

Women of Russia and Japan

(By Sir Edwin Arnold.)

If war be averted between Japan and Russia, as it now seems may be confidently hoped, it will be a new proof how strong those agencies are which everywhere in the present day silently work for peace. Taken each by doubt, some of these forces would no doubt be considered trivial and feeble, but they help each other, and the sum-total of their influence is shown at this moment with equal plainness both in the Far and Near East. Yet what may sometimes greatly depress an observer who loves his kind, and believes in the ultimate triumph of reason and concord, is to notice how slowly the race learns the simple lessons of its own welfare. Manchuria is an example of this. Does the name seem new to anyone, or the historic fact a novelty that the destinies of Russia, of China, and of Japan should all be mixed up with it? More than 600 years ago the same races were at war for much the same reasons as might today make a battlefield of the Chinese province. Manchuria was the domain and starting-point of Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan. Thence rolled forth across all Asia and half-way over the Continent of Europe those Tartar hordes which nearly turned the globe into one vast barbarous and blood-stained China. In those days Kublai Khan launched his great expedition against Japan, and the story of the Spanish Armada and of England's triumph over it was almost exactly anticipated by what the Japanese people did to save their islands. A most curious picture of that ancient struggle, painted on chicken-skin only a short time after the Tartar invasion, was brought to me in Tokio and offered at a price I would readily have given. But it was so plainly a precious document of state, with the strange costumes depicted and ancient forms of armour, weapons, boats and bridges, that I sent the ignorant possessors to the Emperor's palace, and his imperial majesty gladly enlarged the remuneration demanded, and placed in the royal library what was for Japan a duplicate of our own Bayeux Tapestry. I almost wish I had not been so duped. It was a quaint colored picture, stretching twice across the floor of our sitting room, of that far-off time when

In Xanadu did Kublai Khan A stately pleasure-dome decree, Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns measureless to man Down to a sunless sea."

The first Manchurian war; the earliest specimens of war correspondence; Pekin just founded; and the Yaloo, which was Alph, strategically important then as now, were all there. Yes! I must honestly confess that I wish sometimes I had been more selfish and had retained the wonderful pictured scroll. What makes me recall it, and wish there may be no second Manchurian conflict, is that there were groups of women in several of its sections, Chinese and Japanese, ladies and waiting maids nursing the wounded, so that even in so distant a day war and its terror and ruin had also its tenderness. And this, again, set me thinking that the greatest force which could be exercised against warfare, and in favor of the universal peace for which the planet yearns, will come when women do their part to break the swords and silence the drums. They might do much more than they know. I do not think there is any need to teach Japanese women about the pity and the misery of warfare. That great and true friend of peace, the present Tsar of All the Russias, has journeyed among the quiet, bright, happy cottages of the Island Empire, and well knows how unwelcome would be the necessity which took the fisherman from his nets and the peasant from his rice-fields all across the sunny shores which look to Korea and to Manchuria. He knows, moreover, even if his turbulent colonels on the frontier forget, how strong is the loyalty in every Japanese home, and how formidable the strength which the unchanging patriotism of the Mikado's subjects gives to

his arms. In the matter of medical help and well-kept hospitals, a Japanese army is perhaps better equipped than any in the world. The Tsar cannot have forgotten an incident of his own sojourn in Japan, when a crack-brained fanatic struck a blow at that head, sacred to the whole land as being the head of its guest. One young girl, more heart-broken than even the others at the stain thus imprinted upon the hospitality of Dai Yippon, did a deed which the Tsar well remembers. She composed a pathetic letter to her lord, the Mikado, deploring the disgrace which had come to his people and the whole country by such an act of frenzy, quoting in it examples of ancient days, when the humblest were sometimes permitted to become a sacrifice for the highest and most public. Provided with this letter, she crossed it herself to the threshold of the palace, upon which, in accordance with the old customs, she laid her little forehead but faithful forehead, and then, retiring to a lonely spot in the neighborhood with misguided but sublimely unselfish devotion, she put an end to her own existence, and was found lying dead, an offering, as she conceived, which the gods and the Emperor—nay, perhaps even the august and illustrious stranger himself—might accept to the excuse and purgation of Japan. A nation which contains children of such a spirit cannot be conquered, and will never be lightly attacked by prudent enemies.

Formidable, indeed, as are the land and sea forces of the Island Empire, its inner strength consists in the intense loyalty and universal self-respect and passion for duty which are the common qualities of the forty-five millions of Japanese, so ignorantly disparaged by the journals of Moscow, St. Petersburg and other capitals. Those Muscovite colonels understand and care little of all this, being everywhere ready, for the sake of pay and promotion, to embarrass the policy of their sovereign, and to push Russia, through falsehood and bloodshed, to territorial expansion. Yet they would learn the depth and meaning of it in war, nor can they be wholly inensible to the sufferings of those who are slain in the name of their country, the lowly countenance of the cottages of Japan, from which the cruel conscription year by year drags away the breadwinners, leaving behind distress and bereavement, and tearing away the young peasant from the family altar and his familiar pine woods. No such benevolent arrangements are prepared for the Russian soldier as are never neglected by the Red Cross Societies of Tokio, Osaka, Nagasaki, and other Japanese towns and cities. The wounded moujik, the fever-stricken Cossack, has a hard lot compared with that of the hardy Japanese linesman, whose courage in battle and perfect self-restraint in victory astonished the Russian themselves during the recent military event in China. To comprehend rightly the cause of these national differences the Western mind must rid itself of the absurd ethnological blunder, shared by the German emperor and many public writers and speakers, that the Japanese are Mongolians and of what is called the "yellow race." Their language, habits, laws, manners, their arts, religions, impulses, social regulations, and general views of life are entirely diverse from those of the Mongol type. A proof of this may be seen even in this minor fact, that they have never adopted, and never will adopt, the Chinese passion for the opium pipe. The same delicate and refined taste visible in their art, which makes their common laboring men content, by way of refreshment, with a little cup of tea, and a pipe which only furnishes the wife of their mild tobacco, and which makes them scorn and reject the Mongol's favorite drug, manifests them as a special blend of humanity. The major part of their blood is Malayan, mingled with that of the Kanaka and Polynesian islanders, and a strong ancient strain of the Northern Aryans, drawn through India and Ceylon to the Pacific waters. Nature has given the task, which once seemed impossible, of linking together the East and the West by their unique civilization, and at the present moment it is, perhaps, the very greatest interest to humanity at large that Japan should fulfil her splendid and serviceable destiny without the shock and sorrow of a war which she does not fear, but does not wish for.

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JEFFRIES TELLS WHAT BLOWS WIN HIS FIGHT.

The most natural thing to think of in connection with Champion James J. Jeffries, the resister of all blows that have come his way, and the greatest deliverer of the knockout punch in all the world, are the blows that he can resist and the blows that he can give. In the following article Champion Jeffries writes about punches. He tells what blows he has used to score knockouts in his principal fights, how he delivers them, how they affect the recipient, and also what blows have hurt him most, who delivered them and where they landed.

(By James J. Jeffries.)

The blow that hurt me most, in all my fights, was a right-hand punch that Jim Corbett landed on the point of my jaw in the tenth round of our fight at Coney Island. He never knew how near he came to beating me with that punch. It jarred me and stunned me so that for a few seconds I hardly knew what was going on. I don't know how I felt, so that he could take his advantage, the fight might have come out differently. But he didn't know it, and I recovered in a short time and went on as if nothing had occurred to bother us.

Lots of people think that Corbett can't hit, but there never was a bigger mistake made. I was very careful in our last fight not to let him get in another blow of the same kind. But in the eighth round he did, and the effect was nearly as bad as on the former occasion. As I remember it, I was mixing things in the middle of the ring, when Corbett lammed me with a left hook that brought me up with a jolt. Then I saw his right come round and it caught me square on the point. That made me wobble a little, but it was not as damaging as the punch he got in on me in the first fight. Then up in Carson Corbett used to jab me with punches on the jaw. This is the only place that anybody ever hurt me. None of the blows that Corbett or Fitzsimmons put into my body ever distressed me in the least. Fitzsimmons is a hard puncher, but in our fights he never had me dazed the way Corbett did in our first battle. In "Frisco" Fitzsimmons cut me all to pieces. No other man ever damaged me that way, but for all that I was never in danger at all. I remember that Fitz was hitting awfully hard, and his blows landed, but they didn't stun.

Of all the other men I have fought

none ever had me hurt. Sharkey hammered me. He didn't land often, but when he did it was a hard punch. Still, I can say that Sharkey did not daze me at all in our fights.

Now, as to what I consider my best blow. It is a left hook in the body. That is the punch that puts them all down when it lands. That is the one that I put in on Corbett a few times and it took all the fight out of him. I like to get in with a few body punches. They have a lot of effect in taking the steam out of the other man and making him easy mark for the knockout. I knew that I had Corbett as soon as I got the first punch into his body. I could see his eyes roll up. After that I studied him out carefully, and went in to win without wasting a punch.

I don't like to keep jabbing away all the time without landing, as some fighters do. There is nothing in it. The way to do is to go at it like a skilled workman. Fighting is a trade, just like carpentering or watchmaking, and a champion ought to use skill all through the fight. I don't see the use of cutting or brushing the other fellow any more than I have to. The best way is to find his weakest spot and then get in one or a few blows that will stop him. When I fight a man I don't take any delight in hearing that he can't get out on the street the next day, or that he is so bruised up that his friends would not know him. That is all unnecessary, and only an evidence that the winner doesn't know how to do a good job. If I was employing a carpenter, who splintered a plank every time he tried to drive a nail I would fire him and get a better workman on the job.

I like to use my right hand for the jaw, too. That is a good finisher. Straight across, without any frills, it is as good a punch as I know of. I settled Fitz that way in our first fight. When you land it right the other fellow doesn't get up and make any more fuss. But body punching is my long suit. A man is so easy when you have put in a few hard ones that it appeals to me as the most scientific way to win. In my last fight with Fitzsimmons I watched a long time for my chance and when it came I was ready to make the most of it. Fitz is a dangerous fellow all the time. I just fought him along until I saw that his strength was going and his wind wasn't as good as it might be, and then I stepped in. That punch in the body took all the fight out of him.

When he went down he couldn't have gotten up if a fellow had been standing there waiting to hand him a bunch of thousand dollar bills, and if he could have risen to his feet his arms would not have had any more strength in them than a baby's. He couldn't have hurt me, and I could have finished him easily. The punch in the body is the most workmanlike of them all. The left hand is in a better position than the right. I like to use the right hand a lot in the body, too. I did that with Corbett—used both hands, and I guess he thought he had been hit by a snow blow.

Standing up straight will be my way of fighting after this. I am a lot faster that way, and I can follow a man up and use the left hook for the jaw a lot better and quicker than I can if I am doubled up. The crutch was good enough in its time, before I found out how fast I could be, and when I lacked the ring experience that I have now.

That left hook for the chin is a good one, too, and so is a long left jab for the stomach. I caught Corbett once with that in "Frisco," when he thought he was way out of range. It doubled him up in good shape.

FOOTBALL FIELD TRADITIONS.

Football history is a little cloudy. Shakespeare speaks of football as a low game. In twelfth century English literature, mention is made of a sport, known as football, which was played with enthusiasm by the lower classes. One historian finds that "The Greeks and Romans had a sport which consisted of kicking about some kind of object, under certain general rules, and this may be taken in a wide sense, to have been the forerunner of the present game." At any rate, it was played and was popular in England for several centuries before the Puritans put a serious check to it in the 17th century.

There was little science in the game, and, as played solely by what are called the lower classes in England, was very rough, if not brutal. The object was the same as it is now, to carry or kick a ball over your opponent's goal line and prevent such score being made against yourself. The distances between goal lines sometimes reached two or three miles, extending from village to village.

Then the game was suppressed. It was thought so brutal that numerous laws were passed from time to time imposing a severe penalty on any one who played or even witnessed a game of football. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the sport came to life again, and in spite of opposition from parents who did not like the risk to clothing and limbs of their children, became popular in English public schools.

In forming rules to govern the game the various schools were obliged to consider the size and nature of their playing ground. Out of this there grew several styles of football. At Rugby, the field on which games were played was large enough to allow a kicking and tackling game. This could not be done at Charterhouse and Westminster and there the "dribbling" game came to life. In this style the ball could not be touched with the hands, but was propelled by slight kicks from toe or shin as the player ran along behind it. At Harrow they had plenty of free kicking, and catching, but could not tackle or run with the ball. At Eton the field was very limited, and the game invented and played a peculiar "wall game."

DISTANCE FOOTBALL KICKING.

A place kick of a football in Great Britain carried 21 feet six inches. A better idea of the distance may be had by reckoning it in yards—77 yards 6 inches.

Our football fields are 110 yards long so that this kick was 22 yards and 66 inches more than half the length of the field—a pretty long place kick.

It is not easy to compare this kick with long distance place kicks in this country on account of the scarcity of records here. There is a record of 200 feet 8 inches for a place kick made on this side of the water, but it was a long time ago, and it is a certainty that longer place kicks have been made in games since that time.

After the ball travels over the goal line from the kickoff, at least 30 yards, making a total distance of 75 yards, Dave Fultz, the old Brown halfback, says the best kicker from placement he ever saw—somebody holding the ball

for the kicker—was one Moose at the university of Kansas. Moose was an Englishman.

"As a matter of fact," says Fultz, "the punt is the best kick for yielding distance. A punt in the neighborhood of 80 yards is said to have been made by De Witt of Princeton.

"The spiral punt yields the most distance, and the spiral can be applied only to the punt. The ball hits the foot lengthwise and slightly oblique, and it revolves on its own axis. It does not turn over and over lengthwise, but the same point is always in front. It is boring its way ahead, the same point in front always, like an airship, but whizzing around the axis extending from point to point.

SAD LACK OF ENTERPRISE.

(New York Tribune.)

Mrs. Poulney Bigelow, who wrote the novel "The Middle Course," was talking about the British Museum. "Every visitor in London," she said, "visits the Museum. All sorts of persons go there, and some of the questions that they put to the officers is amusing. There was a woman of Bath who said to an attendant once: "I have been looking about for a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Have you a skull of Cromwell here?"

"No, madam," the attendant answered. "How very odd," exclaimed the woman, "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

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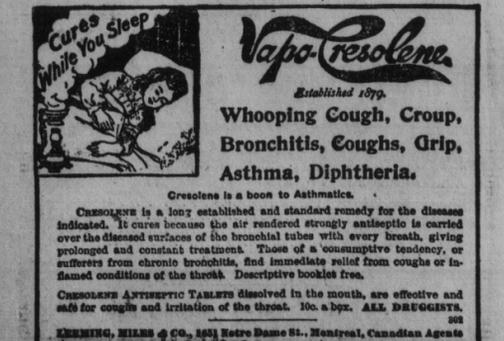
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