

MANEUVERS OF JAPANESE NAVY

A Mimic Battle and a Review by the Emperor.

[New York Times.]

In view of the present conditions in China the maneuvers of the Japanese navy, recently held, become interesting. At the close of the China-Japan war in 1894, the government concluded that it was essential for Japan to build a navy that would be respected by the entire world, in order that her supremacy in eastern affairs might not be overestimated. There was not only ambition in this, but a feeling that her own safety could best be assured by a conspicuous show of naval power. The large war indemnity to be paid by China could not be put to a more patriotic or advantageous use, argued the progressive leaders. The result, they believe, shows that they were right.

The new Japanese navy consists of five battleships, one on the way from England, and one building, seven in all; twenty-one first and second-class cruisers, including one just launched in England and two being built at Yokohama and Settin; eight third-class cruisers, sixteen gunboats and coast-defense vessels, eleven torpedo boat destroyers, one torpedo boat vessel and thirty-six torpedo boats. Besides these there are building in Japan and other countries several more cruisers and forty-eight torpedo boats.

After building such a navy it was natural that the Japanese would wish to see how the ships and men would behave in action. It was perhaps a mere coincidence that the maneuvers should be held when Russian warships were present to observe Japan's naval force and skill. There has been a badly concealed resentment against the Russians in Japan since they stepped in and checked the advance to Peking and robbed the Japanese of the fruits of victory. The feeling was increased when Russia took possession of Port Arthur, and it is not at all at odds as Russian war vessels hover around the coast. Nagasaki alone was visited last year by as many as 1,000 Russians, whereas all other foreigners combined amounted to 22,426 who made a stay in Japan. Certain it is that the Japanese distrust the intentions of Russia upon the Chinese question, and how much reason remains to be seen.

The emperor was deeply interested in the maneuvers, and boarding the cruiser Asama with his suite, led the array of warships to the Bay of Kure, Kishu. That evening at 8:30 the attacking fleet, consisting of six battleships and cruisers and sixteen torpedo boats, commanded by Admiral Kotaka, came upon the defending fleet, commanded by Admiral Samelima. The defending fleet was lying in the Bay of Kure, on which is situated the city of Wakayama. It consisted of eighteen war vessels of various descriptions. The action lasted an hour, and was a spectacular scene. Torpedo boats, torpedoes firing, and over all, the vivid, flashing searchlights, made this mimic battle of a fleet of forty-vessels almost real in intensity.

The emperor stayed on board all night and the next morning summoned all the principal officers to express his satisfaction at the "constant diligence" of themselves and their crews. Later he reviewed the fleet at Kobe. Five battleships, three coast defense ships, thirteen cruisers, one torpedo tender, one torpedo gunboat, one torpedo boat, one destroyer and one torpedo boat were arranged in "streets." When the Asama, with the emperor aboard and escorted by three warships, was yet a mile away, the commanding officer of the Asama approached the emperor and the guns were hushed and cheers and bugles were heard. In impressive silence the Asama, at slow speed, glided through the streets of warships. The emperor stood motionless for an hour until the Asama passed out of the lines. The emperor afterwards boarded the Shikishima, where he received the admirals and foreign diplomatic officials. After the emperor returned to the Asama the invited guests dined on the Shikishima. Of course, the city and harbor were profusely decorated, and the day was generally observed as a holiday.

Critics praise the knowledge and quality of the officers of the fleet, but say the training of the men can be much improved. Their gunnery and torpedo practice is not sufficiently rigid. In spite of this, these forty-five odd warships in Kobe harbor, absolutely up to date in construction and equipment, must have been an object lesson to the French and Russian warships who dutifully saluted Japan, her navy and her emperor!

CURE FOR MEASLES

Experiments Show That Sunshine Will Alleviate Severity of Disease.

Recent experiments indicate that the sun may be a potent remedial agent in the case of persons attacked with smallpox, scarlatina, and measles. These experiments were made by Dr. Finsen, of Copenhagen, and Dr. Chatinere, of St. Maude, and so novel were they that they have caused a good deal of discussion among the members of the Academy of Medicine in Paris.

Dr. Chatinere a short time ago treated twelve children who had measles according to the method which is scientifically known as phototherapy. Red light was the only cure which he used and this he made serviceable in the following manner: On the windows of the sick rooms he hung red curtains, and on the table near each bed he placed a lamp which gave forth a red light. He acted thus because he felt satisfied that the irritation of the skin in cases of measles is due to the chemical rays of the solar spectrum, or, in other words, to the ultra violet rays, and not to the so-called heat rays. If this were not so, how account for the fact that the pustules and scars are especially deep and marked on the face and hands, which are the very parts of the body that are most exposed to the solar rays? The result showed that he had not erred in arriving at this conclusion. His little patients rapidly regained their health, and the virtue that lies in red curtains and red lamps is being extolled by many physicians.

Impressed, like Dr. Chatinere, by the fact that the influence of the solar rays is especially manifested on the face and hands of patients, Dr. Finsen conceived the idea of subjecting persons suffering from smallpox to the influence of ultra violet rays which reached them after the light had been filtered through thick red curtains. The result was that the little vesicles or bladders gradually disappeared and the patients did not suffer from the customary fever and furthermore, were not marked. The ultra violet rays indeed, in the case of these patients produced practically the same effect as the red light in that of Dr. Chatinere's, the most

notable tokens of their efficacy being the absence of fever and restlessness and the gradual disappearance of the eruptions before coming to maturity. It was also noticed that the rays made a marked effect on the malades in so far as they affected the bronchial tubes.

Dr. Finsen's method of cure has been introduced into France by Dr. Larat and is being used not only in cases of smallpox but also in cases of certain forms of skin diseases.

The Lost Heart.

Back among the trees and trellises along the leaf-strewn lane, sitting on the bank of the mill stream and dreaming dream away, drinking water, sweet as nectar, from the bucket at the well, in the orchard's leaf and silence, watching windfalls as they fell, trying, here at five and thirty, just to be the boy of ten.

To recall the joys of boyhood and forget the cares of men, but I listen to a lesson in the twitter of the wren, when the boy's heart turns to man's it never throbs again.

Once the sun marks noon of lifetime once the morning steals away, once the shadows growing shorter, and then fall the other way, once the playtime ends at manhood, once the frolicking is done, when the face is turned from dawn to the setting of the sun.

You may sit among the flowers that you plucked and threw away, turn the leaves of Time all backward, try to read them as you may, you may kindle fires of memory, you may sit and watch the flame, but there's something changed within you that can never be the same.

You may lay aside the burden of your troubles, as you will, but your bent and sunken shoulders tell the story to you still, the story of the struggles and the trials that are sealed.

From the simple hearts of children, and to men only revealed, the sorrow dawns, the sign is stilled, the sore hearts soothed are, the ringing sound is heard again, but always leaves a scar, the fire of youth burns only once, and dies in its dead flame, the simple heart of boyhood that can never be the same.

So I sit among the trellises and trees and wonder why, pure the air as in my boyhood, and as blue the unclouded sky, full the leaves as ever blowing, sweet the bird songs and as free, but the boy's heart that thrilled to them is untuned and dead in me, there's a longing, longing, longing, speaking in a deep drawn sigh, for the heart that throbs in boyhood, cloudless as the azure sky, for the heart that was the sunlight and the air—that tongue that never perished, can ever paint or picture—that I cannot know again.

—James W. Foley, Jun., in Bismarck Tribune.

Health Notes.

In the Danish hospitals it is the custom to compel the patients to sleep without pillows for the purpose of equalizing the circulation. The common use of the pillow and bolster is contrary to nature as the heart is called upon for extra exertion in circulating the blood. During sleep the heart should be free to get as much rest as possible. Persons who once accustom themselves to the abandonment of the pillow seldom are able to return with any comfort to the mistaken idea of comfort. To that property without the pillow stretch out at full length while reclining upon the left side and the chest with the left arm placed behind the body. Persons who suffer from catarrh will find comfort in sleeping without a pillow while stretching full upon the front of the body the head being turned to the left and the arms stretched at full length.

Dyspepsia will find proper exercise of the greatest benefit to them. The congestive nervous system is strengthened by a movement of the muscles of the neck, particularly by a movement of the head in turning toward the left shoulder. This simple movement has been known to give rest and ease to an irritable and overworked stomach. A brisk rubbing of the muscles over the pit of the stomach with the hand or a towel will stir up the circulation and add wonderfully to the vigor of the digestive function. The drinking of hot water before meals is simply a form of stomach exhilaration which is sometimes best performed by the outward massage.

With no desire to be funny, a doctor who has had an abundant experience with the distressing effects that frequently follow the eating of imperfectly cooked ham, recently said that the best way to avoid ptomaine poisoning from ham was to refrain from eating ham.

Tomatoes, fried, sliced, baked, stewed, tomatoes in any form, are now looked upon as a very valuable kind of food, because of the vegetable calomel they are thought to contain.

Before trying the numerous forms of headache cures sold in drug stores and which sometimes produce effects that are very harmful, sufferers from congestive headaches will do well to consider the ameliorating influences of a hot draught of water. A hot cup of tea very often does as well towards stopping head pains as bromides or heart stimulants. An old member of the Long Island College staff of physicians not long ago complained of feeling very tired and of having a severe headache due to strain succeeding a long day's work. When asked what he would do to relieve his distress the doctor said, "Oh, I will go home and drink a couple of cups of hot tea and go to bed."

Off the Track.

This means disaster and death when applied to a fast express train. It is equally disastrous when it refers to people whose blood is disordered, and who subsequently have pimples and sores, bad stomachs, deranged kidneys, weak nerves and that tired feeling, Hood's Sarsaparilla, put the wheels back on the track by making pure, rich blood and curing these troubles.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills. 25 cents.

EYES' MUSCLES

How They Operate and Control Our Organs of Vision.

Why Your Eyes Sometimes Hurt and the Letters Seem to "Swim" When You Attempt to Keep on With Your Reading or Writing.

Asthenopia is a condition of the eyes in which it is impossible to read, write, draw or anything involving close application of the eyes, at least for any great length of time. A little work may be done, but the eyes soon become fatigued—in a hour or two, perhaps, or in five or ten minutes in very bad cases—and work has to be abandoned.

The patient may see as well as anybody at the commencement of the task, especially if it be essayed soon after rising, but in a little while there is a "swimming" in the field of view, the printed letters begin to dance and their edges become thick and indistinct, there is a feeling of weight in the eyelids and of slow motion.

Work may be resumed after a pause, but the same symptoms soon recur, and if work is persisted in a sharp pain is felt in the temples and around the eyes, especially near the eyebrows, there is a feeling of cramp-like contraction at the root of the nose, the tears flow more copiously, the eyelids become inflamed and reddened, and a so-called catarrh of the eyes may ensue.

The characteristic feature of all these symptoms is that they soon vanish when work demanding close application of the eyes is stopped, and reappear when such work is resumed. The patient usually feels best on Sunday—that is, if he really makes Sunday a day of rest—and gets gradually worse through the week until Saturday night, when his condition is the worst. The above are the symptoms of asthenopia, which Greek word simply means a lack of visual power and fails to give any idea of the real nature of the malady.

The causes as well as the varieties of asthenopia are many, but the chief of these is insufficient power, generally congenital, of the muscles, and especially of the muscle whose function it is to turn the eyeball inward, or toward the nose. It should be explained that the eyeball, which is almost a perfect sphere, rolls on a soft cushion of fat within the conical eye socket, and is moved in various ways by six muscles. Four of these, the straight muscles, or recti, turn it respectively up and down, in and out. The other two, the oblique muscles, pass through rings of cartilage and are attached to the eyeball in such a manner as to enable them to turn on its axis.

The inner straight muscle, or internal rectus, is one whose weakness gives rise to asthenopia. Now, when a near object such as a letter in a printed page, is looked at attentively, both eyes are turned full on it, so that the two lines of vision, or optic axes, meet at the letter. This turning is effected by the internal recti muscles referred to. The nearer the object is the more sharply are the eyes turned inward and the greater is the effort required of the inner muscles to bring the eyes to the point at which the lines of vision meet.

It is evident also that strain and fatigue of these inner muscles must increase with the length of time that the eyes are fixed on near objects. The size of the type also has an indirect effect, because small objects must be held close to be seen distinctly. If the eye muscles are strong and healthy and if there is no abnormal resistance to the free motion of the eyeball, the eyes may be used for a long time without fatigue, but when the inner muscles are weak they cannot stand the strain, and asthenopia, which is the result, is the result of the weakness of the inner muscles.

The remedy is fortunately very simple and easily applied. It is merely a pair of prismatic or wedge-shaped glasses. Rays of light passing through a glass prism are bent or refracted toward the base of the prism, or away from its edge, so that if a prism of small angle is held before each eye with its base toward the nose and a near object is looked at through the prism, the rays by which the object is seen, though widely diverging at first, become nearly or quite parallel on traversing the prism. Hence the axis of the eyes may be held nearly or quite parallel instead of being strongly converged, and very little strain is put upon the weak internal recti, or converging muscles. Of course, the angle which the prism should have must be determined for each individual case.

Shortsighted people who may suffer from asthenopia caused by holding their work too close to the eyes do not need prismatic glasses, but are relieved by the use of concave lenses. Concave lenses enable them to hold the book farther away and thus diminish the convergence of the optic axis.

Now, if the prisms are reversed or placed so that the edges toward the nose they will clearly act in an opposite way, necessitating stronger convergence of the optic axis and increased strain of the inner muscles.

If it be asked, "How can it be so foolish as to make the experiment," it may be answered that thousands are ignorantly and unconsciously doing it every day through the use of ill-fitting spectacles and eyeglasses, the intended function of ordinary spectacles is to magnify or diminish the apparent size of objects, or, to put it another way, to lengthen or shorten the focal distance of the eye.

They also are intended to bend the whole pencil of light to right or left and thus displace the image as a prism does. Nor do they have this effect to an appreciable extent if the centers of the lenses are just as far apart as the pupils of the eyes, so that each eye looks through the center of its lens. But suppose the glasses are convex and are set too far apart, so that the eyes look through their inner halves instead of their centers?

Now, a half lens—or, indeed, any portion of a lens except the center—acts not only as a lens, but also as a prism and bends light passing through it toward its thickest part—that is, toward the center of the lens. Convex glasses set too wide apart, therefore, act like prisms set with their edges inward, and tend to cause asthenopia. Concave or shortened glasses have the most freely it perspires, and yet the more freely it perspires the cooler it grows.

Many persons try to keep cool by avoiding all unnecessary exercise and lounging in the shade. That is entirely unphilosophical. Perspiration, instead of being a symptom of suffering from the heat, is a sign of relief therefrom. And it may be accepted by all

[New York World.]

"There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and the hymn book," said Henry Ward Beecher, "but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air."

There is a large paradox in the philosophy of perspiration. The hotter the healthy human body becomes the more freely it perspires, and yet the more freely it perspires the cooler it grows.

Many persons try to keep cool by avoiding all unnecessary exercise and lounging in the shade. That is entirely unphilosophical. Perspiration, instead of being a symptom of suffering from the heat, is a sign of relief therefrom. And it may be accepted by all

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CRONJE BROODS

The Boer General Silent and Sullen in St. Helena.

Six hundred Boer prisoners are now quartered at St. Helena. Cronje and his wife are comfortably housed on the hill back of Jamestown, while Schiel and the others, including all men of 50 and boys of 14, are camped in tents at Deadwood, on fine grass land at the altitude of more than 1,700 feet, and half a mile in front of Longwood, the famous house in which Napoleon died. And right comfortable these prisoners of war must be, for while Jamestown is at this time of the year a veritable steppan, made the hotter and more uncomfortable by the heat reflected by the steep, dull red, volcanic rock on three sides, Deadwood is fresh and cool, with delightful views of hill after hill and an outlook for many miles across the deep blue Atlantic.

Kont Cottage, which is the present home of Cronje and his small retinue, is pleasantly situated, though the approach is by no means enticing. It is just such a cottage as may be seen on the outskirts of many a European village. Imagine an unpretentious two-story dwelling with slate roof and yellow-washed walls standing out clearly from a background of green hillside. The window frames and shutters are painted the same shade of green that you may see any day at a Dutch farm house in the Pearl district of the Cape Colony. In front runs a verandah, and there is a slightly raised path leading to the entrance. The garden is enclosed by a black wooden paling, and still further in front is a little more cultivated land with banana and a few other trees. The scene is simplicity itself, but for the bell tent in the right-hand front corner of the garden, and the steady tramp of khaki-clad sentries, east, west, north and south.

On the stoop and beneath the verandah for the best part of the day sits General Cronje, dark of visage, somewhat long-bearded, and with hair turning gray. His eyes are deep-set, dark and ferret-like, and his demeanor is one of extreme reserve. Piet Cronje can speak English almost as well as any Transvaaler of Dutch extraction, but he is very reticent in his answers to questions in English. He positively refuses to speak anything but his native "taal," and even then his replies are little more than monosyllables. He has said any about anything, and is difficult to draw. Of course, he feels his position. You may see that written large upon his face, but, contrary to what so many people think, he appears to be very grateful for any kindness that is shown him, and fully appreciates the efforts that are made to secure his comfort. Beyond this he is as the Sphinx. He sits in the brooding attitude of Napoleon.

It is a strange character, this of Piet Cronje. Charges of terrible cruelty have been laid at his door, and somehow, when you carefully regard his face, you feel sure that the man is capable of violating the terms of an armistice or firing on the women and children's laager. Yet there are some redeeming features, as, for instance, when the fire of patriots lights his face, you are particularly in the home-age paid to his wife.

All day long Mrs. Cronje, in rusty black dress and black Boer "kappie," is the devoted General's close companion. Others who are blood relations may emerge from the house and remain for a brief while beneath the verandah, but there is about them the restlessness and impetuosity of the younger Boer when under restraint.

A MERCENARY SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Quite a different man is Commandant Schiel. Here you have one who has received training in European military schools. There is much of the soldier of fortune about him, but there is much that is superficial and insincere. When I last saw Commandant Schiel he was a prisoner on board H. M. S. Penelope, at Simon's Town. Today he has recovered from his wound and occupies a tent standing alone and within sight of the house in which Napoleon lived and died. But it is the same Schiel.

At Simon's Town the sight of ladies in a boat approaching the prison ship was to him an ecstasy of delight, and he would chatter away with fervor about "the dear ladies." Almost as soon as I stepped ashore at St. Helena there was placed in my hands a photograph of Schiel being driven along the main street on his way to Deadwood Camp. His eyes were raised and you follow their direction to an open window on an upper floor at which sat two girls. Yes, I thought, it is the same Schiel. Talk to him at Deadwood and there is the same assumption—that is not real—the old devil-may-care spirit.

"Next time I fight," he says, "it shall be on the side of the British," but you feel instinctively that if he ever fights again it will be on the side that pays him best.

"Oh, the war will not last long," he tells you, "that is, if one thing happens. If you beat the Boers well at Kromstadt it will be all over in three weeks."

Then he will change his tune. The assumed gaiety passes away, and almost pleadingly he will tell you that

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he is not at all well treated, and that he has made application to be allowed to roam the island on parole. Yet all the time this insidious creature knows that he has been guilty of more attempts to escape than any other of the prisoners.

The Boer prisoners are being well treated. This I know as a fact, and as a result of personal inquiries and observation on the spot. But, of course, there will be some objectors. Schiel, for example, declares that the British prisoners at Pretoria are persecuted to go out picnicking and so forth; and then he will make comparisons. But of this statement we have no confirmation. Other prisoners, however, speak well of their treatment, and I do know as a fact that all of them are better fed and get more meat than their guards.

VACATIONS IN CANADA.

With the promise, in view of the cold late spring, of an unusually hot summer, the vacation resorts of Canada will, it seems to us, be unusually enjoyable and delightful this summer, and the Grand Trunk Railway System, not only the most important in Canada and Ontario, but one of the greatest in the world, offers an endless number of delightful resorts, brought quickly and inexpensively to the convenience of New England summer tourists. To those who have already visited many of the attractive resorts along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, there is no need of recommendation. They are almost unlimited in number, arranged so as to satisfy the desires of the most exacting, and where one can spend as much or as little as may be desired. For those who desire to spend a most delightful and inexpensive vacation, they are particularly fitted.

Scenery and sport, health and pleasure, with freedom from hay-fever or other annoyances—these are all prominent features of a trip in Canada via this great line. The Highlands of Ontario, Muskoka Lakes, the Magnetawan River, the thirty thousand islands of the Georgian Bay and the Kawartha Lake district, are a few of the attractive resorts. Our space will not permit us to describe even by title the number of wonderfully beautiful

resorts reached via the Grand Trunk Railway System, but the Passenger Department has prepared beautifully illustrated publications, all of which can be obtained free of charge upon application. The various publications, and which, in order that we may insure the attention of our readers to the attractiveness of them—we will designate some of their names—as follows: Muskoka Lakes, Highlands of Ontario; Lake of Bays, Highlands of Ontario; Georgian Bay, Highlands of Ontario; Hay-Fever Booklet; Fishing and Hunting; Kawartha Lakes; Folding the Mountains New England and the Sea; St. Anne de Bellevue; Trains Three and Four, etc., etc.

A SARNIA LADY

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Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are an inestimable boon to anyone suffering from any disease or derangement of the heart or nerves or whose blood is thin and watery. Mrs. E. Horning, of 115 George Street, Sarnia, Ont., is one of those whose experience with this remedy is well worth considering.

It is as follows:—"I am pleased to recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nerve trouble, no matter how severe or of how long standing. "For years my nerves have been in a terribly weak condition, but Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Geary's Pharmacy, have strengthened them greatly and invigorated my system, leaving me no excuse for not making known their virtues.

"I cannot refrain from recommending these pills to all sufferers as a splendid cure for nervousness and weakness."

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