

Whistling a Crime

Some Queer Regulations in Foreign Lands—
Whistling on the Street Forbidden in Saxony
—Wearing Buttonhole Ribbons Prohibited
in Paris.

Records of people arrested in Austria for wearing daisies, in Saxony for whistling in the streets of the capital, in Paris for wearing a bit of colored ribbon in the buttonhole, and in Berlin for criticising a piece of music and for smoking in the street—these are among the items of news brought across the Atlantic by the recent mails.

Of all the incidents referred to the one most calculated to give rise to public indignation was the arrest the other day of Lieut. Von Unsinn at Berlin.

It seems that the young officer, who was off duty, was strolling along the Friedrichstrasse, one of the main and most crowded thoroughfares of the Prussian capital, with an unlighted cigar between his fingers. Suddenly he found himself face to face with the emperor, who taxed him with smoking in defiance of the regulation which he had recently issued.

The lieutenant, though much taken aback by this rencontre, as well as by the brusquerie of his very impetuous majesty's address, still had sufficient presence of mind to draw the Emperor's attention to the fact that not only was the cigar unlighted, but the end had not been cut or bitten off.

No heed, however, was paid by the angered monarch to these deferential explanations of the officer. He turned a deaf ear thereto, and in fact, became so infuriated that, instead of merely ordering Von Unsinn to report himself as being under arrest, he summoned a couple of policemen, who, in full view of the immense crowd that had assembled, bundled the unfortunate officer into a cab and drove him off to the military prison, where he has remained since, an object of universal sympathy, not only of members of his profession, but also to the people at large.

Everybody smokes on the continent, and, save when on duty, it is rare to see an officer who has not either a cigar or a cigarette between his lips. This is all the more natural, seeing that, unlike United States and English officers, who invariably don muffs when not on duty, their foreign comrades are in uniform all the time.

Old Emperor William, who was certainly a martinet in military matters, and who did not himself care about smoking, never made any objection to his officers doing so, while his son, the late Emperor Frederick, and his nephew, Prince Frederick Charles, both successful and victorious commanders, who had won their laurels on many a blood-stained battlefield, were rarely to be seen without a cigar. "Unser Fritz" sometimes even going so far as to smoke one of those short porcelain-bowled German pipes when in uniform.

Emperor William, however, who does not smoke anything save cigarettes, and who knows nothing of war save by hearsay and book study, is of the opinion that the efficiency of his troops is likely to be impaired by smoking in public, and accordingly he issued a sort of ukase a few weeks ago strictly forbidding either officers or men to smoke when in uniform on a number of the principal thoroughfares of the capital, the Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden being among the number.

Now, it is precisely on the thoroughfares thus proscribed that are situated all the best and most frequented restaurants and cafes of the metropolis, and thus whenever a young nobleman who happens to belong to the army wishes to indulge in a post-prandial cigar or cigarette he is obliged to take to a side street before lighting it.

In the cable dispatches published in the course of the last two weeks, the American public will have read that there are at the present moment no fewer than 68 persons in Berlin, some of them in jail, and some out on bail, awaiting criminal trial on charges of lese majeste, their offense consisting in having spoken in an uncompromising fashion of the Emperor's "Song to Aegir," a musical composition of questionable merit, on the subject of which his majesty is inordinately sensitive.

Most of these people are teachers, professors of music and literary people, persons compelled to labor for their daily bread, whose means of livelihood are seriously impaired by the proceeding instituted against them, in many cases the charges against them being based on private denunciations.

At Dresden a young soldier who had but recently joined the colors has been condemned to four months' close confinement in a cell for having been caught whistling on one of the streets of the Saxon capital.

His accuser, a non-commissioned officer, claimed that the tune whistled by the man was that of one of the socialist war songs. But there is no other evidence to support this, and the German newspapers, which have taken up the case, have succeeded in showing that the young fellow had spent all his youth on a farm, occupied in herding cattle and sheep, that he had never been affiliated in any way with the socialist movement, and that he had picked up the tune, the character of which he entirely ignored, merely from

having heard it in the street or in some beer garden.

Whistling, indeed, seems to be a dangerous diversion in Germany, for it was not so very long ago that the hall porter of a fashionable hotel on Unter den Linden at Berlin was "run in" by the police, brought before a magistrate and condemned to a fine, with the alternative of imprisonment, for having whistled to summon a cab for a guest at the hotel.

The proprietor of the hotel appealed from the sentence of the police magistrate to a higher court, pleading that from time immemorial it has been customary to whistle in hailing hacks. This plea the judge rejected as irrelevant to the point at issue, to wit, the illegality of whistling in a public thoroughfare.

After all, this is only in keeping with the strict laws which prevail in that essentially music-loving and music-making country, Prussia. People are not allowed to play or sing in their own apartments after 10 o'clock, unless with the express consent of their neighbors.

They may not keep on their premises any furred or feathered animal addicted to nocturnal utterances of sounds that murder sleep.

In the south of Austria, especially along the shores of the Adriatic, the daisy is regarded by the authorities as the emblem of disloyalty, and of that great revolutionary association known as the "Italia Irredenta," which aims at the restoration to Italy of all Austria's Italian-speaking provinces. The reason why this particular flower has been adopted by the Irredentists is because its continental name is synonymous with that of Italy's still charming and popular queen, Marguerite, and beside this it is so abundant that it is within the reach of even the most poverty-stricken peasant.

At the present moment there are men and even women undergoing imprisonment at Trieste and elsewhere, whose only offense consisted in their having worn buttonhole and corsage bouquets of daisies.

Even in republican France, so far ahead of all the other countries of Europe in democracy and enlightenment any person caught wearing a piece of colored ribbon in his buttonhole, be it temperance badge, Loyal Legion rosette or merely the souvenir of some fair lady, renders himself liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment unless he can show that he has received special authority to do so.

Members of European orders of knighthood, whose decorations have been conferred by some regularly constituted government, alone have the right to wear in their buttonhole a bow or a rosette of the ribbon of the particular order to which they belong; while if they are French subjects they cannot do so unless they have first obtained permission from the chancellor of the order of the Legion of Honor.—[Ex-Attache in New York Tribune.]

Those Who Sing.

Mothers May Train Their Children To Love Music.

Elizabeth Harrison, in the Interior, utters "A Plea for Singing Mothers," which is worthy of being quoted in its entirety. Space will permit, however, of only some extracts:

"A love of music, like a love of everything else which we wish to have deep-rooted in the very nature of a child, ought to begin in earliest infancy; and in this training there is nothing which can take the place of the mother's sweet lullaby. Thus love for mother and love for music are intertwined, each making the other stronger. I know one beautiful mother who makes it a daily habit to sing for half an hour to her three little ones after they are undressed and in bed. She began this when her oldest was only six months old, so that, with rare exceptions, their young eyes have closed upon the world each night with the sound of sweet melody ringing in their ears.

"Let me say, in passing, that Mr. William L. Tomlins has stated several times in public addresses, that less than five per cent of the voices of the hundreds of children who enter his chorus classes are such that they cannot be trained to sing. Therefore, let no mother say that her child has 'no ear for music,' so cannot be given this sweet consolation in times of sorrow, and glad recreation in times of joy.

"But many a mother will say, 'I cannot sing. How, then, can I give a love of music to my baby?' Let me tell you one of the rich, rich lessons that have come to me from the mothers who are limited seemingly in everything but mother love.

"One cloudy day I was visiting a kindergarten in a very destitute part of Chicago. Just as the play circle began, a shabbily-dressed woman with a shawl over her head, opened the door and walked in, and sat down on a chair near the door. In a moment more I saw that she had a ten-months-old baby in her arms. The kindergarten

director took no notice of her otherwise than to nod pleasantly to her, and the music and the games proceeded as if nothing had happened. I was somewhat surprised at this, as the coming of a baby into one of our kindergartens is usually hailed with joyful demonstrations. In a few minutes I went over to where she sat and asked to hold the baby. The mother yielded him to me without a smile. His eyes were turned away from the play circle. I moved my chair so that he might face the children. 'Ye needn't be tarning him round, mum,' said the mother, quietly; 'he's blind.' 'Blind!' I exclaimed. 'He is so young! How long has he been blind?' 'He was born so, mum,' answered she; 'that's why I stop me work each day and bring him over to hear the music, so that he may learn to love it. It will be such a pleasure to him by and by.' This was said without a tremor in her voice. She had accepted the situation and was making the best of it. I afterward learned from the director that she was the wife of a day laborer, and the mother of four children, two of whom were in the kindergarten, and that for months she had rarely ever failed to bring the blind baby over to the kindergarten in time to hear the singing of the play circle. Although she lived in two or three small rooms, and of course did all her own sewing, cooking, washing and ironing, she was neatly dressed, as were her other children, who were pointed out to me, and yet she found time, made time, rather, to give her baby the advantage of an early training in music.

"As I walked home that noon the dull sky seemed flooded with sunshine and all the earth seemed bright as I realized how full of unselfish love God could fill a mother's heart."

Russian Military Display.

The Cossacks quartered at Tashkent recently gave a display to the inhabitants of that city of a kind which would seldom be possible in any of the countries of Europe. Some time after winter had set in with all its biting severity, and the snow had come to stay, a fort or "little town" (Jorodock) was built large enough to hold a hundred Cossacks. After inspection by General Horoshkin, who commands at Tashkent, the place was pronounced strong enough to stand a vigorous assault, and a day was fixed for its attack. The beauty and the chivalry of the place were gathered then, and after an ample garrison—provided with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war—had been ensconced in the citadel and well furnished with stores of snow, a horde of Cossacks was hurled at the fort to attempt its capture by storm. They were repulsed by volleys of snowballs, spadefuls of the feathery substance being dashed into the horses' faces. Only on the fourth attempt was the attack successful. The General and all present were much pleased with the performance, and a glass or two of grog was dealt out afterwards to all who had taken part in the affair, whilst a further distribution of awards to the amount of over £10 was made to those who had distinguished themselves by their gallantry either in attack or defense.

Lake of Pitch, Trinidad.

The pitch is quarried by excavating areas from a few to many feet deep and wide. As soon as the work ceases the cavity begins to close, with a rapidity depending upon the location. Near "the place of supply" an excavation four feet deep and eight feet square, for instance, would fill in less than two days. Were it made where the asphalt was of average hardness, it would be entirely obliterated in five or six days, though it would substantially fill up in less time. Outside the lake the refilling is much less rapid. This speedy closure of artificial cavities has led to the supposition that the supply of asphalt is inexhaustible, the substance being produced or generated as fast as removed.

The circumstance arises from the plastic nature of the ordinary bitumen, which invariably yields to pressure, until a new equilibrium is established; thus, where excavations have been opened in the solid asphalt, the pressure of the side forces up the bottom, and the cavity gradually closes. It will be manifest that this property of susceptibility to pressure is sufficient to account for the appearance of the solid and semi-solid pitch at the surface; the greater the depth, and consequent pressure of the superincumbent strata, the greater will be the force propelling the material upward.

This lake appears to be simply a great mass of pitch, which has been expressed from sandstone or shale and collected in a basinlike depression of the strata. The form of the surface has been pre-eminently favorable for a large accumulation, and the sources have been very rich. Taking into consideration the presumed amount of the contents of the cavity, the forces concerned in the elevation of all this matter to the position it occupies must have been considerable.—[Chamber's Journal.]

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Lake Erie's Fish Supply

The Largest of Any Body of Fresh Water on Earth.

Great Sturgeon Industry—Vagaries of Lake Fish—The Destructive Gill Net—The Wonderful Lake Herring.

No other body of fresh water on the globe produces so large a quantity of fish as Lake Erie, and Sandusky, O., is the greatest market for fresh fish in the world. About 2,000,000 pounds of sturgeon alone are handled at Sandusky every year, nearly one third of which are taken in the vicinity of that place. Three-fourths of that immense quantity of sturgeon are taken by Buffalo fishermen. Tons of sturgeon roe are spiced and pickled at Sandusky annually, and the trade in singlass made from the air bladders of that fish is an important one. A sturgeon's roe will weigh from twenty to sixty pounds. Three-quarters of the Sandusky caviare is sent to Germany and is exported from that country back to this in large quantities, the same as the finest English dairy cheese is made up in Cattaraugus county, sent to England and shipped back here again. Sandusky gets 10 cents a pound for her caviare, and lays by quite a snug pile annually from its sale. Yet it was not until 1865 that the sturgeon was looked upon with even a small degree of favor by lake fishermen. Now smoked sturgeon is found not only in the markets of all the large cities and towns, but in the country stores also, while fresh sturgeon is one of the highest-priced of fresh water fishes.

In none of the other great lakes do the conditions for fish seem to be so favorable as in Lake Erie. This is due in a great measure, fish culturists think, to the variations in the depth which are peculiar to that lake. The western end is shallow, and thus provides vast areas for spawning grounds. The deep water at the eastern end is an almost boundless retreat for the half-grown young. The line between deep and shallow water seems to be drawn at Cleveland, for west of that city the water is not more than sixty feet deep anywhere, and the average depth will perhaps fall below forty. East of that line the water grows rapidly deeper until it reaches a depth of 225 feet in some places.

There is something singular in the distribution of fishes in Lake Erie. The lake trout, one of the most valuable of lake fishes, is rare at the best in Lake Erie, but it is never taken west of Erie. If a fisherman is after lake herring, he knows he will be wasting his time if he sets his nets in the eastern waters. He seeks this beautiful and delicious fish at or west of Erie. The lake herring is the lesser white fish of Lake Erie. Here is another funny thing. At least it may seem so to those who don't know the reason. While Erie herring fishermen are hauling fish by the ton in April and May, and getting a good many all along through the summer, the fishermen further west know better than to wet their nets during those months, for they wouldn't get herring enough to make a smell in a frying pan. When fall comes, though, the Erie fishermen know enough to take out their nets and keep them out, and the Sandusky and other western fishermen put theirs in. In the western waters the champion month for catching herring in November. The reason for this is that in that month the fish are moving in enormous schools on to the spawning grounds around Bass Island and grounds further west. A similar situation exists in the matter of white fish. The most profitable months for taking them from the Erie deep water fisheries are July and August, and the shallow water fishermen to the westward don't get a chance at them until November.

One of the most lamentable facts about the fish of the lakes is that the muskallonge, that king of game fishes, is decreasing in numbers every year. The home of this great fish is in the deep waters of the lakes. It is only when it is on its annual spawning migration to the streams and tributaries of the lakes that the sportsman with rod and line comes in contact with the muskallonge. It ascends those streams to spawn, and when that duty is performed the gigantic pike turns its head homeward again, and seeks once more the depths of the lakes. It is not due to the fishing that the muskallonge is growing rarer every year in the lakes, but to the defilement of the spawning grounds by the sewage of towns and the refuse of manufacturing establishments.

There is something also that is playing hob with the sturgeon of Lake Erie, and one of these days, if the sturgeon fishermen don't mend their ways, they will wake up and find their ugly but valuable fish one of the has-beens. Sturgeon spawn in June along the rocky ledges of the eastern end of the lake and leave deep water the same month. They travel in schools. The favorite method the fishermen have of taking them is by grappling irons. Attaching a far-reaching grappling iron to a long rope, the fisherman throws it overboard and drags it along by rowing. When this overtakes a school of sturgeon the grappler knows it at once by the strike the iron makes on a fish. The line is then drawn up hand over hand, and if the grappling hook fixed itself firmly in the sturgeon the fisherman will prob-

ably get his fish aboard. If not, it will tear loose, perhaps mortally hurt. Thousands of sturgeon are killed in this way every year and become a dead loss.

Lake Erie fish have curious migrations. The sturgeon, the blue pike, and many other species regularly leave their spring and early summer haunts toward the end of July, and seek the Canadian shore of the lake, and it will be useless to look for them in their old haunts again until the coming of the fierce November gales. Soon after the first hard sou'wester the blue pike will appear on its old feeding grounds, and the sturgeon be found nosing around again in Sandusky Bay.

Fishing in Lake Erie is done with pound and gill nets. The gill net is used almost exclusively by the fishermen at Erie, and, in fact, almost everywhere in the eastern waters. Half the whitefish taken from Lake Erie are caught in gill nets, which is to be regretted, for these nets are doing untold damage to the whitefish supply of the lake, on account, not of the fish they catch, but of the fish that are destroyed and wasted by them. The fish are caught by getting fast in the meshes by their gills, hence the name of the net. The fish thus caught soon die. Whitefish are so delicate that a few hours' delay in removing them from the nets makes them worthless. Gill-net fishermen plan to lift their nets every 48 hours. Lake Erie is subject to fierce storms that frequently continue several days, during which it is impossible for nets to be lifted. Thus hundreds of tons of choice whitefish, to say nothing of the other varieties, are held in the nets until they are of no use, and have to be thrown away. This feature of gill-net fishing has done more to lessen the number of whitefish in the lakes than any other one thing. The pound net is used almost exclusively in the western waters of the lake, and with the exception of whitefish a large percentage of the fish taken in Lake Erie are caught in pound nets. This device was introduced on Lake Erie at Dunkirk by a man named McClosky, in 1850. There are now several hundred miles of them stretched along the lake, some of the lines being from ten to fifteen miles in length.

The lake herring is a wonderful variety of fish. In spite of the thousands upon thousands of tons of them that have been taken from Lake Erie in the last few years, they are more abundant than ever, and they are the only lake fish of which that can be said. Sometimes the nets will be so jammed with herring that the market will be knocked galleywest.

It is estimated that 6,000 tons of fish are salted along Lake Erie annually, not less than 5,000 tons are frozen, and probably 2,000 tons are smoked. The amount of fish sold from Lake Erie points fresh, which is principally a local trade, will reach 18,000 tons a year. These figures represent the catch of Lake Erie only. The other lakes west of Erie add something like 50,000 tons to the annual total of the supply. While Lake Erie produces more fish than any of the other lakes, the whitefish of Lake Superior surpass those of Lake Erie in quality—as they do all other whitefish. The lake trout of Lake Superior are also the finest in the world. Lake Michigan produces a close second to Lake Erie in whitefish, and exceeds all the other great lakes in amount of lake trout.—[New York Sun.]

Lengthening Life.

Is the human race becoming longer lived despite the fret and fever of modern civilization? It is an interesting question, and it may very probably be answered some day by science in the affirmative. The longevity of professional men is now generally considered to be greater than that of farmers or mechanics. In other words, intellectual activity, although in many respects more exhausting than physical, has in the main a salutary effect upon the human frame. It may be the nerves rather than the muscles upon which we mainly depend, after all. It is a common-place of observation that the big, hearty men are constantly dropping out of the world, while those of far more fragile organizations apparently live on to a ripe old age.

As to the increasing longevity of the race generally, there is no little incidental testimony on this head to be gathered from various sources. Some of the early heroes and heroines of romance are old before they reach what we should call middle life. And at the beginning of our own century Jane Austen, whose testimony is always unimpeachable, speaks of a healthy and contented woman of 40 as having a good prospect of twenty years of life yet. Twenty years! What woman of today thinks of herself as falling into decrepitude at 60? Elsewhere in Miss Austen's pages we run across people who are old with the passage of half a century of life. But now we have Gladstone at 80 and over, and think nothing of it.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Green Hair.

Green hair in men occupied in copper works and in copper mines is not unknown, for as far back as 1654 Bartholin drew attention to its occurrence. Since then several other observers have recorded instances of the same. The most recent case is that of Dr. Oppenheimer's, who, at a meeting of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Medical Society, showed a specimen of green hair obtained from a patient who had been under his treatment. The hair was a pale but distinct green, this color being more marked on the head and the moustache. But, curiously enough, in the hair all over the body the same coloration was displayed. Copper was easily demonstrated chemically. Microscopically the hair was uniformly colored, no crystals being seen anywhere. The patient did not return after his first visit, and it was ascertained that he died two years later with a severe cough. The fact, however, is certain, that workers in copper works need not necessarily become affected with the poisonous metal, provided that scrupulous cleanliness be observed. The hair must be washed daily in a solution of soda, ordinary water being useless for the purpose. Experience shows that the part first to become affected is the moustache, and next the head, but if the latter be protected by a thick cap no coloration is produced.—[Medical Press.]

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