

The A-d-v.
There are three little letters,
That are used on every day;
In every publication,
With undisputed sway.
They are so very modest,
Ne'er prominent they'll be,
But 'way down in a corner
Lurks the a-d-v.

You read about a shipwreck,
A hundred people drowned;
The wreckage of the noble ship
For miles is strewn around.
Your heart then swells in pity,
For those upon the sea,
Until you read on further,
To the a-d-v.

Or perhaps upon a railroad,
You'll read of a big smash;
And many people injured
In the overwhelming crash.
You wonder if some relative
Upon the train could be,
Then you kick yourself, because
You see the a-d-v.

And then a tale of sorrow,
Of sickness and of pain;
Or how John Smith, of Bungtown,
Could not get well again.
He lost all hope of living
At death's door then was he
Until he took a bottle of
Oh, hang that a-d-v!

Sometimes they try to hide it,
And little signs they use;
While others sign "Ex" to it
To make it seem like news.
No matter what they put there,
It's plain enough to see
That little a-d-v.

And so you find it daily;
In everything it lurks;
It's soon in every paper,
And no'er its duty shirks.
To tell the truth, dear reader,
And we laugh aloud with glee,
This poetry's not paid for,
It's an a-d-v.

E. D. GIBBS.

A HAVEN FOR CRANKS.

New York Overrun With a Dangerous Species of the Gentry.

A New York despatch says: The crank season is booming. The incarceration in the asylum of the man who tried to shoot Dr. Hall last Sunday, and the deplorable results that followed the attempted killing of Russell Sage a few days later, have evidently only had the effect of bringing other madmen out of their shells. One of them was arraigned in Yorkville Police Court on Saturday on a charge of sending a threatening letter to a retired wine merchant named Conrad Harris, of this city. The man's name is Otto Weyrauch. He is a wild-looking German of about 50 years, with no permanent residence. About a year ago he visited Mr. Harris and asked for money, which he got. He repeated his visits and requests for aid until Harris grew tired of him, and refused to give him any more money. On Saturday Mr. Harris received a letter from him demanding \$500, and informing him that if he paid no attention to his request he would be the next man to be blown up. Weyrauch gave his address as No. 134 Sussex street, Jersey City, to which place he wished the money forwarded. Mr. Harris handed the letter to the captain of the East 88th Street Police Station, who sent Detective Parcell to Jersey City, who found the man and arrested him. When he was searched in the station house a large envelope was found on him containing a photograph of himself and a letter headed "My last will and testament; to the grave-digger." Following this was the statement, "Please do not handle me rough until you know that I am dead." Weyrauch told the judge he wrote the letter in a spirit of fun. He was committed pending an examination as to his sanity.

THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

The Present Uprising the Result of the Abduction of a Chief's Wife.

A Peking cable says: The advice received by the Government as to the strength of the insurgents in the field place the total number of men at only 1,500. There are now 6,000 imperial troops guarding the places along the great wall where it is expected the rebels will attempt to force a passage.

The advice received by the Government further state that the movement, instead of being a concerted rising to depose the Emperor, is nothing more than an attempt to wreak private vengeance. According to these advices, the wife of the leader of an armed band of marauders was seized and forcibly abducted from her husband. The latter swore vengeance against those who had taken his wife, and calling his followers together started in pursuit of her. The leader determined to make the innocent suffer with the guilty, and so he swept through the country, instructing the men who followed his banner to make reprisals upon the inhabitants for the loss of his wife.

A SMALL HAIL.

Masked Robbers Hold Up a Train But Get Only \$65.

A Rome, Ga., despatch says: A daring train robbery occurred on the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railway last night. When the train which leaves Rome for Selma at 10.30 p. m. on the Alabama division arrived at a station about two miles from the city it was flagged down, and when stopped two masked men boarded the express car. Messenger Sims and one of the train hands were in the car at the time, and the robbers covered them with their pistols and demanded the cash. Messenger Sims handed them the money, which was only \$65, and when assured that was all they could secure, they quietly retired from the car and escaped through the bushes. So quietly was the robbery conducted that the thieves had carried out their purpose and escaped before anyone on the train realized the situation. Deputy Sheriff Turner left here this morning with a posse of men and a pack of bloodhounds in pursuit of the robbers, and another posse left on a special engine to join Sheriff Turner.

How many people have ever eaten jelly made from elephant's tusks? Yet it is very good, indeed. In the English factories, where many tons of ivory are sawn up annually to make handles for knives and forks, great quantities of ivory dust are obtained. This dust is sold at the rate of sixpence a pound, and when properly boiled and prepared it makes the finest, purest and most nutritious animal jelly known.

Girl violinists are becoming numerous. Girls are always after beaux of one sort or another.

A BAG OF DYNAMITE

Causes a Dreadful Explosion in Russell Sage's Office.

SAGE AND HIS CLERKS ALMOST KILLED

The Man Who Carried and Dropped the Bag Seriously Hurt.

A last night's New York despatch gives the following later report of the attempt on the life of Russell Sage:

Seven ambulances have gone down to the scene of the wreck at No. 71. The firemen are also on the ground. At 12.15 o'clock this afternoon a small, shabbily-dressed man, apparently about 35 years old, carrying a brown leather satchel, called at Russell Sage's office, in the floor of 71 Broadway, and asked to see Mr. Sage.

Mr. Sage, Mr. W. R. Laidlaw, Mr. Sage's clerk, told him Mr. Sage was busy and could not be seen. The man persisted and continued to talk in a loud tone.

Mr. Sage, who was in an inner office, came out to see what was the matter. He asked the man what he wanted. The man said, "I demand a private interview with you."

Sage replied that it would be impossible for him to see the man then, but he might possibly do so later in the day.

The man continued to demand a private interview then and there, and Mr. Sage ordered him to leave the office. On this the man dropped the leather bag, and an explosion, which shook the entire block, instantly followed.

Mr. Sage was thrown across the room and stunned. Mr. Laidlaw, who had turned away and was standing within a few feet of the two, was also thrown across the office and had one leg badly lacerated.

The stranger was thrown against the partition wall and was most severely injured of the three. There were three others whose names could not be ascertained at the moment, who were also injured. The injured men were taken to O'Connell's drug store, across the way where it was found that Sage and Laidlaw, though severely injured, had not received fatal wounds. It was said that one of the clerks in Sage's office was thrown through the window. Nearly all the windows on the east end of the north side of the building were shattered and the interior of the building was badly wrecked. It is said two at least of the occupants of the building were torn to pieces by the force of the explosion.

Mr. Sage, in conversation after the explosion was quite cool and collected, and said he considered it was a deliberate plot to kill himself and to destroy the building.

The man with the satchel was a total stranger to him. He insisted upon presenting Mr. Sage with his card, but he declined to accept it. Mr. Sage was completely covered with dust and his clothing was blown into tatters.

Russell Sage is not fatally hurt, but his hair, eyebrows and face are burned. He said: "A man who gave his name as H. D. Wilson came to my office just now. I had never seen him before. He had a carpet bag in his hand and said: 'If you will not give me \$1,200,000 I will blow you all to pieces.' I know nothing further except hearing a gr at explosion and falling on the floor." W. E. Connor escaped uninjured.

At the time of the explosion there were large crowds upon the street. The sound was like that of the discharge of a heavy cannon. The usual crowd was on Broadway and Wall, and the adjacent streets were filled with bankers, brokers and business men. For an instant every one shut their eyes, and then looked for the cause of the shock. From the building known as the Arcade, heavy clouds of smoke poured out of the opening spaces where the windows had been. Everybody rushed to the place. The sidewalk in front of the building was strewn with broken glass and splintered fragments of the wood. There appeared at a window a man bleeding from ghastly wounds in his throat, and soon a man in the uniform of the Adams Express Company and an officer came down the main stairway bearing the mangled but living form of Russell Sage, the great financier and railway magnate. Other mangled forms were afterwards brought out. In some were still the breath of life, and others were motionless in death. One man was blown bodily from a window on the Rector street side.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

In all, three were killed and five wounded. The wounded were: B. F. Morton, a broker, 26 years old, of Far Lockaway, burned about the face and severely injured internally; C. W. Osborne, aged 52, of No. 192 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn, severe injuries about the body and face, condition dangerous; Frank Robertson, aged 26, broker's clerk, living at Bergen Point, N. J., cut and bruised about the abdomen, face and hands, will probably die; Russell Sage, wound on forehead, hands and face burned and lacerated, not dangerous; W. R. Laidlaw, broker's assistant, left leg badly gashed, and face and hands bruised and burned, will probably recover.

The names of those killed outright cannot be learned at this hour. The name of the stranger, upon whom the responsibility for the whole affair rests, is said to be Lord. He was taken to O'Connell's drug store in an unconscious condition. The doctors pronounced his case hopeless, but he was taken to the Chamber Street Hospital. There were in the offices when the explosion occurred six or eight men, clerks of Sage, and a young woman employed as typewriter. The latter was killed instantly. Both legs were blown off and the lower part of her body was fearfully gashed and mutilated.

FULL DETAILS.

The story is that at 12.15 o'clock this afternoon a small, well-dressed man, apparently about 35 years old, carrying a leather bag, called at Russell Sage's office on the second floor of No. 71 Broadway, and asked to see Mr. Sage. W. R. Laidlaw, Mr. Sage's clerk, told him that Mr. Sage was busy, and could not be seen. The man persisted, and continued to talk in a loud tone. Mr. Sage, who was in an inner office, came out to see what was the matter. He asked the man what it was he wanted, and the man said: "I demand a private interview with you."

Mr. Sage inquired with what

he could oblige, and the man with the satchel replied: "We want," he said, slowly and distinctly, "\$1,200,000. We want them right here, and now."

Mr. Sage started back, but, instantly recovering his presence of mind, he said it was a great deal of money, and that he would have to think about it. He knew that he was dealing with a crank, and was preparing to gain time. But the subterfuges were in vain with this crank. He had no time to wait and he said so.

"We cannot wait. I told your clerk our business was urgent. The money is wanted now. In this satchel I have dynamite, pounds of it. Unless you hand over the money up the goes."

Mr. Sage made one more attempt to temporize. He had not got the money, he said. His visitor might come again. At the word the man made an angry gesture, and, raising the satchel at arm's length, "You will not?" he said; "then here goes."

An explosion followed which almost raised the roof from the building, and Mr. Sage was blown clear through the doorway of his private office and across the room, where he landed in a bank of rubbish. The stranger was thrown against the partition and most severely injured.

WHO WERE PRESENT.

The persons in Mr. Sage's office at the time of the explosion were: Mr. Sage, his brother-in-law, Col. Slocum, C. E. James, of No. 7 Nassau street; B. F. Norton, of Far Rockaway; C. W. Osborne, of Brooklyn; and Mr. Menzies, attaché of the office; Frank Robinson, of Bergen Point; a messenger boy, and the bomb thrower.

All of these were either killed or more or less severely injured. The wounded ones were taken to O'Connell's drug store across the way, where their injuries were attended to. The occupants of the building rushed pell mell into the street, their faces pale with fright. Most of them thought at first that the building had tumbled in, and that there was to be a repetition of the Park place horror. When the explosion occurred there was a great rush of air from below. The building rocked and shook and the floors seemed to rise up. Everywhere the walls were cracked, and big clumps of plaster loosened from the ceiling fell with a crash. The panic in the upper stories was something awful. People ran over and trampled on each other in their mad haste to get down the stairways.

There were two elevators in operation, both filled with passengers, at the time. How they escaped death no one knows, for the confusion was so great for half an hour after the occurrence that no details of the narrow escape that many must have had could be obtained.

The scene in the wrecked office of Russell Sage after the explosion was one of ruin and chaos. The large main office has a small office on each side. The explosion apparently occurred in the main office, and extended its force westward toward the larger of the smaller offices, and through it to the offices of the elevated railroad. In Mr. Sage's main office the furniture was overturned and broken, the walls and ceilings were bare of plaster in great patches, the little closet built under the wash basin was wrecked, broken ink bottles and other office implements were scattered about, and valuable papers were strewn over the floor.

MR. SAGE WORSE.

A telephone message at 4 o'clock from Mr. Sage's house announced that Mr. Sage was probably much worse hurt than was at first supposed. It was necessary to carry him up the stairs to his door. No one is admitted but the servants.

WHO WAS THE FIEND?

The scene in the wrecked office of Russell Sage after the explosion was one of ruin and chaos, furniture being wrecked, ceilings demolished and part of the brickwork demolished.

In a hallway just outside the door leading to Mr. Sage's main office was found the shockingly mangled body of a man. The trunk and legs were in a state that would have made recognition impossible, but the head, which the police report as having been severed from the body, showed few marks of the explosion. As the trunk and legs lay in a net of rope brought by the firemen, they looked like a bundle of ragged old clothes and were absolutely without human semblance. The man wore a pointed reddish beard. The face looked like that of a man of education.

The police from time to time brought little clots of blood from the office and laid them carefully with the body. There was blood on the wall close to the door, through which the man had apparently struggled. These remains have since been recognized as those of the dynamiter.

What was left by the explosion of the madman's body was laid out for burial. The head was there, blackened, but neither cut nor disfigured in any way. It was cut off at the top of the neck and looked for all the world like the mask of a man 35 or 40 years old, with a full beard that might have been long, but was now burned close to the chin and neck. Then there was a leg, the right, the left foot and hand—that was all. The body proper was gone; of neither chest nor abdomen was a trace found. The leg that was there was broken and twisted.

Such shreds of clothing as were found showed that the man had worn trousers of a blue plaid, a black overcoat and long black stockings. He had been careful to divest himself of everything that might disclose his identity.

The list of the dead and injured so far as now known is as follows:

Dead—H. H. Weston, alias Lord, the thrower of the bomb, frightfully mangled and torn.

Unknown man, head and fragments of body picked up on the floor of Russell Sage's office.

Missing—J. E. Menzies, 25 years old, typewriter and stenographer to Russell Sage, said to have been blown up by the explosion, may be one of the unknown dead.

The injured—Russell Sage, millionaire, broker and investor, bleeding from many cuts in the head; partly unconscious.

J. S. Sloan, gashed and cut about the face, but not seriously; able to walk away.

C. W. Osborne, cashier of Russell Sage, cut, gashed and bruised from head to foot and probably internally injured; will die.

William Lalor, Wall street, broker, cut about the face and head and bruised; at the hospital suffering from shock.

W. R. Laidlaw, at the hospital suffering from many injuries.

Samuel C. Calhoun, telegraph operator, badly bruised and dazed.

Frank Robertson, broker's clerk, badly lacerated and cut; may die.

Unconscious man, supposed to be Samuel Biern, of Hiawatha, Kas., identification as-

sumed from document found in pocket. B. F. Norton, who was employed as a clerk in Mr. Sage's office, was blown through the window and into the street. He was taken to an hospital, where he died without regaining consciousness.

STOCKS AND BONDS STOLEN.

It was said that thousands and possibly millions of dollars' worth of bonds and stocks were in the office of Sage & Co. at the time the explosion occurred, and that they were lost. It is a fact that the following notice was sent out: "Parties who have received stocks, or have delivered stocks to Russell, Sage & Co., will kindly notify Frederic Taylor & Co. of numbers of certificates, and what stocks. Also what cheques and the amounts."

The Scotch-American.

New York *Scottish American*: In responding to the toast of "The Scotch-American," at St. Andrew's dinner in New York, Mr. Andrew Carnegie said: John Knox did not pass into immortality for his ecclesiastical or literary powers, but for his statesmanship, and because he insisted that there should be a public school in every parish. In this country people boast of their Public Schools and educational system, but the seed was laid in Scotland.

Regarding the *Scottish-American*, Mr. Carnegie quoted the statement made in Bancroft's "History of the United States," that the first voice for independence came not from the Puritans of New England, nor from the Dutch of New York, nor from the families of Virginia, but from the Scotch Presbyterians of North Carolina. That showed that the Scotsman engaged for centuries in defending the liberties of his own country, was awake to any menace to liberty in the country of his adoption.

Whether service of the *Scottish-American* was shared, and won in the field, a constitution had to be drawn up for the young country. That constitution, for the greatest political work ever conceived, was reproduction of Alexander Hamilton, a *Scottish-American*, and one of the greatest minds that ever figured in American history. Mr. Carnegie closed with an earnest appeal for the federation of all English-speaking peoples.

A Good Democrat.

Hon. R. P. Flower, Governor-elect of New York, believes in doing good with his money while living, and every year gives away a certain part of his income. Mrs. Flower, who has a handsome fortune through the bequests of relatives, does the same. Between them they gave St. Thomas' Church, in New York city, \$50,000 to erect, as a memorial to their son, the building known as St. Thomas' House, at Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets and Second avenue. The Flower Hospital, connected with the Homeopathic Medical College in New York, was a gift from Mr. Flower. Two years ago he joined his brother Anson in building a \$100,000 church for Trinity Episcopal Church in Watertown. In making this gift the only conditions imposed were that the seats should always be free. In the village of Theresa, where Mr. Flower was born, he erected, at his own expense, a handsome church as a memorial to his parents. A score of poor, but worthy families in Watertown have, for some slight service, been given comfortable homes, and many others have been helped in various ways.

Sad Plight of Lake Cities.

In two weeks after a declaration of war, England could place 50 gunboats on the lakes and more than 30 armored vessels in the harbors of our leading cities and could concentrate 75,000 regular troops in Canada, backed by a sturdy militia ready to march across our border, while in twice that time part of her Asiatic squadron could sail through the Golden Gate. Our lake frontier is a cobweb. No land defenses of such towns as Chicago, situated on the shore itself, could save them from bombardment.

The best army could not protect Chicago against a mediocre modern fleet. The shipping and commerce of the lakes is attractive. The goods afloat and ashore suffice to pay a huge war indemnity. They are all at the mercy of an English flotilla. Some people imagine that modern war has been humanized out of such measures as bombardment. But Paris was bombarded in 1870; so was Strasburg and its beautiful cathedral spire was seriously injured. War has no aesthetic maxims. The occupation of a seaport leaves no alternative but submission and the payment of a heavy ransom—or bombardment. In a town like Chicago this would be followed by fire, and we all remember the \$2,000,000 lost in the fire of 1871.—*The Forum.*

Philosophy of the Street.

Hot tempers are like burning strawpiles, principally exhausting to themselves. There are times when it really looks as though people traveled on their helplessness.

The scene of laziness to lean on the back of a worker's chair and suggest amendments.

Nothing destroys influence in male or female so fast as getting the name of being a scold.

Persistent waiting on a man will make a helpless imbecile of him faster than filling him with narcotics.

The first indication a woman gives of having a special regard for a man is when she begins to tidy him up.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

A Dangerous Place.

Albany *Journal*: "I haven't seen Maunders for a week or two."

"No; he's very sick. He went to a faith-cure meeting and took a severe cold."

Ten Dollars or Ten Days.

Judge: First Tramp—What did Santa Claus give me last year?

Second Tramp—My choice.

An Indian has recently been licensed to practice law in Nebraska.

Silver articles are called "plate" from the Spanish word *plata*, which means silver.

The Teutonic steamship consumes 300 tons of coal per day.

The body of Gametta is in Nice. His brain is in the museum of the Paris Anthropological Society. His heart has just been deposited beneath the monument erected to his memory at Ville d'Avray, where he died.

When a woman dies and her husband refuses to marry again is it a compliment to his first wife, or is it a sign that he has had enough of it?

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

New York Nurses Say the Old Legend Is True.

"When the tide goes out he will die." With assurance born of long experience beside deathbeds, the nurse in somber gray whispered these words to one of the sufferer's friends last night in a tenement house in Seventeenth street.

The man had been working on the dock, and a crane had fallen and struck him on the head. They bore him away to his squallid home. The company had sent a doctor and a nurse, but these were now of no avail.

"It is only a legend,"

"Yes, it is only a legend, but wait and see."

There was a faint ticking of the clock, but that was all that broke the silence of the next few hours.

The night ebbed slowly away.

"The tide—it is very near the full now," whispered the patient watcher. "Come closer if you want to see him die."

And the little group in the room drew closer. And so, too, he died, died when the tide went out at break of day; and out on the bosom of the tide had swept away, towards a great, unlighted sea, a human soul.

"It is only a legend, I know," said the nurse afterwards, "but I have been beside many deathbeds and never yet have I known the fancy to prove false. There seems to be even in death, as in life, a strange tide, and in the case of death a tide in some strange sort blended and acting in keeping with the circle of the tide that runs out to the ocean."—*N. Y. World.*

Mrs. Large in Japan.

Mrs. (Dr.) Stewart, of Palmerston, received a letter from her sister, Mrs. Large, who is in Japan, one day last week. There is no further development in the case of the self-accused murderer of Mr. Large, but the writer speaks of a earthquake at Tokio just before she commenced her letter. The house in which she resides shook for some seconds like a ship on water, so much so as to cause Mrs. L. to experience a strong dizziness. The bricks in the chimney were heard to crack, and Mrs. Large stood in the doorway of the house, with her child in her arms, ready to rush out. Fortunately the shock subsided without much damage having been done.

U. S. Railway Mileage.

The railway mileage in the United States on June 30th, 1890, according to the report, was 163,597 miles. The increase in mileage put in operation during the year was 6,099 miles. Michigan shows the largest increase in railway mileage during the year, being 459 miles, and Georgia comes next with an increased mileage of 438. Group V, made up of the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, shows an increased mileage of 1,370 miles during the year. The total length of track for the United States, including all tracks, sidings and spurs, is 209,000 miles.

Mr. Farrer is a Unitarian.

In the Christmas number of the *New England Magazine* is an article on "Canadian Journals and Journalists" by Mr. Blackburn Hart. Of Mr. Farrer, chief editorial writer on the *Globe*, the article says: "Educated in a Jesuit College on the continent of Europe, he is a convert to Unitarianism. Mr. Farrer knows the past and present tendencies of the Society of Jesus as few other opponents of the society do."

Presence of mind is all well enough in some cases, but when a man finds himself in danger of freezing to death he shouldn't try to keep cool.

Two boys, Augustus Swanson and Armour Clover, yesterday dug a cave in a frozen sawdust pile at West Superior, Wis. While inside the crust gave way, crushing them to death.

Charles F. Smith, aged 45, married became infatuated at Johnstown, N. Y., with Anna Walsh, aged 16, and after shooting her committed suicide.

The population of London is now 4,421,661. That of Paris, which comes next in the list of large cities, is 2,344,350.

A charming young bride laughingly says that her first awakening from the bliss of married life was caused by the superior smile on the face of the market boy when she told him to bring her a piece of "roast beef."

Great Britain poured nearly 150,000 emigrants into the United States during the first seven months of the present year.

The man who claimed that the world owed him a living is slowly collecting the debt. He is a tramp.

Within sixty-two years Mexico has had fifty-four Presidents, one Regency and one empire.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT A Preservative Medicine. They are BLOOD BUILDERS, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTORS, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WEAKENED BLOOD, or from VITIALIZED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and CORRECTING all BRITTLEARTERIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockton, Ont.