily to tell of things that showed the hopelessness of everything. Forty-one cemented, over-fortified works, that thousands of be-queued coolies, with many a Nipponese spy among them, had builded, were filled with fighting men to screen the city from the enemy worming daily nearer; gullies which cut the brown land to the north, east and west, were thick with frowning works bristling with guns, bastioned with firm-built granite and with slippery concreted glacis showing like shining ribbons of white cement, beyond where serried outlying hills were encircled with trenches and gartered with earthworks thrown up to give cover to riflemen. Mines were laid in fields, booms with iron-shodded chiveaux-de-frieze were inadequately placed to seaward. And fourteen warships were at anchor there. Baroutsky's circus had long since concluded the zabouska of performances for the war-worn men had no further need of its amusements, and the butchers had slaughtered its horses; the theatres were dark; only the Chinese theatre with its clanging, metallic orchestra and whiny actors had survived.

Since that fateful night when naval officers had run dumbfounded from Admiral Starck's historic ball and the frail American women who conducted the caravanserais at either end of the town known as "North America" and "South America" had shouted tersely and ungramatically to callous and half-drunken sailors, "Run, boys, there's the Japs," as all Port Arthur had listened to the booming guns and dull thuds of exploding torpedoes, there had been bloody fighting off the roadstead and in the hills, the hills in whose gullies Nogi's hard-working men were slowly sapping their runways and tunnels nearer the heart of the fortress and the growing debacle had disheartened the naval force. The military called the sailors cowards and poltroons. They no longer cared even for the stigma of cowardice. The death-seeking ventures which sought to block the harbor-mouth where Russian engineers had previously made intricate booms with small stone-filled steamers that made these brave efforts futile, the long-distance bombardments when an occasional shell rarely burst in the besieged city, and the terrible blow of the Petropavlovsk tragedy, had been only passing horrors: time had dulled them all. The sledge-hammer battling at Nanshan, when three gunboats decided the struggle in the absence of naval aid for the little Bobyr in Taliewan bay, an omission which won the hatred of the military who acclaimed the naval officers as poltroons therefore, the sauve qui peut which followed the flight from the hill near castellated Kinchau when the grey-coats came bundling pell-mell into the fortress, leaving their stored wares at Dalny to fall into the foemen's hands; even these things were no longer a depressant memory. The garrison had assumed the blase sullen attitude of a flock of hopeless cattle whose corral was being narrowed daily by the herders, and the hopelessness of everything was apparent. In May, the one energetic officer, brave Capt. Wiren of the Bayan, had sunk with his cleverly-arranged mines the enemy's battleships Hatsuse and Yashima and the cruiser Yoshino. Like grease on a dying fire this had flared the garrison's hope for a time, and it still looked into the hills hopeful of relief, expectant of an army with banners, marching through the gullies that led from the hills after breaking the army of the besiegers. But the most hopeful no longer dreamed of this after the heartbreaking days of the early summer. With August the realization was begun and the novelty had even worn from the hopelessness. Wherefore, while there was wine and vodka to be had and horse-flesh to eat with an occasional piece of pork or other meat after the junks came into Louise bay from Shanhaikwan and Chefoo, the coterie of bon vivants gathered when occasion offered at the Bear, to eat and drink and sing, to quarrel and make merry.

The tables were half-filled; the clientele of Artiemovitch were assembling for the evening. In a corner near the big window a Chinese was kneeling to pick up some broken china; a drunken military officer had playfully kicked a laden tray out of his hands.

"Ha, Capt. Naikimoff, come in," said the proprietor, rubbing his hands "there's mule to eat today, fine mule steaks. Some day we'll get a real porterhouse."

"Nichevo" (no matter), said the captain, shrugging his shoulders.

The doors swung again, and a tall, intelligent-looking naval officer with short curly hair and such clear blue eyes, bright flashing eyes, and long thin straggling moustache, ran excitedly in, his epaulets shaking.

"The walls of the hospital near the wharf road are breached," he said; "come and help them move the sick. A shell came through an hour ago; it killed six."

"Don't worry, Wiren," said Capt. Naikimoff; "the Red Cross people'll look after that. They've got enough stretcher-bearers to move an army. Stay and have a drink."

No one moved. Then something happened which old Artiemovitch had never seen since the siege began—a naval officer insisting upon others doing something. Capt. Wiren talked to the men present with no small emphasis. "If they who were gentlemen would not hurry down to move the wounded and sick he could get moujiks," he said.

Artiemovitch laughed until his fat sides shook. As he told his friends later in the evening the Salamander—for so all Port Arthur knew Capt. Wiren who had taken his little cruiser Bayan out single-handed to fight the enemy's squadron—had ran in and tore the souls out of the gathering, and having no use for them, had thrown them away.

Capt. Wiren swung the doors of the Bear shut behind him and hurried off alone. Capt. Naikimoff looked after him and turned to the infuriated group, most of whom were muttering curses because of Wiren's impudence in asking them to go out and work as coolies when they had gathered for the evening's enjoyment, as if the little enjoyment one got when the whole place was a living hell was to be denied.

"Don't berate him," said Capt. Naikimoff, quietly; "if more of us were like Wiren there'd be a different story to tell of these months. We might have lost our ships, but we'd have taken a big toll for them."

"Here's a health to the Salamander," said a young subaltern, mockingly, raising his glass.

The sinking of the Hatsuse, Yashima and Yoshino and disabling the Azuma on that May day had won for brave Wiren the enmity, instead of praise, of many of his jealous fellow-officers.

In the corner of the restaurant a tall military officer sprang to his feet, with his glass raised high. "Come, by heaven, we'll drink his health; he's the only brave man in your navy of cowards."

Some one threw a glass filled with wine at the military officer, his table was knocked over with a sound of breaking crockery, and there was a scuffle, a clash of swords, a few pistol shots, and crafty Artiemovitch doused the lights. The brawling crew was left to fight in darkness and make its way as best it could to brawl in the streets, an event too common to attract much notice. The provost guard soon dispersed them, though, and the last Artiemovitch heard was the voice of the military officer:

"Yes, by heaven, a health to Capt. Wiren, the one man in the navy."

Capt. Wiren stepped out on deck, out of the thick, reeking atmosphere of his stripped cabin. Early morn had come. In the misty, growing light of the grey daybreak he saw the hulls of the fleet showing more plain in the roadstead. They had made their way out, mostly in tow, during the night. The swells of the lead-grey seas rolled in, long-lipped, and the whole scene was as bleak as an old Java field. His eye went from battleship to battleship, and further to the following cruisers, mere black iron boxes they were, with all the glinting substances stripped away. All were cleared for action.

Last night he had taken his place with the others in Admiral Witgeft's cabin on the Caesaresvitch, a cabin that looked little like the sumptuously furnished palace it was once, now that its wood and furniture was removed. They had discussed the plans of the morrow and the pros and cons of battle, the defects and weaknesses of the enemy's ships, the mistakes of aforetime, and all else that bore on the battle so soon to commence. The little printed silhouettes of the enemy's fleet had been distributed, and orders noted in the memorandum books of the commanders. All was in readiness for action. The sacks of coal piled at the funnels, the decks were brittle with new-spread sand, mats of rope and chain were spread to lessen the effect of splinters between the heavy guns in the superstructure. Shells were in readiness in the casemates of the quick-firers and cartridges piled in brackets, as much sheltered as possible. Barefooted seamen were huddled at their stations, some sleeping on deck, and the gun-crews were in the barbettes, cotton wadding in their ears and lint bandages ready in their waist pouches. The shiny rails were gone, the brass and the shining equipment no longer glinted, everything was bare, naked and cleared for the horrors of the morning. The ammunition hoists were grating as the grimy men hoisted huge projectiles and powder to place the dangerous, but necessary, packages near the guns, and on the bare deck forward some begrimed seamen were singing a Russian folk-song—the singing relieved the awful tension of the waiting.

On all six battleships and four cruisers, on all destroyers, the crews stood in expectant groups. They were not afraid, but the utter feeling of hopelessness, bred of incompetency, overawed them; the crestfallen consciousness of foretime failure overcame them. But their blanched faces showed determination to fight desperately.

In front of the squadron three torpedo boats dragged mine trawls; they were the pathfinders seeking a channel for Witgeft's fleet, that Prince Umtomsky had ordered from the unprotecting shelter of a fortress whose value had fallen below par.

Engineers came on deck to whiff the clear air of early morning and cool their parched bodies. The burning glare from the furnace doors of the fire-rooms, the busy, half-naked stokers gasping as they piled fuel on the iron floor in the inferno where the crash of falling coal rattling on the metal plates, the grating of shovels and the hot glow, were as a hell from which men were glad to escape to the cool, invigorating air of the decks, if only for a moment. The heated lanes between the many boilers were as long ovens. In the engine rooms the machines chugged with the evenness of liners' well-nursed engines, with grimy, waist-bare oilers busily lubricating the gliding eccentrics and rods. Ready, with pent nerves, the warrant mechanics held their levers, staring at discs of the telegraph with ears attuned to the whistle of the telephone or the bells that would soon signal from the conning towers, where sixty feet above the throbbing machinery, the commanders were encased high in the superstructure to direct the fighting machines.

Capt. Wiren leaned over the bridge rail of the big Sevastopol, and called his lieutenant. Flags were fluttering, new broken out, from the yards of the flagship, ahead of their vessel. The other battleships were in line behind, with the cruisers following. Would that the Bayan were with them, thought Capt. Wiren; the Bayan was his own, his very own. But the cruiser was then in harbor, disabled.

The officer in charge of the wireless reported that Japanese messages were being intercepted. Obviously the scout boats, unseen from the Sevastopol in the grey smudge of from cruisers following. The stripped the morning, had carried the news of the outcoming fleet. The Japanese vessels were telegraphing to each other.

A wireless message was carried to Capt. Wiren by the signaller: "Torpedo chief reports enemy's battleship squadron nearing in line of battle."

From behind Encounter Rock came the Japanese squadron, their hated red and white banners dirtier than when they were last seen, fouled by months of smoke. Five, no six, there were, the Shikishima, Mikasa, Fuji, Asahi, Nisshin and Kasuga—the superstitious Japanese would ever have their flagship second in line, because of a belief that the second vessel was more immune from danger. The battleflags were floating from each vessel; probably also decks and towering superstructure of the battleships and the lean-hulled cruisers showed plain in the distant grey as the fleet rounded into view from behind Encounter Rock. White bones of spray stood at the bow of each, and the smudge of their smoke—Moji coal is so dirty—swirled in clouds above them.

"Try the guns, Naikimoff," shouted Capt. Wiren from the bridge-rail.

The gun crews swung the hoods of their long guns to starboard and port, the nozzles rising and falling at touch of lever by the officers in the sighting hoods, who were busy with their sights. The electric gear had been overhauled for the fortieth time. Guns had been loaded since the night and ammunition carriages held projectiles for the following rounds. Artificers worked to get fans in place to clear the smoke and saltpetre from gunrooms, telephones were tried, big tuns of water to wet the gun sponges, were brought—everything was made ready for battle.

The Japanese ships were plain in the mist; range-finders showed them to be 14,000 metres distant.

The enemy steamed silently out of the grey. If the Russians had but known there was a horrible fear that unnerved for the time every officer of the Japanese fleet. Not long before one of the 12-inch guns of the Kasuga had blown its muzzle off. The fragments, so experts said, showed the metal to have become brittle as glass; this was the effect of the Shimose powder, invented by a Japanese engineer, which had crystallized the gun-metal.

"Were all the guns of the fleet in this condition?" This question worried Togo, already grey; it worried his officers.

The range-finders showed a distance of 11,000 metres when the first tongue of flame spouted from the Tsarevitch and a curving dot of black shrieked as it soughed toward the Mikasa. Togo's gunners did not reply. The distance was too great. At 8,000 metres they opened fire. They were steaming quicker than the Russians; the story that their Belleville boilers had given out could not be true, after all.

It was after noon. Pitfully the sun burst through the cloudy sky at times. The crews were lunching from tin cans with their naked fingers. Then, as the range lessened, they forgot food, forgot everything but the reverberating noises which rattled their frames, jolting their every bone with the terrible concussion. The guns were now firing heavily, and in the turrets men coughed and choked with the acrid smoke of the picric clouds. Smoke clouded over everything, a thick, pasty smoke that made breathing a luxury. With crackling sound six-inch batteries joined the ear-splitting bombardment, as did the quick-firers in the fighting tops, the unprotected circular galleries about the steel masts where men were perched with little hope of safety—the fighting-top-crews long since abandoned thought of safety when they looked into the fogged clouds that swept up to them from the decks below, showing men huddled writhing in agony on the heated deck plates, showing men scattered by explosions which showered splinters and carved flesh from half-nude men who ran with ammunition over the stripped deck. They laughed shrill hoarse laughs like those of maniacs, as they watched the reliefs file into the place of the mangled dead, and busied themselves again with their scant-hooded guns.

"See, that must be Togo out on his bridge again; he will not stay in the conning tower," said Capt. Wiren, handing his glasses to his lieutenant.

The Salamander ever gave this as his excuse for refusing to coop himself in the conning tower; if Togo could keep to the bridge, who was the admiral of a fleet, surely he could.

The sea was marked with salty geysers, where great projectiles splashed and threw up spray, and one after the other big shells ricochetted overhead. The battle was on in earnest, and gunners were giving shot for shot. Only 5,000 metres now separated the battling squadrons, and tons of steel flew, shrieking, between them. The range was decreasing, and the 12-inch guns were making havoc, the superstructures, open ports and men in the fighting topmasts being constantly covered with the smoke of bursting shells. The thing seemed horrible, and beyond endurance. Hulls of the fighting ships were now but faint-seen blotches in a fierce smother, the air being dense with murky clouds, with an occasional brilliant flash as a gun tongued with flame or fires leaped from the smokestacks to show how liberally the almost nude stokers, suffocating in that awful heat below decks, shut in from the dully-echoed bombardments, were feeding the furnaces. Every pound of steam was needed.

The Sevastopol had been singling out the Shikishima for her fire, and, staggering, like a drunken thing, the big, foremost battleship of the enemy was now leaving the line. The Salamander had scored again for Russia.

Unsatisfied, Capt. Wiren, standing bareheaded, with his curly hair waving, leaned forward over the bridge-rail—his fellow-officers were encased with the steering officer in the conning tower. He now steamed nearer the Mikasa, singling out the flagship, and, at a signal, his gunners belched a bombardment of the forward 12-inch guns that sorely hurt the Japanese flagship. With a dull roar an explosion shook the forward turret of the Mikasa; it ceased to swing and the two long barrels were seemingly broken. The bruised dead could not be seen where they lay in the smoke-filled turret. The after turret was busy, though, and a shell crashed through the Sevastopol's superstructure where it towered aft. The Salamander was staring at the Mikasa, and he saw the shell sweep away the admiral's staff. Togo stood alone, clinging, for a moment numbed, to the rail of his bridge; the most of his staff lay dead in their blood about him. The body of his young friend Inouye was crumpled against the rail. The surgeons pleaded with him to go into the conning tower when they came to look for wounded, but he refused.

Little though the surgeons knew, and far less did the Salamander and Witgeft and all those officers of the Russian squadron know Togo felt that everything was lost. He did not care what befel. He would not go into the conning tower, for what mattered death in the hour of defeat? Death was welcome, but it had spared him when it lifted away nearly every member of his staff.

A moment before the shell swept his bridge the wireless had brougght him messages that the guns of three of his cruisers had blown their muzzles off!!

Shimose powder had been even more destructive than the inventor willed, for with its awful consequences to the enemy it had also so weakened the guns that it would involve defeat.

"Signal the withdrawal," said Togo, quietly, to the lieutenant who had come to him with the messages; he dared not betray the sadness that filled him.

Another shell from the Sevastopol struck the Mikasa's bow, ripping a hole in her armored plate near the water line, and it tore into the crowded 6-inch battery as it deflected, with dead scattered thick in its path. Tons of water poured in before the crew, piped quickly from fighting stations, got out collision mats to stay the inrush of water at the riven bow.

The Tsarevitch swung as the Mikasa staggered. Admiral Witgeft had been as quick as the Salamander to see the advantage. But the despairing gunners, choking in the intense heat of the armored barbettes, were unconscious of the Mikasa's wounds. They fired almost mechanically now. To Capt. Wiren, though, the thing was plain; they had won their first victory.

Through the openings in the smoke clouds the enemy's line was seen to be broken; the ships were preparing to withdraw. Shells were hurtling fearsomely with awful noises; the range was now cruelly close. The sore places of the fighting ships were showing plain. Through the big funnels of the Tsarevitch big patches of daylight showed through ragged holes.

The flagship signalled to the Sevastopol the message for which Capt. Wiren had been waiting: "Close up; follow me," signalled Witgeft. They would pursue the withdrawing enemy.

With deafening roar a shell struck the conning tower of the flagship and biting, stinging smoke blinded the men all about. When they recovered they saw the broken conning tower and Admiral Witgeft's headless body lay across that of his mangled flag-lieutenant. A blackened survivor slid down the iron ladder.

"They're all killed—the admiral—all—all," he shouted, running aft, shouting the fatal news.

On the Sevastopol Capt. Wiren was unable to comprehend the continued swinging of the Tsarevitch; he did not know that a straining, perspiring officer who had just heard that he was the chief in command was toiling to repair the broken steering gear. Capt. Wiren followed the flagship as his orders bade him to do, uncomprehendingly, and as the Sevastopol veered within striking distance of the smoking Fuji, the Japanese gunners landed a shell that struck her conning tower, wrecking it. Had the Salamander been in it his body would have been jammed in the wreckage with the five broken corpses mixed with the tower's wreckage. The five bodies were lurched across the unguided steering wheel, blocking it completely, as the Sevastopol circled, even more absurdly than the flagship as night was drawing near.

Thank God for the night. In the night the defeated squadron fled, many of its ships back to Port Arthur, the Novik vainly seeking to reach Vladivostok, and others making for neutral ports of China, where the Tsarevitch steamed next day into Tsingtau with a salute to the German flag.

Togo looked with astonishment at the thing; then he quickly put about and ordered his cruisers and destroyers to pursue the defeated fleet.

Not long before he had been ready to give up the fight!

On the blood-stained deck of the Sevastopol the Salamander sat down and cried like a child. His vessel had been hit by no less than ten 12-inch shells as she was with difficulty brought to answer her helm and fled, and the Retvizan, driven from her course by the uncontrollable Sevastopol, suffered severely; the Pobeida, swinging to follow the line in obedience to orders, lost her funnels and the fighting topmast, with its crew, was lifted away with a crashing explosion as a shell struck. The torpedo craft charged, seeking to save the day, to be countercharged with the old Chin Yuen, Matsushima and other old war craft, and the disorganized squadron that had been so near to victory found safety in flight.

Two weeks later a junk that ran the blockade from Shanhaikwan brought a mandate from the Imperial Nicholas of Russia that he was pleased to make Capt. Wiren a rear admiral. If he had made him an admiral when the war began he might have had a fleet still. It was too late then. Stoessel had taken all of the available naval men and drafted them into the forts where the soldiers cursed them as cowards. Vainly the Salamander, now an admiral, pleaded for his crews, even until the Japanese batteries behind 203-Metre-Hill were dropping a plunging fire into the anchored fleet within the harbor.

Hopeless, unable to get more than a scant crew for the old Bayan from Stoessel, the Salamander steamed out of the harbor to give battle to a victorious navy. As the Bayan emerged from the roadstead that November day every Japanese gun was concentrated upon her, shell after shell hit her, but the Bayan breasted the long-rolling seas until an 11-inch shell, exploding aft, damaged the steering gear. Then she swung shoreward and her bow lifted high on the baked brown of the Tiger's Tail—the Japanese gumers shelling the wreck as Rear-Admiral Wiren and his crew made their way ashore to walk, tired out and numbed spirits, back to Port Arthur.

That night Artiemovitch of the Bear found the Salamander sitting at one of his almost deserted tables, alternately singing and crying.

Some early arrivals found him asleep with his head resting on the table.

"Well," said an artillery officer, "if it isn't the Salamander, and he's dead drunk."

DERANGED LIVER AND BILIOUSNESS.

"For a long time I suffered from liver complaint and biliousness and could find nothing to help me until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have recommended these Pills to many of my friends and they have all been well satisfied with the results."—Miss Julie Langlois, Manor, Assa.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Before Irving, J.)

Rex vs. Olson et al—On the return of the rule nisi for a writ of certiorari herein this morning, Mr. Helmcken, K. C., for the crown, raised the objection (1) that the affidavit of service of notice on the convicting magistrate was defective in certain respects; (2) that the grounds in the order nisi were not properly stated; and (3) that no recognizances had been given. After a short argument His Lordship overruled the objections and directed the hearing to proceed on the merits. This will take place this morning, previous to the sitting of the full court.

Rex vs. Edwards et al—Mr. A. D. Macintyre is moving in the matter of having a case stated to the Full Court in the interests of the defendants, who are the men convicted of robbing the Canadian Pacific train.

In the Full Court

In re E. A. Carew-Gibson—Argument on the question of the local judge's jurisdiction herein was concluded, the court intimating a desire not to trouble counsel on any of the other points raised in the notice of appeal at present.

Green et al vs. the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, Limited, and Edward Cook—(Before Hunter, C. J., Irving and Duff, JJ.)—This is an appeal from the judgment of Morrison, J., in an action by the widow and children of R. L. Green under the Families Compensation Act (R. S. 1897, Ch. 58) to recover damages for the death of the said R. L. Green. Deceased was employed as a workman by the defendant Cook, a contractor to the company, and while so employed came in contact with an exposed electric line wire and was killed. He died on the 6th of August, 1904, and the writ in the action was issued on the 15th of July, 1905, within twelve months from the date of the death and the accident causing it.

The defendant company pleaded, as a defence, section 60 of their act of incorporation as a bar to the plaintiffs' right of action by reason of its not having been commenced within six months from the date of the acts complained of. Section 5 of the Families Compensation Act provides that every action thereunder shall be commenced within twelve calendar months of the death of the deceased person.

On a comparison of these two statutes, as well as others of a similar nature, the learned trial judge came to the conclusion that section 60 of the company's statute did not apply, and held that the action was commenced in time.

From this the defendants appeal, and this is the only point before the court in the action just now. The respondents (plaintiffs) contend that the private statute of the railway company does not take away their right under the public statute to bring the action within twelve months; and, further, that the provision "by reason of the works or operation of the railway" in section 60 does not apply to a case of the kind at bar.

Mr. L. G. McPhillips, K. C., and Mr. Martin, K. C., for appellants (the company); Mr. Macdonell and Mr. McHarg for respondents.

COUGH LASTED 3 MONTHS.

"I was taken with a severe cough which lasted three months, and though I had tried all sorts of medicines they failed to do me any good. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and I was completely cured by two bottles."—Miss Ada O'Brien, Cape Cove, Gaspe Co., Que.

FOR SALE CHEAP

BY C. H. SUTCLIFFE

"Why don't you fellers," wrote Burt Henderson to young Weaver and Knowlton, of Columbia College, "hire an auto some Saturday and come down here to see me? The old folks will make you welcome, and my sister Annette, of whom you have heard me speak, is home now. Arrange to stay over Sunday with us. We'll have a bully time."

Young Henderson was still living with his parents at their country house on Long Island, and had been chummy with the two men during his days in college. The invitation was alluring. Each of the sophs had taken lessons in running an auto, the Long Island roads were known to be good, and at the end of the run was a handsome girl, as they knew by a photograph which they had seen.

It was a rare change to get out of town and do a lot of other things besides, and on a certain Saturday morning of a certain June an auto might have been seen speeding two rather hilarious young men up the Island roads. The garage man had been particular when they went to hire the machine. They confessed to being timid about speed, but felt perfectly confident on all other points, and after displaying their knowledge in a practical way he had placed them in charge.

The destination was thirty miles from Brooklyn, but at a steady jog this might have been covered by noon had not something happened to prevent.

As they were passing through Jamaica, the journey only just begun, a handsome young lady emerged from a house, stepped into a steam runabout, and, acting as her own chauffeur, started off at a fast clip.

"By George, but did you ever see anything to compare with her!" gasped young Weaver, who was noted as impressionable.

"Handsomest girl I ever saw," was the reply.

"Did you notice that look she threw at me?"

"It was meant for me."

"You go on! Say, I'd give all I expect to get from my grandmother's estate to know that girl. What eyes! What hair! As her eyes looked into mine for an instant I ——"

"She was looking into mine, and there was a roguish, defiant look in them, as if she dared us to follow her."

"By George, but come to think of it, we ought to follow her anyhow. No woman has any business driving a machine. Suppose a tire comes off or anything breaks. She may meet a train at a crossing, run into a ditch or have something else happen. If we are on hand we can assist ——"

More speed was put on to decrease the distance, and the young lady looked back as she heard the chugging of the big machine.

"She's surely flirting with me!" gurgled young Weaver as he clasped his hands.

"You dolt!" replied young Knowlton. "She doesn't know that you are on earth. Isn't she skimming along pretty fast?"

"Seems to me she's let out a link. This is faster than we ever drove before, but we've got to take chances or lose that girl."

The girl in the runabout had several ideas on the subject in hand. One was that the two young men behind her were new to the sport. Another was that they had left the direct road in order to follow her. The third was that she would be revenged on them. She rattled along at a high speed for a mile, and turned to see, turning her head too much that the big machine was wobbling badly and being driven by a trembling hand. On coming to where the highway separated to unite a quarter of a mile further on, she chose the roughest way. The light-weight runabout seemed to sail over the humps and ruts and washouts, while the larger machine had to slow down and bump its way along.

"If we lose her I'll commit suicide!" said young Weaver, as he hung on for dear life and grew paler every minute.

"Don't you fear that I will lose her!" grimly replied Knowlton. "This is rather bumpy, but I'll stand ten miles of it for another look from those blue eyes."

"Her black eyes, you mean."

"I mean blue. If I ever take you out into the country again, may I be hanged."

"Ditto. Because a handsome girl takes it into her head to flirt with me a bit ——"

But the rest was lost in the bumping. The girl could have dropped them on that bit of road, but she made no effort. When they debouched into the main road she was in sight and jogging along at an easy pace. She had led them seven or eight miles out of their road before they realized it. Each was wishing that the other would throw out a hint about abandoning the chase when the runabout turned into a highway that was not macadamized. It was heavy with sand, and the auto groaned and complained as it made the steep hills.

"If she wasn't the best looking girl I ever saw ——" began Knowlton.

"If she hadn't dared us to follow her ——" replied Weaver.

Then there was a scream ahead of them and a tire was seen to leave one of the wheels of the runabout, and the machine to come to a standstill.

"Ye gods, but what luck for me!" whispered Weaver.

"Say, now, if you don't let me do all the talking I'll break your neck!" replied Knowlton.

When the auto came up the girl was down on her feet inspecting damages. It was easy to see that the machine must be got home by some motive power beyond its own. There were too many stony spots on the highway to run it on the rim of the damaged wheel Mr. Knowlton at once introduced himself and companion and tendered their services.

They found the young lady even better looking than they had given her credit for. She was not at all embarrassed over the meeting. She was chatty and vivacious, and in five minutes' talk she made them realize that she knew twice as much about an auto as they did. One thing the boys forgot until afterwards. They gave their names to her, but she did not reciprocate. It was decided that the damaged machine must be drawn to the side of the road and sent for later on, while the auto was to convey the girl to her home—a distance of fourteen or fifteen mile. Why she had gone out of her way she didn't explain, and the boys didn't ask.

"As I am used to autos I shall ask the privilege of acting as chauffeur," announced the young lady as she was ready to get in.

This seemed like a reflection on the abilities of the young men; and they were hesitating over it when Miss Blank took the matter in hand. There was room for one of them beside her, and both jumped for the place at once. There was a struggle, but shame soon came to both, and they humbly climbed into the rear seat and glared at each other and mentally threatened murder at the first opportunity. They soon discovered that the young lady was no vain boaster. She turned the machine about with a whizz and started off at a speed that had not continued for five minutes when young Knowlton felt compelled to lean forward and say:

"This is certainly exhilarating, but do you think it altogether safe?"

"This isn't twenty miles an hour," was the reply as the machine sailed around a curve on three wheels.

Three minutes later Mr. Weaver, whose face was growing as white as chalk and his teeth clicking together, managed to make the young lady understand that he was troubled with palpitation of the heart at times.

"Best remedy for it in the world," she replied as the machine struck a road as level and hard as a floor, and she increased the speed.

The young men instinctively clasped hands and said farewell to each other. They didn't dare reach over and twist the wheel out of the driver's hands, and yet they realized that a calamity must soon happen. A word from her might have prevented what followed, but she was intent on the road ahead. Of a sudden, as they came upon a long strip of hazel bushes, both stood up and jumped for it, and landed among the bushes with a crash.

The auto did not stop. If the girl missed them she was not concerned. They picked themselves up after a while and limped out to the road in time to make inquiries of a passing team. They walked two miles and then hired a farmer to drive them six more, always inquiring for an auto driven by a girl. At length, as they drew near a manor house embosomed in a grove, young Weaver exclaimed:

"Say, now, it's dollars to cents that this is the house we were bound for—the Henderson place!"

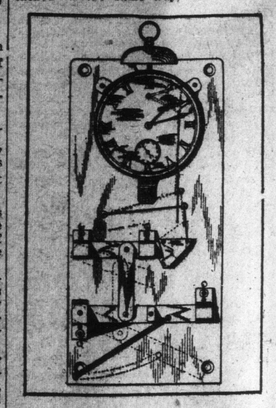
"And if that isn't the young lady we have been chasing may I never eat again!" replied Knowlton as he nodded at a girl on the veranda.

In front of the house was an auto tied to the fence with a rope. It was their auto. Hung in a conspicuous place was a sign reading: "For Sale Cheap." The young men did not stop to ask any questions. If their friend Burt was home they did not want to see him. If his sister Annette was home they did not want to see her. All they wanted was to get back to New York by the shortest route.

CIRCUIT-BREAKER.

Automatic Arrangement for Shutting off Lights in Windows, Etc.

An invention of more than ordinary interest is an automatic circuit breaker, which shuts off window lights, display lights, etc., at any time desired, and then does away with the necessity of having a man go and shut them off by hand. The mechanical parts are attached to a switchboard, the connecting electric wires passing through two holes in about the centre of the board, one of the wires supplying the electricity from an outside source and the other furnishing it to the lights. The ends of the wires are attached to two spring plates, about a foot apart, a pivoted conductive bar joining the two plates. To normally hold this connecting bar in position to close the circuit is a pivoted catch, this catch being suspended on wire rods connecting with the mechanism of an alarm clock. A second conductive bar is placed beneath the upper one and attached in the same way, the two being



connected by a bar. The alarm clock is set for the hour at which the lights are to be extinguished. When the alarm is set in motion it pulls the rods connected with the catch up far enough to release the conductive bars. A strong spring then acts to draw one end of the bars away from the spring plates, breaking the circuit and shutting off the lights.

35 Per Cent. Die From Indigestion

From insurance records it has been found that about thirty-five per cent of the deaths of policy-holders was attributed to diseases of the digestive system.

To persons who have been accustomed to think lightly of indigestion, biliousness, and liver derangements this statement will be rather startling, but it cannot be refuted.

To a large extent the liver controls the digestive system by supplying the bile to insure the prompt passage of the food along the intestines, where the difficult part of digestion takes place.

Because of their immediate and direct influence on the liver, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills insure a good flow of bile, and by so doing positively overcome constipation and intestinal indigestion.

Wind on the stomach, rising of sour taste in the mouth, smothering sensations in the chest, pains about the heart, headaches and dizziness, drowsiness and discomfort after meals, and sluggish action of the liver, kidneys, and bowels are the symptoms of this serious and dangerous form of indigestion.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will promptly overcome these symptoms. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

VOL. XLVIII.,

NEWS NOTES THE DOM

Premier of Newfoundl Union With Domini a Dead Issue.

REDUCE IMPERIAL P

Bishop of Huron Enunc Anglican Basis of C Union.

TORONTO, Ont., June Hon. Sir Robert Bo premier of Newfound the city. He says the questio foundland entering confede never mentioned now as the solutely no sentiment in re Annexation to the United S an equally dead issue and heard of, a strong imperial ment pervading the people.

The annual statement of tario bank shows net profit year amounted to $156,915.89 nual statement of the Trad of Canada shows profits for amounted to $396,231.75.

Big Fire in Montre

Montreal, June 21.—Dama extent of $400,000 was cause which broke out tonight in town on the south shore of the rence, about sixty miles from fire was discovered shortly o'clock in the old parish chur of fifteen minutes the efforts firemen were seen to be usele call for assistance was sent to cinthe, meanwhile the new ca stone edifice, recently constru valued at $100,000 caught flames spread to St. Josepha home for the priests, and fou the Nicolet co[illegible] All fou were completely destroyed. Th was a [illegible] of ston large main building and two at the time of the fire, there residence over three hundred building cost $150,000, and th ings $50,000. So far as is no no lives were lost.

Wholesale Grocers Comm

Hamilton, Ont., June 21.— ficers of the Dominion whole cers' guild were committed fo noon today by Magistrate Jel were committed on a charge o acy to restrain trade and en prices of commodities. E. F. ston, Toronto, appeared for th ants and spoke for over an h ing that the magistrate shoul the case as it effected about dred grocers.

Imperial Postage

London, June, 21.—At the League this afternoon Sidney British postmaster-general was in communication with adian authorities regarding tion in postage on newspap magazines between Englan Canada. He hoped for a favo ply. He realized that Canada ing flooded with American and advertisements which wa ous menace to imperial unity trade but he was glad Canad sufficiently robust to withst appeals, but he would like t at an end.

Electric Storm

Severe electric storm pass this vicinity Monday night considerable damage and m sons had narrow escapes fro by lightning. Charles Evans had nearly all his teeth kno by lightning and yet escaped further injuries.

Anglican Terms of Uni

At the opening of the s Huron yesterday, Bishop made a frank and full state the basis upon which the church would be prepared with other Christian bodies. four in number as follows: acceptance of the scripture a velation of God and the wa faith and conduct. (2) The ac of the nicene and apostles c The acceptance of the two ments ordained by Christ. (4) ceptance of the historic epi The action of the Presbyter eral assembly last week, sai Williams, in advancing the negotiations now being carrie tween the Methodists and C tionalists, at least opened a sibility of negotiations.

Canon Struck Out

Hamilton, June 21.—Niagar yesterday at the request of Dumoulin struck out the canon. "The habitual infring the rubrics, for holding or at any religious service in a clergyman's parish without sent or permitting unauthori sons to officiate in any ch church building in his cure. I. Perry took strong objection canon declaring that it narro limits of clergymen. To avoid discussion Bishop Dumoulin ed the synod to strike out th which was agreed to.

A $50,000 Fire

Fire at an early hour this did damage to the extent o