

WHO FIRES THE FIRST WAR SHOT?

Circumstances Under Which They Were Fired in Many Conflicts.

It is Always a Difficult Thing to Determine, But M. A. P. Attempts a Few Explanations.

It is always difficult to find out who fired the first shot in a war. Either a war begins in a scrimmage, in which several persons are engaged at the same time, or if the honor or the calamity belongs to one man, several claimants are always found for the place, says the London M. A. P.

The Crimean War.

The war between Russia and the allies began by the invasion of Moldavia and Wallachia by a Russian army, many months before the diplomatic rupture occurred between Russia, France and England; and many shots were fired before the Russians faced their real antagonists. But the first shot fired between English and Russians was on June 1854, when Captain Butler, of the English army, who was temporarily attached to the Turkish army, was reconnoitering on the defenses of Silistria, which was besieged by the Russians. His voice was heard over the works by a Russian sharpshooter, who fired into an embrasure, killing Butler.

On the 7th of July, 1854, took place the battle of the Alma, on the banks of the Danube, and although the British army had not arrived, here for the first time the Russians faced Englishmen, for the Turks were commanded by Gen. Canan — a general officer of the Sepoy army (serving temporarily as a pasha). A Capt. Bent, leading 500 riflemen, charged the Russians, driving them from their tents and across the Danube. And so Capt. Bent would probably have as much claim as anyone to have fired the first shot in the Crimean war proper—that is, exclusive of the earlier Moldavian fights.

The Indian Mutiny.

Early in May, 1857, the episode of "the greased cartridges" led up to some insubordination among the troops of the Third Regiment of native cavalry stationed at Meerut, and commanded by Col. Carmichael Smyth, who was a severe and unpopular officer. Smyth ordered a parade for purposes of reprimand, and for troops to receive new ammunition. Eighty-five troopers failed to appear. A court-martial was held, and all the eighty-five, with the exception of four youngsters (the rest of the company of their youth) were sentenced to ten years' hard labor imprisonment.

On May 9 a sentence was executed on the parade ground, and the mutiny broke out. The British troops, on the men, while their comrades had to stand by and see them degraded.

May 10 was a Sunday, and a blazing hot day. Rumors were about that mischief was brewing, but the Europeans took no precautions. The chaplain's children's ayah brought her mistress to the fort, but her warnings were disregarded. At evening church time trouble was reported in the Sepoy lines, and Col. Finnis, commanding the Eleventh Regiment, rode down to the Sepoy camp. He was a popular, warm-hearted man, and much liked by Sepoys. Strong in his belief in them, he rode fearlessly straight into the camp. He was actually restraining with them, when a young soldier of the Twentieth Regiment discharged his musket at the colonel, but only wounded his horse. The colonel, however, hit the hitting the colonel in the back, killing him instantly. In a moment the dead body was riddled with bullets. The young trooper of the Twentieth had committed the great mutiny!

The Civil War in America.

I know not the man who fired the first shot in the civil war in America, but who might have been that man and very nearly was. Roger Pryor in New York, and for a time occupied a position on the judicial bench. In his hot youth, however, he was one of the young bloods of Virginia whose fervor helped to fan the flames that burst into the awful civil war.

A curious coincidence he was one of the party that demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter. With breathless interest I listened to him on the night of the story of the eventual day when he and his friends paid a visit to Fort Sumter with the demand that the northern troops should give up the fort. Even when they were going to fight—even when they are going to hang—in whatever position and tragedy of life they may find themselves—Americans are thoroughly democratic. I suppose it is part of their democratic training under a republic.

And so it was that this interview, faithful with such awful consequences—to and in the destruction of a million lives—look place with pleasantness on both sides. The garrisons received the deputations in a hospitable spirit; drinks even were exchanged, but both sides took up their position with that inflexible and iron determination which is another American quality.

Fort Sumter.

And then the confederates went away; and soon after the order was given that the fortress was to be attacked, and that the first shot in the fight was to be fired. Lightly, I dare

yields more readily to Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil than to anything that you can take; and if persistently used a few days, will break up the cold. When you awake in the night choked up and coughing hard, take a dose of the Emulsion, and you will get immediate relief, where no cough medicine will give you relief. It has a soothing and healing effect upon the throat and bronchial tubes.

say, these wild young fellows thought of what they were about to do, for, if the men of the south had not been reckless dare-devils they would never have provoked this struggle—the end of which was as certain as anything could have been in history. Somebody suggested to Roger Pryor that his hand should have the honor—as it was supposed—of firing the first shot. Though he was a young and so hot-headed, some good angel whispered in his ear that this might turn out to be one of those acts of heavy and calamitous responsibility that would have been his conscience, and perhaps blight his life forever afterward, and he waived away the proffered honor. Another man too eagerly took it up. I cannot recall this man's name, but it will be easily remembered in America. I understand that the awful fact had these very results which Roger Pryor foresaw in one of those moments of prophetic foresight that sometimes come to men. The man who fired the first shot was bound to become known to the whole American world, and was thereby a target of attention, attack, pity. It weighed upon and overwhelmed him, and I believe he felt for a long time like a marked and doomed man, an outcast and an accursed one. How it ended with him I do not recall, but I believe his death was tragic.

In the Franco-Prussian War.

The first shot in the Franco-Prussian war was fired by a French soldier who was on guard at Strauburg bridge, and blazed away across the bridge at a party of Germans. The incident occurred early in August, 1870, a day or two before the Emperor Napoleon III. formally took the field.

Turco-Russian War.

The bombardment of Poti, in Transcaucasia, on April 22, 1877, was the occasion of the first shot fired in this war. At the same time Hobsart Pasha, in his yacht the Rethymu, ran the gauntlet from Rostchuk on the Danube, past the Russian guns, and under the cover of night. The Russian gunners detected the yacht, but the Pasha kept well in under the shore so that the gunners were unable to depress down such guns sufficiently to take accurate aim, and, after the Rethymu had passed, the pasha sent a shell into the Russian camp. At the same time there were "affairs of outposts" in the Caucasus, where the Russians and Turks faced each other on the Roumanian frontier. Thus was war beginning in several localities at the same time, and nothing is recorded which would help to identify the first shot.

Austro-Prussian War.

Most biographies of Bismarck make the attempt on his life, on May 2, 1866, the starting of this war. Bismarck knew if he forced on the struggle his whole career depended on the issue, and it was while he was still undecided, that a bullet struck him in the arm. Under the Lindenberg, that Karl Blind's son fired a revolver at him. Bismarck used the attempt and the wave of patriotic enthusiasm for him at Berlin, to break down such governmental opposition as was being offered to his policy, and, from a dramatic point of view, that revolver shot in the Unter den Linden might be called the "first shot" in the seven days' campaign which ended in Sadowa.

Spanish-American War.

Capt. Sigsbee, United States Navy, of the Maine, in his history of the blowing up of that vessel, on Feb. 15, 1898, at 9:40 p.m., says: "Although the war might have been founded on the destruction of the Maine as a political cause, that disaster was the pivotal event of the conflict which led to it, and ended Spanish rule in the new world. The explosion of the torpedo, or whatever the destructive agent was, could scarcely be called a 'first shot,' but probably most Americans consider the incident the first blow struck in the war."

Graeco-Turkish War.

Steven's "With the Conquering Turk" describes the "first shot" at the battle of Melina of the big Turkish gun when "Mehemet Al Effendi, the tall, black-browed officer in the red uniform, the world's first shot, fired the first shell on to the Greek batteries two and a half miles away, while 'Edhem Pasha sat squatting cross-legged on the ground, smoking his pipe, and by the time the first shot was fired, he had been almost continuously skirmishing in the woods of Karyia, even before the official notification of declaration of war had reached the Turkish generalissimo."

In Our Own Days.

The last story on my list is of our own time. Everybody knows that the gallant old Joubert, who was the commander of the French forces, was always an opponent of Mr. Kruger and of the war. Nevertheless, he went in with his countrymen when the hour of danger came, but the prediction that he would be the first to die was not fulfilled. He and his troops were before Dundee, and then it was that what was practically the first shot in the war was fired. The scouts brought the information that the English troops were in possession of the town, and it was resolved that they should, if possible, be dislodged.

"At a right," said Joubert, "bring up the Staats Artillerie." The Staats Artillerie came up. "Fire," said Joubert. The shot was fired, and then, as the smoke cleared, the British troops turned to his officers and said: "There goes the independence of the Transvaal." Some months later the gallant veteran was dead, but could not prevent, had much to do with hastening his end.

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The Hepworth Sermon on Resignation.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.—St. Matthew, vi., 10.

It would be an act of folly to be resigned to a disagreeable condition of affairs if that condition were avoidable. A man is bound to get its fullest extent of happiness out of life, and it is a sacred duty to do so. He ought to do his utmost endeavor to make his environment as pleasant and as cheerful as possible. If he foresees an evil he should carefully plan to get it out of his way, and work hard to do so. There is no reason why we should not extract from passing time the very best and pleasantest it is capable of furnishing. It is as much an injunction of religion to do this as it is to be just and honest and charitable. The old notion that one can be religious only when he is half miserable, or that we should be gloomy in order to please the Almighty, is now obsolete; it is a libel against him who made the sky blue and scattered flowers over the earth.

The same rule holds good when a disagreeable condition is permanent and unavoidable; that is to say, it is a duty to take the brighter side rather than the more somber view of the situation, and find as much pleasure and happiness as the circumstances contain. There is no life so narrow that it does not hold more of good than we at first think conceivable. If instead of looking with covetous eye on the superior benefits which others enjoy we set at work to live our own life in our own way we shall be surprised to find that the powers bestowed on us will thought only productive of weeds. The great secret is to force ourselves into harmony with our surroundings, and it is not always easy to do this, but under the cover of their best product. This resignation is one of the loftiest of virtues, and one of the most heroic.

I can imagine that a tree when cut down, split asunder, steamed and bent into the shape of a vessel's ribs may complain that it is hardly used; that it is unjust to tear it from its native soil, and change its destiny for a purpose. But when the vessel is afloat, breasting the storms of old ocean and bearing a rich cargo from port to port, it came into existence a strange awakening on the part of that tree and a conscious thanksgiving that it was not left to flourish with other forest trees, but was singled out for special

duty by a special decree of Providence. In like manner I have seen a human life crushed by a disappointment, or by bereavement, or by some heart sorrow worse than death. It seemed as though all the light had gone out of it—a black knight and gloom. And yet it came upon the stars came out, and when the soul had become accustomed to the new environment there was a peace, a calm resignation which yielded no small degree of actual happiness. The narrow circle gave more than the larger circle of other days, and the burdened life had flowers in it which do not blossom in soil which is rich with excitement and pleasure. Many a wise man has learned what life means through affliction, and I sometimes think that our sorrows are the best part of us. The man who has his own way has a very poor way, and the man who is led by God is on the road to heaven.

Once feel God's hand on your shoulder, and you will forget the world as it is. There is a world of your own. What others enjoy will be nothing to you, and what you will find in your own pathway when you are in the right relation to God is sufficient for you. If we were to live here forever it would be different. Then we should feel hardly to be deprived of pleasures which others enjoy; but since this is so short a time, and the other life is so long, what matters it that others have riches and we poverty, others leisure and we severe toil, or others health and we sickness? These are mere details in the economy of the soul whose value we have greatly exaggerated. We can get on bravely and sturdily and live our little lives so worthily that we shall be perfect when we come we shall be warmly welcomed.

There are no circumstances in which we may not build character, and character is the only thing that counts. Therefore, and the morning will break at last. Be cheerful even in the twilight of illness greatly prolonged, and the shadows will disappear. When the painful experience can be avoided your efforts must not cease, but when the unavoidable occurs fit yourself to it, let it be your mission to use it to your soul's advantage, and to let it soon learn that no life without peace or joy. Resignation is itself a source of comfort and happiness.—George H. Hepworth, New York.

ENGLISH ARCHITECT ON "SQUALID LONDON"

His Comparison of World's Metropolis With Other Cities.

A candid friend of London appeared recently in the person of Mr. Trevel, the new president of the Society of Architects. In his presidential address at the Royal Academy, he said: "The impression that always falls upon one when returning from either the European or American continents to London is the wretchedly narrow and insignificant looking streets, with the low, mean, small shops and dwellings by contrast with what we have just left behind us. It is of little interest to be told how many hundred years ago the streets of London were the same sort of thing. London contains more than does any other metropolis in Christendom or elsewhere."

The fact still remains in your mind in a general sense that London looks squalid and miserable by comparison, and that feeling affects one for days, until he once more gets seasoned into the old haunts and realizes that the comfortable frame of mind that after all even the Strand and Chancery lane, or Fleet street and Ludgate circuit, with all their advertisements and fashions, look at least familiar and homely.

"Take the city of London. It may have some of the finest commercial buildings in the world, rivaling in old Venice herself, but look how they are huddled together. There is positively not the space to appreciate their design, their proportions nor their detail. Compare the Chancery Elysees, Place de la Concorde, or the boulevards of Paris with our best streets and squares, and where are we?"

Along the Ringway, the Ringway of Vienna, or the Boulevard Androssy at Budapest, or carrying our thoughts across the Atlantic, to Broadway, Fifth avenue, Riverside and Central Park, New York; the Commonwealth avenue in Boston; Victoria Square, Montreal; East avenue, Rochester; Delaware avenue, Buffalo; Drexel boulevard, Washington; State street, Chicago; Pennsylvania avenue, Washington; or dozens of others that might be named. Alongside of this our Strand, our Whitehall, our Victoria street, Regent street, Piccadilly, Park lane, Oxford street, etc., and what wretched apologies for what leading streets and thoroughfares should be.

If we except the Thames embankment, the Strandway avenue and the new thoroughfare that is about to be made between the Strand and Holborn, nothing of an adequate scale to the size and importance of the city has been attempted. With the dilapidated, rickety, old ramshackle properties that we see in some of the best parts of the city, and the general rebuilding and improvement scheme fixed after mature deliberation by a competent central authority specially constituted by parliament after consultation with the chief local authorities and perhaps the representative societies of architecture, sculpture and engineering, with a special regard to the qualifications and fitness for the purpose.

"This would be merely following the example that has been set in such capitals as Paris, Vienna and Washington."

Victor Hugo's Tune.

[London Express.]

As a matter of fact, Victor Hugo has a certain claim to be considered as a composer. When his "Lucrèce Borgia" was being rehearsed, the question arose as to who should be the first to set the drinking song to music. Meyerbeer and Berlioz both offered, but the manager would not hear of either of them. He said he did not want music which would distract the attention of the audience from the play, and he told the conductor of the theater band to write the tune for the song. The poor man did his best, but he could make nothing of it. In despair he went to Hugo. "This is the sort of thing you want," cried the poet, and began shouting the words

of the song to a sort of tuneless chant of his own. He sang a note, and a note in his voice, but he banged the rhythm with his fist upon the table, so that the musician got the swing of the song in his head and very soon the orchestra was playing the tune after Victor Hugo's tune.

GIRLS WHO ARE HARD TO WOO

Rich Girls More Difficult Than the Beautiful.

Men Generally Prefer the Modest Unassuming Girl to Her Haughty Sisters.

Girls who possess great beauty are popularly supposed to be the most difficult ones to woo. It is held that they are more than usually critical, because of their beauty, they feel they can pick and choose among men. They are said to be always on their guard against matrimony, and that is why, out of a family of three girls, he picks not the most brilliant daughter, whose fair face is matched by her bright brain, nor the most shy one, but the rather plump, rather clever lassie, whose intellectual achievements do not by comparison reduce his own to sheer stupidity, and whose looks are not so perfectly splendid to make him fear failure as to a too-appealing lover.

Which daughter in such a group do you suppose is really the most difficult to woo and win? Undoubtedly it is the shy one. Her sister of the mediocre charms Jack, without a great deal of trouble, succeeds in appropriating; the beauty of the family at the expense of little more assiduity on the part of handsome Edgar, who possesses an excessively high opinion of himself, and impresses the object of his affection with the fact that she is a lucky girl to have aroused his approbation, fails to win her. But the girl of reticent speech and retiring manners remains without a sweetheart, or is loved in silence by Charlie, who simply does not accept the advice of the poet, and, by boldly declaring his love, put an end to his hopes and fears one way or another.

Yet she is the girl who is worth wooing; this maiden of the quickly flaming cheeks and inscrutable eyes; this tongue-tied, tiresome girl, who will not by a sign or look divulge the state of her feelings. And Charlie, trembling with torturing fears, may to his long list of woes add one more that probably he will never bring face to face that of a bolder rival, to whom the pursuit of such a coy and elusive treasure will in all likelihood be wondrous sweet. For it is to the daring nature, inculcated by her thoughtful to find distressing barriers to surmount the direful difficulties to overcome during the courtship than the cloying charms of absolute peace and complete success.

THE SHY GIRL NOT SHALLOW.

Still waters run deep, and the shy girl is by no means shallow, as a rule. In her own heart she cherishes an idea, and every man she encounters she gauges as accurately as her experience permits her to do, in order that she may determine whether he approaches her standard at all, and, if all, how far he falls it. She is usually humble in her estimation of herself, deeming her attributes of beauty, pliancy, and her powers of intellect merely nominal—all because in society her pinnacle of aloofness no man is sufficiently bold to storm with a careless compliment, and her own inexperience is so acute that she is well-nigh dumb; therefore few compliments fall to her share, and only a sparse amount of masculine attention. When she does become engaged, those of her own sex add the word "artful" to their estimate of her character. "Perceiving how devotedly and whole-heartedly she is loved," they fancy she has exercised some wonderful spell over the man she has won. Well, so she has—though quite unconsciously. She has, from her rare parts of coyness and demureness, made the fact clear that only to the man she loves absolutely will she surrender. Position will not tempt her;

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THE WARDROBE OF HIS HOLINESS

Vast Number of Garments Are Required By Custom.

The wear and tear of modern life makes sleep more difficult to woe every year. The want has brought the supply, and a number of sleep machines are on the market.

"The most complicated of these sleep producers is the 'vibrating coronet,' just invented by Dr. Galle, of Paris. It consists of three bands of metal encircling the head. A branch strip extends to either of the eyelids, and by aid of a spring, gently vibrates against it.

This is used to induce sleep by the celebrated Dr. Bertillon, of Paris. Several other devices now on the market are known as "vibrators." One of these, made by M. Mathieu, of Paris, has done its work already in the clinics of Europe. It is a compact mahogany box, 5 inches high, 4 inches wide and 3 1/2 inches deep, from the top of which projects a pivot penetrating the centers of two horizontal, circular mirrors, the size of a shilling, and maintains a velocity of one revolution a second.

To induce sleep by aid of this mechanism the room is darkened, and the bright rays of light from the lamp or gas jet are reflected from the mirrors. The patient, by concentrating his gaze on the revolving panels, soon becomes fascinated by the vibrating light. The motion of the stimulus soon fatigues the eyes, which unconsciously close in sleep. The "vibrator" is quite a different sleep producer. It is manufactured by M. Verdin, an instrument maker of Paris, and is used with success in the celebrated Hospital Salpêtrière, of French capital. It is a helmet similar to that of the vibrating coronet.

When adjusted to the head it is tied

by two straps. A plate of steel four inches wide by one inch high rests horizontally across the forehead, and from the center of this metallic strip protrudes a small tube of steel, into whose end may be inserted a very flexible wire tipped with a glistening silver-plated ball about the size of a grape.

By properly bending the wire the ball may be fixed at any desired angle above and very near the eyes, and the effect is the same as that of the glittering mirror.

The phenomenon of eye fatigue is experienced by many who cannot long observe the rapidly shifting panorama of scenery moving past a railway window without falling asleep before their journey's end. The breezes from an electric fan is directed against the eyelids have this same soothing effect.

Telephone Trick.

It is not generally known to users of the telephone—and perhaps it is just as well for the interests of the service—that when the ear-piece of the receiver is held to the mouthpiece of the transmitter a more or less shrill tone or whistle is heard in the receiver. This occurs when the apparatus is in good working condition and when the transmitter is on short circuit. This effect is seemingly due to a series of reactions analogous to, but much more complex than, those which occur in an electric bell when the circuit is closed. A movement of the diaphragm of the receiver towards its magnet tends to weaken the pressure on the carbon of the transmitter, which causes a weakening of the current, allowing the diaphragm to fall away, with the further result that the air column is compressed, increasing the pressure on the carbon again, and also increasing the current. This action is repeated over and over again. Recent investigations of these phenomena indicate, however, that it is not the fundamental rate of vibration of the receiver and transmitter, the length of the diaphragm to fall away, with the broad terms, when it is considered that as near as can be calculated the amplitude of vibration of the diaphragm of the receiver is reproduced in speech is about 120,000,000 of an inch.

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