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LONDON, MONDAY, OCT. 2.

The Fight Against Consumption

A representative of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis is to address a meeting in the city Wednesday evening, and a description of the aims of this organization is timely. There are two forms of work, the general and the local. The work of the general, or Canadian Association proper, is to disseminate information regarding the cause and prevention of consumption, by the circulation of suitable literature and public lectures. The work of the local or branch society includes treatment, as well as house-to-house visitation, for the purpose of personally giving instruction in methods of prevention, such as the proper disposal of the sputum, or spit; the use of sanitary spittoons or spit-cups, and the disinfection of houses in which consumptive patients have died, or from which they have removed, before such houses are again occupied as dwellings. Finally, the local association seeks to impress upon the minds of all the supreme importance of an early diagnosis, the intelligent and courageous co-operation of the patient with the doctor, and the necessity of following to the letter the physician's directions regarding fresh air, rest, exercise and nourishment, these being according to the best recent practice the prime factors in the cure when cure is possible.

When public attention was first turned to the treatment and cure of consumption an impression went abroad to the effect that the solution of the tuberculosis problem had been found in the erection of sanatoria for consumptives in different parts of the country. Certainly the erection of sanatoria within convenient reach of the great body of sufferers is greatly to be desired, but the association holds that the sanatorium meets only one aspect of the question. Such institutions are available only to those in the early stages of the disease, and of these, only those who can afford the time and expense to get well. This unfortunately fully 80 per cent of the people cannot do. They must work as long as they can stand on their feet, because their slender and uncertain wages form the only resource of the family, the only barrier between them and poverty.

These sufferers can be put under what is to a large extent the sanatorium treatment, with very good results in their own homes. The progress in preventing and curing consumption by visiting the patients in their own homes and treating them in tents or shacks, or on verandas, will certainly reduce the disease, though not so rapidly as if all could be taken care of in sanatoria suitable to the early stage, and in hospitals adapted to the needs of the more advanced.

Mr. Whitney on Trial.

The Conservative associations of Toronto are the latest to swell the chorus of the spoilsmen. The East Middlesex Conservative Association is in lusty cry for jobs at the Asylum, and it is whispered that Hon. Adam Beck is not finding a cabinet berth a bed of roses. Gamey and Beattie Nesbitt are in open mutiny, and at every Conservative gathering someone takes occasion to remind the ministers that to the victors belong the spoils. The Government threw more than a sop to its hungry followers by dismissing all the license inspectors, but this has only whetted the appetites of the office-seeking horde. Mr. Whitney is being put to a severe test. He is in a position, with a preponderating majority in the House, and with the people of the province, regardless of party, inclined to give the new administration a fair chance, to resist the assaults upon the integrity of the civil service. The Laurier Government was similarly beset in 1896, but showed a moderation which should be an example to the present Ontario ministry. The circumstances are identical, the victorious party in each case having suffered a long exclusion from office and patronage, during which the personnel of the federal public service became almost entirely Conservative, and that of the Province of Ontario almost entirely Liberal. The hopes long deferred of party workers make a serious problem for any new administration, but if the patronage system under present conditions is far from ideal, the evil effect upon politics would be a hundredfold greater if the spoils system, as it obtains in the United States, were allowed to get a footing in this country. Against this Mr. Whitney must be on guard.

Talk Is Cheap.

[Washington Star.]

"Some chillun," said Uncle Eben, "learn to talk befo' dey is two years old, but mighty few of 'em learns to say anything wuf listenin' to by de time dey is fifty."

The Hudson Bay Route.

[Montreal Gazette.]

The transportation commission at Regina listened to several advocates of the Hudson Bay route as a means of getting the grain of the west to Europe. There would be more force in these frequent Western demands if their authors would show that there is a Hudson Bay route, that is, in a commercially useful way. If they could do this, Easterners would be ready to put their money into the work of developing it. They cannot, however, invest in map dreams.

Has a Big Pull.

[Toronto Globe.]

Prince Charles of Denmark, who is spoken of as likely to be the first king of Norway, is a grandson of the King of Denmark, a son-in-law of the King of Great Britain and Ireland, a nephew of the British Queen Alexandra, a nephew of the King of Greece, a nephew of the Dowager Empress of Russia, and a cousin and brother-in-law of the Prince of Wales.

Good-Night.

[Alfred Austin.]

Good-night! Now dwindle wan and low
The embers of the after-glow,
And slowly over leaf and lawn
Its twilight's dewy curtain drawn.
The slouching vixen leaves her lair,
And, prowling, sniffs the tell-tale air;
The frogs coak louder in the dyke,
And all the trees seem dark alike;
The bee is drowsing in the comb,
The sharded beetle hath gone home:
Good-night!

It Just Does.

[Detroit News.]

After wearing of your summer lid
On your locks so kinky,
When you put your derby on
Doesn't it feel dinky?

Meaning of Honeymoon.

[Medical Talk.]

Very few people know the meaning of the term "honeymoon" or the way it originated. It used to be the custom among the ancient Germans to drink "hydromel" for 30 days after marriage. Hydromel is a mixture of honey and water. When it is fermented it contains enough alcohol to very quickly intoxicate a man. So according to this old German custom the word "honeymoon" was derived from the drinking of hydromel, and it lasted 30 days. As hydromel was intoxicating the "honeymoon" in olden times was nothing more nor less than a royal old drunk.

Tell-Tale Figures.

[Puck.]

Mrs. Gadder—John, you told me you were at home every night, thinking of me, while I was in the mountains.

Mr. Gadder—Y-yes, p-pet!

Mrs. Gadder—Look at this gas bill. Only 27 cents for the months of July and August.

Sinai and Calvary.

[John Hay.]

From Sinai's cloud of darkness
The vivid lightnings play;
They serve the God of vengeance,
The Lord who shall repay.
Each fault must bring its penance,
Each sin the avenging blade,
For God upholds with justice
The laws that He hath made.

But Calvary stands to ransom
The earth from utter loss,
In shade than light more glorious,
The shadow of the Cross.
To heal a sick world's trouble,
To soothe its woe and pain,
On Calvary's sacred summit
The Paschal Lamb was slain.

Proof of Democracy.

"Ma, teacher was tellin' us that we should all be on a e-quality in our schoolroom. Nobody should feel any better'n anybody else."

"That's right, George."

"Say, ma, can I go to school today without washin 'my face—none of the rest of 'em washes theirs."

Need for Haste.

[Fliegende Blatter.]

Magnate (to would-be son-in-law)—Your debts are $10,000, you say? Then I must take time to consider your proposal.

Suitor—But while you're considering the debts will be increasing.

Leaves and Eves.

[New York Sun.]

Eve used fig leaves
Her dresses to make;
Leaves from a check book
The modern Eves take.

It Depends.

[Yonkers Statesman.]

Redd—How much does that chauffeur cost you a season?

Greene—Repairs, fine or salary?

Physiognomy.

[New York Sun.]

Moe Rose—Jagby has a dissipated-loking face.

Joe Cose—Yes, regular gin phiz.

The Mother's Poem.

At one time Mrs. Kate Cleary was one of the most talented writers in Chicago. She became the slave of drugs and liquor, and fell dead one day this summer just as her husband was taking away from her their two children, one of whom was the dearest thing to her life. A few days before her death she wrote a poem that breathes a mother's deathless love, and contains some of the sweetest lines ever woven into verse. Here is the poem:

I love the world with all its brave endeavor,
I love its winds and floods, and suns and sands,
But oh, I love—most deeply and forever—
The clinging touch of timid little hands.

I love the dawn all pearl and primrose glowing,
Or that which covert comes—all wet and gray;
Or the blue gleam through frosty windows showing,
That ushers in the day.

The love of man—the love that's worth the winning
(Not always worth the keeping, sad to say)—
Because of all the sorrows and the sinning,
Like this—who did betray!

But oh, above all love for man or story,
Above all friendship for the human race,
Above all nature's passionate great glory,
Give me the sunlight of a little face!

Give me the head against my shoulder lying,
The feel of one soft body close to mine,
The strength to face the world for him—defying
All power—the rest be thine.

But ever still afar the laddie lingers,
And ever still alone do I repine,
While longing for the touch of trusting fingers,
And a little loving hand in mine!

The 'Varsity Slot.

[Puck.]

Intimate Friend—Has your university got as much money as it needs?

Modern College President—Well, no; but we are getting it—by Degrees!

Work of Necessity.

[Punch.]

(Time—The Sabbath Day).—The Elder—Tammas, do ye ken the meanin' o' a work o' necessity?

Tammas—Ay, fine that.

The Elder—Wis shootin' that hare a work o' necessity?

Tammas—It wis that.

The Elder—Hoo do ye mak' that oot?

Tammas—Weel, ye see, if I'd waitet till the morn, the hare w'uld ha' been awa!

Inconvenient.

[Harper's Weekly.]

Physician—You will be glad to know, madam, that your husband will almost certainly recover.

Wife—Oh, dear me, doctor, what shall I do?

Physician—Why, madam, what do you mean? Aren't you anxious that your husband should get well?

Wife (sobbing)—Yes—only, when you said last week you didn't think he would live a fortnight I went and sold all his clothes.

"Please Don't Burn Him Till Morning."

Edna, Texas, Oct. 1.—A party just arrived from the Athens pasture, where the negro Monk Gibson, suspected of murdering a woman and her three children, was located this afternoon, reports that several posses are in hot pursuit and capture by midnight is deemed probable.

Two packs of bloodhounds are on the ground and the general opinion is that the negro will be caught before daylight Monday.

H. H. Beasley, brother of Mrs. Conditt, the murdered woman stated that it was the request of his father and mother, made tonight, that the men be pleaded with, in the event that Monk Gibson is captured, not to burn him until morning, as they wanted to be present at his execution and they wanted all the citizens of Edna and Jackson County who desire to see to be accorded the privilege. They want the burning to occur in a suitable public place in Edna.

The desire of the father and mother has been communicated to all of the posses that could be reached, and it is generally believed that their wishes in the matter will be respected. Should the negro, therefore, be caught tonight, it is very probable that the execution will take place about 10 o'clock Monday morning.

Both of these aged people are almost prostrated tonight from grief and the intense strain.

HOMELESS WITH $18,000 IN CASH

Plight of a Millionaire From Hawaii Who Went to New York for Good Time.

New York, Oct. 2. — "Ten days in this town with $18,000 and not able to get a place to sleep indoors or a bite to eat is something that may not seem possible, but I can make my affidavit of a case to that effect," remarked the man with the tan shoes and white spats, as he smoothed down a rough spot in his silk hat with an expanse of silk handkerchief. "It was in the days when I was in New York fresh from the land of superfluous vowels, Hawaii. Just this season of the year, when vacation stalks wide through the land.

"I was walking across Madison Square soliloquizing on the bench population of the metropolis when a dirty figure jumped up from a seat and grabbed me frantically by the hand. I wasn't feeling any too cheerful and was about to shove the fellow away when I caught a fleeting, familiar look in the grime of his face.

"It took me a second or so to make proper soundings, and when I struck bottom I nearly fainted away. It was one of the biggest sugar planters in all the islands, a man worth his millions today.

"'Don't ask me to explain now,' he said, 'but lead me to a place where they have soap and towels and beefsteaks.'

"I thought my hotel filled the bill pretty well and, curbing a curiosity that neary gave me apoplexy, took him with me. In an hour's time he had finished eating and was looking more like his old self.

"'How under the heavens did you sink to this in a month's time?' I blurted out when the suspense had become too great for me to bear any longer.

"Then he unfolded a yarn that I wouldn't have believed from any other person in the world, even my grandmother.

"He had come to New York to see the city a fortnight before, and like every one from the Pacific his idea of seeing New York was two weeks composed of days about twenty-three hours' long.

"Not being carried away with ideas of his own ability to take care of himself here he very wisely went to a first class bank down on Broadway and handed over $18,000 of his roll to the cashier, banking it in the ordinary manner. After that he started out to see what might be seen by an observant person with a pocketbook of abnormal size.

"Two days later he found that he had $8 in his clothes, and he had not seen his hotel since he bade farewell to the register clerk. Naturally, he made his way down to the bank and made out a check for $1,000 in order to save himself the trouble of another visit in a day or so.

"He walked up to the paying teller's window and shoved the check through, asking for it in small bills. A chilly stare and a blank look at the order was his reward.

"'I don't know you,' said the clerk.

"'Well, sonny, send for the cashier who took my account,' said the planter.

"The cashier came, but he failed to recognize my friend. He was not, however the man who had taken the account.

"The officials began to be suspicious, but after an effort he succeeded in describing the person with whom he had deposited his money. So graphic were his words that the cashier and teller both exclaimed, 'Billings!'

"The Hawaiian was relieved.

"'Then trot out Mr. Billings,' he said.

"To his horror he was told that Billings had left on vacation.

"That ended his attempt to cash the check, and he started to go to his hotel. There another difficulty confronted him. He had found the bank by the address on his check book, but he had no way of identifying his hotel.

"As the only places he knew were the bank and Madison Square he went to the latter and spent the night on one of the benches. The following morning was given up to a vain search for the hotel and expostulations at the bank, where he was finally ejected forcefully by a porter.

"Penniless, he went to a telegraph office and tried to get a wire through to his agents in 'Frisco. Unluckily his clothes had been torn and soiled during the affair at the bank, and the telegraph officials would not send the message collect. By noon he was without a cent.

"The remainder of the time until he met me was spent in visiting hotels, telegraph offices and lawyers. The latter, to a man, would have nothing to do with him.

"His clothes were traded for others of a cheap sort and a few cents to boot. Each day lessened his chances of pulling out of the hole he was in.

"There was nothing of the quitter in his makeup, however, and he determined to get work. That wasn't an easy job in a summer month, but on the morning when I met him he had managed to get a place tending a switch on one of the street car lines.

"It took me 25 minutes to get some one to identify him and ten minutes to find the hotel, which was in a part of the city he had left untouched in his wanderings. I don't think he went a block away from Broadway during the whole time.

"The way he finished the thing up was a fitting climax. He chartered a coach and pair, with footman and coachman, and decked himself out in jewelry as only a South Sea man can do, and then he paid personal visits to each of the places that turned him down.

"It was one of the most artistic things I ever listened to, and some of the people were scared enough to throw up their positions. After he had given the successor to his job as switch tender $50 he chartered a special to Denver, and I don't believe he would cross the Rockies again if they made him senator from Oahu."

MISSILE FOR FOE KILLS SWEETHEART

Vengeance On Man Who Opposed Marriage Recoils Upon Her He Loves.

New York, Oct. 2. — Rose Grippo and Charles Gilletto came all the way from Palermo together with their parents, and when the families took flats opposite to each other in West Fifty-ninth street, and the children saw each other every day and learned to talk English together on the front steps. Nothing was more natural than that they should fall in love. Rose was only 14, but when did that matter with a girl from Palermo, Charles was 18, but that is not so old.

Some of the neighbors who had American ideas thought Rose too young. Gilletto being full of fire quarreled with them all and silenced them. Pasquale Tareno, who keeps a shop next door at No. 545 West Fifty-ninth street, and Gilletto had a bitter quarrel yesterday afternoon, and last night the young lover filled his pockets with stones and took up a post on the opposite side of the street, waiting for Pasquale.

A man came who looked like Pasquale and Charles let fly. The man was not Pasquale, but he ran under the shower of stones and the windows in the little store went smash.

There was a girl sitting on the stoop of No. 547. All of a sudden she clasped her hands to her head and fell.

"Oh, Charles!" she cried.

The young avenger stopped short. It was the voice of his Rose. He dashed across the street. One of the stones he had hurled had struck her in the temple and she lay dead. She had died almost instantly after uttering his name.

He picked her up in his arms and cried to her to speak to him, but her lips did not move, and Charles, feeling for her heart, saw that she was dead.

He carried the little body of his sweetheart to the porch and stood still, as if wondering what he should do. He saw a score of angry neighbors rushing up to him. He pretended that he was about to shoot at them, and then took to his heels. The crowd followed him, shouting, "Kill the wretch who has slain his sweetheart!"

Charles ran as fast as he could to Amsterdam avenue and up the avenue to Sixty-eighth street. There he didged into a fish shop, and in a few minutes the street was filled from side to side by the crowd attracted by the story of the tragic death of the girl.

None dared to enter the shop, for they knew Charles to be desperate. Finally Policeman Connors appeared and entered. There was no sign of the boy. He had run to the roof, said the people in the store, and escaped by running over the housetops to the next street.

The police sent out a general alarm for the young slayer. All of the neighborhood, who felt bitter against him, helped search for him, but he could not be found. The brothers and sisters of the dead girl were the only ones to forgive him.

When a jury heard the case it was plainly admitted by Rockefeller's lawyer that their client did not want money from Lamore, but did seek to have the lumberman kept away from his preserves. Again Lamore won.

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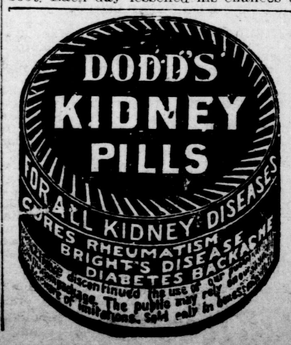

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Raincoats, $12, $13 and $15. At these prices we've over ten different patterns to select from—the plain grays, olives, tans, neat hair-line stripes and broad herringbone effects, made in the long 52 to 54 inch models, with or without belts; every yard of the fabrics are guaranteed; sizes 34 to 44. Special.....$12, $13 and $15

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Chinese newspapers, owing to the cheap quality of paper used and to the low price of labor, both literary and mechinical, are issued at an extremely small figure. The price of the ordinary Shanghai journal is 4 cash or about 1-5 of a cent.

THE CRICK IN THE BACK.—"One kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miser- touch of nature makes the whole world able. Yet how delighted is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing equals it.

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