SHYLOCK HOMES' POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS.

(By John Kendrick Bangs).

Hardly had I got myself settled at the hotel when, in response to the announcement of my arrival, callers in large numbers besieged my doors. Some of them were on mere social courtesies bent; others came to consult me professionally. First among the latter was a gentleman in a gorgeous costume of silver, who drove up in a curious little wagon that looked for all the world like a circus cart, and drawn by a handsome pair of swans of remarkable action. I happened to be looking out of my window at the moment of his coming at the ever varying scene of activity in the street below, and while there was much else that interested me in the throngs of passersby, nothing quite like this had yet greeted my eye.

"I judge from his tow-head and his equipage," said I to myself, "that this person is Lohengrin, though it may be it is only the delivery wagon of an alert bird-fancier. If it really is Lohengrin, I wonder what he is after."

I had not long to wait to find out, for a knock sounded upon my door, and in response to my immediate "Come in," the hotel buttons entered, bearing a card upon a silver tray.

"This gentleman wants to see you immediately," said he, handing me a card and standing at attention like the well bred imp he was. It was handsomely engraved, and bore the simple name "Lohengrin" upon it, while in the lower corner was his address, "The Walhalla Club."

"Show him up," said I, and the boy departed. "Why should Lohengrin call on me?" thinking about it; "I'm not musical."

In a few moments the boy returned, and in his train walked the knightly person I had seen upon the street a moment before. He carried a package in his hand, which he fingered nervously.

"Mr. Shylock Homes?" he asked, as I rose to greet him.

"The same, at your service," I replied, eying him keenly, for I could tell at once from his deep bass voice that he was an impostor, despite his rich garments and eccentric equipage. "Herr Lohengrin, I believe."

"Precisely," he rejoined, his voice quavering, "but—how did you know?"

"Your card stated the fact," I replied, amused by his manner and resolved to watch him closely, lest he turn out to be a sneak thief. He smiled complacently at me, as much as to say that after all I was an easy mark, little recking that I was in nowise deceived by his pretensions. "It is a simple means of identification," I added, resolved to lull him into a sense of security. "You see, in the first place, you drive up in an operatic vehicle. In the second place you wear the garments and the hirsute of Lohengrin, and in the third place you send up a card bearing your identity. The three inferences taken together form a chain of proof by which I could not fail to be convinced."

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Shylock Homes," he said. "Can you see through a brick wall?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Then how do you know that I drove up in an operatic vehicle" he demanded.

"Simplicity itself," I explained. "I was looking out of the window and saw you."

"Marvellous!" he said. "After all, your system then is not complex, but—"

"Essentially simplicitas," said I. "To what may I attribute the honor of this call?"

"I need assistance in a rather delicate matter," he replied, holding up the package significantly, and I noticed that his hand trembled violently as he did so. "I have in this package a number of gems of priceless value that I cannot afford to lose, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, to keep them I must lose them. Do you understand?"

"Not quite," said I, understanding perfectly well all the time, but desiring to gain a few moments to reason out the case. The man's real face, to differentiate it from his assumed one, was familiar to me, but I could not quite place it. He was not Lohengrin—that was clear from his voice alone—but it was rather who he really was than who he was not that I needed to know. "You see, I have just arrived, after a strenuous experience, and my powers of penetration are somewhat impaired."

"Naturally," said he drily—so drily that the word seemed cutting. It was as if Moriarty or some other rival in my profession had slapped me in the face. "I was not aware that any experience, however strenuous, could impair the penetration of Mr. Shylock Homes, yet," he hastened to add, cautiously, "I might have known that even the best of us are sometimes not up to the requirements of an emergent situation."

"Thank you," said I, noting, however, his use of the word "us." "Will you please explain?"

"With pleasure," he replied, removing his helmet and placing it on the table that stood between us.

"A very pretty hat," said I, taking it up, and with my penknife surreptitiously marking it for identification later, a movement which in his fancied security he failed to notice.

"Isn't it?" he replied. "Rather becoming, too, eh?" he added.

"Very," said I, "very becoming—and good for this climate, I presume." I wanted to add that in my own experience only sardines fitted comfortably into tins, but I refained. "I can quite conceive, however, Mein Herr, that you did not come here to talk of hats, but rather to discuss more important matters. Pray resume your explanation."

"Well, Mr. Homes," he said, "to make a long story short"—

"And thus prove that you are not a literary man," I put in.

"I beg your pardon?" said he.

"No literary man would make a long story short, you know," I said, "at least not at present rates of payment of five cents a word."

"Ah—yes, I didn't quite catch the point," Lohengrin observed. "Very good, indeed. You are certainly regaining your penetration, Mr. Shylock Homes. But to make a long story short, I am in grievous trouble. You may remember that I—ah—deserted my wife within an hour of our wedding."

"Yes," said I, "and if you will excuse me for saying so, with very little reason. The lady had a right to know whom she had married."

"Well, whatever the rights of the case, she has sued me for divorce on the ground of desertion and won her cause, and her claim for alimony has been allowed by the courts. Under ordinary circumstances I could pay the alimony, but I am required by the decree to give her back pay for something like ten centuries, with interest."

"Which would ruin you, even if you were to go back to earth and receive the rewards of a New York opera season," I interjected.

"You have hit the nail on the head," said Lohengrin. "To obey the courts I must give up all I have and a billion more. Elsa is relentless, and I am ruined unless some one like yourself helps me out. To save a pittance for myself I must resort to methods which are described as underhand, yet are not really so."

"I see your position," said I.

"It is a horrid one," said he. "I have tried and tried and tried to find some means of escape. What are the ordinary means of escape? The first is to leave the country. We can't do that here. The second is to decline to pay. We can't do that here, where supplementary proceedings are superseded by summary punishment, in which vitriol and various other pleasing penitential coercings are in vogue. The third is to be robbed of the means of payment and and plead the inability of actual misfortune. This is the only possible refuge of the afflicted. I am willing to give up much for the indiscretion of my youth, but not everything. I must be robbed by some thief who will pay me an income from his own profits."

"That's an easy proposition," said I. "Get hold of some chap like Turnpin or Jack Sheppard to rob you, with the understanding that out of his swag he must pay you back a certain percentage, upon which you may maintain your position in society and keep up your racing aviary."

"My racing what?" he demanded.

"Aviary," said I. "Most horsemen keep a stable, Herr Lohengrin. You drive birds—therefore"—

"Oh, yes," said he. "Clever temr. But the scheme isn't as easy as you seem to think, Mr. Shylock Homes. We have detectives here who are cleverer than you think. Messrs. Sleuth, Hawkshaw and Le Coq are geniuses of a rare order. Indeed," he added, with more enthusiasm than the situation warranted, "they are the cleverest men in their profession that ever drew the breath of life. Singly omniscient, as a combination they are invincible. Any device I, in my own poor way, might invent for the sequestration of my property would be at their mercy from the moment of its inception. No matter by whom it was stolen, or where concealed, the eagle eyes of that marvellous trio would soon be upon it, and I should be lost."

"True," said I, resolved to humor him, "very true, Herr Lohengrin. Why do you not then retain their services in your hour of need?"

"That had occured to me," he replied uneasily, "but the objection immediately arose in my mind that the greater the number of my advisers the greater the risk in my secret. Some day Sleuth, Hawkshaw and Le Coq might quarrel among themselves, and if the firm broke up the outgoing members, knowing the secrets of the old concern, might undertake to reveal the presence of my jewels. With only one person in the secret the risk is reduced threefold."

"Good," said I. "You want me then to conceive of a ferret-proof robbery from which you many profit, a kind of crime which would baffle the most astute of detective minds"—

"Even your own," he interrupted, wishing to clinch me with a compliment.

"Let us see the jewels first," said I, taking the package from his hands.

I cut the string and a dazzling array of priceless gems fell out upon the table—all uncut, diamonds, rubies, sapphires without number; emeralds, turquoises and pearls in handfuls, and other species. Suffice it to say that here was a fortune beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, and I was tempted, and I was tempted, for I had entered the Shadyland with nothing but my talent and my good name to back me up.

"It's a tempting treasure," said I.

"Yes," replied Lohengrin, looking at me with a squint that revealed his identity on the instant. It was LeCoq! And his nefarious plan was made clear in the twinkling of an eye. Two birds were to be killed with one stone. Somewhere a great robbery had been committed; the thief had employed Le Coq to cover up his tracks, a portion of the swag was to be found in my possession, and a possible rival in the science of detection was to be removed from the scene.

It was an infernally clever scheme.

"Will you leave these with me over night, Herr Lohengrin?" said I, knowing that this was precisely what he wished me to do.

"Certainly," said he, "and I shall hear from you when?" he queried, picking up his helmet.

"Tomorrow morning," said I.

He rose and departed with a grim look of triumph in his eye.

That night when all was still and Hades was sleeping, I put the jewels in the coal scuttle, which before retiring, I hid in the plain view of everybody by leaving it where it had always stood by the open grate, taking the precaution, however, to gather up the paper which had covered Le Coq's package and to make another package of it, precisely similar to the original, differing from the original, however, in that here lay within, not a priceless fund of glittering gems, but a copy of my Memoirs, which I happened to have with me. This I left on the table.

Three hours after, bordering upon midnight, then came a loud knocking at my door—as I had expected. I immediately opened it, and there entered a squad of police, headed by Le Coq himself.

"Seize him!" he cried.

"What have I done?" I asked, calmly.

"Let this tell the story!" he cried again, triumphantly, as he literally grabbed the telltale package from the table. "Here, gentlemen, are the stolen jewels!"

"Run to earth at last," I moaned, in mock grief, as I submitted myself to the indignity of arrest.

"You're a great detective," sneered Le Coq, as we marched out of the room.

"Yes, I think I am," said I. "Wait until tomorrow, and maybe you will think so too."

The next day I was arraigned in court. I declared my innocence. The package was produced. I acknowledged its possession. The court ordered it opened, and Le Coq fainted when the contents of the package stood revealed.

"Another scheme to advertise a book, eh?" roared the justice, as my Memoirs were passed up to the bench, rapping loudly, meanwhile, for order, for the audience in the court room laughed unmercifully. "I fine you sir $500 for contempt of court. It is time the dignity of the bench asserted itself against you yellow persons of the press."

I cheerfully paid the amount of my fine and left the court a free man, hastily returning to my rooms at the hotel, where I found the contents of my coal scuttle undisturbed.

M. Le Coq has called on me several times since, in a vain endeavor to recover the jewels, but while I have received him always with an unvarying courtesy, I have never seemed able to understand what he was driving at.

"You have never called upon me, M. Le Coq," I have repeatedly said to him. "So how can you have left jewels in my possession?"

"But, Mr. Shylock Holmes," he has answered, "you must remember a visit from Lohengrin—he drove up in an operatic vehicle drawn by swans, and"—

"Ah—but you are M. Le Coq. If Herr Lohengrin returns to reclaim any property he may have left with me"—

And Le Coq has retired in confusion.

Even the helmet which I once marked with my own penknife for identification later has failed to convince me that I should make restoration, and as for the morals of it—well, if the actual owner of the jewels returns to claim them he will receive them. Until then I shall keep them, for I find them very convenient in convincing my creditors that I am worthy of their confidence.

DOUKHOBOR LEADER.

His People Will Not Make Another Pilgrimage—Are Becoming Canadians.

WINNIPEG, February 26.—Peter Verigen, the Doukhobor leader who came out fom Russia last fall to do misionary work in the Yorkton colony is in Winnipeg, endeavoring to make arrangements by which Doukhobors may comply with the homestead regulations in the regular way. A large number of Doukhobors have decided to become naturalized citizens of Canada.

Verigen, who is a man of unusual intelligence, is conferring with J. Obed Smith, dominion immigration commissoner, to arrive at some plan whereby homesteading can be effected without a number of Doukhobors coming to Winnipeg at one time, as it is feared this might prove disastrous to the quiet which has been attained through Verigen's work.

Herbert Archer, of the Philadelphia Society of Friends, is also here in the Doukhobor interests. It is likely that a homesteading office will be temporarily opened at Yorkton by the dominion government. Verigen, speaking to the Star representative, said that the Doukhobors had no intention of making another pilgrimage in the spring, as had been stated.

CURE FOR COWARDICE.

A California philosopher thinks he has found a way to abolish cowardice. It is beautifully simple. Here it is:

"1. Say to yourself, 'I'm not afraid.'

"2. Repeat five times.

"3. Take five full breaths very slowly."

What a world of possibilities there is in this brief formula! How great the practical benefit it will confer on mankind! Here comes a mad bull down the street. He sees your red necktie and makes for it. Run away? No, no. "I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale, etc. It puts you in an excedingly courageous frame of mind, doubtless, but how about the bull? Does the new courage which blows from your eye frighten him, so that he turns tail and retreats? Or does it render you immune from hurt by his horns? You must be a pretty brave man to begin with, or you would not have the nerve to go through the incantation while a big animal rushed at you with intent to do great bodily harm. You must emulate the little Christian Science girl of whom Mark Twain tells, who, when she fell off the woodpile recited The Scientific Statement of Being before she struck the ground, and thus escaped injury. Then consider the use of the new discovery in warfare. It will doubtless become a part of the regular tactics of every army. The enemy comes over the hill. "Order arms. Parade rest. Get courage. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. In. Out. In. Out." etc. The army, of course responds to the numbers with "I'm not afraid," in chorus. If nothing else, it makes an excellent shout of defiance to the enemy, almost as effective as the gongs and tomtoms beaten by the vanguard of the Chinese army.—New York Evening Post.

MEMORIAL STATUES.

Two Bronze Figures Representing South African Themes Cast in New York.

NEW YORK, February 26.—Among the pieces lately reproduced in bronze by Henry Bonnard Bronze Company, are two heroic statues now finished and on view for a few days previous to their shipment to Canada. One statue represents a young Prince Edward Islander who volunteered for service in South Africa. The figure is eight feet high and is to surmount a monument erected in Charlottetown. The second figure represents a trooper of the mounted branch of the Canadian service, and is intended for a monument to be erected in Brantford. Both these works are from the hand of Hamilton MacCarthy, a Canadian sculptor, residing in Ottawa.

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

Once, when a schoolboy, President Roosevelt was called upon to recite the poem Marco Bozzaris, beginning:

At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent
Would tremble at his power.

Theodore arose and started out bravely. With all the flourishes of boyish energy he repeated the lines as far as

When Greece, her knees—

and then he stopped. He stammered, shuffled his feet and began:

When Greece her knees—

The old schoolmaster leaned forward and, in a shrill voice said: "Greece her knees once more, Teddy, and maybe she'll go!" And Teddy, with his usual pluck, tried it again with marked success.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists.

SWEPT BY HURRICANE.

British Railway Train is Blown from the Rails.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—A gale of almost unprecedented violence swept t Great Britain all night long, and did considerable damage. Telegraphic communication northward of Leeds was entirely interrupted, the continental service was interfered with, and large numbers of ships were forced to seek shelter in the harbors. Many minor wrecks occurred, and the lifeboats and rocket apparatus were busy all along the coasts.

There were several fatalities inland, caused by falling chimneys and flying debris, and many houses were unroofed.

The wind in the north of England blew with cyclonic force. The Lancashire mills and churches suffered greatly. The grand stand of the Lancashire football club was lifted bodily and deposited outside the grounds. Scores of shop windows at Liverpool were blown in and the goods scattered about the streets.

Great damage is reported from the coast resorts. A newly erected church at Holyhead was lifted from its foundations and fell in a heap of ruins.

A number of the supports of the suspension bridge over the Menal straits separating the island of Anglesea from the Welsh coast were carried away, and traffic over the bridge has been stopped.

At Ulverston, Lancashire, a passenger train was blown over, a number of passengers were injured and 10 cars were wrecked.

The gale swept over Ireland from north to south. At Cork a three-story building collapsed, burying 15 persons in the ruins. One of them was killed and one was fatally injured.

Various coast points report vessels ashore. The rivers in the interior are flooding.

HEALTH AND HOPE.

"He who has health has hope; and he who has hope has everything." But hope flees at the approach of kidney disease, with the dreadful pains which accompany it. With the flesh gradually failing, the back aching, and the despair which often comes to victims of this ailment, only Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will restore hope, confidence and health. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

FORTUNE IN NEEDED INVENTIONS.

(Atlanta Journal.)

Have you an inventive mind. If so, you have a fortune in your head—if you only know how to get it out. Here's your chance. Here are thirteen things the world needs, for either one of which it will pay you a fortune:

A wall-papering machine.
A quick-acting monkey wrench.
A rail joint without nuts and bolts.
A scrubbing machine.
A cuspidor that will not spill when upset.
A trolley that will not come off the wire.
An oil can that will not explode.
A quick fire hose coupling without screw threads.
Combination ironing board and step ladder.
A music leaf turner.
A window lock and burglar alarm.
An envelope that cannot be opened without detection.
A simple nut lock.

THAT SAME OLD PAIN IN THE BACK

May Lead to Diabetes or the Dreaded Bright's Disease,

Unless it is Promptly Banished by Dodd's Kidney Pills—Berlin Man Talks About it.

BERLIN, Feb. 27.—(Special.)—The remark "My back is bothering me again," is so frequently heard nowadays that aside from its discomfort many people look on pain in the back as something too trivial for more than passing notice. They forget, and often until too late, that it is one of the surest symptoms of Kidney Disease, and unless cleaned out of the system will almost inevitably lead to Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or some of those other terrible complaints which are but Kidney Disease in a more advanced stage.

This is what makes the case of Andrew Hauss, of this place, of particular interest. "I had been troubled with a pain in my back for over a year," says Mr. Hauss. "I tried everything I could that I could get to rub with or to take inwardly, but could not get relieved from it. One day I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, which I did, and I got better from the time I started to take them till I had finished one box, when I was completely cured."

All Kidney pains and dangers fly before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

ROSEBERY AND INSOMNIA.

In "M. A. P." T. P. O'Connor writes thus: "It is well known that Lord Rosebery has been cured—that is the word—by recurrent insomnia all through his life. I know no malady which is more calculated to sap the energy and destroy the nerve of man than sleeplessness; and I believe that much of what is apparently erratic in the career of Lord Rosebery is to be attributed to the want of sequence which the depression of sleeplessness, amounting sometimes almost to despair, has produced in his mind. Sequence of purpose and tenacity of ambition are very difficult to a man who has such big breaks in his courage and his strength as come from sleeplessness. Of the many remedies which have been tried by Lord Rosebery for this distressing malady, the most original is that which, according to one paper, I find he now resorts to at Dalmeny. It is to order a carriage with four horses to be ready for him at 10 o'clock at night, long after he has had dinner. In this equipage, proceeded by an outrider, Lord Rosebery rides for hours; it is one of the many ways in which he hopes to get sleep."

LUXURY.

Alice—Uncle Gabe, what would you do if you had a million dollars?

Uncle Gabe—Well, I doan' rightly know, li'l' missy; but ef I had a millun dollahs I believe I'd git my ole shoes half soled.

IT PLEASED HIM THEN.

She—Don't you always feel annoyed when those pesky railroad windows won't open?

He—not always—I saw the president of the road the other morning trying in vain to open one.

Nearly one-third of our immigrants are now from southern Italy, the worst class in Europe.

The Slaby-Arco (German) wireless telegraph systems can be used only over distances comparatively short.

PEOPLE'S TAVERNS

In Toronto Where Liquor Will Not Be Sold

Will be Cheerful Places—The Capital to be $100,000—Charter Will Be Applied for—Well Known Men Interested in the Project

(Toronto Star, Feb. 26.)

A meeting of prominent citizens was held yesterday afternoon in the customers' room of the Union Bank, Wellington street, when the initial steps were taken in a movement looking to the establishment of "People's Taverns."

Among those present were Rev. Canon Welch, Rev. F. G. Plummer, Rev. Robert Sims, Rev. W. G. Wallace, Stapleton Caldecott, John W. Cowan, J. W. Dyas, G. Tower Ferguson, Robert Glockling, S. Alfred Jones, S. D. Mills, R. W. McPherson, J. R. Roaf, W. A. Smith, James Simpson, J. M. Treble, Henry Toynbee and Professor Wrong.

Mr. Caldecott presided, and stated that the objects of the meeting were to consider definite lines of procedure to provide places of resort and recreation, etc., for the people without intoxicating liquors.

Henry Toynbee, the secretary, read several letters of regret from gentlemn unable to attend. Among others from Hon. S. C. Biggs, James Bain, Hamilton Cassels, Emerson Coatsworth, jr., Rev. Elmore Harris, J. F. Junkin, Chester D. Massey, James Massie, N. W. Rowell, W. R. Smallpiece, F. F. Skinner and Mayor Urquhart.

TO BEGIN DOWN TOWN.

It was moved by Robert Glockling, and seconded by James R. Roaf, and carried unanimously:

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is urgently necessary to take prompt action towards opening places of resort and recreation for the people where refreshments can be had without intoxicating liquors, the first of such resorts to be opened without delay in a central district, and to be followed by others in outlying localities as speedily as possible."

A second resolution, moved by Rev. F. G. Plummer and seconded by John W. Cowan, was also adopted:

"That this meeting take steps to at once organize a joint stock company, with limited liability, for the purpose of opening such resorts. Such company to have a capital of $100,000, divided into shares of $10 each, and to be known as the People's Tavern Company (limited)."

Other business resolutions appointing a special committee to organize the company and take necessary steps for incorporation, etc., were also carried.

STORY OF THE MOVEMENT.

In the course of an interview with the secretary this morning the Star was informed that the movement originated shortly after the plebiscite was taken, about five years ago, and was taken up by the late Bishop Sullivan, but his decease prevented its then going forward. It has, however, been persistently kept in hand. After the result of the referendum the project was again taken up, several preliminary meetings have been held, and a committee formed. These gentlemen have gone thoroughly into the matter and formulated definite lines for procedure upon strict business principles. As the secretary tersely pointed out at the meeting yesterday:

"In this city of Toronto, right away from the Woodbine in the extreme east to Parkdale in the extreme west, then from North Toronto right away down to the Union Station, there are, I believe, about 150 saloons, but not one single place where a man can go in and get a cup of tea or coffee, etc., and sit down and read a paper, or smoke a pipe or cigar, or have a friendly chat, and in all that whole area I believe only one decent place of public convenience. And yet if a man is seen going into a saloon for either of these daily necessities and convenience, some section of society would ostracise him. There is practically no option for our boys and men using the barrooms, and therefore we ask for resorts and conveniences without alcoholic liquors, not merely for abstainers, but for any youth or man who wishes to avail himself thereof.

SHARES ON THE MARKET.

"On business lines, I contend that if 150 saloons in Toronto can make good returns, there is ample room for a dozen of these 'people's taverns.' Put sentiment entirely to one side, there's money to be made in this, and heaps of it. When our shares are placed in the market they will be taken up by the labor organizations, etc., like hot cakes, and in a very short time the difficulty will be not to start these places, but to exercise discretion as to the most suitable localities. They will quickly spread all over Canada."

GRAIN SHIPMENTS.

Greatly Exceed Those of Last Season.

It has been the hope of the C. P. R. that the grain shipments from this port during the present year will reach the 5,000,000 bushel mark and thus exceed any previous year. At present this does not seem probable, although the shipments have been good.

At the end of January the total deliveries from the elevator aggregated 1,828,469 bushels of all kinds of grain and there were in the elevator and on the track 468,703 bushels more, making a total of 2,297,172 bushels handled up till the end of January.

During the month of February grain was delivered on twenty days, and these shipments amounted to 804,962 bushels, and there are now in the elevator 462,105 bushels. Thus the total shipments to date amount to 2,733,421 bushels which with the quantity now in the elevator gives a grain total of 3,202,134 bushels handled this year to date.

Last year the whole grain shipments were only 2,144,937 bushels, so that this season's shipments have already exceeded those of last season by 1,057,191 bushels.

In 1899-1900 the grain handled amounted to 4,696,589 bushels, and this exceeds the present year by 1,394,455 bushels.

It is possible that during the six or seven remaining weeks of the winter port season the grain may come along with a rush and make the shipments exceed any previous year, but this is rather doubtful.

JEWISH GIRL SUICIDES.

Perceives Decadence Among Her People And Takes Her Life.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 24.—Because she fancied that in one year of her residence in this country she had perceived deplorable decadence among the people of her race and faith, and deducting therefrom that her religion would suffer entire disintegration by the influence of the new world's never ending dollar rush upon it, Clara Lilinsky, a Jewish girl of 16 years of age, of Minneapolis, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid. She came to this country alone from her native Russia. She said to her parents before leaving for this country: "My people are there in great numbers; our religion is unconquerable. It cannot be sullied or blotted out. I shall be cared for. I will go or I shall kill myself."

KIPLING'S LATEST.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—Kipling's poem, The Settler, published in the Times today, is based on Chamberlain's words, "I am convinced that natural forces are drawing the people of Africa together, and are more potent than the evil influences tending to separation." The poem has seven verses, the whole tone of which is regret at the war. The second and fourth fourth verses are typical of all:

2nd Verse.

"Here in a large and a sunlit land
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand
And together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach,
And the black part of it all,
Giving and taking counsel with each,
Over the cattle kraal.

4th Verse.

"The earth where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our lives shall redeem unto life—
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The water of ancient strife,
From the war and fiercely-guarded streams,
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams and the young corn our hate.

Wood's Phosphodine,

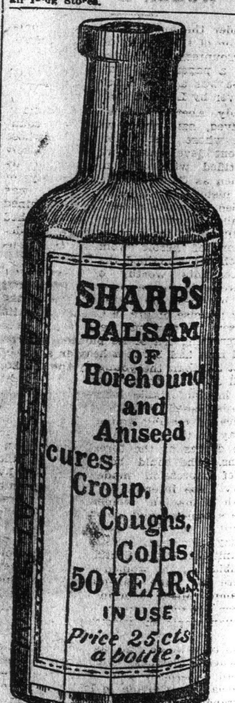
Before and After.

The Great English Remedy; is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction. It promptly and permanently cures all forms of *Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency,* and all effects of abuse or excesses; the excessive use of *Tobacco, Opium* or *Stimulants, Mental* and *Brain Worry*, all of which lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave.

Price $1 per package or six for $5. *One will please, six will cure.* Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address

The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in St. John at all leading Stores.



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