ANTI-WAR FEELING IN RUSSIA

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

Yesterday I met a Reservist soldier accompanied by his mother and wife. All three were riding in a cart; he had had a drop too much; his wife's face was swollen with tears. He turned to me:

"Good-bye to thee! Lyof Nikolaevitch, off to the Far East."

"Well, art thou going to fight?"

"Well, some one has to fight!"

"No one need fight!"

He reflected for a moment. "But what is one to do, where can one escape?"

I saw that he had understood me, had understood that the work to which he was being sent was an evil work.

"Where can one escape?" That is the precise expression of that mental condition which in the official and journalistic world is translated into the words "For the Faith, the Czar and the Fatherland." Those who, abandoning their hungry families, go to suffering, to death, say as they feel: "Where can one escape?" Whereas those who sit in safety in their luxurious palaces say that all Russian men are ready to sacrifice their lives for their adored monarch, and for the glory and greatness of Russia.

Yesterday, from a peasant I know, I received two letters, one after the other. This is the first:

"Dear Lyof Nikolaevitch—Well, today I have received the official announcement of my call to the service, tomorrow I must present myself at headquarters. That is all. And after that—to the Far East to meet the Japanese bullets.

"About my own, and my household's grief I will not tell you; it is not you who will fail to understand all the horror of my position and the horrors of war; all this you have long ago painfully realized, and you understand it all. How I have longed to visit you, to have a talk with you. I had written to you a long letter in which I described the torments of my soul; but I had not had time to copy it when I received my summons. What is my wife to do now with her four children? As an old man, of course, you cannot do anything yourself for my folks, but you might ask some of your friends in their leisure to visit my orphaned family. I beg you earnestly that if my wife proves unable to bear the agony of her helplessness with her burden of children and makes up her mind to go to you for help and counsel you will receive and console her. Although she does not know you personally she believes in your word, and that means much.

"I was not able to resist the summons, but I say beforehand that through me not one Japanese family shall be orphaned. My God! how dreadful is all this—how distressing and painful to abandon all by which one lives and in which one is concerned."

The second letter is as follows:

"Kindest Lyof Nikolaevitch—Only one day of actual service has passed, and I have already lived through an eternity of most desperate torments. From 8 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening we have been crowded and knocked about to and fro in the barrack yard, like a herd of cattle, the comedy of medical examination was three times repeated, and those who had reported themselves ill did not receive even ten minutes' attention before they were marked 'Satisfactory.' When we, these two thousand satisfactory individuals, were driven from the military commander to the barracks, along the road spread out for almost a verst stood a crowd of relatives, mothers and wives with infants in arms, and if you had only heard and seen how they clasped their fathers, husbands, sons, and hanging round their necks, wailed hopelessly. Generally I behave in a reserved way and can restrain my feelings, but I could not hold out, and I also wept." (In journalistic language this same is expressed thus: "The upheaval of patriotic feeling is immense.")

"Where is the standard that can measure all this immensity of woe now spreading itself over almost one-third of the world? And we, we are now that food for cannon which in the near future will be offered as sacrifice to the god of vengeance and horror.

"I cannot manage to establish my inner balance. Oh! how I exercrate myself for this double-mindedness which prevents my serving one Master and God."

This man does not yet sufficiently believe that what destroys the body is not dreadful, but that which destroys both the body and the soul, therefore he cannot refuse to go, yet while leaving his own family he promises beforehand that through him not one Japanese family shall be orphaned; he believes in the chief law of God, the law of all religions—to act towards others as one wishes others to act toward one's self. Of such men more or less consciously recognizing this law, there are in our time, not in the Christian world alone, but in the Buddhistic, Mohammedan, Confucian and Brahaminic world, not only thousands but millions. There exist true heroes, not those who are now being feted because, having wished to kill others, they were not killed themselves, but true heroes who are now confined in prisons and in the Province of Yakoutsk for having categorically refused to enter the ranks of murderers, and who have preferred martyrdom to this departure from the law of Jesus. There are also such as he who writes to me, who go, but who will not kill. But also that majority which goes without thinking, and endeavors not to think of what it is doing, still in the depth of its soul, does now already feel that it is doing an evil deed by obeying authorities who tear men from labor and from their families, and send them to needless slaughter of men, repugnant to their soul and their faith; and they go only because they are so entangled on all sides that—"Where can one escape?"

Meanwhile those who remain at home not only feel this, but know and express it. Yesterday in the high road I met some peasants returning from Toula. One of them was reading a leaflet as he walked by the side of his cart.

I asked, "What is that? a telegram?"

"This is yesterday's, but here is one of today."

He took another out of his pocket. We stopped. I read it.

"You should have seen what took place yesterday at the station," he said, "it was dreadful. Wives, children, more than a thousand of them, weeping. They surrounded the train, but were allowed no further. Strangers wept, looking on. One woman from Toula gasped and fell down dead; five children. They have since been placed in various institutions, but the father was driven away all the same. * * * What do we want with this Manchuria, or whatever it is called. There is sufficient land. And what a lot of people and of property has been destroyed."

Yes, the relation of men to war is now quite different from that which formerly existed even so late as the year '77. That which is now taking place never took place before.

The papers set forth that during the receptions of the Czar, who is traveling about Russia for the purpose of hypnotizing the men who are being sent to murder, indescribable enthusiasm is manifested among the people. As a matter of fact, something quite different is being manifested. From all sides one hears reports that in one place three reservists have hanged themselves; in another spot two more; in yet another about a woman whose husband had been taken away bringing her children to the conscription committee room and leaving them there; while another hanged herself in the yard of the military commander. All are dissatisfied, gloomy, exasperated. The words, "For the Faith, the King and the Fatherland," the national anthem and shouts of "Hurrah!" no longer act upon people as they once did. Another warfare of a different kind—the struggling consciousness of the deceit and sinfulness of the work to which people are being called—is more and more taking possession of the people.

Yes, the great strife of our time is not that now taking place between the Japanese and the Russians, nor that which may blaze up between the white and yellow races; not that strife which is carried on by mines, bombs, bullets, but that spiritual strife which without ceasing has gone on and is now going on between the enlightened consciousness of mankind now waiting for manifestation and that darkness and that burden which surround and oppress.

"I came to cast fire upon the earth, and how I wish that it were already kindled."—Luke xii., 49.

That which Jesus longed for is being accomplished; the fire is being kindled. Then do not let us check it, but let us spread and serve it.

Sun as a Health Restorer

The western astronomer who announces that the sun is not a molten mass, but, on the contrary, a delightful place to inhabit, will receive more respectful attention than would have been possible ten years ago. That the sun is the source of practically all the light and heat we receive is undoubted; but the nature of these two forces is not only a mystery to us, but the theories which have from time to time been advanced concerning them have been found untenable. Although we have immeasurably increased our knowledge concerning the universes and some of its laws in the last four centuries, we are not much nearer any appreciation of the causes underlying them.

The ignorant talk glibly about the "subtle ether," gravitation, light, heat and electricity, but the wisest admit that mighty little can be positively asserted about any of them aside from observed phenomena. No reasonable explanation has ever been given that explains the law of gravitation, which alone of all these in the universe seems to work exactly the same at all times and under all conditions. No one can explain how the rays of the sun pass through the frigid space for ninety millions of miles and yield us the warmth and light without which life is impossible. Very plausible theories have been advanced to explain how the sun maintains its volume of heat in spite of the constant loss through emanation, but they are theories only.

The atomic theory was used for decades to explain many things, but since that has been destroyed or made doubtful through the discoveries attendant upon the Hertzian waves and the emanation of ions, scientists are at sea where once they felt secure. Radium exhibits phenomena that are thus far inexplicable, and it is probable that the western astronomer has arranged his theory of an inhabitable sun largely because of these recent discoveries, which have done much more to destroy former views than to construct new ones. He thinks that the sun is the great dynamo of our system, and that heat and light are mere effects as locally manifested when in contact with matter. This sounds well, but it means little. It does not dispose of the difficulties attendant upon the theory afforded by other known conditions.

What can be said is that no one with any intelligence will at once categorically dispute the theory. That period has gone by. What is demanded is that he who propounds this or any other hypothesis shall back it up with reasonable proof of a scientific nature. We are unlearning many things just now and are preparing to learn new ones, and we must all approach any subject with an open mind, devoid of prejudice. The sun may or may not be inhabitable. It is going to be difficult to establish either proposition.

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in order to convince patients that he has the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg will accept your case for treatment, and you need not pay one penny until a complete cure has been made; he wants to hear from patients who have been unable to get cured, as he guarantees a positive cure for all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases, which he accepts for treatment. He not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney troubles, blood poison, physical and nervous debility, lack of vitality, stomach trouble, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up; so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured, he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It seems, therefore, that it is to the best interests of everyone who suffers to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him, which will receive careful attention, and a correct diagnosis of your case will be made free of charge; if you have lost faith write him, as you have everything to gain and nothing to lose; you must remember not one penny need be paid until you are cured. All medicines for patients are prepared in his own laboratory to meet the requirements of each individual case. He will send a booklet on the subject, which contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply Dr. S. Goldberg, 236 Woodward Ave., Room 630, Detroit, Michigan. Medicines for Canadian patients sent from Windsor, Ont., consequently there is no duty to be paid.

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REAL SULTAN OF SULU IN GORGEOUS ARRAY

A PHILIPPINE PAPER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS PERSONALITY.

Hadji Muhamad Jamalul Kiram, the Sultan of Sulu, called on Governor Wright Monday accompanied by part of his cabinet and a long retinue, reports The Orient, a weekly paper published in Manila. The Sultan wore a cutaway coat with standing collar, fairly stiff with braid, narrow trousers, with a wide slashing of gold braid down the outer seams, and a red fez. He is short and rotund with a small black moustache and twinkling eyes. His prime minister, Hadji Butu, is old and wrinkled. He is taller than his royal master and his angular form is set off by a black frock coat on top of which a black fez does not look out of place. Hadji Taib, Minister of War, is short and plump like his master, and is a man to be treated with consideration, for in his day he has commanded many thousands of fighting men.

Hadji Tahil, a judge, and Hadji Muhamad, and Hadji Sali, secretaries, were next in rank, but Hadji Gulam, the son of the Prime Minister, is not to be overlooked. Although only about eleven years old he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca and has kissed the sacred stone of the prophet. Hadji Abullah, a warrior, and Aptahi, a Moro retainer, attended their chieftain with magnificent ivory hilted krises stuck in their sashes, so as to be handled in case of trouble.

These were the retinue that accompanied the Sultan to the Ayuntamiento in the morning. He also brought with him Alik, his Malay cook, and Jubdani and Dubdub, two Moro servants, but these last he did not bring ashore.

This party of distinguished Moros arrived Sunday morning on the transport Borneo belonging to the Department of Mindanao. They spent a good deal of time on shore Sunday, and among other things visited the Luneta in the evening. The Sultan said that the Luneta was very, very beautiful, and he had never believed before that there were so many Americans in Manila.

Monday morning the whole entourage called upon Gov. Wright; the Sultan gorgeous in the red habiliments, said to have cost $1,800, that were the official dress of the Spanish governor in Moroland, the ministers and the judge in sober black, the secretaries, little Gulam and Abdullah and Aptahi in their tribal dress, with gorgeous flowing turbans. Abdullah wore a beautiful green jacket to show that he, too, had made the holy pilgrimage, while yellow predominated in his fellow swordsman's dress and turban.

The principal object of the visit was to talk over the needs of the province in the way of legislation. Heretofore everything has depended upon the Sultan, who has been leader and lawgiver in all things, spiritual and mundane. Now the native government has been supplanted and it was to discuss the requirements of the civic fabric that is to replace it that the Sultan wished to talk with the governor; the Sultan, of course, knows best what his own people need. There is a land law and a law of inheritance necessary. Formerly the Sultan could give a title to land. Now he cannot, and thus far nobody has been given that power. Then, the future status of slavery and of polygamy have to be settled and the social system adjusted to new conditions. The visitors brought a great pile of letters and other documents which they left with the governor.

Once in the course of conversation the governor spoke of the Sultan as "His Highness." This was interpreted by the interpreter, and the features of the dusky potentate broadened into a very gratified smile. This form is avoided by the American officers of the province in official discourse, although socially he is addressed by his royal title, just as an ex-officer of the army is given the benefit of his highest previous rank. Among his own followers there breathes not one even to this day who woull be so bold as to say "Thee" or "Thou" or "I" in his presence. It is always "His Highness," even in direct address, and "the slave of His Highness" when "I" is meant.

The Sultan and his retinue, with Major Barbour and the interpreter, withdrew down the hall slowly and stopped at the foot of the stairs to view the marble hall, while two or three Americans engaged the members of the party in conversation through the interpreter. Sultan Muhamad, however, seeing that a crowd of clerks from the different offices had congregated at the head of the stairs and were regarding him and his staff with undisguised curiosity, suggested that the party go out and sit in the carriages. As they went down the steps Aptahi, the Moro warrior, whirled about on his heel, with his left hand on his sword hilt, and raised his right hand, palm outward to the middle of his forehead, and bending low towards the little knot of Americans, made a very fine salaam.

The Sultan, Major Barbour and the Minister of War then drove off to the landing. Tuesday afternoon they went sight-seeing about Manila. They visited the city hall, the ice plant, the civil hospital, and finally they saw the firemen come down the pole and the big horses come out and take their places ready to be hitched up, all at the tap of the bell. Then the engines went out and threw a stream, showing them how Americans fought fire.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution today owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Native drug stores in Japan are still largely stocked with dried snakes, toads, lizards, crabs, etc., infusions of which are the popular household remedies throughout the country.

Regulations have been made in Vienna that all electric lights must be raised to sixteen feet above the pavement as otherwise they are likely to injure the eyesight of the pedestrians.

TRIAL PROVES ITS EXCELLENCE.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.

T. P. IN HIS ANECDOTAGE

Nameless Heroes—Brother's Devotion.

How accidental the fame of heroisms and even the heroisms themselves! It is not only that

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona Multi

but also that all the heroisms of the Homeric heroes would have been not unrecorded only, but unachieved, if it were not that a jealous lady was overlooked in an invitation to a wedding. There are hundreds in every great city, and in every country there are thousands of men, women, and children, with a latent capacity of heroism who go through life unnoted or despised because no accident has evoked it. Again, the recognition or irrecognition of those heroisms which accident has evoked is often accidental. They happen, perhaps, inopportunely, when attention is absorbed by something which imposes more upon the public imagination. In the same week in which the name of the boy hero of the Norge was in every paper and on every lip a boy hero of our own, who threw himself in front of an express train to seize a little brother and fling him aside off the track, at the cost of his own life, attracted hardly a moment's notice. Some time since in Berlin a milk-cart, containing only a little girl of three, was stopped in its runaway flight down the Muhlentrasse by a boy apparently about twelve. First of all, with extraordinary presence of mind, the lad rolled an empty tub, which was standing at a shop door, into the middle of the road, and when this made the horse swerve and, slacken for a moment his furious pace, the boy seized and hung on to the bridle, at the same time throwing up his legs and clasping them tightly round the horse's neck. This brought the frightened brute to a dead stop, and allowed the bystanders to hurry up and lift the little girl from the cart. While they were fussing about the girl the boy slipped quietly away, and neither then nor since could any trace of him be discovered.

A BROTHER'S DEVOTION.

Before the memory of the self-sacrifice of the boy hero of the Norge has faded from the public mind I should like to quote a striking parallel to it which I found in the "Mariner's Chronicle." Though it is rather a long story, I think it a pity to curtail or condense, or even vary, the rather quaint language of the "Chronicle": "When the St. James (Portuguese ship) was wrecked on the coast of Africa the captain and twelve other persons betook themselves to the pinnace. On putting off numbers hurried on in hopes of getting on board, but their more fortunate comrades, fearing that they might be sunk with the weight of all those who endeavored to gain admittance, pushed them back into the sea, and, with their sabres and hatchets, cut without mercy the hands of such as would not quit their hold. Then those in the pinnace, in order to prevent anarchy and confusion, agreed to submit to the authority of a head which they would choose from among themselves, and they immediately made choice of one, whom they invested with absolute authority. This power he soon found necessary to employ in causing the weakest, whom he merely pointed out with his finger, to be thrown overboard. In the number of these was the carpenter, who had assisted in repairing the pinnace; the only favor he requested was a little wine, after which he suffered himself to be thrown into the water without uttering a word. Another, who was proscribed in the same manner, was saved by an uncommon exertion of fraternal affection. He was already seized, and, on the point of being sacrificed to imperious necessity, when his younger brother demanded a moment's delay. He observed that his brother was skillful in his profession, that their father and mother were very old, and their sisters not yet settled in life; that he could not be of that service to them which his brother could; and, as circumstances required the sacrifice of one of the two, he begged to die in his brother's stead. His request was complied with, and he was immediately thrown into the sea. But this courageous youth followed the boat upwards of six hours, making incessant efforts to get on board, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; while those who had thrown him over endeavored with their swords to keep him off. But that which appeared likely to accelerate his end preserved it. The young man snatched at a sword, seized it by the blade, and neither the pain nor the exertions made by him who held it could make him quit his hold. The others, admiring his resolution, and moved by the proof of fraternal affection which he had displayed, unanimously agreed to permit him to re-enter the pinnace. At length, after having endured hunger and thirst, and encountered the dangers of tempests, they landed on the coast of Africa."

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

In a book with a similar subject to that of the "Mariner's Chronicle"—"Lives of Illustrious Seamen"—I came upon the case of as lucky or unlucky a sailor as that officer of the Norge, who had been wrecked three times within the years surviving the three. The Hon. John O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin's brother, was made a lieutenant in the navy in the year 1747, and here is his record of wrecks for the years following that appointment. His ship was lost on the coast of India with every soul on board save four, of whom O'Brien was one. On his return to Europe he was cast away at the Cape of Good Hope; but here, again, he had the singular good fortune to get safe to shore. He then took his passage in a Dutch homeward-bound East Indiaman, which, however, he was with the utmost reluctance induced to quit in order that the Dutch governor, his family, and suite might have the entire vessel to themselves. Twenty-four hours after she left the Cape, O'Brien himself saw her founder in a gale with the loss of every soul on board. A few years later the Dartmouth, a 50-gun ship, of which O'Brien was lieutenant, was engaged for hours with the Gloriosa, a Spanish man-of-war, in a gallant and unequal struggle, when a gunner ran up to him as he stood between-decks, shouting in a voice of horror, "The powder-room! The powder-room!" Before O'Brien could realize the disaster it occurred. The ship blew up! Here you would say his luck must fail him; but no. Presently he was found floating on the carriage of a gun. How he got there no one—not himself even—could say. It was supposed that he had been blown out at a port-hole with one of the guns, and that by some wholly inconceivable means he had rested on the carriage. He was picked up by the Drake privateer, his clothes hanging burnt and in rags on his back. When he came to himself and found himself in the presence of the Drake's captain he apologized for his appearance with his usual wit, good humor, and presence of mind; "Sir, you must excuse me for appearing before you in such a dress; but the fact is, I quitted my ship with such precipitation that I had not a moment to put on better clothes." Henceforth he was known amongst friends as "Skyrocket Jack."

A NAMELESS HEROINE.

Dumont, from whose "Narrative of a Thirty-four Years' Slavery and Travels in Africa," I quoted recently apropos of Moorish captivity, records the following instance of a woman's heroism during the siege of Gibraltar in 1782: "The Count d'Artois came to St. Roch to visit the place and the works. I well remember that his highness, while inspecting the lines in company with the Duke de Crillon, both of them with their suite, alighted, and all lay flat on the ground to shun the effects of a bomb that fell near a part of the barracks where a Frenchwoman had a canteen. This woman, with two children on her arm, rushes forth, sits with the utmost sang froid on the bomb-shell, puts out the match, and thus extricates from danger all that were around her. Numbers were witnesses of this incident; and his highness granted her a pension of three francs a day and promised to promote her husband after the siege. The Duke de Crillon imitated the prince's generosity, and insured to her a payment of five francs a day."

COOL INTREPIDITY.

Here from a contemporary journal is an account of an act of similar intrepidity, giving the names of the heroes: "On the 4th of June, 1804, after a royal salute from the principal fort, St. Heliere, in the Island of Jersey, the matches used on the occasion were lodged in the magazine without being properly extinguished. On the evening of the same day smoke was perceived to issue from an air-hole in one end of the magazine, and the alarm was soon spread. Three men—viz., Edward Towrell, a carpenter; William Ponteney, a soldier, and a Mr. P. Leys—volunteered their services, and were bold enough to advance to and break open the magazine, where they found two caissons of wood, filled with ammunition, on fire, near which stood an open barrel of gunpowder. A flannel cartridge was almost burnt through, and some of the beams that supported the roof were on fire. By their exertions the fire was extinguished. The magazine contained 200 barrels of gunpowder, besides charged bombs."

Gray Wolves Increasing.

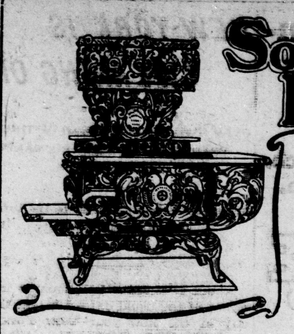
What are the two most widely known animals of the world—those of which some sort of mental picture is most easily to be produced in the minds of the greatest portion of the world's population? We should say, perhaps, the lion and the wolf. Of these, the latter is most generally accepted in the history of the world as the inspiration for human terror. The wolf is more dreaded of humanity than any other animal. No doubt we of today inherit that dread from ancestors who had occasion to fear the long-fanged quadruped, for there are few portions of the world today where the wolf is really dangerous to mankind. Dangerous to man's pocket, to his herds and flocks, he is still today in many portions of the country. A ranch in Montana or New Mexico may pay many hundreds of dollars a year for gray wolf scalps. Such a scalp is cheap at $12 or $15 to the rancher, for the gray robber would certainly have destroyed many times that value in calves or colts from the range. Yet spite of all the warfare made upon them, and all the prices put upon their heads, these dreaded, mysterious, ghost-like, terror-inspiring creatures still hold their own. Outcast for ages, hated, persecuted, they still endure, each for himself, and without a friend on earth, even among his own kin. Last year the State of Minnesota paid over $6,000 a month in the best of the wolf season. On one day of the month of last March, the state auditor paid $6,158 50 in wolf bounties. The total for the few months preceding was $36,548 50. On this basis the current year will foot up nearly as much as the two years preceding, which appears to indicate that Brother Wolf is holding his own, even as a matter of commerce. In many parts of the western cattle range, the gray wolves are increasing rather than decreasing.—Field and Stream.

Tedium of the Trolley

My friend Hanson combines with a practical interest in real estate a tendency to theorize about the domiciliary habits and tastes of people, and the migratory moods of urban populations. One of his theories is that if at the center of the business districts of our most congested cities a block or two could be set apart for private residences, equipped with the modern conveniences and elegancies, tenants for such residences would be found; and presently, the social respectability of the thing being established, the difficulty would be to find sufficient space to accommodate those who wish to escape the interval of transit between home and business that has now become the inevitable concomitant of our life. The theory is interesting, because it embodies a protest against our present period of trolley-civilization that is not often heard. It assumes that the daily journey on the trolley-car, which tends to prolong more and more as new suburbs are linked to the cities, is becoming increasingly obnoxious to some people, in spite of all the advantages of better air and cheaper rent and more wholesome conditions of existence generally that it renders possible. So indubitable are these same advantages, and so great is the sense of enlargement, liberation, expansion of interest and horizon that has come to thousands upon thousands through the trolley, that the individuals may seem to count for little who find that for them its usefulness is overbalanced by its nervous strain. Yet it is more than probable that Hanson is right—their number is increasing.—Scribner's.

Saved by a Horse

A Malden physician had an adventure some time ago which he does not care to repeat, although it gave him a much higher appreciation of the intelligence of his pet driving horse than he had previously entertained. He was returning home from visiting a patient late at night, in company with a clergyman, when the horse stopped short at one of the most dangerous grade crossings within the city's limits. Absorbed in lively conversation with his clerical friend, and seeing no gate down, he mechanically touched the horse with the whip and urged it by his voice to go forward; but the spirited animal for once would not respond, and instead of obeying stepped briskly aside and turned his head as far as possible from the train which just then whizzed by at the rate of forty miles an hour. It was a close call for the occupants of the carriage, who sat breathless through the moments of terrible suspense, but the horse maintained its attitude of a half circle until the danger was past. It seems that the gate-keeper was asleep at his post, and had neglected his duty, but the delicate ears of the horse had detected the sound of the coming train, and had rightly interpreted it as the signal of a danger to be avoided. Both men were firmly convinced that they owed their lives, under Providence, to the intelligent use the animal made of its former experiences with grade crossings, and nothing but a farm "down east," with a radium mine on it would now tempt its owner to part with it.—Boston Transcript.



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THE CANADA METAL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Where Men Get Hurt

There you find POND'S EXTRACT—*the old family doctor*—relieving the pain, curing the hurt. For cuts, burns, sprains, bruises—whatever happens, Pond's Extract is a certain cure, a reliable "first aid." 60 years of relief work prove its worth. Imitations are weak, watery, worthless; Pond's Extract is pure, powerful, priceless.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

The use of saccharin, a product of coal tar, instead of sugar, is growing. It is not only used to sweeten beer, but it is now also employed in the manufacture of syrups, jams, lemonades, wines (especially champagne), cider, brandy, pastry and chocolate.

IF YOUR CHILDREN are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

gascar ride oxen.

A French Government report announces that in Cambodia cutting off a man's head is absolutely the most serious insult that can be offered him. "Happily," the report adds, "this prejudice is not shared by the other people of Indo-China."

In 700 years the stonework of three successive parish churches erected at Rowley Regis, Staffordshire, England, has crumbled away, and it has now been found necessary to erect a fourth church.

Free for a Post Card

It costs just **one cent** for you to get relief from Kidney and Bladder Troubles. A simple request on a post card brings a free sample box of Gin Pills. We don't ask you to buy. Simply try Gin Pills at our expense, and let them prove themselves all that we claim for them. And we know the samples will do you so much good that you will voluntarily buy Gin Pills until a complete cure is effected. We intend to give away

100,000 Boxes Free of Charge

in order to show our confidence in this remedy. We know what Gin Pills will do. We have implicit confidence in their power to relieve and cure all Kidney and Bladder Troubles. We know that you have only to try them to believe in them.

Gin Pills Never Fail to Cure.

All over Canada, Gin Pills are known as a certain and speedy cure for Inflammation of the Kidneys; Gout and Rheumatism, caused by uric acid in the blood; Catarrh of the Bladder; Painful and Suppressed Urination; "Burning" Urine; Gravel or Stone in the Bladder; Bed Wetting; Pains in the Back, and all other Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Each Gin Pill contains all the medicinal properties of one and a half ounces of best Holland gin, without the alcohol, and combined with other curative agents of recognized value.

Don't Delay—Write To-day.

Don't put this off. If you have any of these troubles, don't run the risk of Bright's Disease or Chronic Cystitis. Write for a free sample of Gin Pills, and start yourself along the road to a certain cure.

Use a post card, ask for a free sample of Gin Pills, say in what paper you saw this advertisement, and sign your name and address. Write to-day—now—to

BOLE DRUG CO., Dept. X, Winnipeg, Man.