

Some Statistics as to Their Origin and Length of Life.

Havelock Ellis' studies of the origin and habits of the British men of genius show that most came from similar place, many from "good families," so called, and few from the clerical profession. Of 103 men of eminence in ten centuries thirty-one were the sons of carpenters, five of shoemakers, five of weavers and four of blacksmiths. Browning's father was a clerk, and so was Bradlaugh's. Turner's was a barber, Carlyle's a mason, Huxley's a schoolmaster, Keats' a livery stable man, Knox's a peasant, Wolsey's a grazier and Whitfield's an innkeeper.

Men of genius are long lived. Of those on Mr. Ellis' list more died between sixty-five and seventy-five than in any other period. Those living beyond seventy-five numbered 230, those beyond eighty 130, and twenty lived past ninety.

OLD TIME COFFEE.

The Way to Brew the Beverage as They Did in 1602.

An old cookbook, published in 1602, gives what is perhaps the first English recipe for coffee. The recipe reads:

"To make the drink that is now much used, called coffee:

"The coffee berries are to be bought at any druggist's, about 7 shillings the pound. Take what quantity you please, and over a charcoal fire in an old frying pan keep them always stirring until they be quite black, and when you crack one with your teeth that it is black within as it is without, yet if you exceed, then do not waste the oil, and if less, then will it not deliver its oil, and if you should continue fire till it be white it will then make no coffee, but only give you its salt. Beat and force through a lawn sieve.

"Take clear water and boil one-third of it away, and it is fit for use. Take one quart of this prepared water, put in one ounce of your prepared coffee and boil it gently one hour, and it is for your use. Drink one quarter of a pint as hot as you can sip it. It doth abate the fury and sharpness of the Acrimony, which is the gender of the Disease called Cerebral."—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

The Aristocracy of Pork.

When Theodore Parker first visited Cincinnati, at that time the recognized leader among western cities, he said that he had made a great discovery—namely, that while the aristocracy of Cincinnati was unquestionably founded on pork it made great difference whether a man killed pigs for himself or whether his father had killed them. The one was held plebeian, the other patrician. It was the difference, Parker said, between the stick 'ems and the stuck 'ems, and his own sympathies, he confessed, were with the present tense.—T. W. Higginson in Atlantic Monthly.

Where Fashions Come From.

It is said that a leader of fashion was once driving in the park when her hat was blown off. The carriage wheels passing over it made it a fearful and wonderful shape, but as the wearer could afford to defy criticism she put it on and calmly continued her drive. The next week dozens of hats exactly like the damaged one appeared. This story may be true, but it sounds like a mere, malicious, masculine invention.—London Woman.

A Financier.

Maud—Isn't the man you are engaged to a speculator?
Clara—No indeed! He's a financier.
"How do you know?"
"He didn't buy the engagement ring until after I had accepted him."

Have you a friend who does well and with whom you occasionally find fault because he doesn't do better? This is the meanest meanness in the world.—Archibald Globe.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See the Little Wrapper Below.

Very small and easy to take.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25¢ per bottle. Sold everywhere.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

LIMIT OF WHEAT BELT

SOMETHING OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE TERRITORIES.

Figures Which Convey a Vague Idea of the Material Canada is Adding Annually to the Empire. It is 350 miles from Winnipeg to the English River, and the grain-growing resources of the West have yet been scarcely touched—beyond Regina.

Writing from Regina, G. C. Porter, says in the Toronto World: This is the western limit of the great wheat belt of the Empire. It is 350 miles from Winnipeg to the English River, and the grain-growing resources of the West have yet been scarcely touched—beyond Regina. From here came the 110,000,000 bushels of grain last year, valued at \$55,000,000. In 1902 the product of these immense farms reached 100,000,000 bushels, with an aggregate value of \$44,000,000. These figures convey a vague idea of the material Canada is adding annually to the sum of the Empire's wealth. The bulk of this is grown north of the 50th parallel, a portion of the earth long declared by scientific minds to be worthless for the production of human food. And yet the grain-growing resources of the west have scarcely been touched. The fringe has merely been raked over. This is the territory famed in song and story as the "granary of the Empire." But the great west has a surplus of other things besides wheat and figures of speech. The exploitation of Canada's wheat lands is the best known feature of the western development, but 'tis written that man shall not live by bread alone.

The live stock region, which the wheat grows thin and disappears, to Calgary, is 500 miles. The subsoil undergoes a change and wild grass is abundant. This rolling country, 500 miles square, extending to the foothills of the Rockies, is the live stock region of British America. This is the region that is destined to supply the Empire with the red beef it consumes, with its cavalry and its draft horses, to say nothing of mutton and wool. The extent of the progress in this direction has been partially overshadowed by the tremendous grain production further east, but conditions are approaching that will force growers to coin a new phrase to fitly describe this new contribution to British foodstuffs.

If Ontario manufacturers are interested in the great problem of reducing the North-west grain supply to flour, the farmers and stock growers of the province are equally interested in supplying breeding animals here. This is an aspect of the west's development that is constantly being overlooked. The casual observer—the close connection between the two extremes of the Dominion. Toronto is 2,000 miles away, a week's journey by express train, and yet the interests of Ontario and her metropolis are so closely identified with the progress of this section that thousands of telegrams pass daily in business transactions. Probably more direct is the interest of the rural districts of the two in the live stock industry, though a delayed express brought in 38 traveling men to Regina Tuesday morning, representing the manufacturers of Ontario.

Live Stock Interchange.

While the wheat of the west is rushed through to seaports as fast as transportation permits, there is a curious exchange in the live stock relations of the west and the east. These ranchers must bring their young stock and their blooded breeding animals from Ontario. This is the season when many trainloads of yearlings, purchased from the farmers and dairymen from the part of Canada, are being brought into these remote sections. A yearling that markets for \$15 around Newmarket commands \$21 to \$22.50 when landed between Calgary and Regina. The animal is turned out on the range to be exported two years later at \$40 or \$45 per head. This grass-fed stock is turned back through Ontario fat and juicy, ready for stabled finishing at the sites of the farmers of Eastern Canada, or sent direct to tide-water. Thus the exchange of interests continues constantly between the producers of the west and the east. Western cattle men claim they can buy a railroad of yearlings in Ontario easier than they can pick up a carload among the farmers of Manitoba. Therefore the western live stock interests rely strongly upon Ontario as the source of a very necessary supply. The high class shorthorn bulls, too, the preference of all the west because of the capacity of that class to "rustle" the range for his food supply, come up from Ontario. Many valuable animals of this class are in this territory, and ranchers think nothing of investing \$400 and \$500 in a single thoroughbred. It is this intimate relation that causes the western man to study so closely the receipts, shipments and quotations of the Toronto live stock market.

The Respectful Boy.
An exchange gives the following instance of a lad's politeness; such thoughtfulness for another by young people is a most winning trait of character:
An old man entered a railroad car and was looking for a seat when a boy ten or twelve years of age rose and inquired of the boy:
"Take my seat, sir?"
The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down.
"Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy.
"Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the reply.
A hundred years ago there would have been little need to record remarkable a similar incident. Among things that are good or helpful in a rising generation there is one great change for the worse, manifest to everybody—a declining reverence toward age and toward God.

shipping point in the world, so Maple Creek, 600 miles further west, a whistling station on the Transcontinental Line, holds a similar place for live stock shipments. This town, so-called by the courtesy and dignity it enjoys from having four stores, is one of the big forces in the live stock industry of the west. Whole trains of cattle go out of this place in season through Eastern Canada direct for export, and the remote village, noticed upon the map by a black spot so small as to require much search to locate, is one of the initial cattle shipping points that affect the world's food supply.

To-day there is a heavy supply of marketable cattle in this region. Fred McGowan, one of the extensive stock owners of the west, told me he thought the present the unusual quantity was due to the sudden drop in the price the latter part of June, 1903. He thought ranchers had concluded it was more profitable to let the stock run on the range than sell below \$3.50. At Maple Creek last year, after the drop, \$2.96 was the best offered, five weight, weighed in at Winnipeg. This made the rancher stand loss of shrinkage, but it is the custom of the industry to sell, subject to weight at Winnipeg. As the grain of the west has no fixed value until graded at Winnipeg, so live stock values are determined at the industrial centre. Mr. McGowan said he had to-day 500 steers he refused \$4.50 for last week. That means \$5.50 on the Toronto market. With hay at \$18 per ton at Winnipeg he says live stock must advance in spite of the excessive supply.

It is an evidence of the pressure the horde of new settlers is exerting on the pioneers in the west that McGowan is to-day selling out a 400-acre farm 35 miles east of Winnipeg to move to more remote sections. He purchased the place 21 years ago from half-brothers for a song. Last week he secured \$20 an acre for the whole farm. He long since abandoned cattle growing for the more lucrative wheat business, as many Manitoba farmers are doing.

Herds Are Superior.

The careful breeding of Canadian ranchers has resulted in herds much superior to those of the States and much more numerous. The cattle of the west are now being sent north over the line where the succulent grass abounds and mixing with the blooded stock.

In horses, the west is making immense progress. Clydesdales seem to have the rail, and ranchers syndicate and invest as much as \$2,000 and \$3,000 for the splendid stallions. James Smith, manager of the Galbraith stable at Regina, told me he sold last year 63 of these blooded animals, and this year has already disposed of 35. While there are many causes in the range country the \$75 valuation placed upon all horses by the new customs ruling is hailed by the admirers of fine stock in the west as the doom of the little stuff in the way of horse flesh the Yankees have been flooding the west with.

The fine Canadian range—an Empire in itself—is admirably adapted to the production of blooded stock. The "bad lands" of the Dakotas, those great gashes in the earth's crust by which the relics of titanic convulsions, that render that part of the States so dangerous to stock and useless to man, "break" off as the Canadian boundary is approached, and disappear by the rolling prairie. This rugged geological formation that is so clearly defined for two thousand miles south, having its extreme in the "Death Valley" of Arizona, is one of nature's great puzzles, that science has failed to penetrate.

PRINTER MINSTRELS.

Five Montreal Types Who Toured Ontario in the Forties.

One of the first minstrel shows that traveled in Canada way back in 1848 was composed of five Montreal printers who found there was more money in playing darkey than in setting type. Each of these five printers played an instrument as well as taking part in dances—bones and tambourine and a banjo player. They had fine voices, and as the songs and music were new and an airy character, the printer minstrels succeeded in drawing good houses all through Canada. The song of Camp-town Races was just out, and the morning after the appearance of the minstrels in London every boy in town was singing or whistling D-d-a-day and betting his money on the foot-ball race, and challenging anybody to bet on the horse race. Charles Kidd, a Montreal printer and personally knew all of the minstrels, some of them having worked with him as fellow-apprentices, and he made an especial effort to see that his old friends had a good house. London had no daily paper then, though shortly afterward The Free Press tried the experiment of getting out an evening paper, so Mr. Kidd hired the town crier and sent him around town ringing his bell and with stentorian voice announcing the advent of negro minstrel in the Mechanics' Institute Hall that evening.—Toronto Telegram.

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TWO COMPOSERS.

Rossini Was an Easy Worker, While Meyerbeer Was Strenuous.

Giuseppe Meyerbeer went at everything furiously. The work of composing music was restless, excitable and caused him many sleepless nights. This condition was always worst in the spring of the year. He did his best work when the wind howled, the rain poured down in torrents and humanity generally sought refuge indoors. During such natural upheavals the great composer was in his element. Deluged with ideas, his fingers charmed from the piano the rarest and most wonderful melodies.

Compared to Meyerbeer, Rossini was an easy worker and always ready with a pen. Some of his most charming compositions originated under the most commonplace circumstances. One day while the composer was still abed entertaining a few friends the post-foolin brought him the words to the celebrated prayer song in "Moisés." Rossini read the text, and the poet, fearing some sarcastic remarks on the part of the former, said, "It took me an hour to write these verses."

"An hour to write such verses?" cried Rossini. "I'll set them to music in a quarter of an hour."

He asked for pen and paper, and in ten minutes, while his friends chaffed him, he had written the prayer song in his opera, "Moisés."

FRIEND OF DICKENS.

Acted as His amanuensis—Spoke of the Methods and the Manners of the Great Novelist.

There lies beyond the old Bushwick meadows, says The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, on the brow of a hill, the little straggling hamlet of Fort Limerick. In this out-of-the-way spot lives a woman of advanced years. Her name is Amelia Thurston. A single glance at her denotes her a lady, born and bred. The home in which she lives is an humble one, but, for all that, more than one author of world-wide fame has paid his respects to that lowly cot.

The singular interest that attaches to this estimable woman is due to the fact that she was for many years intimately associated with Charles Dickens, and at one time his amanuensis.

The following interview with this accomplished woman is given to the public just as the words fell from her own lips, and is a true statement:

"I was born in Massachusetts, in the suburbs of Boston.
"Very early in life I got hold of the works of Dickens and fell in love with them, particularly 'Sketches by Boz.' 'David Copperfield,' and 'Nicholas Nickleby.' They made such an impression upon my young mind that, though still a girl in my teens, I resolved to cross the water and know for myself personally the man whose works had so delighted me. Supplied by an indulgent father with plenty of money, I went with my maid to London, and there procured for myself comfortable apartments not far from Old Bow Square Church.

"It was autumn. The people were as yet largely out of town. Mr. Dickens was on the continent.
"I turned my back on myself and worked out this business into a story 'New England life,' which I sent to Mr. Dickens as soon as he returned.

"About this time unhappy rumors of domestic infidelity in Tavistock House crept out into the air. I started to Mr. Dickens, and he, startled and surprised, asked me to go on contributing to his magazine.

"Not long after this incident in my life, Mr. Dickens sent me a note, inviting me to call upon him at his house, on such a day and hour. Punctually at the time he gave me the note, I went to his house, and he, surprised and pleased, asked me to go on contributing to his magazine.

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The Essential Thing.

"The time to jump on a fire, is when it is in its infancy. No expense should be spared in getting quick and sure notice to the fire halls of every little blaze that starts up anywhere."—Toronto Star.

That is the essential thing in fire fighting.

Conflagration after conflagration has proved that once a fire gets really under way, nothing stops it but Providence.

The shacks of Hull, the lumber yards of Ottawa, the steel skyscrapers of Baltimore, the stone warehouses of Toronto, all tell the same story. Let a fire get going well with a wind blowing, and fire brigades are but flies on a wheel.

The great thing is to jump on a fire at the start.—Ottawa Journal.

One Cent Claims Against Uncle Sam.

There have been several one cent claims against the United States government. One was by the Southern Pacific, which submitted a bill of \$5.29 for hauling government freight. It was a bond aided road, only part of its bills against the government being paid in cash, the rest going to the railroad's credit on the bonds. In this case its credit was \$5.28 and its cash a cent. Another government obligation of a single cent was in favor of a chemical company which for some unexplained reason agreed in a public competition to supply 36,892 pounds of ethyl ether for a cent. The offer was accepted. There were nine signatures, one that of a rear admiral, on the paper relating to the establishment of this claim, and the warrant for payment had to be signed by several persons.

A Gormandizer.

Some years ago the late Marquis of Queensberry made a bet of 1,000 guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than any Sir John Lubbock could find. The bet being accepted, the time was appointed, but his lordship not being able to attend the exhibition he wrote to his agent to know the result and presently received the following note:

My Lord—I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple pie.

Too Unanimous.

"Talk about men being lords of creation! Why, I can twist that husband of mine around my little finger."
"Yes, I suppose so. He's rather small, isn't he, and quite slender?"
"Small and slender? He isn't any such thing. There's enough of him, let me tell you, to make a million such husbands as yours."

First Case of See Serpent.

Adam hastily made an inscription in his diary.
"I want it to go on record," he explained, "that we had the first case of see serpent ever known."
Feeling he had the bulge on the rest of humanity, he strutted about with a satisfied air.

More Definite Information Wanted.

"Now, William," said the man of business to the office boy, "I am going out to get shaved."
"Please, sir," said the boy, hesitating, "if any one calls and wants to know where you are will I say you've gone to the barber's or down to Wall street?"

No one is a fool always; every one sometimes.—McCall's Magazine.

Fell Into Luck.

Artist—What a beautiful place this is! I suppose you came here for the view? Old Lady—No, I wasn't consulted. I was born here.

Discolored Baths.

To clean and remove all stains from the enamel tub well with rough salt moistened with vinegar. This will clean equally well enameled pots and pans, no matter how burned or discolored.

The Cradle.

The poetical Greek name for cradle is the same as the name of the winnowing fan or basket, the traditional cradle of the infant Bacchus.

Chinese Tops.

Some of the tops with which the Chinese amuse themselves are as large as barrels. It takes three men to spin one, and it emits a sound that can be heard several hundred yards away.

Japanese Ships.

In Japanese the word "mikasa" indicates a warship and "maru" a ship of commerce.

Drug Stores In Sweden.

Patent medicines are never sold in the apothecary shops of Sweden. The government limits the number of these shops, and there are only 350 in the whole country, Stockholm, with a population of 300,000, having only twenty-two.

Swallows In Palestine.

In Palestine the swallows are allowed not only the freedom of the houses and living rooms, but of the mosques and tombs, where they build their nests and rear their young.



The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing-down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restless sleep in hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—Miss FRANKIE ORSER, 14 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged, and exhausted with each day's work. Some derangement of the feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as it has thousands of other women.

Ask for These Goods of Our Make.

CAKE LARD, BOLOGNAS, SAUSAGES, HAMS AND BACON. PIGS FEET IN KEGS.

JOHN HOPKINS, St. John, N. B.

Established 1867.

ADVERTISE IN THE ADVOCATE.

NEW STATIONERY.

Just opened, a supply of choice Stationery in all grades.

Real Irish Linen note and letter pads.

Children's Stationery in different tints. Boxes 20c.

Liquid Paste in tubes, with brush, 25c.

Paperies of various kinds and qualities 25c.

Lead Pencils, Note Paper, Envelopes, Etc., Etc.

ANSLOW BROS., Newcastle.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Brooks Quinine Tablets. E. W. Linn on every box 25c.

This signature, E. W. Linn