

GLORY OF THE VIKINGS.

THE GREAT SEAFARING ABILITY OF THE OLD NORSEMEN.

Paul Du Chailly Writes of the Archaeological Treasures of a Once Wonderful Race—He Declares That Anglo-Saxons Were Never a Seafaring People.

What a glorious history is that of the Vikings or Norsemen! Their civilization rose upon that of fallen Rome and their regenerating blood gave new vigor to many of the countries of Europe. The seafaring tribes of the north who conquered part of Gaul and Britain, whose might the power of Rome could not destroy, who overran Germania, who knew the art of sailing in the Mediterranean before the Christian era, who led their conquering hosts to Spain, Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Black Sea, Palestine, Africa, and from the Baltic sailed through the present Russia to the Caspian, then ascended the Oxus and later crossed the broad Atlantic to America, who were undisputed masters of the sea for more than twelve centuries, were not barbarians. Civilization was aggressive in those days, as it is in our own time.

The Vikings were the bravest, most daring and best seafaring men of ancient days. Their descendants have inherited their love of the sea and are the best sailors of our own times.

One of the most important factors in the life of the Viking was his ship. Their ves-



VIKING OF SECOND CENTURY.

sels are minutely described in their literature. Their war ships were classified under the several names: The dreki (dragon), skeid, snekkja, skuta, buza, karfi. The dragon ships were the most powerful and finest and could carry a crew of 600 men. The fighting power of all the ships was known by the number of their benches. The Viking ship that came to the 18th world's fair is a fourteen or fifteen footer, a skuta, one of the very smallest of their crafts. There are ships mentioned in the sagas of twenty to twenty-five benches, and others from thirty to sixty-two benches; the length of these must have been over 400 feet. Many of the dragon ships and skeid were sheathed with gold above the water line.

From the Icelandic records we find that some of the fleets of the Norsemen exceeded sometimes 3,000 vessels. The Frankish chronicles in the times of Charlemagne mention fleets of 800 vessels and more. Thousands of these ships were on the seas at the same time. Their crews must have numbered 1,000,000 men.

The Viking was not only a seafaring man, but a land warrior. Cavalry was used extensively by them in their expeditions. Their country is thus described by Eginhard, the historian of Charlemagne:

An arm of the sea of unknown length (the Baltic), but exceeding nowhere a hundred thousand paces in width, and in many places narrower, extends from the western ocean toward the east. Many nations inhabit its shores. The Danes and the Sueones, whom we call Northerners, occupy the northern shore and all the islands. From the Baltic the earliest seat of their power, they gradually extended their discoveries eastward. The ancient Friesland—part of the present Holland and Belgium—according to Frankish historians, they considered as belonging to them. They conquered a great part of Britain and northern Gaul, discovered the Orkneys, the Hebrides, Iceland, and later America.

When a powerful chief, known for his great bravery and luck, undertakes an expedition he made it widely known, sometimes a year or two before the time, and warriors from every part of the Norselands came with their ships or fleet to join his standard.

In 885 the Vikings came before Paris with a fleet of several hundred large ships and a multitude of smaller ones called barques and landed 40,000 men, and soon after all the rivers of France were attacked by them. Between the years 985 and 1015 they discovered Greenland and America, making several voyages to the western hemisphere.

The Vikings had excellent laws. Women in her days held property in her own right. At her marriage the dowry given to her by her father and her husband was her own; her husband could not touch it, neither could he use the property inherited during her life, and she would her estate. Her husband could not take her out of the country against her will. She was also entitled to a third of the wealth acquired by her husband. Thieves were punished, and when a man was caught three times stealing he was called thief-born, and was hanged, for such a man was called irredeemable. To me this law was to the point; so their country was never overrun by thieves.

The monuments which these seafaring tribes of the Romans have left behind them are those to tell where their people lived and of the countries they overran.

First from these monuments we find that the legends of Hengist, the "stallion horse," the "mare," given to us as fact by historians as being the first people that came to England, is a myth as truthful as the former history of Cyrus. The monuments show unmistakably, with their Roman coins found with them and Norse or Viking antiquities, that the Norsemen had been settlers long before that period in which Britain had begun their peaceful settlement and their settlements were few and far between.

The antiquities found in the graves where we learn that the Vikings, the Christians, dressed with as well as their women. The clothing for men seems to have been for both sexes, linen, wool, furs. The materials were obtained with gold and silver. Considered, blue, red, green, and were the colors most in vogue for every day.

worn at very early riskier era—and had them, over what

were shoes. Over the linen or woolen shirts was the coat of mail.

Over the shoulders a cloak was worn, resembling that of the Romans or Greeks. These cloaks were fastened by costly fibulae or brooches.

The men wore their hair long, hanging over their necks, and parted it in the middle. Slavery existed from the earliest time. Captives in war formed the only supply of slaves, who consequently came from many different countries. The slave was recognized by his closely cropped hair; his dress was of coarse white woollen stuff, called vadmal; he could not wear a muscacha. Such was his badge of servitude. The women were captured generally on account of their good looks. The Viking represented in dress with the antiquities found in the Norse lands. His helmet is of solid silver.

The finds, as well as the sagas and Roman records, fully corroborate the fact that the Norsemen were a very warlike people.

Their arms of offense were the sword, the axe, the spear, the bow and arrow, the shield, the helmet. The hilts of the swords were of iron, bronze or wood, often ornamented with gold, silver, precious metals, garnets, ivory. The Viking knew the art of damascening before the Christian era and some of the blades found show that they were of exquisite workmanship. The scabbards were ornamented with gold. Axes and spears are found to be inlaid with gold or silver.

Their chain armor was of exquisite workmanship. The Trojan column shows no chain armor. The helmets of the chiefs were often of gold or silver. Their shields were sometimes sheathed with gold or silver or gorgeously ornamented with precious metal.

PAUL DU CHAILLY

WATER THE CURE-ALL.

Father Kneipp's Discovery and Simple Remedy for Disease.

Father Kneipp, with his water-cure, can safely be said to be the most celebrated as well as popular specialist in the world. All so-called "nature, or water physicians" divide into two classes, those who have the healing of the bodily ills of his fellowmen at large as an important adjunct to the spiritual care he gives his own parishioners. Let nobody for a moment suppose that this man is in any way to be mentioned in the same breath with the thousands of self-styled physicians advocating some eccentric fad or other. Father Kneipp's original calling is that of a priest, and even today he administers to the spiritual needs of his congregation in Worshofen, an insignificant little village in Bavaria. Born of poor parents he had reached his 21st year when he, with the assistance of a good-hearted priest, was enabled to begin his studies. These he kept up with an indomitable courage and indus-



FATHER KNEIPP.

try, though suffering the most bitter privations. At this labor, he says himself, came near being in vain. Before he had passed his examination for the priesthood his health had, on account of over exertion and neglect, become so completely shattered that he was beyond the aid of physicians. While he was in this pitiful condition he chanced to come across an old book about the "Art of Curing by Water." "I turned the pages forward and backward," writes Father Kneipp. "Here written incredible things. The thought flashed through my head: 'You might find your own condition described in this book.' I kept turning the pages. Sure enough here was what I had been looking for, my own case described almost to a hair." This was the birth, one might say, of the now famous treatment. Father Kneipp began to treat himself according to the instructions of this old book. At first with little or no success, but gradually he noticed the change. He became stronger and was able to resume his studies. A few years afterward he passed his clerical examination and was ordained priest. After being connected with the educational institution a few years he came to Worshofen, and has for more than forty years been in charge of this parish.

Ever since he through this water treatment regained his, as he thought, irretrievable lost health, Father Kneipp has been indefatigable in his endeavors to make known this wonderful form of healing. The Kneipp cure is replete with the application of water in every possible way. You are treated to whole baths, half baths, sitting baths, foot baths, douches, washings, compresses, etc. Father Kneipp's strong point seems to be the local application of water, that is to say, he will sometimes only treat a particular part of the body. He often refrains from prescribing the whole bath, though he in many cases approves of it. For healthy people he earnestly advocates cold baths as the very best thing for strengthening the body. The shorter the bath the more efficacious it will be. He says that a cold effluvia will be over in three minutes' time. He is particularly emphatic that you must not wipe yourself after the bath. Only hands and face may be wiped dry with a towel, but the other parts of the body must dry of themselves after the patient has dressed himself and regained his normal temperature through exercise.

There is one feature of the treatment which is very important and at the same time raising the strength of the patient, establish a counterbalance against the weakening influences of the disease. He has a number of ways for thus fortifying the "barefoot" cure. He ardently advises everybody to at least a few minutes a day go barefooted, either in or out of doors. Such a promenade is particularly beneficial if made out of doors in wet grass. Worshofen most of all Father Kneipp's patients are compelled to at a certain hour daily walk barefooted. There are several large meadows set aside for this purpose, and these are kept well watered, so as always to be very wet.

ACURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF DR. ROUX' THE FRENCH SAVANT.

The Serum of the Blood of Horses Has Saved Thousands of Lives in France—An Infallible Remedy for the Dread Disease If Taken in Time.

In a comfortable laboratory, flooded with sunshine, in the Pasteur Institute at Paris, Dr. Roux is the hero of the hour from the fact that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria.

His dark, serious face lighted up with a winning smile as your correspondent lived him as "the man who is saving 30,000 lives a year in France alone."

"Pardon," he said, quickly, "you exaggerate. It is true that diphtheria, a group claim more than 30,000 victims every year in the mortality. It is also true that out of 118 children whom I have recently treated for one or the other of those terrible maladies I have saved 116. That is, we think, a very pretty reduction of the mortality of the old rates."

"It is so wonderful that the mothers of France ought to build you a monument of gold."

The smile swept over the dark face again. "Yet we are only on the threshold of success. At the Trousseau Hospital, where the mortality among the children used to be 63 per cent.—think of it, monsieur, 63 per cent.—it has been reduced since the introduction of our treatment of diphtheria and croup to 24 per cent."

"At the Hospital of the Enfants Malades," continued the doctor, "where I have been experimenting with my—shall I call it my discovery?—for three years, the average mortality has been lowered from 11 to 1 per cent. This is a good confirmation of the value of our remedy."

The young savant's face was now aglow with enthusiasm. Here was a man who took as much pride in saving life as successful generals take in destroying it.

The correspondent asked Dr. Roux to tell how he came upon the astonishing and beneficial discovery.

"Briefly, what do you claim?" "I will repeat substantially what I said at the Medical Congress at Budapest the other day. My co-workers, MM. Martin and Chailly, and I, maintain, after a series of careful experiments extending through three years, that by the use of the serum separated from the blood of horses which have been previously vaccinated against diphtheria we have succeeded in lowering in such large proportion the mortality of children attacked by diphtheria or croup that the malady may be considered as conquered. We are beyond peradventure now. But what we wish specially to do is to impress upon the minds of mothers everywhere the need of flying at once to the remedy, the moment the diphtheria declares itself. Otherwise we shall continue to have such discouraging results as at the Trousseau Hospital."

"This is what should be done," he went on. "When a child complains of a sore throat an examination should be instantly made. If the mucous surface shows little white spots scattered over it a physician should be called without delay. The white spots may be indications of a simple quincy, or they may be the first symptoms of croup."

"In either case, the physician should at once give the child a sub-cutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheric serum. If the attack is one of quincy simply, the remedy will infallibly effect a cure."

"Infallibly?" "I have just told you that the statistics at the Hospital of the Enfants Malades show that since the use of the serum in



DR. ROUX.

diphtheria cases where there is no complication with other maladies, the average of mortality has been lowered from 11 to 1 per cent. Contrast this with nearly 70 per cent. of mortality where the old-fashioned treatment alone is used."

Dr. Roux is deeply in earnest. "Give us just the chance that we ought to have—a fair play against the disease," he says, "and we will conquer it every time."

The correspondent remarked that diphtheria is a disease about which every mother has a different theory.

"There are many vulgar errors concerning it," said the Doctor. "Nine times out of ten diphtheria does not kill, as is generally supposed, by suffocation. The false membranes which develop at the back of the throat rarely cause total obstruction of the respiratory canal, and even if they did, tracheotomy could save the patient."

"But the diphtheritic microbe, which swarms on these false membranes, secretes a poison that, sooner or later, according to the virulence of the attack, must contaminate the blood. My pupil must not claim to have been the first to discover this 'toxin,' and to have proved that diphtheria patients die from poisoning."

"Now, the sub-cutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheric serum confers immediate immunity, but acts as an antidote only at the end of several hours, so that if the ravages of the 'toxin' are too far advanced (and this is pretty generally the case among poor children here when the fatal doctor says that the attack has become too serious for him and that the patient must go to the hospital), the remedy is given in vain. Neither must it be supposed that the serum has any power to cure other diseases which the sufferer may have concurrently with diphtheria."

"How did you happen to hit upon the serum of the blood of the horse as a remedy for diphtheria?" "We never came upon anything by chance here," answered Dr. Roux. "Everything is the result of patient, even wearisome research. I first became connected with Pasteur when he was experimenting with a view to the discovery of the anti-hydrophobic vaccine. Naturally we experimented upon all kinds of animals, and I came on some facts about the horse which led me later to choose this

animal as the one for the anti-diphtheria experiments."

"Then came the moment of those terrible first experiments upon human beings with Pasteur's new vaccine matter. The good old savant, engrossed in his researches, had omitted to put himself right with the local faculty of medicine in the matter of his grades, and he was forbidden to practise the vaccination of persons who had been bitten by mad dogs without the assistance of a doctor who would assume the responsibility for the operations."

"Did you feel any trepidation when you undertook the task, and supervised and made yourself responsible for the first vaccinations?"

"I never had a moment's hesitation, nor an instant's doubt. And the triumph of Pasteur's principles in successfully grappling with hydrophobia by vaccination was a proof to my mind that the other victories now at hand could be achieved."

"And how do you obtain the serum?" "Well, we will now return to our friend the horse. The great number of experiments made in our laboratory showed that of all animals capable of furnishing anti-diphtheric serum in large quantities the horse was the easiest to vaccinate. He supports the 'toxin' much better than the dog or than ruminating animals. Nothing is



PROCESS OF DRAWING BLOOD.

easier than to draw from the jugular vein of a horse, as often as one wishes, great quantities of pure blood from which a perfectly limpid serum separates."

"Not at all. The operators of the Pasteur Institute have horses from the jugulars of which they have drawn blood more than twenty times, and the vein remains as supple as at the first 'drawing.' The animals used for this purpose are nearly all young horses, sound and with excellent appetites. They are bled once a month, and at each operation a little more than four quarts of blood, capable of furnishing half that quantity of serum, is taken from them."

"Is there any cruelty in the operation?" "Mon Dieu! No! The bleeding causes no pain, and the animal is not much enfeebled if the specified quantities are not exceeded. There is a 'but'—and here the doctor paused.

"Some drawback, do you mean?" "The drawback of expense is the only one. I was about to say—'But' if we are to be expected to cure all the cases of diphtheria and croup in Paris, we shall need a smart cavalry brigade. You see, it requires nearly seven-eighths of a pint of serum to cure the croup. The preparation of serum is costly, and our hospitals for children would find the new cure a tremendous drain upon their resources were it not for the public subscription which the Figaro has started, and which has already yielded nearly 50,000 francs."

"The money is to be used in providing sufficient quantities of the serum. Baron Edmond de Rothschild alone has given 20,000 francs for this purpose." The Figaro subscription list has on it the name of nearly every celebrity in Paris, and probably the sum raised will reach hundreds of thousands. "It will be worthy of imitation elsewhere," said the doctor. "And it is for the best of uses—the saving of young lives! What is more mysterious touching than the struggle of a poor little child with the croup? What more dreadful than the anguish and despair of the mother? And think of 30,000 little lives annually snuffed out in France—perhaps twice that number in America—by the insidious malady? Think of the lives that may be saved in ten years!"

"As for the serum," continued Dr. Roux, "we have demonstrated that it will keep for a year if protected from the light. We hope to show that its possible duration is much longer. At any rate it can soon be had in proper quantities almost everywhere. No nobler disposition could be made of surplus money by a millionaire than to secure the supply of the precious fluid which will every year save tens of thousands of young lives."

Scene at Dr. Holmes' Grave. As Dr. Holmes was laid away in his grave at Mount Auburn, the homely old couplet was irresistibly recalled:

Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on; Blessed is the corpse that the rains falls on. Of course, it was only a coincidence, but kindly nature was in her most tearful mood.

The rain drizzled dully, and the burial site being on top of a hill, the gusty wind had full sway. The storm added the one touch that made the scene a fitting, an adequate finish to this long and busy life. There could be nothing more of sadness.

There was his own now sadly thinned family circle; the servants who had ministered to him simple wants; the old friends, many aged and gray, who had laughed with him and now paid the last personal service they could pay to their wise counselor—these and no more made up the funeral cortege.

Not a hint of pageantry or pomp. Just the simple dignified ceremony which one may be sure would suit the dead poet.

While the necessary offices of the undertaker were attended to, the Weber quartet sang "Praise Jehovah!" "Thou of Light," "Rise! My Soul!" and "For All the Saints."

The coffin was lowered through the evergreen boughs that had the gaping grave, and the cheery "Autocrat" was "committed to earth."

As in life, the poet is in death near to the friends of his youth and manhood. Longfellow is on the neighboring hill, to the west; Lowell in the valley between that and the hill whereupon Dr. Holmes is buried.

The grave is on Lime avenue, just south of Iron Lake, and in the Jackson lot. There is not a more beautiful site in the cemetery. Three great oak trees shade the place of sepulture, standing around the lowly home-like sentinels.—Boston Herald.

An Autumn-Time Worry. The great Canadian citizen is again discovering how close a man can come to setting up a stove and fall.

Savors a Good Deal of Anatomy. Many insects hear and breathe with the same apparatus.

Advice to the Boys. Boys, a homely girl will love you best. A pretty girl is so vain that she is of no account.

A POSTMASTER'S STORY.

A Strange Attack and the Dire Results That Followed.

Mr. Robert Sharp, of Starkville, Tells of His Sufferings—Lost the Use of Both Hands and Feet and Was Forced to Give Up Business—The Timely Action of a Friend Pointed the Way to Renewed Activity.

(From the Bowmanville News.)

Mr. Robert Sharp is a well-known resident of Starkville, Durham county, who has been living in Canada for about thirty years. He is by trade a blacksmith, and on coming to this country located in the township of Haldimand, in the county of Northumberland. After working there for a time he purchased a residence and shop at Starkville, where he worked at his trade and established a nice business. Being both courteous and obliging he was well liked and was appointed postmaster for the place. He was in the best of health and with the exception of a slight asthma trouble had no complaint of any kind. In the month of March, 1892, he attended an auction sale in the neighborhood and came home in the evening apparently all right, but during the night was taken with a chill, accompanied with a violent pain which gradually grew worse and before morning he went into convulsions and became unconscious. A doctor was summoned who bled him freely, which seemed to relieve him for a time, and next day he seemed better and the doctor told him he would be all right in a few days. This, however, was not verified, and although he could go around he was fast failing in health and at times would be in an agony of pain. One doctor said he had sciatica, and another told him that his trouble was rheumatism of the spine and that he would never be better. He tried many medicines, but all failed to do him any good. At this time he was so weak that he could only hobble around with the assistance of two sticks, and had to give up work.

The pain continued day and night and finally he lost the use of both hands and arms and even longed for death to relieve him of his suffering. About this time Mrs. Sharp wrote a letter for him to a friend for whom he had worked when he first came out to the country, and this friend sent him a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urging him to give them a fair trial. Before the second box was done he felt somewhat better and purchased another supply. To hasten the story, Mr. Sharp continued the use of the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, by which time he had completely recovered, and is now as well as ever he was, and has lost all the asthma troubles as well. He is now able to do a hard day's work, and is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills. As the reporter was leaving a Mr. Stark, an intelligent farmer who lives close by, called, and verified all that Mr. Sharp had said, and referred the reporter to others in the neighborhood who knew the circumstances as well. One who had never seen Mr. Sharp before would not think, looking at him today, that he had come through the ordeal he has, as he seems the very picture of health, and both he and Mrs. Sharp attribute the whole cure to Pink Pills.

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