



New York World.

## "I've Eaten the Canary."

### THE ASSASSINATION OF MARAT BY CHARLOTTE CORDAY

BY S. O. D. IN CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

## A Siege

The matrons of the Edison Orphanage at Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., wrote they had a siege of whooping-cough in their institution. They said that every case was promptly relieved by Vapo-Crescote. Its value in coughs and colds was so great they always kept it ready for use. You know how it's used, don't you? 'Tis heated by a vaporizer and you inhale it. Write us for a book that tells all about it.

Vapo-Crescote is sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Crescote outfit including a bottle of Crescote, complete \$1.50. Send for free illustrated booklet. Lanning, Miles Co., Ltd., Agents 288 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

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"Maypole" is a cake of soap that washes and dyes at one operation. Not an old fashioned dirty, messy powder dye. It gives brilliant, fast colors—dyes anything—dyes to any color or shade. Good-bye to that trip to the dye house—dye at home with Maypole.

Maypole Soap  
Made in England but sold everywhere.  
See for Colors—15¢ for Black.

In the year 1793 Jean Paul Marat had become perhaps the most effective individual force in French politics. He had raised himself to this position, however, only after a desperate struggle. When the revolution began he was a successful physician to the aristocracy of France, and enjoyed considerable reputation as a philosopher and scientist. He at once abandoned his practice and threw himself into the very vortex of the revolution. His paper, *L'Ami du Peuple* (The Friend of the People), became the mouthpiece of the Paris mob. Marat was hunted from hiding place to hiding place like a wild animal, his paper was repeatedly suppressed and his type and press destroyed. His paper continued, nevertheless, to appear; and the harder he was pressed by his enemies, the more acrid and bitter became his attacks upon public officials and existing institutions. Although Marat was invisible the effects of his writings were extremely palpable. He became the idol of the Parisian populace; and there was no rising of the people, no attack upon monarchy or aristocracy, no massacre, in which his hand did not appear. The progress of the revolution at last enabled him to come out from his retreat in the sewers, and he was elected in 1793 as one of the deputies of Paris in the national convention. He was the most detested man in this body. His filthy habits and the skin disease he had caught while dwelling in the sewers rendered him disgusting. His extreme opinions and uncouth, violent manner of expressing them caused him at first to be denounced by the members of every faction in the convention. Nobody but resented having Marat's name linked with his. But Marat still had the Paris mob at his back; and this was sufficient to make him a useful ally and a formidable antagonist.

After the trial of Louis XVI, a fierce contest began in the convention between the Girondists, or moderate, and the Mountain, or extreme revolutionary, factions. Gradually Marat became identified with the Mountain, and one of its leaders. The Girondists attacked him and had him sent before the revolutionary tribunal. He was triumphantly acquitted. The mob rose, the Girondists were overthrown, and orders were issued for the arrest of 31 of them. It was June, 1793. Marat was at the height of his power.

Part of the Girondists remained in Paris and were tried and put to death. Others fled abroad or to the provinces. More than a score collected at the city of Caen, in Normandy, where they began the publication of a paper, *Bulletin of Caen*, in which they denounced the Mountain and agitated for its overthrow. They were especially bitter against the odious Marat.

In the town of Caen there lived a young woman, Charlotte Corday, of noble family but poor. She was 24 years of age and of remarkable beauty. Her figure was tall, stately and elegantly proportioned, her complexion of dazzling whiteness, her hair fair and luxuriant, her features regular, her eyes large and fine. Charlotte was a great-granddaughter of France's greatest tragic poet, Corneille, and possessed not a little of his exalted spirit. Her

gods and chattels, including herself, the thing of least value, attached to his estate.

She held up her hand. "It isn't fair to speak like that," she cried in a hurt voice. "He is a good sort at heart."

"This wasn't offered out of the goodness of his heart," retorted Corson, "but out of the narrowness of his intellect. He knew that after the crash, in G. and W. I was flat done for. He was afraid that I would still have the assurance to ask the sweetest girl in the world to be my wife, and he offered me the place to get me out of the way because he wants the girl for himself."

"We do not always get what we want," she reminded him.

"We do—when we have money," he said cynically.

mind had been nourished on Corneille's tragedies, on the writings of Rousseau, and especially on Plutarch's "Lives," and she seems to have long harbored an ambition to emulate the celebrated deeds of the heroes and heroines of antiquity. Although of a noble family she was a republican. She was a republican, however, not after the manner of Corneille and Brutus among the ancients, and after that of Vergil and Baruch among her contemporaries. Marat and Robespierre she regarded as the enemies of republicanism and of mankind.

She read eagerly the *Bulletin of Caen*. She met and conversed with the Girondist Deputies. Her soul became fired with a desire to contribute what she could to free her country from those whom she considered tyrants. The morning of July 9 she left in the Caen diligence for Paris. She had communicated her plan to no one. A note to her father stated she had gone to England to stay until the revolution was past.

Charlotte arrived in Paris soon after noon, July 11. She at once went to bed and slept all afternoon and all night. Next morning she waited on Duperré, Minister of the Interior, and delivered a letter. She then visited the convention. Marat was not there. He was sick at home, she learned, and unable to attend. Saturday morning at 8 o'clock she took a long knife which she concealed in her bosom. She then called a hackney coach and ordered it to take her to the residence of Marat.

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"See here, Bob Corson," she spoke sharply now. "I think you are going to be foolish. I think Mr. Herrick offered you the place because he knew it would be a good one for you. He has none of the selfish motives you imagined. You are merely jealous, I tell you. I don't think he ever thought of sending you away because he imagined that I'd marry him if you were not here."

Corson was about to retort, but the curtains were drawn aside and the butler entered with a card. Helen flushed slightly, but her voice was even as she told the servant to show the caller in. It was Herrick himself, and as he entered the room and greeted them both, Helen's quick eye caught a glance of triumph in Herrick's responding to Corson's look of hate.

She had never supposed that his offer to Corson was induced by anything other than a desire to be of service to a friend whose fortune had been wrecked by unstable securities. Now she could see that Corson had been quicker to grasp the motive.

"We were just talking of your offer to Mr. Corson," she said. "I think it is a most excellent thing."

Herrick flashed a look of triumph at his rival. "A most excellent thing for both," he agreed.

"Mr. Corson does not appear to fancy the idea," she continued, "and I have been trying to induce him to accept."

Herrick's eyes brightened. He had been afraid that after all he could not dispose of his rival easily. He had never supposed that Miss Erving would help him.

"You see," she said, steadily, "Mr. Corson does not like to leave all of his friends behind."

"He can easily make others out there," suggested Herrick.

"Just what I think," she agreed. "It is easy to make friends anywhere if one is so inclined."

"I am delighted to find that you agree with me," beamed Herrick. "If Helen Erving wanted him out of the way there would be no explanation, that she was willing to accept himself, and wanted to get Corson out of town."

"The pay is a little small," she went on calmly, "but I suppose that could be accounted for on the ground of lessened expense."

"As for that," interposed Herrick, "if \$10,000 a year would prove more of an

inducement I would be willing to raise it to that."

"I think that would be better," agreed Helen. "What do you think?" Corson, to whom her last appeal was made, evidently thought as did Herrick, for his face was white and drawn. "I think," he said, slowly, "that since both are agreed, there is nothing to be done but to accept."

Herrick fairly beamed. "I have the papers here," he cried, gaily. "I expected to see you at the club this evening. Let's sign them now and get it over with."

It was characteristic of the man that he carried a fountain pen even in his evening clothes, and five minutes later the document was signed and witnessed whereby Charlotte Corson agreed, for the sum of \$10,000 a year, to serve for five years to the best of his ability the interests of Henry Hamilton Herrick, as superintendent of the latter's vineyards on the other side of the continent.

"There," said Herrick, cheerfully, "it's all done. Not a bad income, Bob, for a single man."

"He won't have that advantage," broke in Miss Erving, sweetly: "you see, I was in the matter because Mr. Corson is going to take me out with him as his wife."

"Of course," explained Mrs. Corson, in the Overland Pullman a few weeks later. "I should never have proposed to you, only I saw that he had been trying to buy you off, and he deserved to be punished." And they both tried to look as though they believed the statement.

## THE POPULATION OF ATLANTIC LEVIATHANS

### INCREASE IN THE CAPACITY OF OCEAN LINES.

It was only in this century, says Engineering, that the average number of passengers in trans-Atlantic liners in any case exceeded 1,000. In 1901 the North German Lloyd were alone in this position, their average being 1,130; in 1902 they were joined by their neighbors of Hamburg, while in 1903 there were seven lines with a higher average than 1,000. This year (1904), however, there are only three—the Hamburg American, the Cunard, and the North German Lloyd. The Hamburg-American steamers running from the North German port made 84 trips, and took an average of 1,236 passengers. The Cunard line from Liverpool made 21 voyages, and took an average of 1,225 passengers; the North German Lloyd line from Bremen made 89 voyages, and took an average of 1,201.

Next in order came the Red Star ships from Antwerp, which in their 50 arrivals had an average of 971. Then come the Cunard's company's vessels from Liverpool, with an average of 906. The sixth place is taken by the Norddeutscher Lloyd vessels from the Mediterranean ports, where the average for 32 trips is 893. The White Star vessels from Liverpool made 84 voyages, with an average of 865. The French Trans-Atlantic Line averaged 854, and La Veloce 849, the latter almost entirely emigrants.

As in this and one or two other instances the population is not a good paying one, it may be well to glance, continues Engineering, for a moment at the average of the first and second-class passengers.

Taking first-class passengers, the North German Lloyd came first with 246, which is rather less than in the previous year. The White Star take second place with 139, about the same as in the previous year. The Hamburg-American are third with 108, the Cunard Company fourth with 94; and then in succession, the American with 87, the French with 84, the North German Lloyd Mediterranean ships with 74, the Atlantic Transport with 72, the Holland-American with 70, the Red Star with 58, and the Anchor Line with 48.

As regards second-class passengers, the order is slightly different, the Cunard Company taking second place, and the Anchor Line a much higher position.

Thus the total cabin passengers per ship is highest in the North German Lloyd (Bremen Line), where it is 322, the Cunard having 287, the Hamburg-American 276, the White Star 254, the French Line 212, the Anchor Line 198, the Holland-American 189, the Red Star 188, the American 185, and the North German Mediterranean ships 177.

The average of passengers for each of the 97 ships arriving at New York is, adds Engineering, 760, which is much less than in the previous year, when 838 were taken; but it is much higher than in the years antecedent to that, the number in 1902, being 773; in 1901, 639; in 1900, 645, the average having increased from 323 in 1894.

In Korea two years of every three have 12 months each, of 29 or 30 days. The third year has 13 months with 285 days.

## Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets Instead of Fruit.

Fruit is a splendid tonic for stomach and liver. The active principles give fruit its medicinal value. But they occur in such minute quantities, that when fruit is taken with other food, and goes through the process of digestion, their action is lost.



"Fruit-a-tives" are the active principles of apples, oranges, figs and prunes—extracted from fruit juices, combined by our own secret process, and compressed into tablets. They are the concentrated medicinal virtues of fruits and act much more effectively than any other known treatment in curing Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Biliousness and Kidney troubles. At all druggists. 50c. a box.

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**FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.**

### Finds Bacon's Name.

On the evening of Feb. 1, while reading Judge John H. Stotsenburg's recent book on the "Bacon vs. Shakespeare" question, the writer was perusing sonnet 76, which is quoted in that book. He came to line 7, which reads as follows:

"That every word doth almost tell my name."

He concluded that he would try and see if he could not find the name of some writer of that very short poem. At the time he found the name of Bacon, as shown below, but he could not find the name of Shakespeare, or Sidney, or any other person that has been suggested as the author of those sonnets. Here follow the first eight lines of sonnet 76, the cipher letter being printed in capitals:

SONNET 76.  
"Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why, with the time, do I advance and slide,  
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a Nodded weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their Birth, And where they did proceed?"

The cipher used by Sir Francis Bacon in the above was a very simple one; it is a sort of an acrostic. In this cipher Bacon makes three, the basis of the cipher. The first letter, "b," begins the sixth word of the first line; six is a multiple of three. The next letter, "a," is in the third line, and the first letter of the ninth (a multiple of three) word; the following letters, "c," "n," "s," are in the succeeding lines, and are each one the first letter of the sixth word in their respective lines. In the fourth line Bacon made use of the compound word "new-found," so as to cause the letter "c" to appear as the first letter of the sixth word of that line. In the eighth line his name is also found. In that line one-half of the name is found by reading from left to right, and the balance by reading from right to left, similar to portions of Bacon's bi-literal cipher, which is illustrated and explained in one of his later works. Almost every word in line 7 of these eight lines contains one of the letters of Bacon's name. Can the name of Shakespeare, or any other writer of that period be found as readily? R. A. Smith, correspondent of Washington Post.

### MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

The cultivation of the olive is increasing constantly, though slowly, in Spain. The area devoted to olive increased from 2,673,666 acres in 1901 to 2,895,550 acres in 1902 and 2,930,963 acres in 1903. The oil yield per acre last year was 32 gallons, or 13.3 gallons more than the yield of 1902-1903, 3 gallons more than the yield of 1901-1902 and 2 gallons more than the average.

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### A Dry Shampoo.

"I've got to shampoo my hair, and oh how I dread the cold that is certain to follow," sighed the delicate girl.

"Do you dry it carefully?"

"Always, but it makes no difference. I never wash my hair without suffering from cold and neuralgia."

"Well, then, why don't you try a dry shampoo?"

"No water?"

"Not a drop. Have several clean brushes, an old silk handkerchief and some good bay rum. Part the hair through the middle and again across behind the ears. Brush gently in long, even strokes, but firmly enough to reach the scalp and remove all dust and dandruff; then separate the hair in small strands, shaking each well to dislodge any remaining particles of dust. Brush again, using another clean brush, and finish by wiping each strand with a clean, soft handkerchief. You will be delighted to see how bright the hair is. Apply bay rum to the scalp with a small sponge and rub it in well with the finger tips. Bay rum is a valuable tonic as well as an aid in keeping the hair soft and dry. A better preparation even than bay rum is prepared bay rum and quinine which any druggist can put up for you. It sounds awfully comfortable," said the delicate girl. "I'll give it a trial, anyhow."

## Put New Blood into Your System

By the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and You Will Not Feel the Depressing, Debilitating Effects of Spring.

The blood is thin and watery in the spring.

It is lacking in red corpuscles, wherein are found the life-giving principles which put snap and energy into the body.

The nerves soon become depleted when the blood fails to supply proper nourishment, and there is consequent weakness and sluggish action of the bodily organs.

The lungs lack vigor in their work of oxidizing the blood, the heart becomes feeble in action, the stomach fails to properly digest the food, the liver and kidneys do not perform their great work of filtering the blood, the bowels become sluggish and inactive, and hence the wretched, languid and depressing feelings of spring.

The whole system becomes poisoned and you fall an easy prey to lurking disease.

Put new blood into your system by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and you will not only avoid the dangers of disease but also escape the depressing and debilitating effects of spring.

There are certain elements of nature contained in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food which are

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- Headache.
- Indigestion.
- Shortness of Breath.
- Lack of Energy, Ambition and Strength.
- Inability to Concentrate the Mind.
- Feelings of Discouragement and Despondency.
- Sleeplessness.
- Irritability.
- Fickle Appetite.
- Pains in the Bones and Muscles.

absolutely essential to the formation of pure, rich red blood.

These ingredients are so combined in this great medicine as to act mildly and gently on the system, instilling new vigor and vitality into the blood and nerves, and through these mediums reaching with a beneficial influence every nook and corner of the body.

There is no reason why you should not be strong and well, healthy and happy in the spring, if you will see to it that the blood is made pure, rich and nourishing by means of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is rich blood that builds up new tissue, creates new nerve force, restores the color to the cheeks and snap and energy to the body.

The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food brings about that condition of the blood which is the very foundation of good health and which enables the system to throw off disease.

Nearly everybody requires just such help in the spring as can be best supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Because it is more blood, purer blood, richer blood that is necessary to the maintenance of good health and vigor during this time of year.

## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The great blood-builder and nerve restorative. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills act directly on the liver, positively curing biliousness and constipation.