

A TELLING COMPARISON

CONTRASTING MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS AND EMPRESS EUGENIE.

One the Feminine Representative of a Lost Cause, the Other of a Perished Dynasty—First Had Happy Moments—None Such Can Come to the Ex-Empress of the French—Sketch of Mrs. Davis' Life.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, whose death was announced the other day, became the feminine representative of a lost cause as did the Empress Eugenie of a perished dynasty. Appomattox blasted the ambitions of the one as did Sedan of the other. It would be difficult to say which of them suffered the more at first. The one saw the south, which she looked on as her country, subjugated and its social system overthrown. She saw her husband, to whom she was devoted, in prison, and she feared that he might go from the prison to the scaffold. The threat, "We'll hang



MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," began to have a deadly significance. Eugenie had made her escape, and while her husband was a captive, his life was in no danger. On the other hand, the empress had enjoyed many years of brilliant imperial power. She had a son, and she hoped to see him succeed his father. If, as has been asserted, she was largely responsible for the war which drove her into exile, she had much with which to reproach herself.

Mrs. Davis was a president's wife for only a few troubled years, full of alternations of hope and despondency. She spent time in a city which, much the time, was practically besieged. She did not lose so much as the empress did, nor did she have the bitter reflection that her advice or counsel had harmed the confederacy. Perhaps Mr. Davis would have got along more smoothly in some respects if he had taken her advice often. She was the more tactful of the two.

After the release of Mr. Davis and his return to Mississippi, Mrs. Davis undoubtedly had a happier life than the Empress. Her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, survived the war several years. Eugenie soon became a widow, and then childless, desolate, and hopeless. Few Frenchmen have for her the sentimental affection which most southerners had, or assumed they had, for Mrs. Davis. The confederacy was no more, but Mrs. Davis had the pleasing feeling that she lived in the hearts of the confederates. She finally came to live among the Yankees and became reconciled to them. The closing years of her life were happy ones. There can be no happy moments for Eugenie.

Mrs. Varina Howell Davis was one of the links that bound the present generation to the past of the civil war. Since the death of her distinguished husband, twenty-six years ago, her life had been reposeful, save for the shock of the death of her talented and beautiful daughter, "Winnie"—the daughter of the Confederacy—"in the cities of the South or in the greater cities of the North she always was accorded that silent admiration which her fine character commanded.

Men and women who then saw her could not help remembering the direful struggle of the war of the rebellion. But she seldom talked of those days of national sorrow, certainly never to strangers.

The late Mrs. Davis was born at Natchez, Miss., on May 7, 1826. She



WINNIE DAVIS' MONUMENT.

was the grand-daughter of Richard Howell, a famous Revolutionary soldier, who became Governor of New Jersey, and was the daughter of William Burr. She was educated at Mme. Grouland's school, in Philadelphia, and on February 25, 1845, she married Jefferson Davis, afterward President of the Southern Confederacy. She was the second wife of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis took his seat in Congress shortly after his marriage, and in Washington the accomplishments and strong personality of his bride received due recognition. Mrs. Davis became one of the social leaders of the capital.

In the dark days of the rebellion, Mrs. Davis was devoted to her husband without neglecting the claims of her children. When she was compelled

to flee from Richmond with her baby Winnie, she rode in a rough, jolting army ambulance, traveling hundreds of miles without a murmur of complaint.

While her husband was a prisoner Mrs. Davis stayed for a time in Savannah. Then she begged to be allowed to go to Augusta, where she would be nearer her husband, and received permission to do so. Thinking that her eldest three children, Maggie, Willie and Jefferson, would be safer in Canada, she sent them there in charge of her mother.

Then her dearest wish was gratified. The Government gave her permission to join her husband in Fort Monroe. With her was baby "Winnie."

Varina Anne, or "Winnie," as she was affectionately called, was educated in Europe. Mrs. Davis idolized her beautiful daughter and she experienced a shock great beyond expression when in September, 1898, "Winnie" Davis died.

Years after the close of the civil war Mrs. Davis was the bright, genial hostess of Beauvoir, Miss. This handsome, picturesque retreat was the Mecca of the surviving generals and statesmen of the South. Mrs. Davis sold it last February to the Sons of the Confederate Veterans of Mississippi, as a home for veterans of the Confederacy.

Since then she lived in New York where she died. Her body was taken to Richmond, Va., where it rests beside the ashes of her husband in Hollywood Cemetery, in the capital of the Confederacy, in which the most eventful years of her long and honored life had been spent. North and South paid her tribute in splendid funeral obsequies.

NERO OF THE ORIENT.

Terrible Outrages Perpetrated By the Young Emperor of Annam.

Some extraordinary stories are related concerning the conduct of the Emperor of Annam, Thanh-Thai, who is the greatest sovereign under the French Protectorate in Indo-China. The last issues of the Saigon papers to hand and numerous private letters show that the Emperor, who is a young man of 27, and has always been noted for his eccentric character and ungovernable temper, has been guilty of some most revolting crimes in Annam.

In August last he became displeased with several of his wives for some trifling offense they had committed, and ordered them to be put to death. Wishing to get as much savage pleasure as possible out of their deaths, he ordered that they should be tortured in a manner too horrible to mention. This was done in his presence, the Emperor watching the women's last agonies with the greatest delight, and compelling two of his mandarins to remain with him.

A day or two later his Majesty, in a fit of passion, drew his revolver and shot dead the prince who was presiding over the execution.



THANH-THAI, KING OF ANNAM.

dent of the council of the royal family. The victim, who was universally esteemed, was a venerable old gentleman of 72. He was the last surviving son of the Emperor Minh-Manh.

Thanh-Thai then shut himself up in his private apartment, and when the French Resident called to remonstrate, refused to see him. The French Government considers this act as an affront to the person of its representative.

The Emperor is believed, by many Frenchmen who know him personally, to be afflicted with a mania for experimenting in medical matters. One of his experiments was to shut up his own mother in a room with two persons in the worst stages of bubonic plague. "I sacrificed my mother in the cause of science," wished to see if she would catch the plague," was the monarch's remark.

On another occasion, under the pretext that he was acting in the interests of science, the Emperor had one of his wives vivisectioned. In January, 1902, his Majesty so tormented his personal attendants that their screams were heard at night at the French Residence. At that time the French Resident interfered, and rescued from the palace seven victims, all of whom had undergone atrocious tortures.

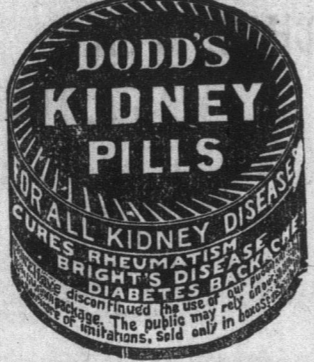
All power was then taken out of the hands of Thanh-Thai, whose actual rule does not now extend beyond the fifteen or twenty acres of his palace grounds.

Birth Stones.

The following is a list of birth stones and their significance: January, garnet; February, pearl; March, hyacinth, fortitude and bravery; April, diamond, innocence; May, emerald, wedded happiness; June, catseye, health, wealth and long life; July, ruby, cure of love's wounds; August, moonstone, resistance to disease; September, sapphire, steadiness of brain; October, opal, consolation; November, topaz, the power of winning friends; December, turquoise, success in life.

One Way to Catch Fish.

A curious method of catching fish is practiced by the Chinese. The fisherman lowers a screen of white canvas from the side of his boat, which a shoal of fish will often mistake for some floating obstruction and endeavor to leap over, with the result that many jump into the boat and are thus captured. This ingenious practice is also pursued by Malay fishermen.



Four Men Killed.

Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 2.—A Baltimore and Ohio freight train yesterday broke in two near Black Lick and the rear part crashed into a Pennsylvania freight train. It is reported that four men were killed. Railroad officials here declined to give any information regarding the wreck.

Killed By Pile Driver.

Greenwood, Feb. 2.—Thomas Bayles, who runs a saw and grist mill a mile north of here, was killed yesterday by a pile driving machine falling on him. He was a native of Pickering Township, and leaves a widow and two grown up sons.

Killed By Yard Engine.

Brantford, Feb. 2.—Yesterday morning an Italian working in the G.T.R. yards was run over by the yard engine and killed instantly.

A STOREHOUSE FOR POISONS.

You may not think so, but that's what you become when the kidneys are affected. These organs cleanse the blood; if they are not fit to hit remove from the blood the waste matter that acts like deadly poison on the vitality and health of the system. Dr. Hamilton's Pills stimulate the kidneys, expel fermenting matter from the bowels, restore the liver and stimulate all excretory and secretory organs. This enables the blood to quickly replenish itself and establishes perfect health. No medicine does such lasting good as Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Bitternat Pills. 25c. at all dealers.

Added to the Archives.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, Provincial Archivist, has received from Mr. Justice Riddell a diary kept by the latter's father from 1833 to the close of the fifty's. The diary is full of events of public interest in connection with the Town of Cobourg and the County of Northumberland. A number of letters and a yearly almanac of 1833 accompanied the diary.

Canine Pugilists.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what are the dogs of war?

Pa—Almost any two strange dogs when they meet, my son.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

M.P.'s Hearty Eaters.

The report of the kitchen committee of the British House of Commons show that from Feb. 13 to Dec. 24, 1905, 452 meals were served in the House. Of these 126 were breakfasts, 99,225 lunches, 47,968 dinners, 758 suppers, 75,213 teas and 5,150 meals at bars. The cost of the meals reach a total of \$96,445 or an average of 58 cents. This includes \$31,445 for spirits, wines, beers and mineral waters and \$5,456 for cigars.

HELPS MEN TO WORK HARD.

That's what Ferrozone does; it supplies the additional strength that enables a man to maintain health under difficulties. "Last spring I was so completely fagged out that I could not work," writes J. W. McNichol, of Turnbull, Man. "In the morning I was tired—limbs ached all over. Had no appetite, was sleepless, nervous and unhappy. Ferrozone put new life in me. Now I eat heartily, nerves are strong. I sleep well, I know the joy of real health." It's by supplying nourishment and good blood that Ferrozone builds up; try it—50c. per box at all dealers.

New Species of Chimpanzee.

"Koolokamba" is the name of a new species of chimpanzee recently brought to the London zoological gardens from Africa. It has a shaggy coat, jet black in color, with the hair hanging over the hands like mittens. The head is quite bald, and its size is somewhat abnormal for this race. It receives its curious name from the peculiar sound it makes. The same signifies "the animal that speaks."

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear. Like magic by its use. Try it and see! Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD.

The Famous "Sixteen Strings Jack" and Dick Turpin.

At the Rose tavern, a noted gaming house standing in Marylebone garden in the 18th century, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, used to toast his companions at their farewell dinner when the season ended in the ominous words, "May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again!" John Rann, the highwayman, otherwise "Sixteen Strings Jack," of evil fame, liked to swagger about at Bagnidge Wells in the intervals of carrying out his nefarious deeds or undergoing punishment for the same. He is described as appearing there in July, 1774, "attired in a scarlet coat, tambour waistcoat, white silk stockings and a laced hat. On each knee he wore the bunch of eight ribbons which had gained him his sobriquet of 'Sixteen Strings Jack.' There were lively doings under the influence of this sprightly gentleman, and on the occasion referred to he was pitched out of a window for offending honest company. Only a few months later he met the reward for his misdeeds on the gallows at Tyburn for venturing to rob the Princess Amelia's chaplain.

Dick Turpin was another "gentleman of the road" who amused himself in the intervals of "business" by frequenting pleasure gardens. He was once moved to kiss a lady in public at Mr. Trelbone, assuring her, when she protested, that the right ever after best of the favor she had received. "Whether Turpin and gentleman of similar occupation came to the pleasure gardens solely for their amusement or reasonably to be doubted when we remember how frequent robberies were in the paths and fields leading to these sylvan retreats. Watchmen were set "to guard those who go over the fields late at night," yet even so visitors were often attacked and robbed, sometimes in the gardens themselves and sometimes on the road to or from them.

In early days at Marylebone it was deemed necessary to provide a company with a guard of soldiers to conduct them home at night, a curious winding up to a jovial evening. Pickpockets were of course plentiful at all the gardens despite every precaution, and one night at Capri's in 1743 a thief caught in the act of robbing a lady's purse was rescued from the hands of the police by a band of his comrades of his way through St. George's fields and enabled to escape justice for that time.—Temple Bar.

Scored Against O'Connell.

An amusing incident is told of a victory over Daniel O'Connell by a witness whom he was cross-examining. The witness was for the crown, and the case was a riot committed by a crowd of hooligans. O'Connell was at that time well known, and it was after he had received his sobriquet of "the big beggar man."

The witness finished, and O'Connell began the cross-examination. "Now tell the court just how many beggars there were," he said.

"Indeed, I did not stop to count them, but there was a great tribe of them," he answered.

"A whole tribe of them, eh? Will you tell us to what tribe they belonged?"

"Indeed, your honor, that is more than I can do, for I never heard, but I think it must have been to the tribe of Dan."

"You may go down, sir," said O'Connell in a rage, amid the laughter of the court.

The Potato in Ireland.

Statistics prepared by the Irish department of agriculture relating to the potato crop reveal some interesting results as to the popularity of the different varieties throughout the country. It is indicative of the conservatism of the growers that notwithstanding the numerous selections of high capable the Irish farmer continues to adhere faithfully to the old Champion. This old variety still occupies more land than all the others put together, notwithstanding its liability to failure through blight or other causes. The Up-to-Date may be said to be the only new variety to have gained a footing in the country, and is making appreciable gains in favor, it seems unlikely to supersede the Champion for many years to come, if ever.—Dundee Advertiser.

Miraculous Eggs.

A correspondent calls to mind an incident in the life of Prof. Anderson, "the wizard of the north," says The London News. Walking through the butter and egg market in Aberdeen, he bought one egg from an old woman with a basketful. He cracked the shell on the spot and extracted a sovereign, which he calmly put in his pocket. He asked for another egg and took another sovereign from it. The wizard then asked, "How much for the basket?"

"Na, na! Ye'll get nae mair," was the reply, as the saleswoman swung the basket on her arm and rushed home to Freeland every day she had.

She found them all nice and fresh, and the wizard sent her one of his sovereigns.

An Important Post.

When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was Secretary of State for War Queen Victoria wished to make the Czar an honorary colonel of a British regiment. The Prime Minister, as he now is, demurred on the grounds that all the European sovereigns would expect to receive similar honors. But as the Queen was willing that even this should be the Czar was made colonel of the Scots Greys. Naturally the appointment caused some excitement in the regiment.

One subaltern was overheard saying to his servant, "Donald, the Emperor of Russia has been made colonel of the regiment." "Indeed," was his reply, "it's a verra gran' thing for him, but will he be able to keep baith places?"

A Post Physician.

Hearing of Dr. Goldsmith's great humanity, a poor woman, who believed him to be a physician, once wrote to him begging him to prescribe for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was altogether in a very sad state. The kind hearted poet immediately went to see her and after some talk with the man found him almost overwhelmed with sickness and poverty.

"You shall hear from me in an hour," said the doctor on leaving, "and I shall send you some pills which I am sure will do you good."

Before the time was up Goldsmith's servant brought the poor woman a small box, which on being opened was found to contain 10 guineas, with the following directions: "To be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart."

If you are constipated, dull, or bilious, or have a sorrowful, lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No gripping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasantly desirable. Handy for the vest pocket or purse. Lax-ets meet every desire. Lax-ets come to you in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

Good From An Evil.

In Australia, where the rabbit is a pest, there is an annual "roundup," at which millions of the animals are slaughtered. The rabbits are utilized for their fur and meat, much of which is exported. During the year over 20,000,000 rabbits were sent to other countries frozen in the fur or in the form of canned meat.

Croup can positively be stopped in 20 minutes. No vomiting—nothing to sicken or distress your child. Sweet, pleasant and safe Syrup, called Dr. Shoop's Croup Cure, does the work and does it quickly. Dr. Shoop's Croup Cure is for Croup alone, remember. It does not claim to cure a dozen ailments. It's for Croup, that's all.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

Left Scientific Station.

The highest scientific station in the world stands on the summit of Mount Mitash, an extinct volcano in Southern Peru. The altitude of this station is 19,300 feet above sea level. No one lives at the station. No one could exist there, as the air is too rare and cold. The thermometer on the top of Mist often falls to 25 degrees below zero. Once a month an observer climbs up to the station to take the records of the instruments. It occupies two days to climb up and two days to return.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Every-where.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Constipation

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others coarse all-weather bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a wonderful remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physician can but find Nature's way to man. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to the end. But, combined with Egyptian Senna, St. Catharine's, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., the same Cascara bark is given its greatest possible power to correct constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Shoop Laboratories, from this ingenious action, Bilelessness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is induced prompt and satisfying.

No gripping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cent per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

Lax-ets

C. H. GUNN & CO.

Australia's Caves.

The Narracott caves, in south Australia, are situated in the southeastern portion of the state, the principal chamber, known as the "big cave," with its stalactites and stalagmites, forming a dazzling spectacle when illuminated by the magnesium light. In a second chamber, or cave, nature has been prodigal of the mystical ornament with which the whole place abounds. There are pillars so finely formed and covered with such dainty trellis work, curious drippings of lime creating such wonderful masses of lovely scroll work, that the eye is bewildered with the extent and rarity of the adornment. It is like a palace of ice, with a rich profusion of frozen silvery cascades and fountains all around. Western Australia possesses also a couple of extensive cave systems which fairly rival those of New South Wales, Queensland and South Australia.

IT RINGS IN YOUR EARS.

That same cough is everywhere you go, deep and hollow because of its sumptuous. First it was catarrh, which could have been cured by Catarrhazone. Moral, never neglect a cold, never trifle with catarrh, cure to your drugs and get Catarrhazone. It's insane death to colds, cures them in a few minutes. Throat trouble and catarrh's support as by magic. Catarrhazone is the great throat, nose and bronchial remedy to-day. Thousands use it, doctors prescribe it, why, because it does relieve quickly and cure thoroughly. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1.00, at all dealers.

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Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

Dulce For Niente.

By Ho Ho. I love the open road, The living that is owed By Mother Earth's full scope; I love the smiling earth, I love an ample birth, I love perpetual dearth Of labor and of soap.

Then What?

"Can you cure a man of drinking?" "Yes."

"Well, proceed."

"Well, when you want to quit drinking."

"But I never want to quit drinking."

Getting Full Value.

"I have changed doctors." "Feel any better?"

"I can't say that I do, but this doctor gives me a disease with a much longer name for the money."

How Promoters Are Made.

"Think I will get anything out of it?" "Yes—experience."

"But what will I do with that?" "Sell it to some fellow who has none."

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Mediocrity is leather lunged and sometimes can scare genius into a duck fit.

No man ever got mad and shot up the landscape because he fell heir to a fortune.



The only way to succeed is to find where success hangs out and then to be the first to reach it.

Most of us struggle desperately to create harmony between our needs and our purse.

Leading a dog's life isn't a bad thing—for the dog.

Better than knowing how to do a thing is knowing how to get along without doing it.

Duty is a concession to the claims of others that you never get any thanks for.

No bright young man keeps you long in the dark concerning his qualifications.

If you were to let some people know that they have a soothing influence they would send you a bill for it at the beginning of the month.

Good, but Not Usable.

Philosophy is all right. See? And when you view things from a tree it seems to be a good thing. Way up in G. And quite the thing to make you free.

Its good intent is evident. But strictly for fair weather meant, For when a gale comes, it is a bad thing. It doesn't bring him in a cent.

The larger view Perhaps will do. When sunshine rents the clouds for you, But when their hue is deep and blue, The zephyrs whisper low, "Skiddoo!"

It's nice to sit And try your wit On rules most every case to fit, But when you're hit You throw a fit And give such dose the icy mitt.

Philosophy Great stuff may be When all your troubles are at sea, But, hully gee, Let two or three Return for it then twenty-three!

Up Among the Limbs.

"Going to educate your son in the higher branches?"

"I expect to."

"So he will know how things look to a man up a tree, I presume."

The Downtrodden Bill Collector.

In some sections of the country bill collectors are forming unions that they may by mutual assistance make the game by which they get their living less strenuous if possible.

If there is anybody who needs a little moral boosting to help him on his way, it is the bill collector. That timid, shrinking creature, who goes through life scared to death lest some one should say an unkind word to him, needs all the encouragement and sympathy he can get, for no one hands him any in the course of his daily toil.

We do not know as to the union rules, but we presume that one of the leading ones will positively forbid dogs from biting the members thereof.

That and one providing the members with whistles, by which they could call on a brother member who is in need, is the bill collector. That timid, shrinking creature, who goes through life scared to death lest some one should say an unkind word to him, needs all the encouragement and sympathy he can get, for no one hands him any in the