A Memorable International Marriage in London

HE London Times in its issue of Wednesday, June 24 had the Wednesday, June 24, had the fol-lowing respecting the marriage of Mr. John Ward and Miss Jean The Chapel Royal, St. James'

Palace, presented a brilliant scene yesterday afternoon when the King and Queen, Princess Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Patricia of Teck, Prince Francis of Teck, and the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby were present at the wedding of the Hon. John Hubert Ward, M. V. O., Equerry to the King, and brother of the Earl of Dudley, and Miss Jean Reid, daughter of the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein were unavoidably prevented from being present.

Owing to the limited space in the Chapel only the relations and a few specially invited friends of both families, together with numerous members of the Dipiomatic body were present. The Russian, French, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, German, Turkish and Italian Ambassadors, with the Danish, Belgian, and Portuguese ministers, and many foreign attaches were there; as also were the Duchess of Buccleuch, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Portland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Earl and Countess of Dudley, the Dow-ager Countess of Dudley, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Countess of Kilmorey and Lady Cynthia Needham, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, Mr. D. Ogden Milis, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, the Countess of Essex. Mrs. John Astor, Mrs. Walter Burns, Mr. and Mrs. William James, Lord and Lady Wolverton, the Hon. Gerald and Lady Evelyn Ward, the Hon. Cyril and Mrs. Ward, Lady Willoughby de Eresby and her sister Lady Alistair Innes Ker with Lord Alistair Innes Ker. Then there were Lord and Lady Desborough, Lord Fitzmaurice, Lord and Lady Hugh Grosvenor, Mr. Henry White (American Ambassador in Paris), and Mrs. and Miss White. Mr. Ridgely Carter (First Secretary of the American Embassy), Mrs. and Miss Carter, and Lord and Lady St. Oswald.

All the Royal party, with the exception of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, occupied the Royal pew. The bride was escorted by her father, who gave her away. Immediately behind her came her maid of honor, her cousin Miss Jennie Crocker, and six children, three little boys and three little girls, who walked two and two-namely, the Hon. Roderick Ward (son of the Earl and Countess of Dudley), the Hon. Marion Glyn, the Hon. Nigel Glyn (children of Lord and Lady

Wolverton), Miss Margaret Ward (daughter of the Hon. Cyril and Mrs. Ward), nephews and nieces of the bridegroom, the Hon. Reginald Winn (son of Lord and Lady St. Oswald) and Miss Audrey James (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William James (cousins of the bridegroom).

Lieut.-Col. Holford acted as best man, and the ceremony was performed by the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal (Canon Edgar Sheppard, D.D.), assisted by the Rev. W. M. Grosvenor, D.D., of the Church of the Incarnation, New York, and the Rev. Piers Claughton, rector of Hutton, Brentwood, Essex. The service was fully choral, the gentlemen and children of the Chapel Royal choir being in attendance, while Dr. Alcock, the organist, presided at the organ. While the guests were assembling Dr. Alcock played the following voluntaries:—St. Anne Fugue (Bach), the Nuptial March (Alex Guilmart), Entracte and Bridal March from The Birds of Aristophanes (Sir C. H. H. Parry), Andantino (Guilmart), and Prelude to Act III. (Lohengrin). The choir and clergy met the bridal procession at the door, and preceded it up the aisle, singing the hymn "Lead us Heavenly Father, lead us." After the nuptial blessing Psalm lxvii. was sung, the "Deus Misereatur," and after the Benediction the full choir sang the hymn "O Perfect Love," while during the signing of the register an anthem from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was rendered. The musical ceremony concluding by the playing on the organ of (1) the Benediction Nuptiale (Saint-Saens), and (2) Mendelssohn's Wedding

The register was conveyed to a room on the level of the Royal box, to which the bride and bridegroom proceeded directly the cere-mony was over. The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duckess of Connaught signed the register in addition to the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the Earl and Countess of Dudley, the Dowager Countess of Dudley, Mr. O. Mills, and Mr. O. Mills Reid.

Without a flower to add to its decorations, the Chapel Royal is beautiful. It is small but exquisite. Yesterday it suggested fairyland. For background there were the panels of polished oak, carved with a rich cornice of flowers and leaves, the pews of the same severe beauty, the painted ceiling crossed and recrossed with fine old beams and its bosses carved and gilded, the rich tapestries here and there, the old paintings glowing like jewels, the crimson carpet, the altar rich with its gold dish and candles, and above, the dim glass of the eastern window mellowing the summer light so that a subtle atmosphere of mystery might add its beauty to the scene. Upon this exquisite background flowers were arranged with lovely effect.

Looking very charming and graceful, the bride walked slowly and with dignity, her beautiful dress of soft white satin and exquis-

ite old rose point falling in long and lovely ines. Then followed the group of attendants, all tiny, and most lovely. So young they were they did not in the least realize anything serious in the occasion; so inexperienced that it needed the persuasion of parents and friends before they would follow the bride to the altar, Having arrived they suggested a group of Gainsborough's children-each little girl in her white muslin frock, its short waist tied with blue ribbons, her curly hair devoid of covering save for a knot of blue ribbons, and the little dark-haired boys in blue coats and buff trousers. Behind them stood Miss Crocker, the maid of honor, completing the procession, in dainty white dress with ribbons and hat and bouquet of blue.

So the exquisite picture was complete. The tall candles were burning and shed a soft light on the shining draperies of the bride, on the scarlet and gold of the choristers, and were again reflected from the polished panels of the chancel. The small aisle and the Royal box were gay with the bright colors of the dresses of the guests. Her Majesty, always beautiful, was exquisitely dressed in white with gold embroideries, among which shone some very fine emeralds and diamonds; her toque was of gold lace trimmed with white feathers. Next her sat the Princess of Wales, also in white with leaf embroideries of pink. yellow, and blue silk, and a white toque. The Duchess of Connaught's grey dress gave a contrasting note of color, and so did the blue dress and large black hat with white feathers and aigrette worn by Princess Patricia.

Downstairs, again, there was color, rich and varied. There were many white muslin dresses daintily trimmed with lace, but they were usually worn with a quaint coat of silk or satin of some vivid hue. One was of old rose satin, worn by Miss Muriel Wilson with a large hat of the same color, again repeated n the ribbons on the bodice. Not far from her was another of blue made with picturesque pointed back; and a third was of pink satin equisitely embroidered. But many of the dresses themselves supplied their share of color without any aid from coat or wrap. Mrs. Harcourt's olive green being near another of pale blue supplied a charming contrast, and with the olive green dress she wore a vest of fine net and lace and a large grey hat and feathers to complete a charming costume. A black dress very richly embroidered with duil gold and reds and blues worn by Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck made another foil to the lighter dresses around it; and it found its contrast in the same pew in a very smart dress of bright cinnamon and in the richly-worked dresses of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Burns. Delicate creams and blues and pinks and greys were also to be noticed. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid wore mauve with rich embroideries and toque of the same color; a lovely orchid pink satin veiled with fine net and lace made Mrs. Waldorf Astor's lovely dress, and her hat was

covered with beautiful pink feathers. Silver grey was worn by Lady Lansdowne, and Lady Londonderry's crepe de Chine was also grey. Mauve over pink was worn by one guest, pale pink cloth by another, pale yellow over mauve by a third, and here and there one noticed a deeper tone of color in a Nattier blue, matched the hat which accompanied it.

Hats seemed to be larger than ever as one gazed round the chapel yesterday. Almost all were of straw or crinoline, and almost all had enormous brims. Beautiful feathers trimmed this one, enormous aigrettes that, and again wreaths of roses or of smaller flowers decorated a third. A few aimed at picturesque effect, and of these was the one worn by Miss Carter, who made a lovely picture in her white Rom-ney dress of soft white crepe de Chine, her lace hat crowned with a high ruche and pale

The bride and bridegroom then drove off to Dorchester house, followed immediately by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who was in turn followed by the King and Queen and the other members of the Royal family. Arriving at Dorchester house, Mrs. Reid welcomed Royal guests, and with the Ambassador and the bride and bridegroom conducted them to the State dining room, where a private inspection of the presents was made. Mrs. Whitelaw Beid had to leave the Royal party in a few minutes and welcome all her other guests, which she did at the head of the fine marble staircase. The Duchess of Sutherland was in an ivory white gown embroidered in gold; the Duchess of Westminster in pale blue and a large feathered hat; the Duchess of Portland in white veiled with pale blue, and a large feathered hat; the Dowager Countess of Dudley in a dress of the palest of pale French grey; the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos in cream Ninon and a large flowered hat; the Countess of Kilmorey in hand-painted muslin and a blue tulle hat; and her daughter, Lady Cynthia Needham, in white.

Ninon over white silk and a black plumed hat; the Russian Ambassador escorted Comtesse Benckendorff in pale mauve, and Countess Natalie Benckendorff, all in pink, Lady Savile was in Nattier blue, Mrs. H. V. Higgins in blue, Lady Willoughby de Eresby and Lord and Lady Alistair Innes-Ker were also there Masses of crimson ramblers, hydrangeas, and foliage plants decorated the fine half and beautiful marble staircase. As to the dresses, it was noticeable how much black was used as a foil on the white or delicately-colored dresses. One such was worn by Mrs. Carter, Embroidered with raised Irish crochet motifs on a rich lace ground, it had a high collar and long sleeves of tucked black net, which set off

the fine diamonds she wore at her throat. Another white dress had put a line of black in-

troduced into the rich silk embroideries. A

pale blue painted chiffon was arranged with a

Lady Wolverton, in Wedgwood blue, the Countess of Kenmare in black, Mr. and Mrs.

Asquith, the latter in a dress of maize colored

tiny Directoire bodice, outlined by a wide key pattern design, again, lovely jewels were worn, and a white hat with crown of blue feathers was tied on one side with a wide bow and long ends of blue ribbons.

The embroideries everyhere were wonderfully rich. One long and graceful coat was worked throughout with gold and silver pailettes; mother-of-pearl was responsible for a beautiful acanthus design on a dress of white: raised silk embroideries covered the grey coat which completed the dress worn by Mme. de Dominguez; gold embroideries of exquisite fineness adorned the duchess of Sutherland's beautiful dress of white lace and net, and the soft knotted sash of dull silver colored silk was a wonderfully clever idea for a contrast, Very dainty Persian embroideries were effectve on an uncommon dress of white striped messaline; a diamante trellis pattern on a Directoire bodice of cream Milanese lace won universal admiration, and another of equal beauty was sewn with fine pearls.

It was curious to notice that on all the dresses the collars were very high or there no collars at all. Miss Carter's pretty dress was an example of the latter. It was entirely open at the throat, but it was charmingly finshed with a twisted cord of seed pearls. Jewels, indeed, nearly always made up for the absence of a collar. A row of pearls or a necklace of diamonds was seen on many a white throat; in one instance a quaint chain of matrix turquoise took their place, while in another there was nothing but a very narrow band of black ribbon velvet.

Many of the jewels, indeed, were very beautiful. A wonderful pear-shaped emerald hanging from a platinum chain made a lovely touch of color on one creamy net dress; or a large opal set in diamonds looked beautiful among grey embroideries; a magnificent set of diamonds glistened on a rich dress worn by Mrs. Ronalds; a long chain of diamonds was the Duchess of Sutherland's beautiful ornament, and rubies were worn with a white dress, and there was a tiny touch of color in the white that that went with it. A quaint but very beautiful enamel pendant attracted one as it shone on a girl's dress, and at every movement the rich red of a ruby, the blue of a turquoise, the pink, blue and green of an opal, the green of an emerald, or the white of a diamond flashed and sparkled, and added its quota to the beauty of the scene.

All this one noticed while the bride was changing her bridal dress to one of soft green mousseline with a large hat and ruffle of palest cream color. Arrayed thus, she with her husband, took farewell of their Majesties, who then left the house. A few minutes later and the guests were streaming down the wide staircase to bid bride and bridegroom Godspeed, and amidst a shower of silver confetti they made their way to the motor waiting for them, and were quickly out of sight. The honeymoon is to be spent in Ireland.

Candidate William Taft

T is premature to say who is going to be the next President of the United States; the fight has yet to come; and a very big fight it will be. But Bill Taxt—to call him by the familiar name which his people give himcertainly has so many things in his favor that, if I were a betting man, I should be inclined to put my money upon him. In the first place, he has the enthusiastic endorsement of President Roosevelt, and Mr. Roosevelt is the most powerful figure that the United States has seen for many a day. Secondly, he has all the office holders of the existing administration—every one of whom will be giad to have the old policy and the old administration back again in power, as on that depends the bread and butter of most of them; and, finally, he has the prestige of belonging to the party which has been elected almost every time for forty years.

I have never seen Mr. Taft in the fiesh; but I know so many of his friends, and I have heard and read so much about him, that I almost feel as if he were a personal acquaintance. There is always a certain tendency to exaggeration in the language of Americans. You say in your reserved and frigid English fashion, that a place through which you are passing is a lovely bit of country; and the American—even though he be an Irishman about a year in the country—will reply: "Sir, it is God's own footstool;" thereat you feel thashed and crushed. And when election times come this spirit of exaggeration reaches a point of such almost hysteric feverishness, that you really don't know what to think or believe. But making all such deductions, I have no doubt that Mr. Taft is one of the very best types of Americans. He is physically a giant; a sober Falstaff, with all the great original's good humor, ready wit, human fellowship, but without his lewdness, his love of sack, and, above all, without his lewdness, his love of or has the physically a giant; a sober Falstaff, with all the serious things of life, instead of in roysterings in taproom or firtations in the parlors; with the most

conception I form of Mr. Tait from all I have read and heard of him.

His career is a remarkable manifestation of American political life. There are many things in that country so different from what we see and know that it is almost impossible to recognize a kinship or likenness between their institutions. For instance, nothing is so remarkable as the number of phases and epochs that sometimes are in the life of the same man. You have read of the American witness who confessed that before he was thirty he had been a blacksmith, a carpenter, a photographer, a commercial traveller, a horse doctor, a local preacher, a newspaper editor, and a few more things besides. There you have no such smooth and regular and almost hereditary adoption, and then pursuit, of the same occupation from father to son for generations; and from the beginning of an individual's life to the end. Once a doctor always a doctor; once a barrister always a barrister.

torney—a somewhat roystering bachelor; fond of spending his leisure hours in the lager beer house in which the Germans continue in the United States their habits of the Fatherland; and equally respected as equal to any man in his power of putting away a decent amount of good liquor, as for his personal integrity and his tremendous powers of work—And simply because he won in a purity campaign and became a provincial mayor—that is to say, of Buffalohe was at once marked out by the watchful eyes of eighty millions of people as their destined ruler; and in three or four years afterwards he exchanged the mayorial chair of the provincial town for the seats of the mighty at Washington.

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in three or four years afterwards he exchanged the mayorial chair of the provincial town for the seats of the mighty at Washington.

To a certain extent, but not to quite the same extent, this is also the histry of Mr. Taft. To a certain extent, this is also the histry of Mr. Taft. To a certain extent, only, for his father before him was in politics and was a Cabinet Minister; and therefore Taft belongs by heredity to one of the political and governing families of his country. But he also lifted up in a curious way from one position, and indeed almost from one grade to another. A hard University student, a laborious lawyer, a provincial by birth and by residence—the young Taft seemed to be a man who wanned professional eminence, and that alone; and who, in time, would probably by sheer force of learning and integrity reach the bench of the Supreme Court at Washington—a position which corresponds in its repute and power to a law lordship with us—the blue riband of the legal profession. He had got near enough to that position to be federal judge; that is to say, a judge appointed by the National Government at Washington, and not merely by his own State—a position, again, which corresponds to our puisne judge-ship. So far his career followed the traditional and normal lines among lawyers in most countries. But one fine day there came one of those rapid and extraordinary transformations of position and of career which are possible in America only. Taft received a telegram from President McKinley, summoning him to Washington. Probably what Taft expected was that the President was going to offer him that seat on the Supreme Court Bench which had been the object of his ambitions from youth upwards. Instead of which the President calmly asked him to give up his seat on the Bench of Ohio—to change the whole current of his career and take up a new profession and face a new future; in short, what McKinley wanted Taft to do was to become a diplomat—a governor or a ruler of a great Dependency; he wanted him to take the Phil

of an individual's life to the end. Once a doctor always a doctor; once a barrister always a barrister; once a shopkeeper; once a valet always a shopkeeper; once a valet always a valet—such is our method. When some friend was discussing with President Cleveland, while he was at the White House, his chance of re-election, he said: "The thing above all others which struck me when I was delivering my inaugural address was that the man who did the same thing just four years ago had never even heard my name. This, sir, is a country of tremendous possibilities." And Cleveland's own history was a strong exemplification of this. He was for years nothing but a small provincial at-

well as necessary severity, which mark out the real ruler of men, as this episode in the career of Taft as Governor of the Philippines. This twenty-stone weight giant actually learned the Spanish' quadrille, with the result that when the dance started he was able to join in, and to whirl around the room with the best of the Spanish boys and the prettiest of the Spanish girls. To know all that this meant in a colony that had just been Spanish, you must have been in countries where the Spanish radition remains. I was in such a country, when, a quarter of a century ago, I was on a lecture tour in Southern California, and of splendid land belonged to them, and the innumerable flocks and herds and the splendid horses which they alone could master and ride even down to the end of precipices along the steep sides of mountains. The old race had been dispossessed by that terrible, shrewd, pushful, energetic, merchess new face that had one to the sleepy lands of California, and brought with them the ideas of the active world from which they came; and in a few years' time, the old Spaniard was hanging about the house in which he had been born, and over the lands he had owned; peor, landless, flockless, with but one horse left out of the splendid stud that he had once owned. But his ideas had not gone with him. Plenty of the people me still spoke Spanish as well as Englishr But what impressed and surprised me more than anything else was the part the dance still played in the life of the country. I would rold a solemn meeting discussing the present wrongs and the future hopes of Ireland; and and when the meeting was over, suddenly the scene would change; and to my amusement, and to my surprise, the hall would be whirling around the room to the languorous music of a Spanish guitar. These recollections have remained with me—sweet, sad, wisiful—so that, even to his day, I never can hear a band play the well-known Spanish air "La Paloma," without feeling a tug of memory at my heart-strings, and the transition of spirit which ma ories and regrets.

transition of spirit which makes exaltation and memories and regrets.

It is, I assume, in the Pailippines as it is in California; that is to say, that the love of the race has left the dance as still one of the great things of life; and thus one can in fancy picture this splendid, geniel, smiling giant, at once so terrible and so sweet, throwing off the serious aspect of the ruler and the orator after the political meeting was over, and joining heartily with the Spaniards in that dance which is the culmination and the epilogue of even the most momentous concerns. There was one other episode connected with this epoch in Taft's career which has also immensely impressed me. He found, amid many other difficulties in the newly conquered isles, one that seemed more hopeless than any other. Ask any politician what it is to deal with a political question which has a religious or a semi-religious aspect, and he will shudder at the memory or the prospect. And in the Philippines there was such a difficulty and in a most aggravated form. The Church had consisted almost entirely of Spanish Friars. The land was wanted first, and secondly there was no body of Spanish oppression as the Friars. But the Church could not be despoiled under an orderly government, and the problem Taft had to resolve was to restore its possessions to the Church on the one hand and, on the other, to reconcile the Philippinos to some other representatives of the priesthood than the Friars. Taft took that thorny job in hand; went to Rome, saw Pope Leo—as great a diplomat as himself—and, in short, to the surprise of everyone, and especially of those who had tried in their day to settle a religious controversy, managed to get the problem placed on a basis satisfactory both to the Church and to the Philippinos got an entirely new race of priests, free from the traditions and the unpopularity of the old regime.

The Art of Strength

LL the world loves a strong man. The possessor of mighty muscles has been ever a popular favorite, from the days of Samson to Sandow. Sometimes, as in the case of Hercules, the people have made gods of the brawny heroes, writes Marvin Dana, in the New York Tribune.

One of the earliest strong men of whom we have exact historical knowledge, was Fermus a native of Saloniea, who flourished in the third century. His career was, however, unhappily cut short by the Emperor Aurelian, who ordered him to be beheaded, because he had espoused the cause of Zenobia. Vopicus declares that Fermus could support on his breast an anvil, while iron was forged thereon. In performing this feat; he made an arch of his body, supporting it only by his heels and shoulders.

In 1703, Joyce, an Englishman from Kent, displayed his ability to lift enormous weights, and successfully pitted his strength against that of a span of horses.

horses.

Still another exponent of the muscular was John Charles Van Eckeberg, of Harzgerode in Anhalt. He travelled through Europe giving exhibitions of his extraordinary power. These were the more remarkable, inasmuch as the man was not of more than ordinary size, and had no appearance of excessive strength.

able, inasmuch as the man was not of more than ordinary size, and had no appearance of excessive strength.

And just here we find the first positive evidence that being strong is much a matter of skill. In other words, there is an art of strength. The enduring of terrific blows from sledge hammers, the resisting of the combined pull of two strong horses, and many another seeming wonders may be more a triumph of manner and method than of muscle. Most of us learned in boyhood that each feat we understook required not alone strength, but also the knack of it. The principle involved is far reaching.

Dr. Desaguliers, amazed by the exploits of Van Eckeberg, observed the performances with closest scrutiny, and became convinced that they were to be explained in great measure by the fellow's skill. With the idea of testing this theory, he visited the exhibition, accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine and two physicians, Dr. Stewart and Dr. Pringle. These spectators studied the display to such good purpose that they themselves afterward duplicated some of the feats, Ultimately, Desaguliers repeated some of the most impressive performances in the presence of the Royal Society, and along with them gave explanation of how they were accomplished.

In the exhibition, the performer sat on an inclined board; so that his feet were somewhat elevated and rested against a heavy upright. He wore round his loins a heavy girdle of leather, having an iron ring, to which a rope was fastened by means of a hook. The rope passed between his legs, through a hole in the upright, and was then attached to the span of horses. The man laid hold on the rope with his hands, and pulled against it, while the horses were urged forward. The best efforts of the team were powerless to move him from his place.

In another exhibition the performer exerted his strength against the weight of a cannon. For this, he employed a platform erected on a frame of pyramidal sifape, where he took up his position standing, wearing the leather girdle as before. Th

former.

In a third feat the exhibitor lay stretched at length and permitted an anvil to be placed on his breast. Then this was hammered with mighty sledges or two smiths with their chisels cut in twain a heavy bar of

sustaining a great stone on the abdomen and permitting it to be broken by the blow of sledges.

ting it to be broken by the blow of sledges.

Now, as the clever physician proved by his experiments, these most striking features in the exhibition of strength were in reality dependent on the operator's knowledge and skill rather than on his possession of extraordinary muscles. In the pulling against the horses, and in supporting the weight of the cannon, the true secret of strength seemingly so surprising lay in the position taken by the performer. Either in sitting for the effort against the span, or in standing on the platform when holding up the cannon, the position was so carefully judged that the whole strain came on the leather beit about the loins. The use of the hands on the rope was for the purpose of deceiving the eye by an apparent exertion in that direction. The entire pull, however, was on the loins.

The bones of the pelvis form a natural arch, and

The entire pull, however, was on the loins.

The bones of the pelvis form a natural arch, and the explanation of these exhibitions is found in the fact that this arch possesses great strength. It would require a very powerful external pressure directed to the centre of this arch to break it. Thus the legs and thighs, when in a straight line with the pull opposed to them, are easily capable of sustaining four or five thousand pounds. The drag of the horses was directed against this natural arch by the cunning of the performer in choosing his position for the test, and the same was true in the case of the cannon's three thousand pounds. In either feat, the muscles were practically idle.

But a different principle is involved in the per-

But a different principle is involved in the performance with the anvil. Here the sole difficulty is the initial one of supporting the anvil's weight. The rest is simplicity itself. Given a man rugged enough not to be crushed by the iron's weight, and all is achieved. If only a thin piece of metal was used, a single blow from the sledge would probably kill the man. The great bulk of metal used is the cause of safety. The immunity from all effect is due to the fact that inertia increases with the increase of mass. The anvil, by reason of its size, transmits hardly a trace of the sledge's blow to the body of the man underneath. The vibrations from the blow are distributed, diffused, lessened, lost amid the atomic multitudes of the iron's bulk, and the performer can experience no inconvenience beyond the original one of upholding a considerable weight.

In the case of the large stone that is broken the

In the case of the large stone that is broken the one explanation applies.

An examination applies.

An examination of the most advertised feats of more recent strong men shows that they too depend for their chief spectacular successes on the strength of their bones rather than of their muscles. Thus the man kneeling on all fours, who supports on his back a heavily loaded platform, depends for his triumph on the bones of arm and leg, which are placed vertically, and can in this position resist huge pressure. Here again the muscles play a part comparatively unimportant.

But let none who reads be too rash in experiments; for mistakes may prove dangerous. One who tried to imitate Van Eckeberg took his position without due care. The result was that the strain on the rope did not run in line with the axis of the arch of the pelvis. When the horses were started, he was instantly hurled against the heavy upright and made a cripple for life

"Now," said the warden to the forger, who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best?"

"Well, if you'll give me a week's practice on your signature 'Ill sign your official papers for you," said the prisoner.—Tit-Bits.

T was on plain lande voyage, in up the St. struck with of the poi

called it, where th three-quarters of a Monts, not discour Fort Royal venture ing the exclusive p though only for a make another effor in the new world, should be this time where the traffic w be carried on by wa where the "habitat place capable of be tively than in Acadi landing places. wisdom of this advi he fitted up two ve to trade with the s the first for Tadou lieutenant of De M supplies necessary tlement.

Arrived at Quel was to select a site fixed upon a spot fied by the corner Sous le Fort in Lo the men to work. sawing planks, o making ditches. the magazine, or s a large cellar. Th three wings of two with a gallery unde and the whole hab a ditch or moat fif deep. At several

which cannon were Not much is kn French passed the Quebec. The snow tion from January seven or twenty-ei more died of scury with the greatest the few remaining had again arrived

About the mid upon the scene tw of the Montagnai tribes, who were plain of the promi assist them in thei Champlain, consult clided that now v friendship of these sistance in the dis in their own and t alienate them, a co increase the difficu plorations, besides trade so necessary

With nine oth embarked with the they made their v which now bears the place now call had his first fight through the surpri by the white men were completely v

Early in Sep Champlain, leaving Dieppe in charge teen men, sailed f reported to De M events and discov the king Champl porcupine quills, a ship with which hi The part that

the beginning of apt to be overlook was, as already sa the post was estab and now, although a renewal of the r would not give up was he that it sho honor of his cou with some mercha continue the habit the exploration of that the profits of the expense.

Returning to C plain found the wi called-in good st another fight with elieu, in which he tipped with sharp himself in erectin tation, and puttin The newly-made sight, with vegeta rye, barley and had some rose tr

On this vovag fur trade was un ing got about in longer held a mor chants sent out result that they skins-the Indian vantage of the ke ed several times a for a pelt as they supply of beaver the demand, and As soon as h dent, in which his