

ROMULUS, "THE WOLF BOY," WHO FOUNDED AN EMPIRE

By Albert H. Terhune, in the N. Y. World.

Two babies—twin brothers—were thrown into the little Italian River Tiber one day nearly twenty-seven centuries ago. Amulius, was the way their great-uncle, Amulius, took of settling their future claims to the rulership of the walled town of Alba Longa. Amulius had overthrown the twin's grandfather, Numitor, from his position as chief, he murdered the latter's son and daughter, and now cleared away his last obstacle by putting the daughter's two babies into a basket and tossing them into the Tiber.

The basket was caught by the rapid torrent and swept out of sight downstream. But it did not sink. Borne up by its own buoyancy, it was at last caught among some tree trunks at the base of a hill. This hill was later called the Palatine, and was the site of the first city of Rome. The basket upset, rolling the twins out on the wet sand. A wolf came down to the water to drink. She saw the babies, and as has sometimes occurred in other countries carried them unharmed to her cave, where she brought them up with her own cubs.

A herdsman named Faustulus found the children there and took them home with him. He called them Romulus and Remus, and brought them up as shepherds. They grew tall and strong above their fellows, and became leaders of the herdsmen. A fight broke out one day between their followers and the servants of their grandfather, Numitor, the deposed chief of Alba Longa. Remus was captured. Romulus gathered his friends and rushed to his brother's rescue. In the battle that followed Amulius, their great-uncle, who had thrown them into the Tiber, was killed. Numitor recognized his grandsons, and would have taken them back with him to Alba Longa. But, finding they were of royal birth, they resolved to start a city of their own. So they chose a site, and in 752 B. C. set about building what is now known as Rome.

The ground was marked out, and Romulus with a plow drawn by snow-white cattle drove a deep furrow or trench where the walls should later stand. He left unplowed spaces for the gates, and commanded that no one should enter or leave the city except through those gate spaces. To make sure this order should not be disobeyed he set a man to guard the trench. This man was the swift runner and noted athlete in all Italy. His name was Celer. From this our word "celerity" is derived.

Remus, who had set his heart on another site than the one chosen for the city, made fun of all the precautions, and to show his contempt for the trench, leaped over it. Celer, in fury, struck him dead with a spade, then escaped before he could be captured. Romulus was probably not sorry to get rid of a brother who must otherwise have shared his rule, for he merely said, "So perish all who pass over my walls!" and continued the building of his new city.

Here a new difficulty arose. It was easier to build a city than to fill it with citizens. Romulus had only a handful of followers. No outsiders cared to join the colony. So he issued a proclamation that all criminals, slaves, debtors and other unfortunate creatures could find free refuge in Rome, and would be safe there from their enemies and from justice. He made the offer under the sanction of the god Asylum. People hence our modern word "asylum." People flocked by the hundreds to this refuge city. But the problem of population was no nearer solution than before, for the populace were nearly all men. Scarcely a woman could be found in all Rome.

This defect did not discourage Romulus. He invited the Sabines—a race inhabiting the neighboring country—to a religious festival. In the midst of the festivities each of his followers seized one of the daughters of the Sabines and carried her away. The visitors were unarmed and could not resist, and so they sent two expeditions in quick succession against Rome. Both of these Romulus beat back. Then the Sabines tried to win by cunning. The key to Rome's strength was a fortress rock on the Capitoline Hill. They brand Tarpeia, daughter of the citadel's com-

A SPRING NEED.

Weak, Tired and Depressed People
Need a Tonic to Put the Blood
Right.

Spring blood is bad blood. Indoor life during the winter months is responsible for weak, watery, impure blood. You need a tonic to build up the blood in spring just as much as the trees need a tonic to get them vitality for the summer. In the spring bad blood shows itself in many ways. In some it breeds pimples and eruptions. In others it may be through occasional headaches, a variable appetite, perhaps twinges of neuralgia or rheumatism, or a lazy feeling in the morning and a desire to avoid exertion. For these spring ailments it is a tonic you need, and the greatest blood-making, health-giving tonic in all the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red, health-giving blood, which reaches every nerve and every organ in the body, bringing health, strength and energy to weak, despondent, ailing men and women. Here is proof, Mrs. George Merrill, Sandy Cove, N. E., says: "I was weak, feeling miserable and terribly run down. The doctor whom I consulted said the trouble was anemia, but he did not help me. A friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and it is simply impossible for me to overestimate the good they have done me. I shall always recommend them to all my friends."

But if you want new health you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, manufactured in Canada at Brockville, Ont. Other so-called pink pills are fraudulent imitations. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all reputable medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Stops Colic—and all stomach and bowel disorders. Makes puny babies plump and rosy. Proved by 50 years' successful use. Ask your druggist for it.

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mander, to open its gates to them. She consented to do this on condition that each Sabine would give her what he wore on his left arm—in other words, his gold bracelet. The Sabines kept their share of the bargain, for they not only took her bracelets, but also hurried at her head the heavy shields they wore on their left arms, battering her to death.

The Sabines thus entered the city. Romulus and his men defended themselves as best they could. While the battle was at its height the girls who had been stolen from the Sabines rushed between the lines of combatants and begged their would-be rescuers to spare the Romans, whom by this time the abducted women had grown to love. The plea for their husbands was

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT WELL KNOWN BRITISHERS

From the Reader, London, England.

THE KING AND YOUNG BRIDGE PLAYERS.

The King never drinks intoxicants while playing bridge. Another rule which he observes very strictly is that he declines to play with any young lady who has not attained the age of 21. He has only once been known to break this rule, and that was a short time ago, when he was staying at the country house of some old friends. On that occasion the daughter of his host was chosen the King's partner. She had been known to him from her babyhood, but he said to her very kindly, "Marjorie, you are not 21. On principle I never play with little girls under that age." Now the "little girl" had been practicing for months in anticipation of playing with the King, and she pleaded her case so earnestly and so fearfully that his majesty was forced to give way. But he was very emphatic on the point that he broke the rule only "this once."

THE QUEEN'S NEW PET.

The peculiar gift of a real chinchilla sent to the Queen on her birthday by an unknown donor has, it is said, become the pet of the house at Sandringham, where it is known by the name of "Chin." Her majesty's fondness for animals was recently evinced at the London Hippodrome, where a lion-tamer had a baby tiger called "Babs." During the Queen's visit "Babs" was brought out for inspection but, as he showed her case so earnestly and so fearfully that his majesty was forced to give way. But he was very emphatic on the point that he broke the rule only "this once."

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

No public man is the object of greater curiosity at the present moment than Lord Curzon, who celebrated his 48th birthday on Feb. 11. The speculations that were rife as to the role he would assume on his return from India were unhappily cut short by the sad death of Lady Curzon, while the rumor that his recent visit to America had a political significance is now also silenced. But a man of Lord Curzon's restless energy cannot long remain unemployed, and sooner or later he is sure to play an important part in national, if not imperial affairs. Lord Curzon is an extraordinary mixture of the practical and the romantic. Daring self-confidence, lively imagination, almost passionate energy, are combined with an irresistible personal charm. It is not generally known that he is a strong advocate of temperance. Before he went to the foreign office he was on the executive of the Church of England Temperance Society.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Among dignitaries of the Church of England, the Archbishop of York is one of the most remarkable in point of age and experience. In his younger days his grace served in the army, and was stationed for a time in India. Finding he had mistaken his vocation, however, he studied diligently, and soon became a full-fledged curate. His talents were evidently better suited for the more peaceful calling he had adopted, as he gradually rose from one position to another in the church until, at last, he had almost attained the summit, and became Archbishop of York and Primate of England. Although he is rapidly nearing his 81st birthday, he is as alert and full of energy as many a younger man of less than half his age, and takes his favorite form of exercise—riding—regularly as the weather permits. His family name is MacLagan, and he comes of a well-known north country family, some of whom have achieved distinction in other directions. His palace at Bishopthorpe is prettily situated on the banks of the River Ouse, within three miles of York.

so earnest that it touched the Sabines' hearts. Peace was declared, and henceforth the two nations dwelt as one, Romulus sharing the rulership with Amulius, the Sabine king. But soon Amulius died, leaving Romulus sole sovereign of the united people.

For forty years he ruled—wisely, kindly and justly—and Rome grew steadily more and more powerful. But he was not content. One day while the people were assembled on the Field of Mars a violent thunderstorm burst above them. They scattered, running for shelter. In the confusion Romulus vanished. His friends, whom he had doubtless instructed in the matter, declared he had been snatched up by heaven and had become a god. With such a seeming miracle to inspire them, the Romans continued to follow their vanished king's precepts, and considered themselves and their city especially favored by the gods. What really became of Romulus no one knows, except that he sacrificed his throne, his home and his future for the good of his people.

And, in consequence of this sacrifice, the nation he had formed became the greatest on earth.

A VETERAN ARTIST.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., who celebrated his 71st birthday on Feb. 8, has lived so long among us that we have got into the habit of looking upon him as an Englishman. But, of course, he was born in Holland, at Dronryp, and did not come to this country until he had laid the foundation of his art-studies in Antwerp and Brussels. Sir Lawrence records that one of his earliest artistic achievements was a portrait of himself which he executed at the age of fifteen. As a likeness, it must have been distinctly successful, for the artist has a lively recollection of the small boys of the town crying, as he sallied forth from his home with the picture under his arm: "Look, he's carrying himself under his arm!" Few artists of the present day have worked harder during their career than Sir Lawrence. "Nothing is achieved in this world," he once said, "certainly no sterling success of any kind whatever, except at the expense of sheer hard work, and plenty of it. This has been my experience from my youth up," and Sir Lawrence may often be found in his magnificent studio in St. John's Wood hard at work as early as 4 or 5 a.m. But then his work is also his recreation.

GALLANT SAILOR-BRIDEGROOM.

Admiral Sir Charles Drury, whose marriage with Miss Amy Maitland took place on Feb. 12, has passed his 60th birthday. He has been a widower for six years. He will take over the Mediterranean command at Easter. A good deal of entertaining will be expected of him in Malta, where in former days he saw a variety of service. Few naval statesmen are new to this popular officer, who acted as A. D. C. to Queen Victoria in 1897-99. For his services in Crete in 1896, when in command of H. M. S. Hood, he earned the special thanks of the foreign office. At Sir Charles' house in Wilbraham Place, London, a number of all nationalities have been entertained.

DR. RUSSEL WALLACE.

It is to be doubted whether anybody in the scientific world has started it more with theoretical views based on sweeping generalizations and supported by the most minute observation, than Alfred Russel Wallace, who celebrated his 84th birthday on the 8th of this month. Born at Usk, Monmouthshire, Dr. Wallace became a teacher, after learning surveying, but Darwin's Journal of his trip in the "Beagle" aroused his enthusiasm for, and interest in, botany and entomology that he started off on one of the most famous of his expeditions. He was filled with the spirit of the Amazon, but the result of his scientific researches was lost in a shipwreck. From this evil, however, good accrued, for, instead of returning and pursuing his investigations of a country already explored, Dr. Wallace journeyed to the Malay Archipelago, where he spent eight years, the result being an epoch-making book. Dr. Wallace shares with Darwin the discovery of the principle of natural selection, and how the theory was seized upon almost simultaneously by these two great scientific men is familiar to all. Dr. Wallace holds that life is confined to the earth, and he has recently advanced views on the primordial elements that excited wide attention. Besides this, he has studied and written about Socialism and Spiritualism. Dr. Wallace lives quietly in a fine old house at Broadstone, Dorset, gardening and chess-playing being the main pleasures with which he beguiles the days of rest that a distinguished and honorable career have brought him.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose new story is delighting Scots all over the world, is a great big tender-hearted giant of a man, standing five feet four in his stockings, with dark-blue eyes, reddish-brown hair and beard, and a skin such as a girl might envy. Sprung from a stalwart race of Galloway farmers, he was educated at Edinburgh, Heidelberg, and New College, Oxford, and was for some time a Free Kirk minister at Pentlands, in Midlothian. As a boy he showed a complete inability to remember anything unless it was made visible in an "object lesson," and then he never forgot it. Even now, if he merely walks along a railway train he can remember the numbers of the carriages in their proper order for weeks afterwards. His complete faculty is no doubt the secret of his vivid descriptive power as a writer. Scott and Dumas revealed a new world to the intensely imaginative, solitary little boy. Afterwards he traveled as a tutor over most of Europe and Asia, and once nearly perished in a Swiss ice hole. His first book, "Dulce Cor," a volume of poems, was published twenty years ago, and he also wrote leaders and articles, but an accident revealed his true metier. He wrote a story to amuse his wife who was ill, and the editor to whom he sent it telegraphed, "Write no more leaders, but things like this." At that time he only knew R. L. Stevenson, to whom "The Stickler Minister" was dedicated, but naturally the instant success of the

book brought him many friends, notably John Ruskin, whom he visited at Brantwood.

METHODS OF WORK.

Mr. Crockett is original in his methods of work. He "stiffens" his clothes, where he cannot write, but in his Scottish home he has a curious study-observatory fitted with all the apparatus of his beloved astronomy. Here, having got up to see the sunrise, he works undisturbed till breakfast time, and he has the rest of the day at his disposal. The typewriter has been an immense boon to him, for he has trained himself to compose on it. He makes out rough plots first, and fills them in most conscientiously, all his work being absolutely accurate and documented in matters of fact. He does not draw real people, creatures of the imagination being so much more pliable. "Yet for all that," he once said, "I do put—in my own way—most people I know into my books. But they don't find it out—no body does—because I stir the pot myself." The great exception to this is his own daughter, who appears in "Sweetheart Travelers." Regular craftsman as he is, Mr. Crockett has his moods of inspiration. Thus, he dreamt the story of "Mad Sir Ughtred," and on waking wrote hard for thirty-six hours till he had finished it, his meals being brought to him in his room. He does not, as a rule, choose the title before writing the book, the great exception being "The Lilac Sunbonnet," which was absolutely written round the title.—The Reader.

WALT WHITMAN NO GENIUS.

Professor William Lyon Phelps, who holds down the chair of English literature at Yale, says the fame of Walt Whitman is slender, and will not last long, while the influence of the poet on literature is so insignificant that no writer ever tried to imitate it. Prof. Phelps said to the Teacher's Club here tonight: "Whitman's career shows what may be accomplished with a small stock of ideas and excellent lungs. The attempt to suppress his book was an awful mistake, for it made a martyr of him, and filled the people with consuming desire to find out just how he did it. The only refuge from a public nuisance is to keep still about it."

Whitman's reputation is greater across the water than here. England hailed him as the real American, while Americans are content to read his poems as a curiosity. He has been called Longfellow with a twist, which he despised, and disregarded by the democracy, which he tried to glorify.—New York Press.



Getting Rid of It.

Mr. Flubdub—What's the use of keeping that old umbrella around?

Mrs. Flubdub—All right. I'll lend it to somebody.

IT REACHES THE SPOT.—There are few remedies before the public today as efficacious in removing pain and in allaying and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has demonstrated its powers in thousands of instances, and a large number of testimonials to its great value as a medicine could be got were there occasion for it. It is for sale everywhere.

New Public Ownership Theory

The multiplicity of investigations being held and commissions appointed to look into telephone grievances, license board matters, railway affairs and power transmission and control is evidence that the people are wide awake to public interests. The one thing about which no marked excitement is experienced in Canada, but is attracting very earnest attention in many other countries, is the question of the public health. In the United States, England and European countries, this question occupies the same position in the public mind that the public ownership question does in Canada. The question arises, "Why is Canada not more alive to the importance of public health?" One of the most wide-awake concerns of the day upon matters of public health is the Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, who are truly accomplishing a great work in the interests of this vital question. Their remarkable remedy, Psychine, one of the most scientific and valuable remedies ever placed on the market as a disease and germ destroyer, is certainly making for itself a great record, if we may judge by the number of people who are giving the most emphatic and honest testimony of what this remedy is doing not only in breaking up stubborn coughs and colds, but in curing bronchitis, catarrh, grippé, pneumonia, chills, night sweats, stomach troubles, run-down conditions and consumption. Its mission is to overcome disease germs in the blood and build up a strong, vigorous body that will be disease-resisting and proof against the attacks of the bacilli that everywhere float in the air.

"Several years ago my wife was so seriously ill of lung trouble as for months to be unable to walk, at which time a noted physician told me that the best dress that I would buy for her would be a shroud. She used Psychine and is now reasonably well. It is a great disease and germ destroyer."

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There is no risk—no danger of spending money and getting nothing in return. GIN PILLS are sold on an unconditional guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded.

When you have finished the sixth box—if you don't feel well, look well, and cannot honestly say that all signs of Kidney and Bladder Trouble have disappeared—simply take the empty boxes to your dealer and he will promptly refund your money. No affidavit is required. We will take your word for it.

That shows our faith in GIN PILLS. Try them and let them prove what they can do for you.

BILLING BRIDGE, Dec. 1st, 1904.

"I am sending for \$1.00 worth of your GIN PILLS for the kidneys, for I find that they are doing me good. Please send them as soon as possible. I gave a trial of them to my neighbors and they recommend them very highly."

Yours truly, MRS. DONALD MCCARTHY.

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BARBERS ALL SUPERSTITIOUS

LEFT-HANDED MAN A HOODOO—
FIRST CUSTOMER OF WEEK.

"Superstitious!" I should say "yes." They won't admit it to anyone except members of the craft, but barbers are the most superstitious people in the world.

The man in charge of the second chair at one of the large hotel shops stropped his razor and loquaciously continued, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

"You see that new man down at the end of the chair? He just came to work here this morning, and he'll have a nice large can tied to his coat tonight. Why? Because he's left-handed. If he remained here every barber in the shop would quit before the week was out."

"A left-handed barber is a hoodoo to any shop, and there's no getting away from it. You may think that's only a prejudice that barbers have for left-handed knights of the razor, but it's a well-grounded superstition, as old as the trade itself."

"We'd be apt to have all kinds of hard luck if that fellow stayed here any length of time. I once worked in a New York shop where there was a left-handed barber, and almost every day an accident would happen to some of the others. We told the proprietor where the trouble lay, but as he was not a barber he couldn't understand what difference it made whether a man shaved with his right or his left hand."

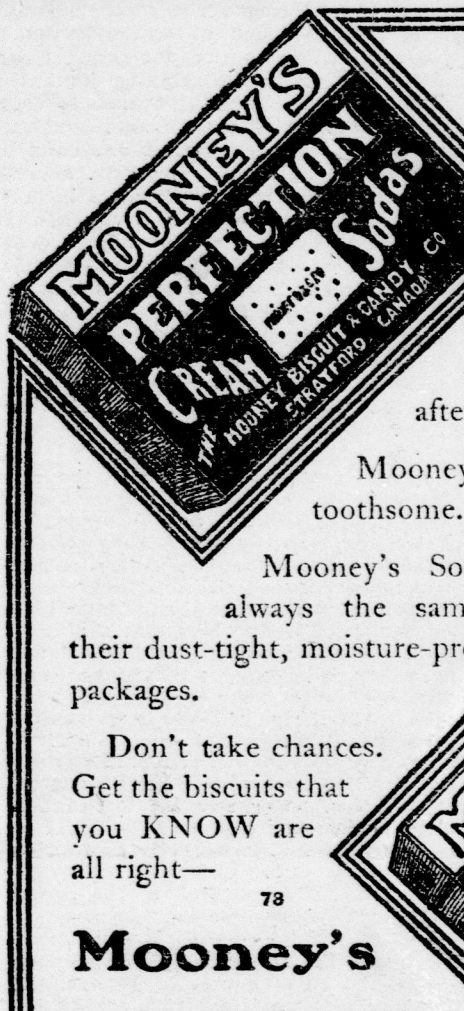
"One day a runaway horse plunged through the plate glass window, and another day a mad dog ran into the shop, followed by a policeman, who killed the beast under the left-handed man's chair. Without any apparent reason the hot water faucet would get stuck as soon as he was near it, and the razors would refuse to work properly. Customers who for years had been in the habit of getting shaved three or four times a week stopped coming, and it was all due to that left-handed barber. During all the while he shaved there not one of us dared to touch him. The porter used to dream some of the best numbers I ever saw. This fellow I speak of had red hair, and that, of course, made it worse. We finally induced the boss to fire him, and just as soon as he was gone things began to get good again."

In this fellow on the end, who got into this morning, looks to be a pretty good barber, but just as soon as the boss saw him strop a razor with his left 'milt' it was all up for Julius. In most shops before a new man is hired he is asked whether he is right or left handed."

"Left-handed men who learn the trade get on to this after a while, and then they switch to the right hand—that is, if they can make good with the right. I'm scared to death that somebody is going to get killed around here before 8 o'clock tonight, when his 'milt' will take off his coat and take it away with him."

"Another superstition among barbers is that they don't want to shave the first customer that comes in on Monday morning. That's a sure sign of poor business all week for the unlucky barber. Of course, somebody has got to shave the first man in, but you don't see the barbers rushing madly up to their chairs and beckoning to the customer. You'll see one of them go for a drink of water, another is too busy reading the sporting page to look up, and the others are all doing something that occupies their time. What-ever chair the customer climbs into the barber who runs it is hoodooed for the rest of the week."

"Another peculiarity about barbers is that one of the craft can tell a fellow tradesman by shaving him, although he may never have seen the man before. The way a barber lies in a chair when he is getting shaved and the way he unconsciously assists the man with the razor tips him off every time. He will turn his head from one side to the other in a different way than other men who are not barbers, and when the razor is on his neck he will raise his chin in a way that cannot be counterfeited. I never missed out on calling the turn on a barber in my life."



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A DESERTED BRITISH ISLAND.

A few years ago Wallasea Island, on the coast of Essex, which comprises about 3,000 acres of particularly rich land, had a population of over 200, with one or two prosperous-looking farms and a school. Gradually, however, the laborers have been tempted to abandon the necessarily dull life of the island in favor of a more exciting, though probably unemployed, existence in London and elsewhere, with the result that Wallasea is today a dreary, unproductive desert, as witness the following pithy extract from the diary of a lady who recently visited the island during a yachting cruise:

"The school and schoolhouse have not been used for some years. The windows are broken. Upstairs we found birds which had got in by the windows and could not get out, dead, and papers dated August, 1898, lying about. Cottages were near and farm buildings, but all uninhabited except by owls and rabbits. We saw a rabbit running on the roof of a cottage and heard rats and rabbits scuttling about upstairs. Altogether it was enough to give anyone the creeps in the dark, as the place is absolutely deserted, and the floors of the rooms are little rabbit warrens."

"A man and a boy look after 400 acres, on which horses and cattle roam about free. There used to be a hun-

dred laborers on the island; now there are only eight, and only one child to go to school."

The Essex education committee have directed that a small sum shall be expended in protecting the school building from decay, the repayment of the loan by means of which the school was built still having twenty-two years to run.—London Tribune.

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