

T. P. In His Anecdotal Stories of Celebrated Men

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., IN T. P.'S WEEKLY.

The Earl of Wemyss, who last week kept his nineteenth birthday, says: "I began life with tallow dips and am ending with the electric light. Who knows what the next advance may be? Perhaps they may yet light London by rubbing radium on the dome of St. Paul's. When I first went to Oxford from Scotland I traveled by stage-coach and the journey occupied forty-eight hours. Forty-eight hours in a stuffy box, let out two or three times a day to feed! Now I get into the train at King's Cross at 2:30 and am at my home in Scotland before 11. Further, we now have motor cars, and the next thing will be wings."

A WONDERFUL SPAN.

The backward reach of such a life as this is very remarkable. Lord Wemyss was a boy of six when Byron died. At the age of thirteen he had seen the opening of the present London Bridge by William IV. and Queen Adelaide. He doubtless read the "Sketches by Boz" when they first appeared. He was a schoolboy when Goethe died in his armchair. He was 7 years old when George Stephenson's railway, the first in the world, was opened between Darlington and Stockton, and was twenty when the first telegraph was set to work between Paddington and West Drayton.

MUST WORK AS WELL AS WEEP.

In the "Albany Review" Mr. Harold Spender asks how many people realize that there are now 5,000,000 women workers in England? This figure includes, however, 2,000,000 domestic servants. Of the remainder, 867,000 women are employed in the textile industries, 992,000 in dressmaking, 80,500 in commerce, and nearly 100,000 in farming. There are 55,784 women clerks, 200,000 women teachers, 44,000 musicians and actresses, 79,000 nurses, and 232 women doctors. Thus the woman question is not settled by saying that "woman's place is the home." Industry cannot do without their assistance. There are a million more women than men in England and Wales. There are nearly three million unmarried women over the age of 20, and about a million of these are over 35.

A CHARGER'S CENTENARY.

A centenary which has not, I think, been noticed is that of the Iron Duke's famous horse, Copenhagen, born in 1808. Copenhagen's resting-place at Stratfieldsaye is marked by a decent stone, with the following inscription:

Here Lies

COPENHAGEN,

The Charger Ridden by

The Duke of Wellington

at the Battle of Waterloo.

Born 1808. Died 1838.

God's Humble Instrument Though
Should Share the Glory of that Glorious Day.

This world-renowned horse was a grandson of the famous racehorse Eclipse. He was a dark chestnut, and stood fifteen hands high. On his death in 1838 he was buried with full military honors.

THE SEASIDE.

Discouraging on the sea, which he does not affect to love, Mr. G. W. E. Russell recalls the inscription said to have been placed on the iron benches at a certain seaside parade:

Presented to the Town
By Joseph Buggins, Esq., J. P.
"The Sea is His, and He Made It."

A GREAT SCOTCH SURGEON.

It is proposed to place a statue of Robert Liston, the great surgeon, in the parish church of Ecclesmachan, near Linlithgow, where he was born in 1794. A statue of Liston was placed in University College, London, after his death in 1847. The great Scotch surgeon lies in Highgate Cemetery, Liston stood alone in the possession of all the most striking qualities of a surgeon. His physical strength was Herculean, his quickness of decision absolute.

SAVING A LIFE.

A striking instance of his readiness in dire emergency occurred during an amputation of the thigh at Edinburgh. An artery bled profusely, and for some reason could not be tied in the ordinary way. The patient's life was in immediate danger. Liston, with his amputation knife, cut a chip of wood from the operating table, fashioned it into a cone, and pushed

it into the orifice, in this way stopping the flow of blood.

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

The "Marseillaise," whose glorious notes have this year become so familiar to English ears, dates from 1792. The story of its origin has been told many times, but one is glad to see it retold by Miss Betham-Edwards in her "Literary Rambles in France." It was in 1792 that Dietrich, the first mayor of Strassburg, suggested in his own salon that a new patriotic song should be written to the tune of the "Marseillaise." Turning to a young military engineer named Rouget de Lisle, he exclaimed, "Why should not you give us what we want?"

"AUX ARMES!"

The young engineer made excuses at the time, but the idea took hold of him. "In a state of tremendous excitement," writes Miss Betham-Edwards, "Rouget de Lisle reached his lodgings close by, but not to sleep. His violin lay on the table. Taking it up, he struck a few chords. Soon a melody seemed to grow under his fingers, harmonising with the words that had been reiterated throughout the evening. 'Aux armes, aux armes, citoyens, marchons, formez vos bataillons!'"

SUNG BY A MAYOR.

The next morning de Lisle brought his "verse and melody" to Dietrich, who was a first-rate musician, and at once saw its value. As many as possible of the guests who had been present the day before were invited to dinner. During the banquet the secret was carefully withheld. The party having adjourned to the salon, one of the young ladies opened the clavier, and the mayor's magnificent voice thundered forth:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,

Le jour de gloire est arrivé.

The audience was electrified.

A WOMAN'S GLORY IN HER HAIR.

A very remarkable fair has just been held at Limoges, in France. It is a market which is held annually, and is frequented by large numbers of girls and their mothers for the sale of their hair. They come from all parts of the Limousin, Auvergne, Quercy, La Vendée, Brittany, etc., the women of these provinces being celebrated for the length, abundance, and fineness of their hair. A number of booths are erected in the place before the church, and in these the buyers from Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, attended by experts, take their places. There are always large numbers of peasant girls in attendance, and it is very pathetic to watch their faces as they go from booth to booth to see where they can obtain the best price for that which is their chief pride and adornment. The hair is of all colors and shades, from the golden tresses of the Bretonne to the rich chestnut of the Auvergnaise to the raven black of the Limousine.

ITS "SPOT" PRICE.

The negotiations are all carried on in a business-like manner. The mother enters with her blushing and tearful daughter, removes the modest kerchief which conceals the hair, lets it fall around her daughter's shoulders, and descends in her petticoats as to its beauty and value. The buyer handles the hair critically, examining it in a strong light, weighing it in his hands, and, after consideration, mentions the price he offers. Finally, of course, after visiting all the buyers, haggling for the best price, an agreement is arrived at. The buyer produces the formidable shears, cuts off the locks of the hair as close to the roots as possible, and throws them into the scales. The prices vary, according to color and fineness, from 90 to 100 francs per kilogramme (about 2½ pounds).

ROOSEVELT TO THE EYE.

The latest pen portrait of President Roosevelt is supplied by Mr. W. B. Hale, who, in a book entitled "A Week in the White House," writes: "You know the features—the close-clipped, brachycephalous head, close-clipped moustache, plump nose, square and terribly rigid jaw. Hair and moustache indeterminate in color; eyes a clear blue; cheeks and neck ruddy. He talks with his whole being—mouth, eyes, forehead, cheeks, and neck all taking their mobile parts."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days, or money refunded. 50c.

SOME THOUGHTS ON METHODISM

A BRITISH WRITER ON THE ITINERANCY—WORK OF THE LAY PREACHER.

"Alpha" writes in the Manchester Guardian:

The annual migration of ministers—their flitting to and fro all over England—that has just been effected in the Wesleyan Methodist church has its domestic aspect. The ministers' wives have opinions on the subject. A true woman is proud of her home, or would be so if that were possible. But who can regard furnished apartments as realizing the most precious of English ideas, "home, sweet home"? The Wesleyan minister has a house, and its furniture provided for him wherever he goes; but it is never his own abode. Personally I would rather live in a caravan, if I had to travel, and take my house about with me, than exist in the uncomfortable style of a hermit crab. Inhabited by the minister, the shell. To a woman the sense of homelessness must be very trying. The family, too, cannot take root anywhere; and the boys and girls have to submit to the disadvantage of a triennial change of schools, unless they are packed off to a boarding-school. Then, at each place there are just three years in which to form, ripen, and break friendships. I have heard ministers' wives describe these hardships. Why, then, is the system maintained? Because the ministry exists for the church, not the church for the ministry. Here is a cross that man and wife take up cheerfully; and few people give them much credit for it.

Of course, there is another side to the case. I have met not a few ministers of churches where the pastorate is a fixture who have been anxious for a removal, which they have found it impossible to bring about. When the square man finds himself in the round hole the discomfort is as great to him as to his people. Methodism was founded by a man whose practical sense and common sense were of the highest. He was a man of the iron Duke. No doubt there is a freshness maintained by this constant movement in the ministry which obviates the dangers of staleness and stagnation that sometimes supervene in churches where it is not in force. The very fact that a man only has a limited time in which to do all his work in a certain place tends to stimulate him to the most efficient use of his brief opportunity. He has no excuse for contracting the leisurely habits of those who have all eternity before them. His temptation is to emulate the cutting business of "quick returns" and therefore "small profits." He has no time in which to grow disciples, the most satisfactory work of the successful settled minister who lives long enough in one place to see the children he baptized developing into his loyal helpers in church and school.

Last Sunday I attended a service in a little Wesleyan chapel seven miles from the nearest railway station, on a branch line in the most remote corner of the east riding of Yorkshire. There was a capital congregation and a vigorous choir, and the singing threatened to raise the roof. The preacher was a stalwart old Yorkshireman, a shoemaker, from a neighboring village. As I listened to his virile discourse I was reminded of Charles Lamb's exposure of the fallacy of many popular proverbs. Here was another

to add to his list: Ne sutor ultra crepidam—"Let the cobbler stick to his last." Why? We remember that Thomas Cooper was a shoemaker; and we know that our greatest living author and prophet, Count Tolstoy, turned to this handicraft for honest work. The action of your superior person in warning the man who toils with his hands off the preserves of the intellectual is a piece of tyrannical priggishness. How much priggishness just for want of contact with real life. Formerly the orthodox looked on the cobbler's trade with suspicion as provocative of Atheism. If there was any excuse for the suspicion it was because the man used his grains and did not always stick to his last. Now we see Methodism a power in the country largely owing to its lay preaching.

I have only one regret in regard to my old Yorkshire preacher. It is that he was an old man. Are the churches producing young local preachers of equal power and earnestness? That is not a question to be answered by the conclusion of chance impressions. It is always easy for the pessimist to discover instances of failure and for the more welcome optimist to cite the successes. Still, it is plain that if the work in the villages is to be maintained it will not be enough for the churches to neglect this supremely important question. It is becoming more and more apparent that the minister cannot do better work than train his workers. Perhaps some time might be spared from the social functions that clutter away so many hours in modern church life and devoted to this more serious task. Nothing could be more productive.

MUSIC-LOVING ITALIAN CITIZENS

A man who had come down from the second cabin had crossed as an emigrant but a few years before, and was now able to visit his home during his annual holidays. He was a native of a village just beyond Rome, had risen from a day laborer to a master mason, and, like many of his countrymen, was a lover of good music. During the tour of the Masagani Opera Company in the United States he had expended \$2 in tickets for himself and family, and he related many instances of Italian laborers who patronized grand opera two or three times a week during the season, and who were sent by a phenomenon of consciousness. Speaking of his personal experiences as an emigrant, he told me that he had learned more concerning Rome from his visits to the opera than he had while living in the suburbs of the capital, and upon his first visit to his old parents he had taken them to see the catacombs and other sights about Rome that had quite amazed the venerable couple.—Harper's Magazine.

CURE FOR A SNAKE BITE

HOW RANCHMAN TREATED A WOUND WHEN FAR FROM A SETTLEMENT.

Bitten by a rattlesnake in the calf of the right leg in the Santa Ana Mountains last Saturday, John McCormick, a rancher of Grapeland, saved his life by making an incision with his pocket-knife and inserting a piece of the reptile's flesh in the wound. He bandaged it tightly and walked seven hours before he reached his ranch, where he could receive medical treatment. Dr. Summer J. Quint was called from Los Angeles to attend McCormick. When he arrived he found that his patient was suffering from a slight poisoning. He declares that McCormick saved his life by his own treatment.

McCormick was hunting through scrub oak when he felt a peculiar stinging in his leg. He looked down and saw the snake dragging on the ground as he walked. Its fangs had become fastened in his leggings and it was unable to withdraw them. With the butt of his gun McCormick knocked the snake off, and then crushed its head with his heel. As quickly as possible he ran into the open and carried the snake with him. When he bared his leg he squeezed all the blood he could out of the two punctures which the fangs had made. Then he opened a gash, cutting through the two wounds and letting out the blood and poison. He cut a piece of flesh out of the snake's back and inserted it in the wound. McCormick used his handkerchief for bandages, and then tied his leg again just above the knee to stop the poison from working through his system.

McCormick was miles from any settlement where he could secure medical attention, so he started back to Grapeland. His leg pulsed with pain and he soon became deathly sick. In his weakened condition he was compelled to rest on the road time and again. When he finally reached home he was almost exhausted and his leg was dreadfully swollen and almost black.

McCormick says that his treatment was famous among the Indians for snake bites and he has known of a number of instances where its application has saved lives.

Wives, and mothers, of drunkards—It is your solemn duty to try to save the wayward ones. If they are weak, it is all the more reason why you should be strong. You have used love and pleading in vain. Now try "Samaria." Give it secretly in the food. It is both tasteless and odorless, and no one will ever suspect its presence even in tea or coffee. Try it at our expense. "Samaria" will quickly make him loathe liquor—lose all craving for drink—and make a man of him.

Think of having your boy or husband well and strong—clear-eyed and rosy-cheeked—a steady worker, upright man, whom all the world will respect. Surely that is worth striving for. It costs you nothing to try.

Free Trial Package and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., sent absolutely free in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address: The Samaria Company, 23 Jordan Chambers, Jordan Street, Toronto. 100

Awful Curse of Drunkards Cured!

Samaria Made Him Hate Liquor—Costs Nothing to try.

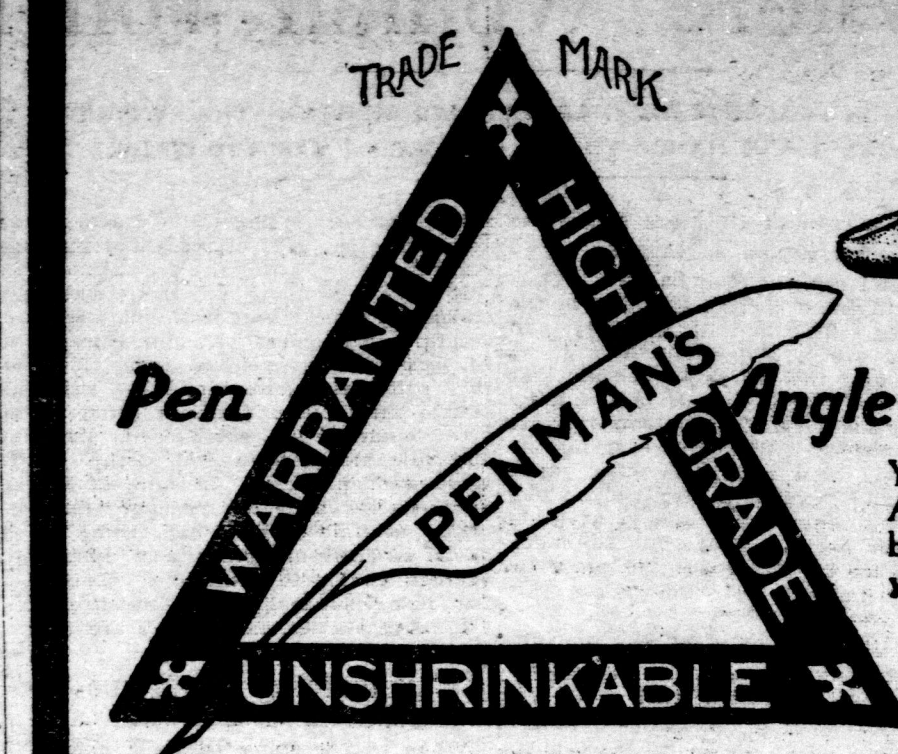
Wives and mothers, sisters and daughters—don't see your loved ones go down in disgrace to the drunkard's grave. Many men have not the will-power and physical strength to overcome the craving for alcohol. They must have help. "Samaria" Tasteless Prescription is the savior of the drunkard. It destroys the taste for liquor and at the same time builds up and strengthens the system so that the reformed drunkard requires no stimulants.

"Samaria" has brought peace and happiness to thousands of wives and mothers. Read what this Montreal Lady says.



craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly and we now have a happy home. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

Also for sale at E. L. Guillemont's Drug Store, Corner Richmond and Dundas Streets, London.



A Pointer For You

You can save yourself a lot of "underwear annoyance" by simply remembering to ask for the Pen-Angle trade-mark before handing the clerk the purchase price. Pen-Angle garments couldn't fit better if they were made to order. Any weight you want from light to heavy. Sizes to clothe your whole family. Every garment guaranteed.

PEN-ANGLE UNDERWEAR

Perrin's Biscuits

Leap Year Biscuit. A unique line. Made only by ourselves.

64 to the lb.

Your dealer will supply you. If not, write direct to

D. S. Perrin & Co., Ltd.
London, Canada

Leap Year

DO ANIMALS HAVE A SIXTH SENSE?

HYPOTHESIS FAVORED BY MANY NATURALISTS.

Every now and then the papers announce that some scientific man has discovered a "sixth sense." There is really not only a sixth, but many others, especially if we take account of some of those denied to man, but possessed by other creatures. Some have special sense organs; others are merely extensions, developments or subdivisions of the senses familiar to us. Some of the most curious are described in the Paris Cosmos by E. Herichard. This writer notes that when we study the literature of this so-called "sixth sense" in animals we find that a large number have been reported by different writers. The hypothesis of an additional sense has, in fact, been a favorite one with many naturalists. He goes on to say:

"A sense is defined by the action of a certain excitant on the organs, followed by a phenomenon of consciousness. It is not difficult to define. Vision is the action of light on the eye—a well-defined surface, of analogous constitution in all animals; but even when the eye does not exist there may still be reaction to light, as in the earthworm. This has been called 'dermatoptical' sensation. Ordinary sensitiveness to light may be subdivided into two parts—a luminous and a chromatic sense. Touch may be similarly subdivided into a sensation of contact of pressure and one of temperature. In the paleontologist known as 'syringomyelia,' characterized by the alteration of the gray substance of the spinal marrow, this differentiation of touch is shown spontaneously; the sensations of pain and temperature are abolished, while that of contract remains unaffected. Touch should therefore be divided into three sub-senses—sensitiveness to pressure, heat and pain.

"Along this line man is not always as well endowed as certain animals with special sense organs; thus, the differences of pressure in the medium where he lives manifest themselves to him only more or less vaguely by impressions of well-being or discomfort, while the fish, provided with a swimming bladder, feels so precise a sensation when obliged to rise or sink in the water that he is enabled to resume his normal position by the action of this organ. On the other hand, in certain oceanic cephalopods there have been found on the caudal fin special eyes with opaque lenses—organs adapted to the perception of heat rays, veritable 'thermic eyes.'

"Senses simply differentiated in man may be found isolated in animals. The sensations of hunger, thirst, the reaction of the blood on the brain cells, also constitute supplementary senses. Such, too, is the muscular sense that gives the impression of weight, (and the 'stereognostic' sense, that furnishes an idea of the shape of bodies. As regards hearing, even when there is no auditory sense, there may exist a sensibility to vibration, residing in the bones. This is very delicate in fish, and in certain worms.

"Among special organs of sensation in animals we may note the horny bulbs along the nerves of mosquitoes, for indicating the periodicity of wing movements, and the organ in which resides the sense of verticality in the medusa—a sort of pendulum, whose contact with one side or the other of the cavity in which it hangs betrays an inclination from the normal upright posture.

"It is also a 'sixth sense' that informs an animal of its movements by means of the displacement of fluid in the semi-circular canals of the ear. This is the cause in man of the dizziness due to rotation; when we stop turning we see into the turning in the opposite direction because the inertia of this fluid maintains it in motion. This phenomenon does not exist in deaf mutes."—Literary Digest.

PANDORA RANGE



Valour and Value.

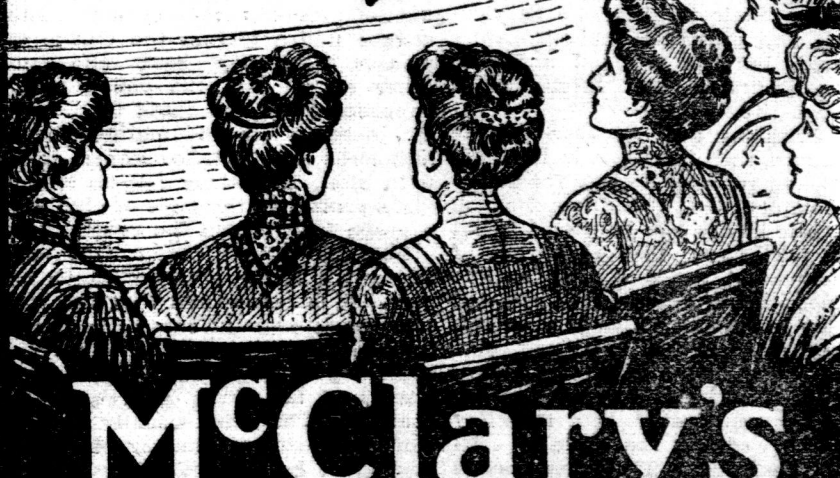
OFFICER: "The V. C. has been awarded To Pte. Sylvester For Valour."

He served the King.
He saved the Day."

COOK: "The V. C. should be awarded To Pandora Range for Value."

It serves the Housewife.
It saves the Fuel."

Send for "PANDORA" Booklet.



McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, 23
VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., HAMILTON, CALGARY.
J. A. BROWNLEE, 385 TALBOT ST.
J. A. PAGE, 807 DUNDAS ST. LOCAL AGENTS.

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

IS FULL-FASHIONED

Which means that it is shaped on machines that automatically narrow and widen the garment where required to fit the body and with selvedge edges that can not fray out, thus there are no raw edges or rough seams in "CEETEE" underwear. These selvedge edges are brought together and joined in a manner that makes the garment practically as one piece. Made from the wool of the Australian Merino sheep, thoroughly scoured with all the short fibres carefully combed out, it conforms to every motion and muscle of the body, and is the underclothing that gives most comfort to the wearer.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children, and we are anxious to ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE" underwear. It is fully guaranteed by us.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT Limited
GALT, - ONTARIO
ESTABLISHED 1888

