

WAS IN A COFFIN TO KEEP WARM.

Man of Varied Experiences Tells of
Time When He Was a Question of
Fleeing to Death or Taking Refuge
in a Casket.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—A
career that among its incidents com-
prises whale catching in Wales and
sleeping in a coffin in Kansas has at least
the merit of variety, and these are two
of the variations in the life of David
P. Roberts, foreman of a division of the
government printing office.

"The picturesque and ancient town
of Carnarvon, Wales," said Mr. Rob-
erts, "is on the Mersey straits, and was
the scene of great excitement one day
in 1878 while I was there doing the
peripatetic act. When the tide came
in the water was very deep in the
straits, and a school of whales had
floated into the narrow channel with
the tide. As these were very valuable,
it was in the interest of the town-
people to prevent their escape; so every
one turned out to help. As the boats
available were drawn across the en-
trance to the straits, and each boat
was apparently loaded with a crowd
of maniacs, for guns, pistols, tin pans
and shouting were the only means em-
ployed to drive the huge animals up
the channel and to keep them there
until low tide should prevent their es-
cape. The efforts were successful in
regard to three of the monsters, which
were driven ashore and with much dis-
turbance killed.

"Then came my part in this stirring
adventure. I had been in one of the
foremost boats when at last the whales
were driven high upon the beach and
were much interested in their killing—
so much so that, approaching too close,
one of the beasts, in its last struggles,
struck me a glancing blow on the leg
with its tail, throwing me about twelve
feet. I awoke in the hospital, where
I remained for weeks. My only sou-
venir of the day's fun is a bad scar on
my leg, which I shall carry to my
grave.

"The winter of 1880," continued Mr.
Roberts, who was in a reminiscent
mood, "was a severe one in Kansas, and
I have reason to remember. I was
publishing a weekly paper at Americus,
a town of five hundred inhabitants. My
office was in a room about one hundred
feet deep. Of this I occupied about forty
feet; the balance being filled with the
surplus stock of a merchant next door,
and this surplus was coiled. At first
they were rather awkward to look at,
but I soon grew accustomed to their
presence.

"The room was heated by a good stove
at my end of the building, but as the
winter was at its extreme other end,
it necessitated the use of a very long
stovepipe that ran back over the piled
up coals. One bitter cold night I
sought my bed at the hotel and tried
to sleep, but it was not long before I
awoke and with all the blankets
around me I made another attempt, but
in vain. I felt myself slowly turning
into an elongated icicle.

"So, in despair, I went across the
square to the office, intending to start
a good fire and at least keep warm.
I soon had a roaring fire and drew up
my chair to enjoy it. But, oh how I
did want to sleep! I nodded, awoke
with a start and nodded again. Then
I noticed how hot the stovepipe had
grown—the coals were warm, too.
In another minute I had climbed to
one of these directly under the pipe,
pulled off the lid, slipped in and found
solid comfort. The question of a cold
bed or bedroom troubled me no more
that winter, nor morbid thoughts of a
last resting place either."

THE POGMOOR DIALECT.

Dialect stories and novels have earned
so many fortunes in our times that a
feeling of disquietude must surely
have begun to circulate among novel-
ists at the thought that there must
soon come a day when the public will
demand something new. The palsy
days of the Irish, Kentucky, negro and
Scottish dialects may be taken as past,
and even some of its warmest admir-
ers have been moved by the publica-
tion of "The Five Nations" to protest
that Mr. Kipling's Cockneys are
being overdone. On all accounts it
would be a pity if no remedy could be
found, and both the public and its au-
thors should be grateful to us for point-
ing out that the famous Pogmoor dialect
has never yet been properly ex-
ploited. Here is a specimen of it,
showing how admirably adapted the
dialect is for humorous purposes:

Raffin time about nah.
Fred Munjeet wor passin' 'Three
Fidgins wun day, wen t'ian'lor hap-
pin to see him, sez: 'Ah've putten
two tickets dahn to thee. Wen hevvin
a raffle for a poor wumman o' Chres-
mas Eve.' 'Nooan for me, thenk
yo,' sez Fred, shakin' his head. 'Ah
shudn' knaw wot ta do wi' a poor
wumman, if sh wun her.'

This is very promising and the possi-
bilities of the medium in regard to
sentiment, manly grief and thrills are
obvious enough. As a text-book we
can recommend to the intending stu-
dent "T' Pogmoor Oimeneek an
Bairnada Books 'Festly Jottins Be
Autherity a 'Man I' t' Moonin' price
three-pence.—London Daily Chronicle.

WERE WASN'T ANY STORY.

(Harper's Weekly.)
A newspaper story that is going the
rounds of one of the larger Western
cities concerns a young and very green
reporter who had just been taken on the
staff of the town's leading daily. It
happened that several theatrical open-
ings occurred on the same night and
the staff of the paper's dramatic de-
partment was able to "cover" only three
out of the four events. Space was re-
served for a story on Madame Mod-
jeska, who was to open that night in
a new play, and the young reporter was
assigned to the story.

About nine o'clock he strolled into
the office. The city editor greeted him
with astonishment.
"Why, how's this?" he exclaimed.
"Didn't you get any story?"
"No," explained the reporter, "there
wasn't any show. I saw Madame Mod-
jeska attacked by a footpad as she was
leaving her carriage at the stage door,
and as she didn't come to I knew that
the performance was off; so I didn't
wait."

"Think of a woman with her social
responsibilities having a child!" Dis-
graceful! But they say she is fond
of it." "That's the strange part. She
is almost like a mother to it."—Town
Topics.

Bicyclists and all athletes depend on
BENTLEY'S LINIMENT to keep their
joints limber and muscles in trim.

Robertson, Trites & Co., (Limited)

Xmas Number Added This Week

ALL SILK BABY RIBBON,
Light Shades, Special Quality,
30c. yard
Wider Widths to Match, 50c. yard

Val. Laces And Insertions,

Some entirely new and
pretty patterns,

4c. to 20c. yard

Apron Lawns,

The most handsome de-
signs we have ever shown.
Some having insertion
and tuckings 12 to 14 in-
ches deep. Prices for
Apron lengths,

28c, 38c, 44c, 47c, 50c

Linen Rummers And Squares,

Made of Pure Irish Linen

45c. to \$1.25

Gents' Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs,

16 to 38c. each,
SPECIAL PRICE BY DOZEN.

KID GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS

.....AND.....

NECK-WEAR.

Emb'd Collars, Silk Collars, Chiffon Collars
All Nicely Boxed in the Block-Cut Xmas Box.

Kid Gloves. White, Tan, Modes, Blacks, each pair has
"Our Own" guarantee, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.25,
[1.50]

Handkerchiefs. 1000 dozen at special Xmas prices.
Children's Pictures, Col'd Bordered,
Emb'd Lace Edges, Etc., 3 for 7c., up to \$1.50 each

Neck-Wear. A dazzling variety of New and Nobby
Styles, 25c. to 3.75 each

Neck-Scarfs. Now very popular with Ladies in Up-
per Canada; Silk Crepe de Chine,
Moire Silk, assorted colors, \$1.00, 1.75, 1.95

Sunshades. Considerably better than the ordinary.
Special one for Xmas, \$2.75 to \$6.50

Ribbons. Dresden patterns, two widths, for Xmas
work of all kinds, 12 and 18c. yard

Baby-Bibs. That are nicely finished and well padded,
from 12c. to 45c. each

Waistings. Boxed Waist Lengths, plain and fancy, for
Xmas Gifts, 70c. to \$4.75 length.

Silk Waists. The perfect-fit kind, all Tailor-made, in
Washing, Tomaline, Taffeta Silk, \$3.95
to \$8.00

Brilliantion Waists. Right up to date styles, and
not expensive. \$3.50 and 3.75

Flannel Waists. Real French Opera Flannel, un-
shrinkable, neat, new and pretty
pattern, \$2.25 each

.....AT.....

Robertson, Trites & Co. Ltd

83 and 85 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Opposite Dufferin Hotel.

Special Sale Of Pure Wool Henriettas

In Seven
Different
Shades,

Pink, Sky, Old Rose, Grey,
Cardinal, Garnet, White

Extra Wide, 44 inches.

All One Price,

39c. yard.

This is a Special

Xmas Bargain,

And Now is the Time
To Secure It

No Samples Given.

Sale Starts
Monday

Morning At 8.30
IN

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

JOHN L. AS REFEREE.

How He Decided a Fight in Which
Both Men Were Knocked Out.

There were four in the party, includ-
ing John L. Sullivan and Brooklyn
Jimmy Carroll, and the conversation
turned to old time fistic encounters.
John L. was in good spirits and one of
the party asked the ex-champion for a
story.

"Ever hear of a fight I once refereed
at Harry Hill's years ago?" replied
John, clearing his throat. "It's a peach.
Not well in those days the game was
all to the good. There were plenty of
comers, all anxious to get a crack at
me. I don't exactly remember who the
fellow was, but I think he was an En-
glishman, who had come from over the
pond expressly to put the gloves on
with me. He was a husky looking guy,
with big muscles and had the reputa-
tion of being a killer in his country,
that could cure all kinds of insanity
with just one dig if it landed on the
right spot.

"Well, everything was arranged for
us to meet. I was feeling fine that
night and I was ready to give that
duck all the fighting he wanted. Some-
how the English pug got cold feet and
wouldn't go on. All the persuasion in
the world had no effect, and he flunked.
I was so sore that I made up my mind
to knock his block off, even if I did not
do it in the regular old-fashioned way.

"The guy showed up all right. He
came to the place and made a grand
stand play that he was in no shape to
meet me. He said he wanted time to
train, but was ready to show what he
could do if a substitute could be had.
Well, I thought it over, and said to
Harry Hill to let him have a chance. So
another big man, a fellow about the
Englishman's own weight, was paired
against the mug from England. They
were to have it out for four rounds. I
promised to meet the Englishman if he
showed any kind of form. The crowd
was a bit sore, because the Briton re-
fused to meet me, but I squared mat-
ters by consenting to act as referee.

"In the first round the Englishman
started rough house tactics and the
man on the go. In the second it was
the other way, but the foreigner was
gritty and stood the walloping fine.
The third was a hummer. They
punched each other all over the ring.
The Englishman was at its height. I
got up gamely and hung on till the
end of the round. I took a kind of a
liking to him for his courage, but in
my heart I wished his opponent would
eat him up.

"The fourth started off with a jump,
with the foreigner having all the better
of it. He nailed his opponent with
both hands, and it was a clinch that I
would be forced to give him a decision.
While the scrum was at its height I
wished something would happen.
Quicker than it takes to tell it both
went down from right hand counters.
I started to count 'em out, hoping the
local guy would get up in time. He
didn't move a muscle, neither did the
Britisher. The ten seconds were up
and both men were still dead to the
world.

"I was in a fix, and in my mind I
was figuring what to do. Fifteen min-
utes passed and neither fighter showed
any signs of coming to. Well, I was
puzzled and—

"What did you do? What did you
do?"

"What did I do?" returned the big
fellow with a grin. "Why I gave the
decision to the fellow who got up first.
It wasn't the English mug, either."
Carroll said that two battles, with
similar endings occurred, which are
now fistic history. One was between
Frank Bowditch and Denny Kilien at
Philadelphia, and the other between
Jack Fies and Tommy Chanler at
Chicago.

"And how did the referee decide in
those scraps?" Carroll was asked.
"Just as John L. did. The first man
who scrambled to his feet prepared to
continue was the winner."

"Uncle—Well, Fanny, aren't you go-
ing to kiss your uncle?"

Fanny (aged seven)—No, indeed.
Uncle—And why not, little darling?

Fanny—Because there's your father
looking on and I don't want to make
any trouble in the family.—Exchange.

"Ah," sighed the wretched Mr. New-
pop, "what can be more wearing on
the nerves than a baby that cries all
night long?"

"Twins," answered the man who had
Herald.

"How did you discover that Van
Major was one of the no-breakfast ad-
vocates?"

"I invited him out to lunch with me."
—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Sporting.

The Ring.

PREFERS NOT TO LAND KNOCK- OUT.

Probably no champion who ever held
the heavy-weight championship has
knocked out so few men as James J.
Jeffries, the present holder of the title.
In the days of Sullivan and other cham-
pions who have preceded the famous
boiler-maker champion, aspirants felt
victims to knock-outs with a regularity
that made the referee's decision hardly
necessary.

Jeffries, in the following interview
tells why he has failed to knock his
opponents out. It is a fact that most
of Jeffries' battles have gone some dis-
tance, and, in almost every instance,
his opponents have been beaten down to
a point of helplessness, yet not knock-
ed out in the fullest sense of the word.
Jeffries handles his victims with more
consideration than Sullivan did, and,
unlike Sullivan and Fitzsimmons, he has
been satisfied with outpointing his op-
ponents.

"I have not been a knock-out for
the simple reason that I have never
found it necessary to knock my oppo-
nents clean out to gain a victory, except
in one or two cases. Even in a fight,
I believe a man can be humane, and if
the same results can be obtained with-
out endangering your opponent's life, I
think it is better for all. It is true that
most of my opponents have been beaten
counted out, being helpless and unable
to continue the battle, yet they have
remained conscious. The fact that I
have not knocked my men out in a few
rounds, like most fighters, does not
mean that I have been unable to land
a knock-out blow. I feel sure that I
could do considerable damage.

"I know my strength perfectly well,
and in none of my fights have I been
required to try to do my best. I pre-
fer to win my battles on scientific lines,
and that is the reason I have allowed
my fights to last so long. I know I am
scientific enough to beat down all of
these clever boxers. Were I simply
depending on my strength to win fights
then I would have to resort to different
tactics and would be more anxious to
win in a hurry.

"I am satisfied to win my battles on
points, and it makes little difference to
me whether the contest goes the
limit or not. There have been a num-
ber of fights which would have been
very brief affairs had it been my desire
to make quick work of my opponents.
There is not the least doubt in my
mind but that I could have defeated
Ruhlin, Fitzsimmons or Corbett in less
time had I been more aggressive and
been anxious to score a knock-out. To

me there is nothing in a knockout, only
that it brings victory home sooner.
Ruhlin was beaten down gradually un-
til he was so badly used up that he
could fight no longer. He was all out
so far as fighting was concerned, yet
because he showed signs of life and
was conscious some people thought he
was stalling. He was not; you can
bet your life on that.

"What damage do I think I could do
by a swing with all my strength? Well,
that is hard to tell. As I say I have
never tried to hit a man with all my
strength. I have practiced such blows
on the punching bags and I have found
it an easy matter to smash them with
a single blow.

"It might be possible for a blow to
dislocate a man's jaw. Or a blow with
sufficient force could undoubtedly affect
his neck or disable him in many other
ways. I knocked out both Fitzsimmons
and Corbett in their first battle with
me. But in each case they were pretty
raw gone when I landed the knockout,
and it did not require a very forceful
blow to do the trick."

BIG FIGHTERS WON'T MAKE A REAL MATCH.

"Now that the Gardner-Fitzsimmons
fight is over there is considerable talk
of matching the ancient antipodean
fighting men. Jim Corbett, Jim Cor-
bett," says a well-known ring man.
"This, however, is only talk, for it is
not likely that any club in the country
would make a bid that would prove al-
luring enough to satisfy these high-
priced knights of the squared circle.
There is but one place in the country
where the fight could be pulled off and
that is San Francisco. Just at present
it would appear that the native sons
have had their fill of "Rudy Robert."
They were dissatisfied with his last en-
counter with Jeffries and now they are
sore at him for his showing against
Gardner. They do not intimate that he
has engaged in a fake, but they are of
the opinion that he is all in and can no
longer give the public a run for its
money.

"There is nothing doing in the fight-
ing line with Fitzsimmons and Corbett.
The king of the 'has been' class and
the article of fighting put up by Fitz-
simmons at San Francisco showed that
he is no longer the man that was once
the terror of all heavyweights. Even
if he is still the proud possessor of that
deadly wallop—and it is doubtful if it
still has the power to send opponents
to dreamland—one thing is certain and

that is that his hooks that have with-
stood many hard battles are no longer
what they once were. In his fight with
Gardner he landed enough to whip a
dozen men, but there was nothing doing
in the knockout department.

"Fitzsimmons has been a great fight-
er, in fact, the greatest that ever
donned the padded mitts, but he must
now step down and give way to the
younger generation. Tommy Ryan
would have made him look like a
sucker had he been in Gardner's place
and that Ryan would have chopped
him into ribbons and won by the
knockout route inside of ten rounds.

"This is putting it a little strong.
There is no doubt, however, that Ryan
would have made a better showing
than Gardner did. Ryan is foxy, and
while Fitz was trying to land those
awful wallops he would have given
him the back of his hand head to prac-
tice on. A few rounds of this and Fitz
would not be able to do much damage.
Ryan is not going to fight the erst-
while famous gladiator and Fitz cannot
make the weight that Ryan would re-
quire, but if by chance they ever meet,
it's a cinch that foxy Tommy will not
let a ring a ring outsider in the
beting."

IS ACT ENFORCEABLE?

Appeal From a Conviction For Sunday
Labor.

The first step in what promises to be
an interesting test case as to whether
the old act of 1889, affecting Sunday
labor, is still in force, was taken yester-
day, when J. E. Jones obtained a writ
of certiorari in the case of Barnett
Palkoff. The latter, who is a Hebrew
garment-maker, was fined by Police
Magistrate Kingsford \$5 and costs for
working on the Sabbath Day. Inspec-
tor Archibald was the informant, and
it appeared that two of Palkoff's girls
were sweeping the shop. Palkoff, as the
proprietor of the establishment, was
fined by the Magistrate.
As the Privy Council had declared
that the province had no right to en-
act Sabbath legislation, the prosecu-
tion was taken under the old act of
1889. Upper Canada consolidated stat-
utes. By this act it is provided that
the informant cannot give evidence. In
the case of Palkoff, Inspector Archi-
bald was the informant, and he was al-
so a witness.—Toronto Globe.

The smothering of infants while as-
leep is discussed by Dr. W. Wynn
Westcott, who says that during the
last ten years, no fewer than 15,000 in-
fants have thus been killed by suffo-
cation in England and Wales, and that
the yearly average of such deaths in
London is 600, and in Liverpool 150.

A shell from a 12-inch gun makes its
night of nine miles in 45 seconds.

SAYS FANATIC WAS BURIED WITH FIG.

Manila Paper Narrates a Story of
Execution Striking Terror to the
Moros—The Infidel Is Denied.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10.—
Lieut.-Col. Rodgers, of the Fifteenth
cavalry, now serving in Jolo, has
adopted, according to a story publish-
ed in the Manila Cable News of Oct.
30, which has been received at the war
department, a terrifying method of
execution for religious Moros fanatics
who slay American soldiers.
The story, which was denied by other
Manila papers and pronounced false by
the war department, tells of a Moro
"juramentado" being shot to death in
the streets of Jolo after he had killed
a member of B troop of the Fifteenth
cavalry and continues:

"Col. Rodgers ordered the dead fan-
atic buried with a pig. No greater in-
sult can be shown the pork eating
Mohammedans. A deep grave was dug
just outside of the walls of the city of
Jolo. The "juramentado" was thrown
into it. Above the place was placed a
derelict, from which which was hung
a large dead pig. The animal's throat
was cut and the blood allowed to fall
upon the Moro's body. The burial rite
began at high noon. The event had
been advertised, and more than two
thousand fully armed Moros witnessed
it.

"Near the grave was drawn up a
dismounted Squadron of the Fifteenth
cavalry. Close behind the cavalry the
grin faced soldiers of the first battalion
of the Seventeenth infantry stood
ready for instant action.

"Colonel Rodgers superintended the
giving of the lesson. No details in-
mind were omitted, even if they did
smack of barbarism. There was not a
moment during the event that the sol-
diers were not expectant of an attack
from the savage horde about them.
It was unofficially stated at the war
department today that this method of
execution of religious fanatics had been
tried before in the Philippines. The
Cable News says that he reason more
tending to impress it upon the Moro
mind were omitted, even if they did
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from the savage horde about them.

He—Marriage is a lottery, all right.
You never can tell whether you are go-
ing to draw a prize or a blank.
She—I know. There's Nell and Tom.
They were attracted to each other be-
cause they both were so fond of dogs.
When they were married it came out
that he fancied St. Bernards while she
was daffy on Boston terriers.—Boston
Transcript.

CORDIAL DUCAL ASSENTS.

(M. A. P.)

A good story is told in Sir F. C.
Burnard's "Reminiscences" of Prince
Alexander of Teck's grandfather, the
old Duke of Cambridge. When sitting
in the provost's pew in Eton College
chapel the royal visitor delighted the
boys by exclaiming "hastily in re-
sponse to the chant 'Let us pray.'"
"Yes, by all means."

This same original Duke on another
occasion, this time in Kew church, ob-
served loudly on hearing the solemn
words, "For we brought nothing into
the world, neither may we carry any-
thing out."

"True, true—too many calls on us for
that!"

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sult can be shown the pork eating
Mohammedans. A deep grave was dug
just outside of the walls of the city of
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Transcript.



YOUR MONEY BACK

IF, AFTER A TRIAL, YOU FIND THAT LAXA-CARA TABLETS

are not as claimed, a cure for constipation, you can get your money back. That shows better than anything else the faith we have in this medicine.

It will promptly correct and permanently cure any case of constipation with all its attendant evils.

This is guaranteed to the very letter.

If L