WAR PICTURES.

Stories of Heroism By a Correspondent at the Front in the Far East.

He was a young lieutenant, known throughout Japan as "the hero of Motienling."

At the Russian attack upon that pass in July 4th, he slew a baker's dozen with his own sword. In the advance of the flanking force on Liao Yang he was among the foremost. Charging with his men through a field of giant millet, he was struck by a splinter of an exploding shell, which tore away part of his lips, shattered his teeth and wounded the tip of his tongue. He was ordered to retire and behind a slight shelter the field surgeon did his work quick. Despite his pain the man was seen to smile and attempt to mumble some words in his now blurred speech. Those around strained their ears to catch their meaning. The young lieutenant's smile deepened and he made a motion with his head towards his hands and feet.

"They're still there," he thickly murmured. "I can still fight the Russians."

* * * * * * *

The battle was over, the Russians had retired and we were making our way into Liao Yang.

Suddenly, full behind us, came the sharp burst of an exploding shell, and the cart carrying Sir Ian Hamilton's campaign kit scattered in many pieces in the air. A live shell left on the roadway had done the work. A chance jar by the passing cart, then two men and three horses were blown to bits, a third man died soon after and a fourth lingered, but a little longer.

* * * * * * *

The general and staff of the first army stood on top of the hill watching the battle ahead. Immediately behind them a field telegraph was busy at work.

Suddenly a soldier jumped to his feet and ran down the slope into the cornfield below. A Chinaman there darted off like a rabbit, but the soldier was too quick and soon had him secure. Several Japanese came up, there was a brief animated conversation, the Chinaman screaming piteously all the while, and the prisoner was forced to his knees, the soldier's sword flashed, and in a moment the man's head fell and a gush of blood spouted from his severed trunks. They made a slight hole where he fell and forced the body into it, covering it over with millea stalks. Then the soldier wiped his sword clean and went back as though nothing had happened.

The Chinaman was a telegraph wire sniper sent by the Russians, and had cut the wire below, not realising that the station was just above.

* * * * * * *

Seven Russians came out of the casement. For thirty-six hours, surrounded by the Japanese army, they had defied every effort to capture them.

When the Russian forces had retired to Liao Yang these men threw themselves into a bomb-proof casement in the redoubt, piled up sandbags in front and waited. When the Japanese entered the earthworks the men from their shelter opened out with magazine rifles upon them.

It was impossible to storm the casement without much loss of life, so the Japanese, avoiding the line of their fire, waited, shooting into them from odd corners. The men had no food or water save the little they carried on their person, and as hour after hour passed their thirst grew to agony. They had to keep constantly on the watch, and at last here was nothing to do but surrender. The Japanese came up and gingerly took their rifles and bayonets over the sandbags.

Then the Rusians stepped out. They were ghastly, save for the grime which long fighting had put on them. Every soldier respects courage, and there was no sign but of honor for them as they marched into captivity.

* * * * * * *

The war correspondent had ridden away from his fellows to see fighting at its closest range. For days, defying regulations, he mingled with the soldiers in their trenches and on the first fighting line.

The men shared their scanty rations with him, and he went hungry and thirsty with them. He was among the foremost to enter Liao Yang, and then rushed for his typewriter to tell his story. But before he could strike a key a bad attacy of dysentery took him. His brain could not think, his hands could not write, and he could not ride a hundred yards, much less the hundred miles he wished to go to Yinkow telegraph office. Yet one thought possessed him: "I must write my story, I must ride down the line." He tried to rise, but a spasm of pain shook him.

And his story is not written.

* * * *

It was the night of Aug. 26.

High atop of the great ridge of Kwahsalin lay many companies of wearied Russian soldiers. Grimy gunners had dropped limply beside their worn and muddy weapons of death. Lines of unwashed infantrymen wrapped in grey greatcoats were stretched on the ground around, with heaps of big stones before them on the edge of the ridge.

* * * *

On the hills opposite were the Japanese—the right wing of the first army—bitterly conscious of failure. The keen territorial rivalry fostered by their military system had made the hours of rest a purgatory for them. They had been up most of the night before, and had fought continuously through the heat and the wet of the long day. They had had little to eat, for rice could not be cooked. Limbs were leaden with much exertion. But it was not these things that drove the iron into their souls.

Word has gone around that the central division of the army had succeeded, had driven the Russians back, and was now on the Russian heights to the south. Could it be that the Kiushu danzi who had fought and won for the emperor during the great revolutionary war, should be surpassed by the Tohoki, their hereditary rivals, who 37 yeas ago had been in arms against them to maintain the Shogunate? Let death come, but not such humiliation!

At midnight the longed-for word went forth. Slowly, stealthily, in scattered ranks, the men of Kokura moved out, determined to uphold the honor of their island. With mist blinding them and rain beating in their faces, they advanced from rock to rock, near to the base of the ridge.

There was to be no surprise that night. As the Japanese crept out, the Russians raised themselves, took their exact places on the ridge top and waited.

Now the Japanese had reached the foot of the slope and now began the toilsome ascent.

Suddenly there burst on the ears of the astonished soldiers, not the tearing explosion of shell, not the deadly "pist" of rifle bullets, but the crash of many boulders pouring down the hill. On and on came great stones, jerked forward by the Russians at the top, gathering momentum at every yard, striking bigger stones on their way, splintering them and making them join their avalanche, until at last, with irresistible dash, they tore through the Japanese ranks. Alas for the man they met on their way. A rifle bullet does not as a rule, kill, and shell wounds can often be healed, but the doctors afterward said that few whom the stones struck drew breath long after, the velocity, weight and jaggedness of the weapons making men mangled pulp.

Even this did not stop the Japanese. Planting their feet in the muddy slopes, clinging to the wet, slippery mountain bushes, they still advanced. Hundreds were hurled back into the valley below, but thousands came on, and like a flood they swept the hill. None asked or gave quarter in that charge; and the Russians were driven down the opposite slope.

Now the Japanese had their innings. Boulder after boulder crashed down upon the descending Russians. Twice the soldiers rallied and retired to restorm the hill, twice they were driven back. But when the dim, misty day broke and the Japanese checked their muster, they found that nearly 400 would never answer the roll again.—F. A. McKenzie in London Mail.

HALIFAX DOCKYARD.

Affairs in Unsettled Condition—Outcome Anxiously Awaited.

HALIFAX, Dec. 28.—Affairs at H. M. dockyard are still in a somewhat unsettled condition, and definite instructions are anxiously awaited, as it is reported the cable messages are somewhat complicated. Since Friday when many men were laid off under instructions, a message has been received, it is stated, intimating that the men were to be given three months' notice. Last week it was announced that all the stores would be sold and now it is stated that another order has been received to sell only the meat in store and prepare the other stores for shipment. The torpedo station at the dockyard is to cease to exist in March.

Orders have been issued for the first cruise of the new naval training squadron. This will consist of the cruisers Hawke, Gibraltar, St. George, Highflyer, and Isis. About January 11 the squadron is to assemble at Devonport and sail to Dominica, where it will join the North American and West Indies fleet, under Admiral Bosanquet.

The cruiser Highflyer will carry cadets and the other four ships sailor boys. In the event of hostilities the cadets and boys can be sent ashore and the squadron fully manned with fighting crews. Moreover, it is claimed the formation of the squadron will for the first time enable budding officers and sailors to learn their profession in fairly modern seagoing ships.

SOMETHING ON HIS WORKS.

A certain old darky preacher, who "boarded round" among his parishioners, awoke one Sunday morning feeling far from well. He made one or two efforts to rise, but his head swam and ached and he felt "the misery" in every bone.

"Br'er Johnson, Br'er Johnson," he called to the worthy deacon with whom he was then domiciled, "Br'er Johnson, I 'clar' to goodness I jes' cawn't preach dis heah mo'nin,' nohow. I's sick, dat's w'at I is. You-all jes' go up to de meetin'-house an' tack up a notice to say dat dar won't be no preachin' dis mo'nin'."

"Aw, Elder Dusenberry, you hadn't oughter gib in to de ills ob de flesh lak dat," said Deacon Johnson reprovingly. "You mak' a' effort to rise, mah frien'. Shame de debbil an' his pains 'll leab yo'. T'ink what a disapp'intment you's gwine to gib all dem niggahs—lettin' 'em git all fixed up fer meetin' in deir bes' clothes, an' den fin' dere ain't gwine to be none."

So spake Br'er Johnson, with much more to like purpose. Thus admonished, the preacher rose and, with many groans and lamentations, dressed. A hearty breakfast and a turn in the fresh air gave him the strength of mind and body to face his congregation, and as the services proceeded he warmed to his work, delivering an even more fervid discourse than usual.

When he arrived at home after meeting Br'er Johnson greeted him anxiously.

"Well Elder Dusenberry, how you feel?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, I feel fust-rate, Br'er Johnson. Spry as a sparrow, I is. An' I wants to thank you, Br'er Johnson, for a-stirrin' me up dis mawnin,' an' keepin' me in de pat ob duty."

"Oh, dat's all right, Br'er Dusenberry, dat's all right. I knowed you'd be all right as soon as you got dat sermon out ob your system!" —Helen Sherman Griffith, January Lippincott's.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

OLD SAWS RE-FILED.

A watched pot never boils over.

A word to the wise is wasted.

A rolling stone gathers much experience.

A party and his money are soon fooled.

Modesty is the best policy.

A company is known by the men it keeps.

Discretion is the unpopular part of valor.

Time and tide could wait for no woman.—January Lippincott's.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Cleanliness should be the first thought in caring for the hair. In summer men ought to shampoo once a week and women once a fortnight. This time can be extended in winter. In washing the head use warm water with a standard soap and afterwards rinse thoroughly in cold water. The yolk of an egg is an excellent cleanser; it should be rubbed into the scalp with the fingers and washed out with soap and warm water followed by the cold bath. The alternate use of warm and cold water brings a glow to the scalp that is very stimulating to the roots of the hair. If the hair is very oily, borax or cooking soda may be added to the bath at the rate of a small teaspoonful to a gallon of water. One should use judgment in their efforts for cleanliness, as too much washing makes the hair harsh and the scalp dry, besides loosening the hairs, which readily fall out when subjected to the too frequent and too vigorous rubbing of a coarse bath towel. Brisk rubbing with a linen towel is healthful because it induces stimulation, yet it can be carried to excess. Women's hair is best dried by rubbing gently between towels, finishing with heat, sunlight or the breeze from a fan.

If the hair is unmanageably dry after washing, rub a judicious amount of cocoanut oil into the scalp. One application is generally sufficient; some scalps, however, are abnormally dry, in which case use the oil as often as it is necessary to keep the hair supple and glossy. A recipe that is excellent for this purpose as well as others is: Two drams tincture of cantharides, half an ounce of castor oil, a pinch of sulphate of quinine and six ounces of bay rum. Shake well and use after shampooing, and if necessary once or twice a week, rubbing it well into the scalp.

The next consideration is the use of the brush and comb. A proper brush is one that has medium soft bristles, with the tufts evenly distributed. The bristles should be of good length, those in the center of the tuft somewhat longer than the rest. The idea of this is that as the tuft penetrates amongst the locks no hair can be neglected. Some prefer two brushes, a stiff one for stimulation and a soft one for polishing the hair. Wire brushes are too harsh for both hair and scalp. The purpose of the brush is to remove dandruff and dust, stimulate the scalp and so bring about a better blood circulation to the roots of the hair, thus invigorating the growth, and to keep the hair glossy and silky. The brush should be used daily for at least ten minutes before retiring or after rising.

A proper comb is one whose teeth are smooth, even and regular, with well rounded points. Wire combs as well as all others whose teeth are sharp, split or rough on the sides, should be eschewed. Fine-combing the hair is not beneficial, because it removes too much of the scarf-skin along with the dandruff and dust. The scarf-skin is necessary to protect the true skin underneath it. Fine-combing doesn't remove the seat of the trouble; it only appears to. Exposure of the true skin generally means an annoying irritation that induces dandruff.

Aside from the foregoing, there are a number of things one should observe to assist nature. It is well to remember that as long as a root exists hair will grow, and as long as the region about the root is in a healthy condition, the root will exist.

The less one wears a head covering the longer the hair will last. Air as well as sunshine and daylight are necessary to the hair's longevity. Unventilated hats, etc., sweat the scalp and so loosen the hair. The habit some men have of sopping the hair with water every time the comb or brush is used is not recommended. When the hair will not stay as combed, use cocoanut oil as directed until it will. With women the ends of the hair are very liable to split, and this split, unless attended to immediately, will extend the whole length of the hair, causing no end of trouble. To avert this, clip the ends of the hair about once a month. Clip split hairs above the cleft. Singeing the hair is a fad, the usefulness of which it is difficult to understand. Binding, or doing the hair up too tightly, as well as the use of curl-papers and leads, strains the hair in the sac, thereby loosening it and so shortening its life. The indiscriminate use of the curling-iron renders the hair harsh, wiry and lifeless. In this condition it breaks easily and has but an indifferent growth. Dyeing is ruinous to the vigor and luster of the hair, and lead, which is in one form or another the basis of the various compounds, is responsible for many cases of blood-poisoning. The use of caustics for bleaching purposes invariably causes baldness. Hair oils and restorers should be prescribed by a physician.

The first appearance of cold weather generally has a deleterious effect on the hair, often causing it to fall out in large quantities. The reason for this is that when the skin is shrunken by cold, less nourishment is supplied to the papilla. Cleanliness, the use of the brush and the lotion previously advised, will remedy this condition.

Dandruff is the result of a superabundance of the oily matter from the glands drying upon the scalp, inflammatory and parasitical troubles, uncleanliness, hair-dyes, rancid hair-oils, etc., irritating restorers and the use of the fine-comb. Dandruff is a mixture of dust, lint and the cast-off scales of the scarf-skin. It is often the symptoms of some actual scalp disease—eczema, for instance. When it doesn't yield readily to the method previously mentioned, medical advice should be sought.

ORMSBY A. COURT.

BISHOP TRIED FOR SLANDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29.—"Can a bishop or ought a bishop write defamatory letters in secret in order to injure any member of the ministry?"

This is the question which will be decided at the meeting of the board of inquiry in the case of Irving vs. Talbot, said the Rev. Ingram N. W. Irving, the plaintiff, in the celebrated case today in discussing the charges which have been made against him.

In discussing the motive of the presentment Dr. Irving said that it was because he had persistently refused to serve communion to Mrs. Emma D. Elliott, of Huntingdon, Pa., who is divorced, against the wishes of Bishop Talbot.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

LONG JOURNALISTIC CAREER.

Death of Robert Winton, Formerly Active in Newfoundland Affairs.

By the death of Robert Winton at the Western Hospital on Sunday a long and active journalistic career was ended. Mr. Winton had been an invalid for some months, and his death was not unexpected.

Born in Newfoundland in 1825, he early turned his literary talent in the direction of newspaper work. His first article appeared in The Liverpool Mail, 1846. After some local experience he proceeded to the United States, and wrote for The New York Tribune and The North Adams Transcript. In 1853 he began the publication of The Meriden, Conn., Chronicle, and for the two years following was an active figure in the political life of Massachusetts. In 1860 he returned to Newfoundland, at the urgent request of many friends, and established The Daily News in St. John's, the first daily paper on the island. He also published the journals and sessional papers of the legislature, and for some years was supervisor of Hansard for the colonial government.

Mr. Winton's political affiliations were with the conservative party. He was a persistent advocate of the union of Newfoundland with Canada, and favored imperial federation.

Since 1885 he had resided in Toronto. Last summer he visited Newfoundland and on his return wrote a series of articles on the confederation question.

Deceased was twice married. He leaves three sons and three daughters, Mrs. Harry Lindsay, Mrs. F. D. Leyden, Mrs. F. R. Cameron and Robert Winton, all of Toronto, one son in Niagara Falls and another in Boston.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at 2 o'clock from his daughter's residence, 58 Churchill avenue.—Mail and Empire.

JAPANESE PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Japan is the only nation of the world in which the whole people have learned practical cleanliness of body, perfect ventilation and cleanliness of the house. Europe and America have not yet found out that the national wealth consists of health, and that national supremacy depends entirely upon medical and hygienic righteousness. We know, but do not practice, the evident truth that the tuberculosis problem entirely, and those of most other diseases partly, depend upon ventilation and household cleanliness.

While we allow the anti-vaccination foolishness its criminal vogue in England, France and America, Japan has compulsory vaccination, and no smallpox. The world belongs to the physically strong, and the governments which spend their money on anything and everything except the one thing most necessary will surely go down before the armies of those nations that are more careful of the laws of preventive medicine.

Mr. Kennan, in The Outlook, describes the physicial culture exercises carried on at the Japanese Naval Academy. There were no gymnasiums, football or baseball clubs, no racing crews. The three principal kinds of exercise were jujutsu, keujutsu and botori. The first is a peculiar kind of wrestling in which skill, quickness and knowledge of anatomy take the place of, or at least supplement purely physical strength. Keujutsu is sword play, similar to our own, and botori is a sort of pole scrimmage, in which the two bands into which the students are divided try to pull down a pole eight feet high set upright upon the ground.

Mr. Kennan thinks the training of the Japanese students results in as perfect physical forms as those gained by our method. He emphasizes the fact that while furious vigor and even roughness are permitted it is all governed by self-control and by the most perfect courtesy and dignity of manner.

FROZEN TO DEATH BY IMAGINATION.

Medical science has recorded almost innumerable instances of good and evil wrought by the imaginations of persons who are ill, and many curious cases of the work of the human imagination are cited from all parts of the world. But perhaps the most remarkable case on record is that of a Russian who thought he was freezing to death and actually died in a temperature far above the freezing point.

While Michael Staritsky, van cleaner on the Great Siberian Railway, was cleaning an empty refrigerator wagon at Krasnoyarsk station he fell asleep, and awoke to find himself locked in and the train in motion.

An awful terror seized him. Ignorant of the manner in which the refrigerator apparatus was worked, he imagined he was in danger of being frozen to death, alone and in the darkness.

The torments he suffered are only deduced from the disjointed phrases scrawled on the floor with white chalk by the panic-stricken man.

"It is becoming colder as I dreaded," ran the first message. "Will no one release me?" A little further along the floor appeared the words, "I am slowly freezing to death. My feet are like ice."

An interval seems to have followed for the last message was at the extreme end of the van, where the terrified man had evidently crawled for the purpose of breaking his way out. "People say that a stupor comes on men who are frozen to death. I am already half asleep — these may be my last words."

When the train, having travelled only twenty miles west of Krasnoyarsk, stopped at a siding, the van was opened and Staritsky found stone dead.

"The amazement of the railway officials," says the Viestnik, "may be imagined, for the van was at a temperature of 39R (56 degrees Fahrenheit) and the refrigerating apparatus was out of order. The man died from imagination, not from cold.

OTTAWA, Dec. 29.—It has been decided by the militia council that in the event of an officer of the permanent corps failing twice to pass the examinations for promotion for a step of rank or for long course certificate, he shall be retired.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

DR. WEAVER'S TREATMENT.
WEAVER'S SYRUP
For Humors
Salt Rheum
Scrofulous Swellings, etc.
WEAVER'S CERATE
Cleanses the Skin
Beautifies the Complexion.
Combined, these preparations act powerfully upon the system, completely eradicating the Poison in the blood.
Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

HOW A NATION GROWS RICH.

(From Protection and Prices, by Watson Griffin.)

There is an old, old story often told by fre traders and advocates of a low tariff which runs as follows:

"Nations to get rich must trade with other nations. No man can get rich by trading with himself alone. He may trade his two jack knives from pocket to pocket all day long till the cows come home, but at night he will only have the two original jack knives, and yet some people tell us that such a jack knife policy would make the country rich."

Of course the object of this story is to convey the impression that the only profitable trade is that with foreign nations.

The fundamental error of the story is the assumption that the sole business of a nation is to trade. It overlooks the perducer altogether. The fishermen gather into their nets the riches of the waters; the farmers extract wealth from the soil; the lumbermen take it from the forest; the miners bring it up from the bowels of the earth; the inventors study natural laws, the knowledge of which enables men to control the forces of nature and utilize to the best advantage the raw materials taken from the sea, the forest, the farm and the mine; the manufacturer utilizes the ideas of the inventor and converts the raw materials by hand or machinery into forms suitable for general use.

The trader is useful in a community only because he assists the different producers to co-operate with each other in developing the latent wealth of the country by facilitating exchanges. If the farmers, the fishermen, the lumbermen, the miners and manufacturers all abandoned the work of production and devoted their time to trading jack knives or anything else with foreign nations, the whole nation would soon starve to death.

It is not trading with other nations that makes a people rich, but the development of home resources. Nature has endowed Canada with great wealth in minerals, fisheries, timber and fertile soil. To grow rich the Canadian people must adopt a policy that will ensure the development of this latent wealth.

For example, all the raw materials for making iron and steel are found in abundance in Canada. Large quantities of iron and steel are required by the Canadian people, and for many years all our supplies of these necessities were purchased abroad, so that our wealth of raw materials lay unused in the earth, of no value to any one. To pay for the iron and steel obtained from abroad we had to send out of the country a large part of the wealth produced by the industry of our farmers, fishermen, lumbermen and other producers. Now a consideable part of the iron and steel used in Canada is produced within the dominion. To pay for this Canadian iron and steel we do not have to send wealth out of the country. However, we still import vast quantities of iron and steel that might be made in Canada. During the fiscal year 1903 we imported iron and steel and manufactures thereof to the value of $42,009,168. If adequate protection were given to the Canadian iron and steel industries, many thousands of Canadian workmen would find employment converting raw materials that are now lying useless under the earth or in the rocks on its surface into finished iron and steel products, and the wealth we send out of the country to pay for the iron and steel imported would remain in the country.

Home trade enriches the nation because it causes development of natural wealth and keeps it within the country. On the other hand foreign trade may impoverish a nation by preventing the development of new industries and paralyzing those already established. But when foreign trade is kept within legitimate channels it is beneficial. Owing to the differences in climate and natural resources all countries do not produce the same things, and so profitable exchanges may be made between them. It does not pay Canada to exchange jack knives for jack knives or flour for flour with any foreign country; it does not pay us to exchange Canadian apples or Canadian wheat for foreign steel; but it does pay us to trade our surplus apples and flour for the tropical fruits and spices of the West Indies; and there are many other things which cannot be produced in Canada that may profitably be imported from abroad and paid for directly or indirectly by Canadian products.

PLEADED NOT GUILTY

To the Murder of His Wife—Held Without Bail.

BOSTON, Dec. 30.—John Ricker, the Charlestown cook who shot and killed his wife Wednesday night, pleaded not guilty in the district court and was held without bail for the January grand jury. The police allege that the homicide is the result of a family quarrel. Ricker once lived in St. John and it is said his wife formerly resided in the provinces. Her body was interred in Brockton, where she had relatives.

"Why do you stare at me so" demanded the pert young maiden. "I'm a reporter," replied the bold youth, "and I'm simply looking at your nose." "Indeed! And is that necessary?" "O, yes. I have to keep my eye on everything that turns up."

BRITONS BEYOND THE SEAS

A BALLAD—BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

"Beyond the Seas, Within the Fold."

God made our bodies of all the dust that is scattered about the world,
That we might wander in search of home wherever the seas are hurl'd;
But our hearts He hath made of English dust, and mixed it with none beside,
That we might love with an endless love the land where our kings abide.

And tho' we weave on a hundred shores, and spin on a thousand quays,
And tho' we are truant with all the winds, and gypsy with all the seas,
We are touched to tears as the heart is touched by the sound of an ancient tune,
At the name of the isle in the Western seas with the rose on her breast of June.

And it's O for a glimpse of England, and the buds that her garden yields,
The delicate scent which her hedges wind, and the shimmering green of her fields,
The roll of her downs and the lull of her streams, and the grace of her dew-drenched lawns,
And the calm of her shores where the waters wash rose-tinged with her thousand dawns.

And it's, O for a glimpse of London town, tho' it be thro' the fog and the rain,
The loud-thronged streets and the glittering shops, the pageant of pomp and pain;
And it's, O for a sight, tho' it be a dream of the Briton's b[illegible] and pride—
The cold, grey Abbey which guards our ghosts on Thames's sacred side.

But, lo, we have buried our fathers here, and here we have reared our sons,
These are our Britons, and here the word of the British people runs;
Wherefore the while we call you Home, and dream of your gentle shires,
We are rooted here by the smile of our babes and the pilgrim dust of our sires.

Out of the grave our fathers reach dead hands to hold us here,
And never we open the earth with tears but the land becomes more dear,—
Sweet with memory, brave with love, and proud with the hope ahead
That our sons shall be stronger, our homes more fair, when we go down to the dead.

Loved, you are loved, O England, and ever that love endures;
But we must have younger visions, and mightier dreams than yours;
Cleaner Londons and wider fields, and a stateller bridge to span
The gulf which severs the rich and poor in the brotherly ranks of Man.

Yet with the bolder vision, we cleave to you, look to you still,
That you gather our scattered toil and bind our strength in a single will;
That you build with us out of the coasts of the earth, a realm, a race, and a rede
That shall govern the peace of the world and serve the humblest State in her need.

Haply we are but tools in the Hand of a Power we do not know,
And not for ourselves we plough the waste, and not for ourselves we sow;
Yet by the vision that leads us on to the goal of a single State,
We are blest that our own great weal is woofed with strands of eternal Fate.

Come, let us walk together, we who must follow one gleam,
Come, let us link our labors, and tell each other our dream;
Shakespeare's tongue for our counsels and Nelson's heart for our task,—
Shall we not answer as one strong man to the things that the people ask?

—London Daily Mail.

RUMORS DENIED

That Admiral Kaznakoff Will Retire.

Said That the Admiral's Recall Is Due Entirely to Condition of His Health.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 30.—The rumors that Admiral Kaznakoff's retirement from the International Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea incident is due to Captain Clado's loquacity in Paris, are denied both at the admiralty and the foreign office, where, it is said, that the aged aged admiral's recall is due entirely to the condition of his health.

It is also intimated that Admiral Baron Von Spaun, of the Austro Hungarian navy, the fifth member of the commission, may also retire because his health cannot support the strain.

The appointment of Vice Admiral Doubassoff to succeed Admiral Kaznakoff on the commission is regarded as certain.

FOR DIVORCE.

Wife Claims Illtreatment and Has Petitioned the Court.

BOSTON, Dec. 30.—Mrs. Alice N. McNeill has petitioned the Suffolk county superior court for a divorce from James McNeill of Prince Albert, N. S. Neglect and abusive treatment is alleged. The wedding occurred in 1902.

WEDDING SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Harper-Hanington.

The marriage took place Saturday afternoon at four o'clock of Miss Francis Grace Hanington, daughter of Thos. B. Hanington of this city, to George A. Harper of Oxford, N. S. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's father, No. 7 Paddock street, in the presence of relatives and a few friends, by Rev. John deSoyres, rector of St. John (Stone) church. The bride was attended by Marjorie Manning, niece of the bride, who acted as flower girl. Mr. and Mrs. Hanington will spend their honeymoon in visiting upper Canadian cities. They left Saturday evening on the Montreal express, and upon their return they will reside at Oxford, N. S.

SWALLOWED MORPHINE.

ROCKLAND, Me., Dec. 30.—Arthur, the 20-months'-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkpatrick, of Thomaston, swallowed several morphine pills Thursday and died at 1 p. m. today. Mr. Kirkpatrick is ill and the pills were prescribed for him, the little one finding the box while at play.

MEN WANTED.
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BOOMING IMMIGRATION.

American Syndicate Purchases Large Block of Land in Canadian West for Colonization Purposes.

MONTREAL, Dec. 31.—The Canadian Pacific railway has sold for $250,000 to the American syndicate of Beiseker, Hoople & Sayer, fifty thousand acres of land east of Calgary, being half of the block set aside by the company this year as being too high for irrigation purposes. The plans of the syndicate include the location of hundreds of families adjacent to Calgary and the raising of winter grain and whaet. The syndicate which has already colonized a tract it secured from the C. P. R. along the Soo line, between Milestone and Assiniboia, has an elaborate system of agencies contributing to the movement into Canada of the best families in the western states.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir—In your issue of the 28th inst. a communication from Moncton refers to a deputation of liberals from Bathurst who waited upon the Hon. Mr. Emmerson. At the interview with the minister of railways nothing was said about Mr. Turgeon being under the thumb of any politician, active or otherwise. In short, Mr. Turgeon's name was not mentioned except in saying that each member of the deputation was a supporter of his and had voted for him at the last general election.

Yours very truly,

B. D. BRANSCOMBE.

Bathurst, N. B., Dec. 29th, 1904.

USUAL RECEPTION

Given on the New Year by King Christian.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 1.—King Christian gave the usual New Year reception today to the diplomatic corps. American Minister Swenson, the dean of the corps, in conveying the felicitations of the diplomats, also expressed for President Roosevelt a greeting to the king. The latter asked that his cordial greetings be conveyed to the president and his wishes for the prosperity of America. His majesty, despite his age, was in excellent health and conversed with all with animation. Crown Prince Frederick also sent his greetings to President Roosevelt.