

By the Marquise de Fontenoy

Great Britain than that of Murray. For, in addition to their several baronetries, they included the regiments of the Duke of Atholl and the Earls of Dunmore and of Mansfield, as well as Lord Elibank. They are all descended from a certain John de Moray, who flourished in the reign of William the Lion and of Alexander II, and for the last 700 years there has hardly been a page of Scottish history in which the name of Murray does not figure.

It was a Murray of Blackbarony, by the way, who commanded the Black Watch on the Heights of Abraham and in whose arms Gen. Wolfe died. Since then, all his descendants have borne the compound name of Wolfe-Murray, the present chief of that branch being Gen. Sir James Wolfe-Murray, who commands a division of the army in England.

Another member of the Murray family, by the way, George Siddons Murray of Broughton, is about to publish a number of immensely valuable letters and documents relating to the Jacobite insurrection of 1745, and which have come down to him from his great-grandfather, who was the private secretary of Prince Charlie, the "Bonnie Prince." *—*

No one knew more about the Stuart cause than Murray of Broughton. For the prince shared every thought and plan with him, describing him in one of his letters to the old cavalier in

Rome as "the most honest man in the whole world." It was his wife, the lovely Mrs. Murray of Broughton, who was the first to see the traitor. The Highlanders after the Battle of Prestonpans, and she rode by the prince's side up the Edinburgh high street with a drawn claymore in her hand.

When Prince Charlie was defeated at Culloden, he fled to the hands of the government forces, was locked up in the Tower of London, and saved his own neck at the expense of his honor by betraying all his associates and by revealing everything he knew. In this manner the gallows awaited the traitor man, Highland chieftain, and great noble to the scaffold. Though he gained thereby freedom and wealth, he was ostracized by all, even by the adherents of the house of Hanover and used to go by the name of "Mr. Evidence Murray."

Mr. Walter Scott tells the story somewhere of how Murray used to come to his father's house in Edinburgh after dark to consult him about business affairs. One Mrs. Scott was inquisitive and one day she happened to catch her visitor, and one night, unable to contain herself, entered the library with a tray in her hand, observing to the visitor, "I thought you and I ought might like to have a cup of tea." The stranger, an old man richly dressed, accepted the cup. Her husband, who was sitting by, said, "I have none here. A minute afterwards the visitor departed, and Mr. Scott, opening wide the window, took the cup and said to the other, "I thought you and I ought to have a cup of tea." He drank and tossed it out into the street. Mrs. Scott protested about her china. But the old lady, silenced here, said to her husband, "I thought you and I ought to have a cup of tea." "My dear," he exclaimed, "but you must pay the penalty. I admit to my house the possession of business persons, but I do not admit the admission of my wife unworthy to the table of my wife."

I have shattered your cup. But neither lip of me or mine comes after those of Murray of Broughton."

**Mrs. Leigh Tells of Treatment
—She Sued Mr. Gladstone,
Home Secretary — Verdict
Returned for Defendant.**

The Attorney-General (cross-examining)—How many previous convictions had you had?—Five.

Witness admitted that her offence was committed on the day of Mr. Asquith's meeting at Bingley Hall. Witnesses and other ladies mounted the roof of the adjacent building.

You had an axe with you?—A hatchet. (Laughter.)

Did you proceed to detach slates and anything else that was detachable from the roof?—When my ammunition ran short I took slates.

The Lord Chief Justice—What do you mean by "ammunition"? I attacked the Bingley Hall meeting by throwing stones and ginger beer bottles on the roof of the hall. Of course, I had only a limited supply.

Of course, you knew the hall was crowded—I knew it was filled with men, (Laughter.)

Mrs. Leigh denied that she threw slates on the police. Small bits of

He said he had considered the question of administering the food by a tube, but being passed through the nose. It was avoided by physicians because of the depression it produced. He was told that if patients who consented to this were unconscious, the tube would be inserted. He said that the objections to this method of feedings, and food put into the stomach in this way would ultimately lead to dyspepsia. In the case of a patient resisting the placing of a tube through the nose, it would be a distress and depression, and would be a great fear. He said that the Lord Christ had said, "I will not ask you one question which I must ask you don't suggest that, Mrs. [unclear]".

The Lord Chief Justice—Well, as I am certain for a month that after a certain number of days the medical officer is satisfied that her health is in danger and she still refuses to take any medicine, what would you do in these circumstances? I should do it on my own responsibility I should use the nasal method.

Dr. E. Hugh Fenton, senior surgeon of the Chelsea Hospital for Women said—We should not forcibly feed a sane patient.

The Attorney-General—Do you mean you would let a woman get to the point of dying before you adopted force in feeding? Or I should want to be sure she was sane.

Dangerous To Starve.
For the defence Dr. Ernest Haslam Helby, the medical officer of Winslow Green Prison, was first called. He stated he came to the conclusion that she would be extremely dangerous to allow to be left to starve. He had brought her to the hospital and told her that she could not be released, so that she would have to take food.

The Lord Chief Justice—You wanted in a kind way to make the compulsion and yet do nothing to hurt her?—

Yes, but she refused. I tried to make it as pleasant as possible for her. At last I was obliged to use the nasal tube.

Mr. Samuel Short, of Birmingham

UNVEILING OF ASQUITH'S PORTRAIT

**Premier a High Compliment
—“A True Man of the Time”
—A Notable Occasion.**

Mr. Augustine Birrell, M. P., took the opportunity, offered on Dec. 9, by the unveiling, at the National Liberal Club, of a portrait of Mr. Asquith to make the prime minister's name a main place in politics, the subject of one of his most exquisitely polished orations.

The portrait will be remembered by many as having been exhibited by the Royal Academy, Mr. Asquith, the chancellor of the exchequer, is shown standing by a table, his left hand on a manuscript and his right (drawing back the chancellor's robe) in a gesture of emphasis. His attitude both in parliament and on the platform. The face expresses strength and quiet confidence. An unknown donor is responsible for this latest acquisition by the club portrait gallery.

The unveiling ceremony was held

formed in the great smoking-room of the club, in the presence of an exceptionally large gathering of members. Mr. Birrell commented first on the circumstance that the National Liberal Club is becoming a veritable home of literature and art. Not only does it possess the magnificent Gladstone Library, but there is also growing, year by year, within its walls, a truly national collection of portraits.

monarch to pay a visit to the King of England, as young King Manuel of Portugal has found out.

once to know it to know always and altogether. (Hear, hear.) He is—

In praise and in dispraise the same
A man of well-attentprised frame.

Time may indeed besiege his brow,
though it does that, I am glad to say,
but lightly. A rich experience of public affairs has undoubtedly matured
while congenially massive intelligence,
while congenially massive intelligence,
and kept bright those dialectical faculties
which I doubt not were remarkable
even in the nursery. In conversation
the conference, in all the
cheerful intercourse of daily life,
particularly in the firm and tenacious
grasp of his ancient friendships, he is
still the same Asquith who came from
his

Mr. Gladstone's Presence.

"The present prime minister was not swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator. Like the man whose words I have just employed, at every step of his progress in life, at every turnpike he met he was obliged to show his passport and again and again to demonstrate his sole title to the honor of being useful to his country.

by a proof that he was not wholly unacquainted with its laws and the whole system of its interests, both abroad and at home. (Applause.) In this respect the prime minister stands for the present day, and is a true man of the time.

"This is an opportune moment, a well-chosen hour, to add Mr. Asquith's portrait to your collection. His past services are great, his recorded achievements already considerable. But we are not today much in the mood to dwell upon the past. (Hear,

POET WATSON

He Is Pudgy and Waddles, Has
a Corporation and Talks

With a Cockney Accent.

Now, why have poets so little resemblance to—er—poets? asks a writer in the *Washington Star*. Physically and pulchritudinally speaking, I mean. Oh, yes, of course, there were Byron and Shelley and Alfred de Musset and Tennyson and a few others of the rhymesters who really looked like poets; but that isn't any answer at all, considering that they are deceased poets. I mean living, breathing and more or less sentient (if not sensible) poets.

Comparison Between Present Conditions in England and Those a Few Years Ago

Take, for example, this William Watson, English versifier, who, after arriving in New York from England last week, made that singularly foolish announcement that he meant Mrs. Asquith and her stepdaughter, when he wrote the "Serpent's Tongue" thing. Why the fellow should do so, I do not know. He looks more like a poet than a poet. I was going to say than I do; and I shall say it, and give it verisimilitude, the best, by proclaiming the fact that the hat, by the way, was the weight of precisely 222 (count 'em—three 2's) no later than yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Watson, as a matter of fact, reminds me quite keenly of Mr. Pickwick. I have seen Mr. Pickwick wear a Cruikshank did, and he has told me how Mr. Pickwick looked.

William Watson, English poet, is just about the cutest little British jester you ever saw, folks; honest he is.

Pudge? Yes, and he actually waddles!

Get that? Can you figure an English fellow who has never had a chance of being buried in Westminster Abbey—can you see him waddling?

When you see William Watson, English poet, waddling down the Avenue of the Americas, in the company of a grocer, y'know, or a poultry butcher, or the keeper of a pub, rally you do; he's that fat and smug-looking, quite.

His face is round and jolly and

Prince, with lovely little portly roids
 hanging over his collar, and if, as is
 said, the intimates of King Hedwud the
 Seventh call him "Tummy," why, the
 intimates of Mr. Watson would be
 quite justified in calling him "Tummy-
 Tummyslets," and tacking on two or
 three more tummies; for that's about
 how the British king and this poet of
 the British king's realm compare in
 the matter of corporeosity.
 And then agayne:

hotel labels with which travellers' trunks on the continent are so profusely decorated. Globe trotters are

Yas'm, he he, and no mistake.
 But not once, but several
 times, advert to the country in which
 we live as the United "Stites"? Do
 you get that capital "T" right in the
 middle of the "Stites" And if "Stites"
 isn't cockney pritheese tell me what is
 and how is it spelt?

Not only that, but, in speaking of
 surrutages going to call (yep, that's
 jaff, folks)—didn't he goot it, distinct-
 ly and unmistakably, "jile"?

That is exactly and indubitably what
 Mr. William Watson, poet of the British
 Empire, did. "J-i-e-e," "jile," just like
 that.

I can't understand it. I'm disap-
 pointed. I like to see poets look the

of the hour. A little distance away, seated on a high perch, is a quaint figure, which kicks the quarters on two bells placed beneath his feet, and strikes the hours on a bell. The dial of the clock is divided into twenty-four hours, and shows the phases of the moon and a map of the heavens.

An oddity in clocks is the invention of a Frenchman, M. Paul Cornu. It consists of a dial mounted above a reservoir of alcohol, and a seesaw mounted upon its support. The reservoir holds sufficient alcohol to last for a month, and this serves as fuel for a small lamp which burns at the end. The heat from the flame causes the wax to expand in the bulb of the seesaw dial above it. As a result the seesaw moves ever a few seconds. This movement is the motive power which actuates the

In Switzerland clocks are now being made which do not require hands and faces. The timepiece merely sands in the hall, and you press a button, whereby means of the phonographic intercom arrangements it calls out "Half-past five," or "Five minutes to nine," as the case may be.

remarkable sickroom clock. When a button is pressed an electric lamp behind the dial throws the shadow of the hours and hands, magnified, upon the ceiling, so that invalids can see it from bed without craning their necks or putting themselves to any inconvenience.

A German shoemaker spent fifteen years of his leisure moments in constructing a clock of the grandfatherly shape nearly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The

The Czar is the proud possessor of a unique clock which records not merely the passing seconds, minutes and hours, but the days, weeks, months and years. The clock was invented and manufactured by a

ants, who presented it to the Emperor as a token of their loyalty. In St. Petersburg too is to be found a clock having 95 faces, indicating simultaneously the time at 30 different spots of the earth's surface besides the movements of the earth and planets.

In the Kurpark at Interlaken may be seen a clock constructed of flowers.

The plants are arranged in a sort of mosaic and the hour and second figures are made of colored cactus plants. The works of the clock, hidden beneath the roots of the plants, move the hands over the face as the minutes and hours go by, and this novel timepiece does its duty as accurately as if erected in some imposing tower.

Working Fourteen to Sixteen
Hours a Day for a Penny

The agent listened, incredulous, but when the same tale was repeated when a whole village embarked in canoes and travelled fifty miles to find a mission where hunting grounds were deserted and the very life of the trade threatened. Agents pressed upon the home of the Indians to break up the village and to the Indians if they would agree to leave from going to the missionaries.

And that is how it came about that the Bay Company wrote a polite letter to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London asking it to send out to Norway House the best agent it could find who could instruct the Indians in the use of tools and the making of provisions, canoes, and guides, free of charge, if the society would help.

stresses who earn two cents an hour it is therefore not surprising to learn that many of them have for their sole nourishment soup and cheese. They depend very largely for their food on charitable institutions.

the southeast.

REV. DR. JOHNSON
CHAMPIONS CANADA

Sherbrooke Record Recalls a
Service Done by Former
London Preacher.

Rev. Dr. Johnson, of Montreal, was the speaker at the St. Andrew's dinner in Sherbrooke, Que., recently. Speaking of Scotland's service for the church, he declared that the greatest gifts that Scotland has bestowed on the world are the conception of the Scottish home, the ideal of the Scottish Sabbath, and the habit of Scottish thrift. He appealed to the descendants of Scotsmen in this

At St. Quentin and Amiens and its environs the figures are much the same, the immense majority of the workers earning from \$40 to \$50 in a whole year. At Lille, where the cost of living is the highest, the

Canada of ours, the most promising part of the world, glorious empire that the world has known, and that the founders of the land, and so to save it from the corrupting influences of greed, selfishness and of irreligion. The Johnbrooke, Record, speaking of Dr. Johnston, says:

"Rev. Dr. Johnston, of Montreal, although the minister of the American Presbyterian Church, has been very often, therefore, taken for a citizen of the United States, is a Canadian by birth and a most enthusiastic one. There is no doubt that he is the truest and noblest of his race, and that he is a man, that he more delights in than when upon a platform in the United States to paint the glories of the Dominion in the West."

"The story is told of how some years ago, at a great missionary gathering in

—
**Their Number Has Advanced
 From One to Sixty-Four**

at Carnegie Hall, New York, he was denounced as a traitor to his country for not standing across the back of the platform, on which Canada was represented with Africa and India as in heathen darkness, except for a few spots of brighter color along the equator lines and the St. Lawrence.

"Dr. Johnston found an opportunity of calling the convention's attention to the misrepresentation, common, as he said, in the map of the world. He drew a brief speech, thrilling with patriotic fire and touched with humor, he asked that Canada be accorded her rightful place as the most Christian nation on the globe. When his words ceased, the chairman remarked: 'We will see that before our next convention the map will represent things as they are.'"

"The effect of Dr. Johnston's protest is seen in every missionary map now published."

The improved results with the great Cunarders, which at first were in a series of failures in regard to required speed, have been got by varying the propellers. This reminds one of the steamships *Iris* and *Mercury* in 1878, when huge improvements

ANESTHETICS.

France has found a new anesthetic. But though anesthetics did not come into general use until the nineteenth century, they have been long known to the world. Pliny particularly mentions the use of opium, and the Chinese surgeon of his day, and an old Chinese manuscript proves that the physician Hsueh administered a preparation of opium and alcohol to his patients in the second century. Among the illustrious patients to use anesthetics in their comparatively early days was Augustus, who died in 14 B.C. of a violent attack of gout, his pain being insensible from a narcotic.

But even after the discoveries of Paracelsus toward the end of the sixteenth century, anesthetics were regarded more as a scientific curiosity than anything else, until 1844, when the use of gas in dentistry was discovered in America, and in 1846 in England. Chloroform appeared in 1847 and from that time the anesthetic began to play a prominent part in the history of surgery.