

Tom Day of St. John

A 1st Contingent Man,
Is Winning Laurels as
a Boxer in South Africa.

Among the St. John boys who went to South Africa with the constabulary was Tom Day of the North End, who had quite a local reputation as a boxer and who figured prominently in many bouts in this city. In South Africa he is gaining considerable prominence as a fighter under the name of Dingey.

The following from Cape Town paper will be read with much interest by all who knew him here:

The National Sporting Club's tournament last evening did not receive the measure of support that the occasion warranted. There were quite a number of vacant seats and, considering the fact that many fights of much less importance have crowded the hall, it is evident that a holiday night is not the best from a managerial point of view. There were a number of interesting bouts and six-round contests between Harris and Leadbeater and Rold and Moseley. These were dwarfed, however, by the 20-round contest between Dick Kennedy and Dingey. The former has established himself quite a favorite in Cape Town and the opinion was becoming general that he would prove the best man of his weight in South Africa. Great reports as to Dingey's prowess came from Kimberley, and something out of the common was expected of him. Speculation was general as to his identity, for there was an opinion that his name was a professional one, and that he was really an American "crack-a-jack" masquerading in order to devour the local lambs. Old ring-goers down this way smiled when they heard of the wonderful abilities, for experience has proved that it is not the biggest trumpet that makes the best music. Wagering was pretty brisk prior to the fight, and the weight of money was for the Kimberleyite. When the men appeared in the ring, the weights were announced as Dingey, 10 st. 3 lbs., and Kennedy, 10 st. 7 lbs., but it is doubtful if the scales would tell the same story. The master of ceremonies, in

introducing the contestants, prefaced the formality by alluding to the fight as an international one between Canada and Australia. This was a distinctly regrettable action, for in the first place the contest was not international, as in order to be so it must be representative, and secondly, it was calculated to arouse feeling and party spirit, a course to be avoided. It should be stated here that there is a growing tendency to make "speeches" in the ring—a procedure which is out of place. But to the fight! Dingey made a magnificent showing and was altogether too good for Kennedy. The latter only once flattered his admirers in the fifth round. The Canadian is a "phenom" and no mistake, and the stories as to his being a comparative novice must be discounted. Kennedy showed real grit, for he received considerable pounding, but it must be confessed he is not in Dingey's class—in fact it is an open question whether there is a man in South Africa can beat the Kimberley man at the weights. Details follow:

The event of the evening was the 20-round contest between Tom Dingey, of Kimberley (late of Canada), and Dick Kennedy, of Cape Town (late of Australia). The men were matched at catch-weights for a wage of £100 a side and a purse of £100 put up by the National Sporting Club of South Africa. There was considerable speculation over the contest, Dingey having the call in favor of the time entering the ring at odds of 11 to 10 on. Big money changed hands, the Kimberley contingent evidently having every confidence in their representative. Dick Kennedy was first to enter the ring, followed by his second, Tom Collins. Bill Kennedy and Manuel Garcel. He received a warm welcome. Dingey was equally well received when he came forward with his corner men, Blackie, Oliver and Bradley. Collins went to the ring for corners and chose the side wall end. Both men looked in the pink of condition and showed no sign of nervousness. As they stood together in the ring it was apparent there was little difference in weight, and they were as well a matched pair, as far as phy-

siques goes, as it would be possible to bring together.

Round One—Dingey rushed in immediately time was called, and dropped Kennedy with his left before the latter had taken his bearings. Dingey rushed Kennedy the whole round, his invariable attack being a drop with the right and a hook for the ribs with the left. The round was entirely Dingey's.

Round Two—Dingey again sailed in and clipped Kennedy. He got in a terrific swing on the neck and followed with a hook which "phased" Kennedy altogether. Kennedy made a very poor show, Dingey getting home as often as he pleased.

Round Three—Dingey again had matters his own way and was very "cock-a-hoop" throughout. Kennedy stood his chopping and pounding with admirable grit, but made no effort to attack.

Round Four—Dingey again had all the best of the round. Kennedy got in a weak hook with the right, but the Kimberleyite landed him a good half-dozen in return.

Round Five—Kennedy made a much better showing. He got home several times on Dingey's neck, but the blows were received with a smile. Dingey did not show up near so well and the round was Kennedy's.

Round Six—Kennedy forced the fighting, and Dingey was in no sense so sprightly as he commenced. At close quarters Kennedy showed up best but Dingey got the best at long range. Kennedy got in several stings on the chin, whilst Dingey got home on the ribs with a few heavy swings.

Round Seven—Dingey rushed his man at the outset and sent him down. He made a swing for Kennedy whilst the latter was down, which happily missed. The round was a furious one, and Dingey had the better of the exchange.

Round Eight—Dingey again came with a rush, and after a few hard drives on the ribs, landed his left under Kennedy's heart. The latter swayed forward, and Dingey put under a right hook which sent Kennedy to the ground where he was counted out.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE RING.

JEFFRIES AND CORBETT.
The heavyweight championship battle between Jeffries and Corbett is attracting more interest all over the country than was at first expected when a return match between these rival heavyweights was announced. Unlike previous fights between the big heavyweights, Jeffries and Corbett are going about their training in a businesslike manner, each confident that he will be the winner.

Jeffries, of course, believes that he will duplicate his victory at Coney Island, when he knocked Corbett out in the 23rd round. He is saying little about the outcome of the battle, but to those who have talked with him he has given the impression that it is all over but the shouting.

Corbett has already had his say regarding the probable outcome of the contest, and he has settled down to real work. Both of the big fellows intend to be in the best possible condition when the date of the battle comes around. Both realize that condition will play an important part when it comes to entering the ring, and to win must be at his best. Corbett should be in better shape than he has ever been before. He has taken the best care of himself, and not only has held a regular fight during the past year but he has daily schedule has included a couple of hours' hard work either in the gymnasium or on the road.

Corbett has many good reasons why he should look for victory providing he is satisfied with his own condition. He has already proved his ability to stand the boltermaker off for 23 rounds. His coming battle is only scheduled for 20 rounds. With his improved physical make-up, Corbett feels confident that he can go the limit and receive the decision on points.

Corbett is not particularly anxious to try for a knockout, for he realizes what a difficult matter it would be to put the champion out.

On the other hand, Jeffries relies altogether on his knock-out punch to defend his title. The champion is well aware that Corbett is one of the fastest, cleverest and shiftest boxers in the ring and that it would be folly to try and outpoint him. Therefore it may be expected that Jeffries will make an aggressive fight of it. In fact, it is understood that the champion intends to make short work of the former champion, and he will give him little chance to get away from his delivery once the bell sends them together.

Join the Jeffries camp next week, and with the arrival of the Cornishman will begin the champion's first real hard work since he fought Rubin more than a year ago. Fitzsimmons has been taking things easy of late and the rest has put him in shape for a hard trouncing. Jeffries has a great deal of respect for Fitzsimmons as a fighter and he thinks that he will have daily bouts with him in the same as having a real fight.

"Fitzsimmons is not a fancy boxer," said the champion, "but he is a real fighter, and that is the reason I like to have him for a partner. He means business all the time and whenever he is sparring you have got to look and see that he does not put one over on the jaw. I never have an understanding with Fitz, but let him cut loose. That makes me try all the harder and keeps me on my guard all the time."

"When you have a fellow who cannot hit hard or take a hard punching it does more harm than good. It makes you careless, and when it comes to the real battle you find that you have yourself open."

Jeffries is the favorite over Corbett, but there has been little money bet on the result. In fact it is not expected that there will be much money placed on the outcome of the encounter until a few days before the date of the contest.

TO BOX A BOSTON MAN.

The statement published in the St. John press that Robert Foley, of this city, and McLeod, of St. John, had made arrangements to box on June 16th in Halifax, is not correct. There will be no such bout. Foley will box

a 130 pound man belonging to Boston.—Halifax Mail.

ROOT AND GARDNER.

CHICAGO, June 2.—Jack Root and George Gardner signed articles tonight on the afternoon of July 4, for the light heavyweight championship of the world. The International A. C. agrees to put up a guaranteed purse of \$7,500 or the men can have the privilege of taking 5 per cent. of the gross receipts. The weight agreed upon is 165 pounds at nine o'clock the morning of the fight.

ROWING.

The Halifax Evening Mail says: Nothing has been heard from the Belaya crew of St. John with respect to the proposed race to take place between there and a Halifax four. J. P. Gough would like to know what the Belayas' intentions are.

A new single shell will shortly arrive here from England for St. Mary's Aquatic Club.

The dockyard will have a four-oared whaler racing crew, amateur, this summer.

MAYOR SHOES THE MARE.

Burlington, the largest city in Vermont, will have a black-and-white mayoralty for the next ten months. At the annual city election last March, Dr. D. C. Hawley, the republican candidate, who had already served two years, had a majority of three on the basis of the returns made by the several ward officers. J. E. Burke, the democratic candidate, brought out warrants proceedings against Dr. Hawley, claiming that one hundred or more ballots which were thrown out as being improperly marked should be counted for him. The supreme court of the state decided that as the intent of the voter to vote for Mr. Burke was plain, these ballots should be counted. Mr. Burke is a blacksmith and when he received the news was busy shoeing a horse.

A DANGEROUS TOPIC.

A country schoolmaster the other day gave one of his pupils the following sum as home work:

"If a horse runs a mile in 145 seconds, and another does it in 115 seconds, by how many seconds would the latter horse win in a five-mile race?"

Next morning the master found to his great dismay, that the boy had not done the sum.

"Why have you not done it?" said the master.

"Please, sir, muvver said I mustn't have nothin' to do with 'orsersing'."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

It was after the christening and they were gushing over the latest arrival to the family.

"How like his dear father!" purred Aunt Eliza.

And they all said: "Isn't he dear little mite!"

"I think he's more like ma!" chimed in the first-born.

"Why, Johnny, dear, whatever makes you think that?" asked auntie sweetly.

"Cause," said Johnny decisively, "he ain't got no whiskers!"

FARMER HORNHAND (reading the market)—"Pity th' president didn't hev no more luck when he was a huntin' down there in Mississipp'." Mrs. Hornhand.—"Why, Silas?" Farmer Hornhand.—"Hain't you been a-readin' how th' bears is playin' smash with th' cotton crop?"—Baltimore American.

"What do you think is the most extraordinary invention of the age?"
"The phonograph," answered Mr. Meekins, promptly, "the way this machine stands and talks back to Henryetta positively takes my breath away."

"I say, Jones," said Smith, "what did you give for that horse?" "My note," replied Jones. "Well," rejoined Smith, "you certainly got a bargain."—Chicago Daily News.

"Did he marry for money?" "Yes." "And did he get it?" "He did. I understand she makes him a cash allowance of \$2.50 a week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TRADES UNION LAW.

A Proposed British Parliamentary Committee to Enquire into the Subject.

Engineering, referring to the proposed parliamentary commission to inquire into the law affecting trades unions, says that to judge from the diversity of opinions expressed by lawyers on both sides of the house in the recent discussion, it would seem that matters are in a nebulous condition; but in our (Engineering) view, the difficulties are more apparent than real. Whenever any question as to the conduct of a particular strike comes before a court of justice for consideration, the issue is clouded by a host of facts and an enormous mass of evidence, giving rise to the belief that the elements of justice which underlie the decision are that in the majority of these disputes once the evidence in each particular case is properly sifted, the question comes to this—How far is A entitled to induce B (1) to break his contract with C, or (2) to enter into a contract with C? The decision of the court is one which must depend upon the circumstances of each particular case; but the principle of law which declares that no man's right shall be interfered with without just cause or excuse remains perfectly clear.

Question of oppression by great bodies of organized capitalists against their small brethren, and the action taken by great bodies of their unorganized fellow workmen, Engineering continues: How legislation can be so framed as to protect the great powers of trusts and combinations, we do not undertake to say; but as the law at present stands, sayings of persons can clearly be made known as the Mosaic case, certain owners of ships formed an association with the object of securing to themselves exclusively a particular carrying trade. They allowed a rebate on the freights to all shippers who shipped only with members of the association. They also sent ships to ports where they also sent ships to ports to obtain cargoes, to carry at unremunerative rates in order to secure the support to themselves. A circular was sent by the association to the defendants, making the shipment from participation in the return of freight during the whole six-monthly period in which they had been made, even though the firm elsewhere might have given exclusive support to the steamers of the combination. The house of lords held that the plaintiffs, who were injured by the combination had no redress, although the action was based upon conspiracy. Even, adds Engineering, if the duties of the proposed commission were restricted to inquiries as to how far combinations of this kind ought to be controlled, we do not think its labors would be undertaken in vain.

SOME FUNNY ADS.

Here are a few specimens of queer advertisements collected from different papers:

"Bull dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Widow in comfortable position wishes to marry two sons."

"Annual sale now on; don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good salary."

"Lost—Near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"For Sale—A bicycle by a young lady with a leather seat."

"Wanted—A boy to open oysters 14 years old."

DARKY SAM'S STORY.

About His First and Only Encounter With Satan.

(Willis Brooks in the Brooklyn Eagle).

"For reasons connected with the possible future I am very loth to libel His Satanic Majesty. How do I know but he may some time be in position to make it warm for me? I, therefore, wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not responsible for the following lit of Flatbush history. I got the story from Deputy Agricultural Commissioner Kracke, who says he got it from a very aged darky with assurances of its absolute truthfulness. I serve notice here and now that, if it should turn out to be exaggerated in any particular, I shall turn the blame for it back to Mr. Kracke, and he may get out of it the best he can."

In the olden time—say a hundred and fifty years ago—Sam, one of the colored servants of the Vanderwey house, was famous as a fiddler. He and his instrument were in evidence almost every week at some dance in the house or barn of one or another of the farmers who owned the vast territory lying between what was then the little town of Brooklyn and the south shore of Long Island. One Saturday night Sam had played for a party in the great Scherhorn barn, which stood where one of the burial vaults of that ancient family now stands, in Greenwood cemetery. Of course, the dancing ceased before midnight, and Sam and his fiddle under his arm set out on foot for home. His course lay along Church lane, and as he neared the old Dutch grave yards, and saw the rows of spectral graves, which when the great clock in the tower struck the hour of twelve, and a flash of lurid light blinded him for an instant. When he regained the use of his eyes, he saw the devil standing only a few feet from him.

"Sam," said Satan, "I understand you are rather proud of your ability as a fiddler. He snatched the instrument from under the old negro's arm, and, placing it to his chin, drew the bow across the strings. "I am something of a fiddler myself," said he, striking up a lively jig tune.

"Now, Sam," he went on, "I had intended to take you with me tonight, but I will let you off on one condition. I am going to play all the tunes I know, and if you cannot dance to every one of them you must come with me."

For half an hour the bow sped over the strings and Satan's feet flew as he danced to the various airs, until he was about ready to drop with fatigue. Then Satan handed the fiddle to him, saying: "Well, Sam, you have won thus far, but there is still another part of the condition. If you can play a tune to which I cannot dance I will let you go and will never trouble you again."

Sam was very tired from his long and lively dance, but he nestled the fiddle under his chin and began playing as he had never played before. Reels, jigs, monie musk, everything he knew came pouring from the violin, but the devil danced each step with the utmost skill and ease. Sam was so tired that he could hardly direct the bow, and his repertoire of dance music was utterly exhausted, when the church clock above his head tolled the hour of one.

At this instant a bright, golden light seemed to shine into Sam's mind, and before he could comprehend the meaning of it his arm felt impelled by an unseen force. It was as if an angel hand guided the bow, and the old fiddle sang as fiddle had never sung before.

Jesus, lover of my soul—

The first line of the grand old melody had hardly been sounded when, with a shriek of dismay, the devil leaped off into the darkness and was gone. So, it is related, after that every time Sam passed the churchyard in the

THE curse of mankind is constipation. Nineteenth of the ailments we have can be traced to constipation. The bowels are for no other earthly purpose but to cleanse and keep clean and in working order our systems. Constipation is more prevalent among women than men, but it is too common in both. You may imagine you have dyspepsia, or chronic headache, or rheumatism, or heart affections, or bad blood causing eruptions—you may feel dull and ambitious. Unless your case has been diagnosed and you know otherwise, the chances are your trouble is constipation.

Laxa-Cara Tablets, if taken after meals, draw nature into her natural course and keep the bowels regular and in healthy action. Ordinarily a short treatment will prove sufficient. In stubborn cases several boxes may be needed. It is only a question of a short time, however, when the whole intestinal system will be made strong and naturally active. Then Laxa-Cara Tablets should be stopped.

They come in small, chocolate-coated form, easy to take and palatable. From the first day you will feel their gentle but sure effect. Price 35 cents a box at your druggist's, or by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

FRANK WHEATON
SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.
FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

BIG JIM BRADY.

The King of Burglars Killed by a Train—Old, Poor, His Stolen Fortunes Gone, the "Modern Jack Sheppard" Foretold Tragedy.

Bowed down with illness and his seventy-eight years, penniless, homeless and friendless, James Brady—"Big Jim" Brady—almost the last of the greatest band of bank burglars and daring thieves that ever lived, was killed by the Boston express, at Larchmont, N. Y., Wednesday afternoon.

Only a few hours before this man, whose crimes had once baffled the police of two continents, who once owned \$100,000 in New Rochelle real estate, had been discharged from his only home, the Westchester County poorhouse. He had wandered to the railroad track to go, he knew not whither, and as he picked his way from one track to the other to escape the New Haven express, he stepped directly in front of the other train.

At the almshouse last night those in charge were repeating the last words of the aged man as he wandered forth: "Goodby. You'll never see me again. Something's going to happen to me."

AS BYRNES SAW HIM.

"Dashing, handsome, daredevil that he was," wrote Inspector Thomas Byrnes, possibly the greatest enemy Brady and his band ever had, "Brady for many years belonged to the most dangerous band of criminals in the country. He was the modern Jack Sheppard, a bank burglar, a jail breaker, a sneak thief, forger and high class all around crook."

The famous thief catcher knew whereof he spoke, for he remembered that Brady had been the companion and leader of such men as Scott, Dunlap, "Mike" Kurtz, George Howard, Max Siegel, "Jimmy" Hope, "Dan" Noble, "Ned" Lyons, "Red" Leary, and last, but not least, Sophie Lyons herself.

Some of the robberies he had participated in were the famous ones of the Ocean Bank, in this city; the Kensington Bank, in Philadelphia; the bank at Northampton, which shared, with the Manhattan Bank, of this city, the distinction of being the scene of the greatest robbery of a century; the Wilmington (Del.) Bank, the bond robberies of Glen Falls and Port Jervis, N. Y.; Paterson, N. J., and San Francisco. The French jewelry robberies conducted by Brady and the Sophie Lyons were classed all by themselves. Within a few months the couple while the police were at their wits' end, succeeded in taking jewelry at several hundred thousand dollars. They were never arrested.

The Kensington Bank robbery. Of all the crimes the best example of Brady's coolness and audacity is always said to be the Kensington Bank robbery, in which \$60,000 was taken.

Brady, straight, blue eyed and six feet two inches in height, dressed as a policeman, went to the bank one afternoon. He announced himself from police headquarters. "We understand a band of New York burglars have planned to rob this bank tonight," he explained. "I have been sent to catch them. Leave it all to me. Say nothing to anybody or they may get tipped off."

He was profusely thanked, and at two o'clock in the morning, after binding and gagging the unsuspecting watchman, two confederates were admitted and the robbery leisurely proceeded.

Brady was born in Fairfield, Vt. He was the son of a jeweller, and after receiving a fair education at the St. Albans Academy learned the trade of a jeweller, and afterward that of a skilled machinist. He tried of this, to become a grocer's clerk, but forged the grocer's name and left hurriedly.

Brady was shot by Inspector Dilks in the house of Dr. Harrison, in Carmine street, in 1872. He served a sentence of eleven years in Sing Sing for shooting a policeman.

Brady was married and had a wife and several daughters. He bought the New Rochelle real estate and turned the property over to his wife. One of his daughters married a Swedish nobleman. Brady's wife left him and he went to the poorhouse.

The death of Brady leaves only "Jimmy" Hope, equally aged, living quietly on a Connecticut farm, and

CHARGED BY AN ELEPHANT.

Thrilling Experience Related by G. P. Sanderson.

An elephant fight, if the combatants be well matched, frequently lasts for a day or more. The beaten elephant retreats temporarily, and is followed relentlessly by the other, until by mutual consent they meet again. The more powerful elephant occasionally keeps his foe in view till he kills him. In Wild Beasts of India G. P. Sanderson describes an encounter with a defeated tusk:

"A shrill trumpeting and crashing of bamboos broke the stillness, and from the noise we knew it was a tusk fight. Before we could reach the scene of combat, one elephant uttered a deep roar of pain, and crossed the nullah some 40 rods in advance of us. Here he began to destroy a clump of bamboo in sheer fury, grumbling deeply the while in rage and pain. I was so near that I saw him strike a bamboo with his trunk, and he moved the bamboos down with trunk and tusks, and trampled them with his forefeet."

"Suddenly his whole demeanor changed. He backed from the clump and stood like a statue. He had sensed us. The next moment forward went his ears and up his tail, and in the same instant he wheeled and bore straight down upon us with astonishing speed."

The cluster of bamboos where we stood were useless as cover, and I stepped out into the open to get a clear shot. I gave a shout, hoping to stop of turn him, but in vain. He fired what he was nine paces distant, feeling confident of the shot, but I made a mistake in not giving him both barrels. The smoke momentarily obscured the elephant, and I bent down to see where he lay.

"Good gracious! He had not even been checked, and was upon me! There was no time to step to the right or the left. His tusks came through the smoke like the cowcatcher of a locomotive, and I had just time to fall flat to avoid being hurled along in front of him. I fell a little to the right; the instant I came down, a ponderous forefoot within a few inches of my left thigh, and I should have been trodden on had I not hastily drawn my leg back from the sprawling position in which I fell. As I lay on my back, I was shocked shrilly, but fortunately he went on, for he had stopped there was no way of escape for me. I was covered with blood from the wound inflicted by his late antagonist. This was one of the closest calls I ever had in the wild life of the jungle."

TOLD AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—Hope of the re-assembling of the joint high commission has again been abandoned. Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the British parliament last week, it is said here, is largely responsible for the new attitude of Canada. The hope held out by him to Canada of preferential treatment for Canadian imports into England has evaporated, and a desire the Canadians might have for reciprocity with the United States.

The reciprocity proposition was the leading feature of the argument to be submitted to the joint high commission, and as the Canadians show no disposition now to consider reciprocity, it is said that there will be no occasion to reconvene the commission.

NON-UNION MEN.

TORONTO, June 3.—Col. Denison evidently intends reading organized labor a lesson, interspersing said lessons with a few practical demonstrations. Yesterday Robert Dunning and Chas. Ward were each sentenced to forty days and Lavelle Dew was fined \$5 and costs or thirty days for assaulting a non-union builders' laborer and calling him a snob.

"Dan" Noble, in this city, of the old band.

'IRISH BULLS.'

Some of the best 'Irish bulls' were not perpetrated by Irishmen. Other people besides those born in Ireland have a knack of putting ill-assorted ideas together, as witness the following:

The 'American' calls attention to two rather good 'bulls' which are attributed to the late Sir George Campbell. On one occasion he had been calling attention in a certain Indian administration, and abuse in Indian administration, and proceeded to observe that he had further revelations to make concerning other scandals in comparison with which this one was a 'mere flea-bite in the ocean.' Another time, when speaking about military affairs in India, he declared that 'the pale face of the British soldier was the backbone of our Indian army.'

The 'Spectator' also refers to two 'Hibernisms' which are not chargeable to Irishmen. One of them was recently uttered by the captain of a boys' brigade—a popular military organization in a certain English parish. He addressed the corps on the subject of the death of Prince Henry of Battenburg, and, in ending his sympathetic remarks, chose an appropriate hymn to close the service. 'And now,' he said, 'let us sing these lines in solemn silence!' The other remark was made by a clergyman in a discourse on the transitory nature of earthly things. 'Look,' he said, 'at the great cities of antiquity; where are they now? Why, some of them have perished so completely that it is probable they never existed!'

A little boy was taking a walk with his father on a very cold day, when a strong wind was blowing. After a short time he remarked, 'Father, isn't the wind rude, it will neither go round you nor stay behind you, but it goes right through you!'

TORONTO PEOPLE WERE EASY.

The Toronto police are endeavoring to find a man who has been engaged in working an entirely new game in the city. His operations were called to the attention of the police by William Ford, who lives at 22 Kensington street. Mr. Ford was called upon by a man who had the appearance of a farmer and who said he had some very nice fresh butter to sell. A wagon, which he had at the door was full of milk, sweet cream, and butter. Ford bought a small crock, for which he paid 90 cents. About an hour later he found it contained only a small layer of butter, which, upon moment, will have a black-pound. The rest of the crock was filled with water.

NEW REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.

A new remedy for consumption, called Sanosin, was announced at the last meeting of the Berlin Medical Society. It was discovered by Dr. Robert Schneider, and it is reported that much importance is attached to it in medical circles.

A paper on the subject, read by Dr. Danelius of Soderfeldt, asserted that several patients, mostly workmen, have been cured, and they were treated without interference with their work. By its use, coughing is prevented also night sweats and fever, and it results in the patient gaining in weight. Even in advanced stages, the progress of consumption has been arrested. If this is true, it promises to be a great boon to the multitude who suffer from the ravages of this terrible disease.

CANCER.

PARIS, June 2.—The Mathin says two doctors at Lille, who have been experimenting with X-rays in cancer cases, have arrived at a very satisfactory result. A woman of 65, who was suffering with cancer of the stomach, was treated with cancer in three minutes. The application of the X-rays entirely restored her to health, and she even gained in weight. A cure was effected seven months ago and there has been no relapse.