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## INSTRUCTION IN DAIRYING

### Government May Assume the Dairy Associations' Work.

### RESULT OF YEAR'S EXPERIMENT

**Success Has Attended the Work Begun by the Ontario Department of Agriculture.**

Toronuto, Dec.27.—A large measure of success has attended the experiments commenced last spring by the Ontario Department of Agriculture in connection with the instruction of cheesemakers. A syndicate of 25 factories was arranged in the east, and Mr. G. G. Publow, of the Kingston Dairy School, was placed in charge. A similar arrangement was made with Mr. George H. Barr, of the Guelph Dairy School, for the Lambton district, and these men have now completed the season's work. Mr. G. C. Creelman, of the Department of Agriculture, to whom these gentlemen have been reporting each day's work during the summer, is now in receipt of many interesting letters, from two of which the following is taken. The first of these letters is signed by one of the largest cheese exporters in Canada. He says:

"We have been through the district several times during the past season, in which Mr. Barr has been located, and we want to say that he has done immense good in that section, and all the factory men we have been speaking to have spoken in the highest praise of Mr. Barr's work. Our own experience is that we have never had finer cheese from that section than we have had this year, and we think it is almost entirely due to the work of Mr. Barr. We hope the Government will be able to still extend the work, as we feel they can do it much better than it can be done in any other way."

The second letter is from a cheesemaker in Eastern Ontario, where Mr. Publow was engaged. He says: "I have been a cheesemaker for a number of years, and poor help, poor equipment and unsuitable surroundings had pretty nearly compelled me to give up the business. However, somewhat weary and nearly discouraged, I was still laboring on when Mr. Publow came to my assistance, and took my factory into his syndicate, for which I cannot find words to express my gratitude. After Mr. Publow has visited my factory a couple of times, and had taken in the milk, an improvement was apparent. He also stayed and made cheese one day, on account of the bad flavor of the milk. Although I had received a good dairy school training, I learned more that day about the bad flavor which I had to deal with than I cou'd have in any other way. This confirms my belief that in the factory is the proper place for instruction regarding the troubles that are constantly cropping up."

The writer gives instances of reforms in cleanliness due to the inspection, and continues: "Regarding the financial benefit derived. There are three factories surrounding me that were not in the syndicate. They manufacture for 1 cent per pound, while I receive 11-8c per pound. In May we paid for milk 39c more per ton. The amount paid over the other factories has gradually increased until for the last payment, September, the statement stood thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Our factory ..... | $18 76 |
| Factory A..... | 18 16 |
| Factory B..... | 17 46 |
| Factory C..... | 17 60 |

We are hoping for a continuance of the good work begun."

Referring to the results, Mr. Creelman said recently: "It is pleasing to note that the experiment has been a success. The matter will be thoroughly discussed at the next annual meeting of the Dairymen's Associations, to be held in January. It seems to be the general opinion of the directors of the Dairymen's Associations and also that of most of the members that the Department of Agriculture can materially help the dairy industry of Ontario by carrying out this instruction work on a larger scale next year. In fact, it is generally believed that the department ought to take over the instruction work entirely, and relieve the associations of all the detail work connected therewith.

"If the factories would agree to pay a small sum towards first-class instruction, the Department of Agriculture would supplement this amount sufficiently to engage a good man and put him permanently in charge of a syndicate. By this means the instructor could visit each factory about once in two weeks, and have plenty of time to give individual attention to any difficulties that might arise. The instructor could, as did Mr. Publow this year, meet the patrons of the factories in the evenings, and talk with them about the necessity for sending good, clean milk to the factory. In this way there is no doubt the milk supply at the factories would be much improved; that the cheesemaker would be enabled to do better work, and that there would be a general improvement in the product of the factory from one end of Ontario to the other."

### Both Wrestlers Hurt.

Milton, Ont., Dec. 26.—While attending a threshing at Mr. McCowan's, Esquesing, R. Lewis and Calvin Fleming, Milton, got wrestling in the mow, and in the struggle for supremacy, fell through the loose flooring on to the next floor, crashing through that and down to the next floor, about twenty feet in all, the result being that both were badly bruised and shaken up, Fleming's hip being severely injured and the muscles torn.

### Bluejackets Race.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dec. 28.—A race which had been quietly arranged between the boats of the United States battleships Alabama and Massachusetts, over a distance of three miles, for a stake of $10,000, was decided yesterday and resulted in a tie. The time over the course was 29 minutes and 28 seconds. The British cruiser, Charybdis and the British torpedo boat destroyers Quail and Rocket arrived her yesterday afternoon.

## WOMAN TACKLED A BEAR

### Animal Had Knocked a Child From Mother's Arms.

**Husband Came Up in Time to Save Wife and Baby.**

San Bernardino, Cal., Dec. 27.—Advices have been received here of an encounter an Indian family had with an immense black bear, which had attacked a squaw to secure an infant which she carried in her arms. The family, Trujillo by name, has resided on a Government claim on the north slope of the San Bernardino Mountains for a number of years. The region is isolated from any frequently traveled road, and the nearest neighbor is at least several miles away. Trujillo formerly raised sheep for a living, but since the creation of the reserve, which has driven him out of that business, he and his wife have been making a living by collecting medicnal herbs and roots, which they found ready sale for among the Mexicans and Indians of this valley.

The other day the woman was returning with her infant from a large rock upon which she had herbs drying, and in her path she encountered the bear. The two stood facing each other for a moment, when the woman gathered up a stone and threw it at the big brute. Her aim was true, the jagged rock striking the bear squarely upon the snout.

The blow, though probably not severe, so irritated the big animal that it quickly advanced toward the woman, snarling savagely. She succeeded in dodging the lumbering creature and had started to run for the cabin, which was in sight, when the bear made a vicious slap, knocking the infant from its mother's arms. She managed to catch its garments and continued running, but the bear, now fully aroused, was in full pursuit, and but a short distance toward the cabin was covered before the child was bodily yanked from her grasp.

She turned upon the brute as it sank its jaws into the child's limbs and kicked it full in the face. The next moment she was writhing on the ground with a horribly lacerated face, where the bear had struck her. Trujillo had heard her screams, and as she fell backward between him and the bear, he raised his rifle and poured a dozen shots into the brute. A few hours later a hunting party happened by on the trail of the bear, having been tracking it for several hours, and they assisted Trujillo in dressing the frightful injuries of his wife and child. Both will probably recover, though the woman would not consent to be brought here for treatment. The hunters had shot the bear nearly three hours before it had attacked the woman, and the fact that it was wounded was perhaps what made it face the woman before she threw a rock, instead of immediately disappearing into the brush. Trujillo's first shot probably killed it.

## TRAGEDY OF NEW HEBRIDES

### British Sea Captain Murdered by Natives.

**Recruiting Steamer Attacked — A Fatal Superstition.**

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 27.—The steamer Goana, from Australia, brought news of an attack on the recruiting schooner Lilly by the natives of Manicolo, in the New Hebrides, who murdered Captain Henry Asmos Atkinson, a Britisher, and wounded two of the Lilly's crew.

The schooner was employed in taking a large number of natives who had been employed in New Caledonia by French planters to their homes, and one of those consigned to Mallicolo died when near here, and Captain Anderson landed to bury the body ashore instead of at sea.

When Captain Anderson landed from the whaler which brought the natives ashore, he was rushed and his rifle taken by the blacks on shore. He was then shot and killed with his own rifle, two balls being sent into his breast. Some of the native crew tried to save the dead captain's body, but the natives who were just landed aided those ashore, and the crew fled, two of them being wounded as they swam back to the schooner.

The attack was the result of superstition attached to the burying of the dead body, the natives believing it to be necessary to kill the whites to prevent further deaths from occurring. The schooner Pearl was attacked on this island a few days later. She called at Espigie Bay, another part of the island, to land natives, when she was fired upon and several of the native crew were wounded.

## 30 COLLIERIES CLOSED

### Holidays and Floods in Coal Region Diminish the Output.

Philadelphia, Dec. 26.—A report from the mining region today is to the effect that twenty Philadelphia and Reading collieries and two washeries are idle, because of the failure of the men to return to work after the Christmas holidays. Ten collieries also are closed down because of high water. It is the miners' custom to lay off Christmas and the day following, but the officials had hoped the men would return to work today because of the coal shortage.

### Reclaim 3,000,000 Acres.

Calgary, Alberta, Dec. 26.—William Whyte, assistant to the president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, together with the superintendent of land and irrigation, Mr. Dennis, have arrived here in connection with the proposed irrigation canal between Calgary and Medicine Hat. They say that he work will be rushed by the road, and that in a short time 3,000,000 acres of land will be reclaimed. Mr. Dennis says he will take up his residence in Calgary to superintend the inauguration of the work.

### Fear 14 Sailors Are Lost.

St. Johns, Nfld., Dec. 25.—The steamer Magnific returned yesterday afternoon from her search for three schooners which have been missing since the gales. The crew of one schooner was landed on Tuesday at Boulogne, but the Magnific failed to find traces of the other vessels, which are believed to have foundered, with their fourteen men.

### Mrs. Langtry in New York.

New York, Dec. 26.—Mrs. Langtry arrived here today from Europe.

It is proposed to erect a memorial cross to the venerable Bede on the Durham coast.

## GREAT SUFFERING IN AUSTRALIA

### Severe Losses Result From the Drought—Great Areas of Land Barren.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 26. — The steamship Noana, which arrived here yesterday, brings news of the results of drought in Australia. The great losses of sheep in the past few weeks might be viewed in the light of a national calamity. The Federal Government is appealed to for aid. Though their constitution forbids them to take the duty off fodder, Premier Barton has promised that any state desiring to do so will not be criticised by the federal powers.

Long sessions of Parliament are being held to discuss the pitiful appeals of the people of the rural districts. Vast areas which previously yielded full crops have not yielded a bushel of grain. The stories of thousands of sheep being driven to food centers, but dying from starvation on the way, have become monotonous. On the Queensland border at Welltown of 15,000 sheep on one ranch, 8,000 are still alive and the rest are dead of starvation. This is a sample case.

## WOMEN AND THEIR FEET

### Things One Should Not Do When Walking or Sitting.

**Ungraceful Attitudes and Actions Which Should be Avoided.**

At a time when skirts were rather short and there were no graceful frills to swish about the feet and hide ungainly movements, a charming American girl who has since become an Italian countess said that if a man were in love with her she would never on any account allow him to see her eat or to see her going up or down stairs.

She considered either act as it is usually performed, says the New York Sun, quite enough to disillusion the most ardent swain. In truth, seven women out of ten are particularly awkward in the use of their feet, which is largely owing to the fact that they have never heard of or have forgotten the old-fashioned rule that in walking or climbing whenever the feet are on the ground at the same time they should be placed as closely as possible together, heels touching, toes slightly turned out.

A few trips up and down the elevated railroad stairs reveal lots of clumsiness in this respect in women who are otherwise pretty and graceful. Instead of a springy step, each foot set trimly next the other with heels touching for the instant they are together, it is much more usual to see a laborious plodding, in which the feet come down at opposite ends of the stair with toes turned in.

A surprising number of women toe in with one foot or both, tread on the side of the foot or run down the heels of their shoes, peculiarities of walking which detract much from a pretty appearance. But it is not only in walking that women seem not to have recognized the fact that the proper management of their feet is of as much importance as the dressing of their hair.

In sitting they are guilty of a number of sins of awkwardness, particular manifestations of which seem to belong to special types.

The small woman with short legs does some very funny things for which perhaps she is hardly to blame. It is the misfortune of her physique.

She either has to sit with her small feet dangling in an absurdly helpless way or else to perch herself on the edge of a seat with the toe of one foot hooked round the ankle of the first. This latter is perhaps the best plan she can adopt, but she has to sit a little sideways to bring it about and usually shows the effort it costs her. Where there is any choice of seat she should rapidly pick out the lowest chair in the room and manage somehow to get it.

The woman who grows fat almost always develops a tendency to sit very squarely with feet planted about a foot apart and toes turned out. If you couldn't see another bit of her you would know at once from her feet that she was more than passing stout.

But the lean, long-legged woman also has odd ways of disposing of her feet. She it is who commits the atrocities of winding them around the legs of her chair in opposite directions, of crossing her legs and winding them round and round each other until her feet seem inextricably mixed up and of sticking her crossed feet out in front of her.

The mannish girl either sits with legs stretched out, heels touching the ground, and the soles of her shoes in full view or with legs frankly crossed, much as men would, and she has even been known in moments of abstraction to put one foot up on the other knee.

The timid woman always sits with feet well drawn in either with toes touching the floor close together and heels up or with feet tightly crossed in the same way.

The nervous woman always trots or taps her feet, than which there is nothing more aggravating to the average person. It beats the devil's tattoo.

The future women have the best of it, for with the unconsciousness that belongs to girlhood of having any feet at all they are never troubled as to how to disposed of them gracefully. It is a pity they can't be trained a bit as the awkward age approaches so as to avoid some of the obectionable habits illustrated.

They did these things better in the good old days when there was a well-defined rule as to the proper disposition of a woman's feet. Those were the days when a little foot and a fine ankle were admired as much as a pretty face, and to sit otherwise than with the feet easily and daintily crossed, on a footstool, if possible, and just peeping from below the hem of the gown would have been indecorous to a degree.

This was a restriction of freedom of movement perhaps, but at the same time it insured an always graceful attitude.

## FIRE IN OBSERVATORY

**Costly Reflecting Coelostat Destroyed —Loss, $25,000.**

Williams Bay, Wis., Dec. 26.—The large reflecting oteoscope, or coelostat, at the Yerkes observatory, was destroyed by fire Monday forenoon, together with many valuable instruments. The loss is estimated at $25,000, on which there is no insurance.

The coelostat was about 100 yards south of the observatory building. It consisted of one room, in which there were the large mirrors, driving clock and other appliances, and a structure 120 feet long, forming a reflecting telescope with a focal length of 120 feet. The telescope was not quite completed. It was designed by Prof. Hale and intended for use in connection with the spectrohelliograph designed by him.

The fire probably was caused by crossed electric wires. Only one 24-inch concave mirror was saved. A similar one and a 30-inch mirror were burned, both of the finest workmanship; also a fine grating which Prof. Hale recently secured in the East. Prof. Hale stated that steps would be taken at once to replace the outfit.

## WAS SHE JILTED?

**Marriage of Henri Cain to Whom Emma Calve Was Engaged.**

New York, Dec. 27.—Emma Calve, the prima donna, has been jilted, according to a rumor published in the Morning Telegraph. Henri Cain, the French novelist and playwright, to whom Calve was supposed to be engaged, has married Mlle. Guiraudon, a soprano of the Opera Comique in Paris, and one of Calve's rivals. For years Cain has been the only suitor who could win from Calve so much as a serious smile, and he monopolized all her attention when she was in Europe.

It was because of her supposed coming marriage to Cain that Calve, it was thought, refused to come to America this season, although last spring she had verbally promised Maurice Grau he could count upon her as a member of his force at the Metropolitan.

Calve only recently created the title rôle in Renaldo Hahn's opera, "La Carmelite," at the Opera Comique, the theater which shelters her successful rival. Cable reports of her opening said she scored a fair success, but it was inferred that she had not enjoyed an overwhelming triumph. This is now explained on the theory that she was unstrung by M. Cain's marriage, which had occurred a few days before.

## IMMENSE COAL DEAL

**Some 6,000 Acres in Indiana County, Pa., Sum of $500,000.**

Indiana, Pa., Dec. 26.—A record-breaking coal sale was closed here yesterday, when James White, jun., of Irwin, Fulier Hogsett, of Uniontown, and M. C. Watson, of Indiana, sold Lucien Robinson, of Punxsutawaney, the one-half interest in 6,000 acres of Eldersridge coal for about $500,000. The price paid averages $150 per acre, and shows the quality of the coal, which is of the Pittsburg vein, being by far the best in the county.

In 1892 the coal rights were secured by Thomas Tobin, trustee of the Thos. Scott estate, of Philadelphia, for $200,000. An immense coal company will operate the field.

Mr. Robinson represents the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad, and that road will be extended from Indiana to tap the field. It may mean an extension to Pittsburg, as that road may soon have to enter Pittsburg over another road than the Pittsburg and Western from Butler.

## OUTWITTED HER FIANCE

**Girl Elopes on Wedding Eve and Marries Another Man.**

Wilmington, Del., Dec. 27.—Daisey B. Koons, of Philadelphia, outwitted her mother, her friends and her long-time fiance on Tuesday evening by eloping over the Delaware line and wedding the real idol of her heart here in the parsonage of the Union M. E. Church. His name is Morris A. Harrington, and he is a clerk in the jewelry department of the Wanamaker establishment in the Quaker City. The first hours of the honeymoon were passed in trying to pacify the indignant mother of the bride, who arrived on the early morning train to demand an explanation of the clergyman who had performed the ceremony.

He stated that the girl had given her age as 20 years and the young man as 21. This being over the age required by law he had no hesitation in marrying them. Mrs. Koons then began to pay her respects to the newly-married couple. The pastor, rallying to their defense, was told that the girl was to have been married to another on Christmas eve and that all the arrangements for the wedding and reception had been made. Every effort at reconciliation proved useless, and the mother left for her home at noon. Mr. and Mrs. Harrington will return to Philadelphia and open a home of their own.

### Profit From Waterloo.

The Duke of Wellington, who has no occasion to worry as to whether his income will be sufficient for his needs, has just been officially informed that his revenues have been increased. Ever since the battle of Waterloo the Dukes of Wellington have received a yearly sum of money from Belgium. An infinitesimal parcel of land belonging to the duke, and valued at 115 francs 50c ($23.12), has been acquired by a railway company, with the result that a clear profit to the revenues of the Dukedom of Wellington of 3 francs 75c. (75 cents) has accrued.

### The Middleport Tragedy.

Brantford, Dec. 26.—There are no further developments of a startling character in connection with the Middleport tragedy. Samuel Watson, who fired the shot, and was arrested, was brought up before Squire Leitch on a charge of murdering his brother, Wesley Watson. No evidence was taken, and he was remanded until Tuesday. The coroner's inquest will be resumed at Middleport Monday night.

## VETERINARIES MUST WAKE UP

### Dr. Tennent Says Veterinary Association Is Asleep.

### CHANGES NEEDED IN COLLEGE

**Three-Year Course for Students Advocated—Andrew Smith in Need of Assistance in His Work.**

Dr. J. H. Tennent, of London, this morning indulged in some candid statements regarding the present condition of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association, says the Toronto News. The remarks referred to were made in the course of his address as president of the association, delivered at the annual meeting, held at the college on Temperance street. He contended that in 28 years the association has accomplished nothing for the profession, and that during the same time the United States association had made itself a power in the land, and members attended its annual meeting from all over the Union and Honolulu. He urged the members of the association to awaken from their slumbers, and advocated a term of three sessions for students at the college instead of two, as at present, and assistance to Prof. Andrew Smith in improving the status and work of the college. Dr. Tennent's address was in part as follows:

"In looking back to the organization of this association some years since, and seeing it as it is today, I feel in rather an awkward position. First, I wish to ask the question, has, or is, this association done or doing the work it set out to do? And second, If not, why? In September, 1878, at a meeting of veterinary surgeons held, this association was formed 28 years ago—a long time. Now, what have we done in 28 years? Practically nothing. In point of numbers of membership, how much have we increased? How many new associations? How much has been done to elevate the profession and bring it out of the rut into which it has fallen? What has the association done to place our profession on a footing with our brothers? The answer you will find in the reply of the Minister of Agriculture to Mr. German, M. P. P., when he made a gallant effort to do something for us. Do you think for one moment that the Minister of Agriculture would have dared to say such things of the medical men? No, and why should he of us? Just because we ourselves have done nothing to show the people of this province and continent that we are somebody and make our influence felt. Twenty-eight years of existence, and there are veterinary surgeons in this province that have never heard of us. What have we been doing? Coming to Toronto once a year, electing officers, partaking of Dr. Smith's hospitality, and then going home again to wait for another year, then to repeat the same thing. In all the 28 years of our existence all the papers that have been read and all the discussion of them if printed word for word would be but a mere pamphlet and would be hidden in shame behind the papers and discussions that are heard in this college at the students' meeting. Is this a condition that should exist? I say, no.

A REMEDY SUGGESTED.

"Then how must it be remedied? Let every member of this association shake off that lethargy with which he is enveloped, wake up to the need of the profession at this day. Work, get every veterinary surgeon in this province interested in this work. Let the essayists that are appointed to prepare these essays be all prepared when they meet here, and not offer some schoolboy excuse or endeavor to make this body believe they have not time to prepare it, for I venture to say that none of us has so much to do that we could not prepare something if we tried. I have attended meeting after meeting of this association and not a paper given. Could we conscientiously advocate to the veterinary surgeons of this province who are not members that they should join us? No. We need the help of every veterinary surgeon in this province, and the only way to induce them to help us is first to help ourselves. Let us wake up and stir up the members of our profession, a profession which should be recognized among the first of the learned sciences. For what profession is there that has a nobler aim than ours, that of relieving the sufferings of the brute creation?

REFORMS NEEDED.

"I am going to touch upon another subject that is not at present under the direct control of this association, but in my opinion it would be well if we were interested in it, namely, the Ontario Veterinary College. What is our college doing? Can we as graduates and members of this association, who are doing nothing, expect the man (Prof. Andrew Smith) who has made his life's work the work of educating men in our profession to keep pace with the rapid advancement unaided? No; it would be suicidal to attempt it. His hard earnings of years are locked up in buildings that accommodated us. Look at the thousands of dollars invested where we are at present. Take the immense risk of keeping and maintaining a college and it is really too much to expect one man to do it all, but I think the time is ripe for a change. In my opinion a three-year course is absolutely necessary, as well as proper educational standing of the student upon entering. A junior matriculation should be required, as anyone possessing an education inferior to this is not able to understand and get up the work as he should. It would also bring into the profession educated men, men who would become lights in the veterinary world, and would rid us of that class of uneducated professional men who are found in barrooms, peddling nostrums or manufacturing cure-alls.

"Such changes in connection with our college would, no doubt, cause financial loss to our professor and would increase his work, but I think that a change should be effected, and I do not feel that Prof. Smith should take the responsibility entirely upon himself. Aid from the Legislature might be obtained, as this is one of the sciences that they have almost ignored. I would suggest that a committee be appointed from this association, of men that will do something to confer with Dr. Smith on ways and means to bring this change about, and I further feel that each and every individual veterinary surgeon, whether a member of this association or not, should lend his moral support to Dr. Smith, and financial support if any loss occurs. I am not here to cast any reflections on the teachers of our college, but I do say that two sessions is not time enough to get up the work as it should be, neither can a young man who possesses only sufficient education to write his name and spell it correctly, ever expect to become an ornament or a light in the veterinary profession. I trust that Prof. Smith will celve a committee, if such be appointed, and that some good may be accomplished.

"Now, I ask you in conclusion to wake up and let us get to work and make this association one of the foremost on the continent. We have the means, we have the men; let us unite and get every practitioner in this province with us. We need legislation in our behalf, and the only way to obtain it is by united effort."

## HOW SHE READ HER DOOM

### Predicted Death When Her Little Mirror Was Crushed.

**A Few Hours Later Her Life Was Ended by Poison.**

New York, Dec. 26.—The ill-omened breaking of a mirror was followed in a few hours yesterday by the death of Mrs. Joyce M. Daly, in her room at No. 307 West Fifty-second street. She was discovered dying from carbolic acid poisoning late in the afternoon and expired before medical aid could reach her.

Mrs. Daly was 24 years old, a manicurist, and strikingly beautiful. Mrs. Margaret A. Place, with whom she lived at that address, had been with her in her room during the morning. As the young women moved about the room she brushed against a little mirror and it fell with a crash, breaking to splinters.

"Some one will surely die before tonight," she said.

The motive for her suicide will probably remain a mystery. She herself almost revealed it in little notes of farewell she had started to write, apparently before taking the poison, but at the last moment she tore them into bits. Coroner Sholer, who took charge of the case, gathered up these scraps of paper and carefully pasted them together. One, on the back of an envelope, was addressed to the girl's mother.

"Hope you will forgive me. If I could only see you! Merry Christmas. I hardly can wish all hands the same," it read.

Other pieces showed an unfinished letter. "Dear Mike," it began, but she got no further than the pronoun "I," when she stopped and tore it to bits.

Mrs. Daly had been in the house eighteen months. She was separated from her husband. Miss Florence Bucklem, of No. 211 West Forty-third street, and A. Keefe, of No. 305 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, friends, found her dying when they called. Her parents live in Brooklyn, and she has a sister at No. 147 Oakland street, Greenpoint

### THE PERPLEXED EDITOR.

Once there was an editor,
Cynical and grey,
Scanned the morning paper:
"Nothing new to-day,
How can I be lively?
Everything so trite—
O Lord, tell me something
Something new to write!"

Longing he looked eastward
Then he squinted west,
Foraging the universe
For what would please 'em best
War Cloud in the Balkans,
Russia wants Herat,
Sultan Killing Christians,
Bernhardt Growing Fat;
'Nother Crazy Prophet
Getting Filled with Lead;
Ruler of Afghanistan,
Smuggling Guns, 'Tis Said;
Nihilists in Russia
Busy Throwing Bombs;
Salisbury's Family
Grabbing All the Plums;
Usual Elections
Going on in France,
Customary duel,
No One Takes a Chance;
Lovely Royal Princess
Underneath the Ban,
Family Didn't Like Her
Marrying a Man;
Kaiser Talking Foolish,
Balfour Talking Golf,
Chamberlain is Chortling,
Roosevelt Blowing Off;
Shah of Persia Dubbing
Germany a Wolf;
Czar of Russia Reaching
For the Persian Gulf;
Emperor of China
In a Parlous State,
Empress and the Mandarins
Risings Instigate;
Tariff Walls Are Higher,
Protection Undismayed;
Britain, Mighty, Prosperous,
Resotted With Free Trade;
Little Row in Italy,
Diplomatic Squall,
Pope Won't Look at Callers
From the Quirinal;
Trouble Brews in Austria,
Anarchists Again;
Crowned Heads Dodging Bullets,
Stoning Priests in Spain;
Venezuela Seething—
Bloody Civil War—
Neither Side Quite Certain
What It's Fighting For;
High New York Society
Autos Still on Deck;
Chauffeur Broke a Record,
Also Broke His Neck;
Morgan Forming Syndicates
Up Among the Stars;
Yerkes Planning Penny Tubes
In the Planet Mars;
Carnegie Disgorging
A Library a Day;
Camel and the Needle's Eye,
Lots To Give Away.

As he looks it over,
He said with Solomon,
"There's nothing new to write about
Underneath the Sun."
—H. F. G., in Toronto Star.

A representative of the German Government has been sent to Canada to ascertain what trees can be profitably transplanted into Germany. He has already decided that white pine, red cherry, spruce and black walnut would flourish on German soil, and experiments are to be made with those trees.

## MADE RICH FOR KIND ACT

### Girl Gets $40,000 From Stranger She Befriended.

**Gave Elderly Man Water on a Train When He Was Sick.**

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 26.—For an act of kindness performed three years ago Miss Anna Marion Yongers, bookkeeper at the White Swan Laundry, in this city, has suddenly become rich. A draft for $40,000 came to her on Saturday from Charles W. Johnson, of Chicago, whom the girl has seen only once in her life, when she took him for a poor man and was kind to him.

So little does Miss Yonkers know of her benefactor that she does not know his business or family connections. She believes, however, that he is a retired merchant. She has received only three letters from him since the incident, which resulted in the gift.

It was in July, 1900, while on a trip to Savannah, Ill., to visit the family of Charles Jensen, that Miss Yonkers boarded a train at Lacrosse. When the train reached Stoddard, Wis., she noticed an elderly man, dressed plainly, mount the steps of the car. When he entered the door of the coach she saw that he carried, in addition to his grip, a can, and a glance at him told her that he was not well.

He appeared for a moment as though he was about to faint. Miss Yonkers, who was only a few feet distant, ran to his side and offered assistance. She helped him to the double seat where she had been sitting and placed his grip at his side, then she went to the other end of the car and brought a glass of water and in many ways made him comfortable. After a time the man seemed to get stronger and they talked.

The stranger said he was in ill-health and was going to Chicago. He asked about her life and plans and took her name and address, and said he would write and tell her if he arrived in Chicago without mishap.

Six months later he wrote her a letter and two or three other letters passed between them. Shortly before the receipt of the gift, however, Miss Yonkers received a postal card from him, which conveyed the news that she might expect a surprise. She thought little of it, however, although wondering what it meant. When she received the draft she could hardly realize the truth of it.

### *Cry of the Children.*

The cry of the children still goes up in Germany. The chamber of commerce in Plauen has issued a remarkable report.

In Saxony, it states, of 604,600 school children no fewer than 137,831, or 23 per cent are employed in trade. More than half of these children—namely, 74,508—are employed in the textile industry.

In some industries even children under 10 years of age are employed, the majority of whom are puny, delicate, little old men and women, sitting all day in a vitiated atmosphere for a few pence, and never knowing what it is to play and be children.

They do not obtain proper food, for their parents are so poor that they can only afford to give them bread and potatoes. A petition will shortly be laid before the Reichstag praying for legislation on the matter.—London Express.

### *Generosity Rewarded.*

During the distress among the Copenhagen workmen on account of a lock-out in 1887 the public was appealed to for contributions. An old couple in Jutland, having no money, sent in their wedding rings as their humble contribution for the relief of the starving people. The organization kept the rings as a memento of this kind act. Recently the old couple celebrated their golden wedding under very distressing circumstances. They were actually starving. This came to the knowledge of the Copenhagen workmen. A collection was organized, and in a few days the old couple received $400 in cash and two new wedding rings, with a grateful acknowledgment of their kindness during the time of trouble.—London Express.

### *Mr. Sheedy, Art Connoisseur.*

Now that M. Patrique Sheedy, the celebrated European art connoisseur, has arrived and become acclimated, he has commenced to converse freely and the first fruits of this intellectual thaw is here presented.

"I find New York most interesting," said Monsieur Sheedy, as he strolled down Broadway yesterday with a bright smile in one hand and a photographic half-tone of a Coreggio in the other; "observe, par example, the deep cobalt of the sky, preserving its effect of warmth even in the chill atmosphere.

"In Italy that effect is so invariable that we of the artistic set are accustomed to fry eggs by hoiding them up to the sky in a pan.

"I find that the noise in the streets is rather disconcerting after the dolce far niente of Southern Europe. It also disturbs the paintings. You know the canvass back paintings are birds for nerves.

"I contend now that I have made quite sufficient effort to learn the owner of the painting bequeathed to my care by Adam Werth, and so—hang the picture, say I!

"The first use to which I shall put my leisure is the erection of a factory somewhere between Lakewood, New Jersey, and the Sturtevant House for the extraction and manufacture of Persian dyes. The Persians are the only dyers in the world.

"'He who dies in Persia is no dead one,' is an Oriental proverb almost as old as Teheran.

"Do not by any means imagine that my interest in art is sporadic or short lived. I revel in the old school of painters intensely.

"In my own old school days I painted the city a crimson tint that fascinated all beholders.

"The trouble with industrial enterprises in this fair land of ours is that the fellow who does the work always wants a piece of the money. Now, in Egpyt and the Far East, you can obtain the services of a first-class artisan in the bazaar for four piastres—20 cents. That is at least ten cents too little."

Fast Friends

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea and the Public.
Matchless Quality Has Cemented this Alliance.

BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.

Sold only in lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. All Grocers




"Keith—Keith!" pursued the physician, reflectively; "what was your mother's maiden name?"

Kenneth grew crimson to his temples at this direct and difficult question.

"I do not know," he said, with painfully compressed lips, but too truthful to evade it.

The doctor shot a lightning glance at him, and comprehended the situation instantly.

"I beg your pardon, my young friend," he said, in a tone of regret. "We doctors are often a bluff, outspoken set, and sometimes overstep the bounds of our profession, and ask impertinent questions. But, truly, I am very much interested in this case," he went on to explain, "for I have believed that this peculiar deformity was confined exclusively to the Kavanagh family, and now it rather upsets that theory to find it upon you. There was old Luke Kavanagh, who had it, and also Anthony Kavanagh—Miss Kavanagh's father. He had a son, Allan by name, in whom it appeared identically the same. These three cases only have come under my own observation, but the grandfather—Luke Kavanagh—told me that his father and grandfather were minus the same joints upon the right foot, and that it was a peculiar characteristic of the Kavanagh family, affecting, however, only the eldest son of each family."

"It is certainly very strange that it should make its appearance in me, then," Kenneth said, thoughtfully, "and I have often hoped that this deformity might lead to the solution of what is a very tantalizing mystery to me. I cannot help being both startled and impressed by what you have told me, even though I have no means of knowing that I have a drop of the Kavanagh blood in my veins. I believe I will tell you my story, Dr. Frothingham," Kenneth concluded, with sudden resolution.

"Not unless you desire to do so, Mr. Keith. Pray, do not feel obliged to gratify my curiosity upon this matter. I regret having expressed myself so freely," returned the physician, deprecatingly.

"I think I should like to have you know it," Kenneth answered, and forthwith proceeded to relate all that he knew of his own history, while his companion listened with intense interest to the strange narrative.

"I do not see how it is possible for you to belong to the Kavanaghs of whom I have spoken," he said, when Kenneth concluded, "for I have known the family, root and branch, for four generations. The old gentleman, Luke, had one son and two daughters. The girls both died unmarried. The son, Anthony, had only two children, Allan and Katherine, of whom I have already spoken. Allan went abroad many years ago, and while in England became acquainted with the daughter of a peer of the realm. He fell in love with her, and their marriage was sanctioned by the lord upon the condition that young Kavanagh would adopt the family name and settle in England upon the paternal estate, so that his offspring might perpetuate the race and inherit the family estates."

"What was the name of this English lord?" Kenneth inquired.

"Langford—Lord Ernest Langford; and I have been told that his estate of Shannondale is one of the finest in all England. Allan Kavanagh married his love and took her name, and only one child was born to them—a daughter—who was left an orphan when she was only three years old, for both parents were stricken with a malignant fever while traveling on the Continent, and died within twenty-four hours of each other, and were buried in one grave."

"That was very sad," said Kenneth; "and their child must be the little Miss Belle whom I rescued from drowning while crossing the East River from Brooklyn last summer."

"Probably it was," responded Dr. Frotheringham, "for I know that Miss Kavanagh and her niece—the little heiress of all Shannondale and her father's handsome fortune besides—were in this country last year. Miss Kavanagh went to reside in England with her brother shortly after his marriage, and was appointed one of the child's guardians upon the death of her parents. Miss Kavanagh is a maiden lady, as her name indicates, although she was one engaged to a very wealthy gentleman of this city. I never knew why the match was broken off—possibly through some freak of her own, for she is an intensely proud and high-spirited person."

Kenneth did not need to be told this, for it was a self-evident fact when he had met her.

"You do not suppose—that Mr. Allan Kavanagh was already married to someone here before he went abroad?" Kenneth thoughtfully inquired.

"No; he was only about twenty-two at that time, and I never knew of his waiting upon anyone. He was a brilliant scholar, and a very promising young man in every way. The only weakness I ever knew of his having," the doctor said, with a slight curl of his lip, "was his abject devotion to his sister, who was three years his senior. He was her slave, and she gloried in her power over him, though she loved him to idolatry, too."

Evidently Miss Kavanagh was not a favorite with Dr. Frothingham.

"Did Mr. Allan Kavanagh go abroad simply for pleasure?" Kenneth asked.

"Oh, no; some property fell to him and his sister through the death of an uncle, and he went over to settle it, as his father was too feeble to attend to it."

"And you feel sure that he had no entanglement here?"

"No; I am sure her had none. I see what you are thinking of," replied the physician. "You imagine that there may have been some secret marriage, and that you are the offspring of it; but pray, do not get any such romantic idea into your head, for Allan Kavanagh was a young man who would scorn to wrong or ill-treat any woman. He was nobility personified—a chivalrous gentleman, who loved truth and honor simply for their own sake. The only explanation of this deformity in you, which I can think of, is that you must be a descendant of some other branch of the Kavanagh family."

"Perhaps so," Kenneth answered, but as if not quite satisfied with this explanation.

"I think you will not have any more trouble with your foot, Mr. Keith," the doctor remarked, and rising, as if to indicate that he wished to put an end to the interview; indeed, he felt he had already said too much, and had been betraying family secrets. But the singular coincidence of finding this peculiar deformity upon Kenneth had so interested him that he had been betrayed into revealing more of the Kavanagh family history than he considered becoming in their family physician.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Kenneth left the office of Dr. Frothingham much relieved physically, but greatly disturbed mentally. It seemed to him that he had found a clue to his ancestry, and yet it was so faint and blind that it was likely to be of very little use to him.

It was certainly very strange that he should have the Kavanagh deformity, which had followed the family for so many generations, if there was none of their blood in his veins; and thus he was unaccountably impressed that he was related, in some mysterious way, to Miss Katherine Kavanagh.

The excessive emotion she had betrayed upon meeting him upon the ferry-boat, the singular correspondent of her handwriting with that which had been left at the asylum when he was a little child, and her haughty treatment and avoidance of him after the rescue of her niece, all seemed to indicate that she possessed some knowledge relating to the secret of his life.

Had there ever been a romantic experience in her own history—an early attachment and secret marriage which she was anxious to conceal? Was he the offspring of such a marriage, and had she recognized him as such? This thought brought the hot blood into his face, and his whole nature recoiled from such a solution of the mystery of his birth. The cold, proud woman his mother!

He hoped not, or at least if she was, he hoped he should never be obliged to recognize her as such, for it seemed impossible that he could ever entertain the slightest feeling of affection for her. Of one thing he was firmly convinced, and that was that Katherine Kavanagh was the woman who had come to the asylum when he was a little child and had left that writing which stated that he was to be called Kenneth Keith, and if so, there was be some mystic link between them.

He was strangely ill at ease. He was possessed with a feeling of intense interest and curiosity, which he knew would never leave him until he should learn the whole truth about himself, and he was bitterly rebellious against the fate which had so secretly locked his past in obscurity that he did not know which way to turn to obtain the key to it.

Weeks went by and his foot got better, but he continued to ponder this mystery day and night. He dreamed about it when asleep; it haunted the pages of his manuscript by day, until it became almost an impossibility to apply his mind to any other subject.

He grew pale and nervous, lost his appetite, and consequently much flesh, until Mr. Stark feared that he was going to be ill.

Another source of trouble and anxiety was the strange and long-continued silence of Queen Bess.

He had received the diary which she had kept on shipboard, but beyond that he had not received a word from her, and she had now been away nearly five weeks. It is doubtful if he would have even received the diary but for a seemingly trifling circumstance.

The morning the steamer arrived in Liverpool Dr. Ashton was busy attending to their baggage, and Queen Bess did not like to trouble him to post her letter, so she had given it to one of the stewards, with a shilling to pay him for his trouble, and this alone had secured its safe passage across the Atlantic to her lover. Kenneth had been considerably disturbed upon reading the list of the passengers who had sailed in the Britannic to find Egbert Reynolds' name there, and somehow the thought would intrude itself that the fellow might have something to do with the circumstance of his not receiving his letters.

While he had the utmost confidence in Queen Bess, he was, nevertheless, secretly uneasy to know that Reynolds had been her companion de voyage.

He had known of his proposal of marriage to her; he knew, too, that he hated him as his rival, both in business and in love, and he believed he would do his utmost to injure him in every possible way.

Strangely enough, also, since his departure, his confidence in Dr. Ashton had been at a very low ebb, and he was beset with the fear that he would try to use his influence, if not his authority, against him when once he had Queen Bess on the other side of the ocean.

How well-founded these fears were will clearly be shown.

Dr. Ashton, Queen Bess and young Reynolds, after landing at Liverpool, had left almost immediately for London, traveling in company. This arrangement annoyed Queen Bess exceedingly.

"Is he going with us?" she had asked her uncle, as the young man entered the same compartment of the railway carriage with them and settled himself comfortably in one corner.

"Why, yes; I knew that he was a friend of yours, Bessie, and I thought it would be very pleasant to have one of our countrymen with us, so I asked him to make one of the party." Dr. Ashton replied, with a well-assumed look of surprise at her evident disapproval of the arrangement.

"I wish you hadn't," she regretfully said.

"Why?"

"It will be exceedingly unpleasant for me, and I should not suppose it would be agreeable to him, either."

"I do not understand you, Bessie," the man returned, pretending ignorance; "but I certainly think that Mr Reynolds shows excellent taste in desiring the society of your royal highness," he playfully concluded.

But the cloud did not fade from Bess' brow at this bit of pleasantry.

"Don't you know that I refused a proposal of marriage from him less than six months ago?" he demanded.

"Is that so?" returned her companion, with apparent surprise. "I wish I had known this before, for, of course, my dear girl, I do not wish to subject you to any unpleasantness. Perhaps I had better hint to him that it will not be agreeable to you to have him continue with us."

[To be Continued.]

Ask for Minard's and take no other

Four-fifths of Chicago's churchgoers are Catholics.

Genuine Castoria always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

## PRECIOUS LOADS IN WALL STREET

Just inside the railing of the Mill building down in Broad street and only a few yards away from where the throng of outside brokers jostle and shout in the roadway, hangs a slate with a pencil attached by a string. Once, in a while, a clerk will hurry to the corner, look around, and then, if not finding the person he seeks, will scribble something on this slate.

At intervals a big heavy man strolls over and takes a look at it. If there is anything written upon it he will probably give an order to the driver of a two-horse truck, which has stood for most of the day at the corner, the blankets will be taken off, the horses, and the man and truck will set off down the street obviously on business intent.

You are likely to meet this or similar trucks with the name of the same owner upon them two or three times in the course of a day in and about Wall street. Sometimes the truck contains a few boxes or barrels, so different at a casual glance from any other boxes or barrels, or maybe there will be upon it a number of blocks of white metal, in appearance not unlike solder.

In either case there are likely to be two or three roughly dressed men seated with the driver or on the rear of the truck, and two or three better clad men, whom anybody versed in the ways of the financial district will know at once for bank clerks or bank messengers, swinging their legs from the tailboard or walking beside the vehicle.

There is nothing about the outfit likely to attract particular attention from anybody. A close observer may see that the boxes or kegs are strongly ironed, locked and sealed, and he may wonder that mature bank clerks, who do not look as if they were inclined to frivolity, have time to spare for a ride on a truck which proceeds at a bare walking pace or even slower. But the usual passer-by will never bestow a second glance upon the crawling vehicle.

It doesn't look different from a truck carrying any old kind of freight, but for all that the load it carries is often worth more than a great many of the buildings it passes. That load would set up a score of ordinary men with fortunes large enough to keep them in luxury without doing a stroke of work for the rest of their lives.

CONTAIN SOLID GOLD.

The barrels contain bars of solid gold; the boxes are stuffed full of gold coin; and the white metal is silver bullion going from safe deposit vault to sub-treasury, or, if the load is gold coin, from bank to bank. The truck is Barkley's, the money truckman's; the slate hung on the fence is Barkley's office, and the big man who consults it from time to time and might be a retired policeman or a well-to-do grocer, is Barkley himself.

All Wall street knows this and knows what that truck contains when it passes with its load. But Wall street is not interested.

It is a sight so old that it has become commonplace. In the fact that a shabby old truck with a million or two upon it crawls safely through the most crowded streets in the city with only a guard of two or three truckmen and a bank clerk or two to watch over it, nobody sees anything out of the ordinary.

That news of the shipment is written on a slate which hangs on a fence in reach of every passer-by is no less a matter of course. Gold has been transferred safely in that way for years, and there is no reason why it should not always be.

As a matter of fact it would be harder to steal that gold than anything else in the city. In the first place there is a guard of from four to six men with every load of it.

In the second place, the gold is usually in bars weighing from 10 to 25 pounds apiece, and is packed in kegs locked and sealed, with from three to a dozen bars in a keg. The gold coin is in strong boxes equally heavy.

The silver, which is carried bare in the bottom of the truck, is in ingots, and a single ingot would be a good load for a powerful man.

Then the transfer usually takes place in crowded streets, and in the crowd there is safety. It would be a bolder gang of crooks than ever held up a train that would ever try to rob the money truck.

THE MONEY TRUCKMAN.

As to the rest of it, Fred Barkley, the money truckman, has been in the business all his life. He has a monopoly of the money carrying in this city, and his father had it before him for more years than anybody now in Wall street remembers.

He is a conservative person. As his father did business, so does he. Nothing ever went wrong with either, and the banks, and the people whose business it is to handle millions, have accepted the methods of both with perfect satisfaction. They are now a part of the daily routine, and the street sees nothing wonderful about them.

"Why," said the shipping clerk of one of the largest exchange houses in Wall street when the Sun reporter sought information about gold transfers, "you can't write anything about that. It's the most ordinary, every-day transaction down here.

"You just pack up the gold and seal it and send for Barkley, and he carts it away to wherever it has to go. There isn't anything else to it."

"Nothing ever goes wrong, and there really isn't anything interesting about it. Is there, now?"

The reporter thought there was. But the money truckman was of the same opinion as the money exchange clerk. Said he:

"Things have been printed in the papers years ago about this business, but father didn't hold with them or give the information the papers got. And I won't. There ain't anything about it to make a story about, anyway. We just move the stuff. Nothing ever happens to it."

The money truckman is big—6 feet tall, at least—and as broad and solid as he is tall. His face is as set and firm as his frame is solid.

If a man could look like a stone wall that man would be Barkley. Anybody who looked at him twice would trust him with a million. It wouldn't trouble him.

He would just sit on the million till the owner came back to claim it, and before that nobody could get him to forget his watch on it any more than anybody could induce a bulldog to drop a particularly juicy bone.

He was superintending the transfer of a truckload of silver when the Sun man tried to find out things about the bullion-carrying from him. He checked off each ingot four times, not as if he was doubtful about the total, but as a matter of duty.

Then he watched one of his men stamp his firm sign upon each ingot with a steel die punched by a heavy hammer, gave his receipt for the cargo, and moved away with it down Wall street as unemotional as any slab of silver in the load.

IT IS WELL GUARDED.

With him was a smaller, more active-looking man with a dash of the west apparent in his black mustache and shabby-brown sombrero. If the build of the boss truckman plainly showed that he could fell any ill-intentioned crook with one blow of his big fist, the other man looked as though he would surely have a revolver in his hip-pocket and would know how to use it.

Besides the pair there were on the truck with the driver a couple of stalwart men who had assisted in loading the silver when it came up on the little sidewalk elevator from the safe deposit vault beneath.

Just a few passers-by recognized the value of the freight as it was carried out to the truck and commented on it.

"Gee!" remarked a weak-chinned overdressed young man whose trousers were turned up to gladden beholders with a view of his gorgeous hose. "Wouldn't that make you sick?"

"Yer couldn't get none of it," responded the hatchet-faced youth who accompanied him, "and if yer could, yer couldn't get away with it. If yer could, no more ledgers fer me."

Sometimes there is a million dollars' worth in one of those truck loads. Sometimes there is more, but not much.

A million in gold with the accompanying packing cases will weigh nearly three tons, a million in silver more than a dozen times as much again.

Wall street has at times moved as much as $25,000,000 or $30,000,000, all of this huge sum in bullion, in a day, from different points in the district to other points out of it. A single bank or firm of money brokers has transferred $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 in a single shipment abroad.

The money truckman carries all this and he has never lost a single cargo, however small the amount. Once there was a hullabaloo about a missing slab of silver, but it turned up in very short order, though the cry was raised that it had been stolen.

He carries the gold which is shipped abroad to the vessel which has to carry it and brings back to Wall street the imported bullion. It is lucrative business and he and his family have had a monopoly of it since it began.

They are likely to keep it. No good end is served by taking chances with a new firm in such a business, and the conservatism of Barkley suits Wall street well.

Bullion is perhaps the safest kind of commodity to transfer in this city. It is in transferring other kinds of money that the banks take chances. It was not for the sake of the gold carted through the streets that the dead line for crooks was established at Fulton street.

The bank messenger coming from the clearing house after the day's balance has been struck will often carry back to his bank from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 in cash in his leather pouch or in his trousers pocket; that is, in bills of large denominations, usually $10,000 notes.

A bank's balance at the clearing house will range from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000, or even more. The biggest bank—the City National—will often have at the close of business from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 to its credit. The messenger takes back to the bank that amount in bills.

He does not go alone. Usually it is a party of three that escorts the millions. There is the messenger with the money in his pocket, a clerk and the bank's detective or bouncer, whose physique and quickness have usually earned for him his job. The detective is armed.

So though a bank messenger's millions are in shape to be carried off, it would be practically impossible to get them at any cost. They are not carried where a lucky grab would make them even temporarily change ownership.

Bilious Dyspepsia.

A Dreadful Complaint Accompanied by Headache, Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting—Promptly Cured by

FERROZONE.

Some persons have attacks of Bilious Dyspepsia very frequently, and feel as if they were about to die. The whole system seems to collapse. The tongue becomes coated, the face a sallow pallor, and a bitter taste is always noticeable in the mouth. At times the bowels are very constipated, but occasionally acute diarrhea is caused by the accumulation of bile in the system.

It is highly dangerous to allow such a condition to imperil your life. It must be cured, and the simplest and surest remedy is Ferrozone. It digests every particle of food eaten, and prevents the waste products from clogging up the system.

Ferrozone restores all deranged organs to a healthy, vigorous condition. It keeps the bowels well regulated, makes the kidneys eliminate all poisons from the blood, and supplies the necessary elements to build up and strengthen the entire body.

Mr. Louis Meehan, one of Peterboro's most enterprising and well-known business men, during the past three years was an unceasing sufferer from Bilious Dyspepsia. He was cured permanently by Ferrozone and is so anxious that others may profit by his experience that he gives the following testimonial:

"About three years ago," says Mr. Meehan, "I had the Grippe, which left me in a very run-down condition that finally developed into Dyspepsia. I was unable to eat but a few tnings, and had a craving for acid. I gave up treating with the doctors because they did not help me, and on the advice of a friend used Ferrozone. It not only cured me of Dyspepsia and Billiousness but has built up my strength to what it was before I had the Grippe. I can recommend Ferrozone as an ideal restorative."

Ferrozone is capable of digesting all classes of food, and contains in a highly concentrated form the elements necessary for strengthening and reconstructing, and nourishing the stomach and other digestive organs. It is a builder of blood, muscle and fat and makes sickly, weak disheartened people strong and well. Ferrozone gives you force, energy, vim and spirit and cures every time. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1 25. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

THE MOST VALUABLE BUNDLE.

The most valuable bundle of wealth taken through the streets in this city, however, is not moved in the financial district at all. It passes between the comptroller's office in the Stewart building and the city hall, and Eddie, who has been the comptroller's message from time immemorial, carries it.

It consists of newly signed city bonds. Wherever an issue of these bonds has been made, after having been filled out in the comptroller's office, they must be signed by the mayor. They are not then registered, but with the mayor's signature upon them they seem and might possibly be accepted in practice as negotiable.

Eddie carries the bonds, a few millions at a time, to the mayor's office, and when signed, carries them back again. How many millions he has carried in a single trip only he knows, and like the money truckman, he isn't telling his business. But the amount has certainly reached twenty millions on occasions.

No crook has ever had the nerve to tackle Eddie, and really none would think it worth while. The hue and cry which would be raised over such a theft would in all probability at once bar the bonds as negotiable securities, even in the world of graft. And no thief would get far with the plunder. The city sees to that.

But the sight of the messenger with millions in bonds, the little posses of three or more bearing millions in real cash through the financial quarter to the banks, the bare silver in the money truck, the kegs of gold bars and the strong boxes full of gold coin, must sometimes make some evil minds dream dreams such as made Superintendent Byrnes long ago establish that dead line above the streets of temptation.

### Mystery of the Apple.

I remember well in my early days seeing upon my grandmother's mantelshelf an apple contained in a vial. This was a great wonder to me. My question was, "How came the apple to get inside so small a bottle?" The apple was quite as big round as the vial. By what means was it placed within it? Though it was treason to touch the treasure on the mantelpiece, I took down the bottle and convinced my youthful mind that the apple never passed through its neck, and by means of an attempt to unscrew the bottom I became equally certain that the apple did not enter from below.

I held to the notion that in some strange way the bottle had been made in two pieces and afterward united in so careful a manner that no trace of the joint remained. I was hardly satisfied with the theory, but as no one was at hand to suggest any other explanation I let the matter rest. One day the next summer I chanced to see upon a bough another vial, the first cousin of my old friend, within which was growing a little apple which had been passed through the neck of the bottle while it was extremely small. The secret was out, and I learned how it is possible to get apples into a narrow necked bottle.

### No Dust, No Sunbeam.

If you could go up far enough into the sky, higher than the highest point ever reached by a balloon, you would find yourself in pitch dark blackness! Why? Because at that great height there is no dust, and it is dust in the air which makes sunlight visible. The rays are constantly passing through the dense darkness from sun and stars, but it is not until they enter the dust laden air of the earth that they can be seen. Imagine a room full of perfectly pure air. Were we then to admit a sunbeam, this would seem to vanish at once and the room be quite dark until the ray struck upon the wall or some other object. But the air would have to be dustless.

### A Decided Contrast.

Dorothy Dene is tall and slender;
Her curling hair is of golden hue;
Her cheeks have the bloom of a rosebud tender,
And her staring eyes are of porcelain blue.

Margery Mop is short and stumpy
And ugly enough to frighten the crows;
Her figure can only be classed as dumpy,
And gone is the tip of her wooden nose.

Dorothy Dene has a silken sash on;
Around her neck is a string of pearls;
Her frock is made in the latest fashion,
And a picturesque hat adorns her curls.

Margery Mop has a calico bonnet,
Tied down over her tumbled hair;
Her faded frock has no frills upon it
And shows sad traces of wear and tear.

Dorothy Dene is just perfection
From her feathered hat to her silken socks,
But she's far too fine to win affection,
So she spends her days in a cardboard box.

Margery Mop is a wreck, or nearly;
Countless troubles her life has seen,
But Margery's owner loves her dearly
And would not exchange her for Dorothy Dene.

—Mabel A. Clinton in Exchange.

### THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

Isaac Bickerstaff.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the River Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night;
No lark more blithe than he,
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me, now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, tho' I am king,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he,
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill and grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no man envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O, miller of the Dee!"

### Sketch of Isaac Bickerstaff.

The above song, The Miller of the Dee, in its present form was either written or adapted by Isaac Bickerstaff, who was born in Ireland about 1735; died in 1812. As a boy he was page to Chesterfield, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He attained a position in the society of men of letters, but, suspected of a capital crime, fled, in 1772, to St. Malo. He afterwards returned to London, wrote comic operas, in one of which, "Love in a Village," "The Miller of the Dee" was sung. Just when or how he died no one knows.

The old mill at Chester, Eng., on the River Dee, where the legendary miller is said to have uttered his sententious wisdom, was burned down in May, 1895. The mill was established in the 11th century.

Public gambling is likely to be abolished in Switzerland at an early date.

### THE STUDY OF THE STARS.

A Canadian Girl's Article on Astronomy for Beginners.

Now that the long winter nights are drawing near, we again have an opportunity of viewing the sky, which, during that season, exceeds in brilliancy anthing of which we can conceive. A more inexhaustible study than astronomy could not be found That may be the reason why those who begin it never wish to cease, but to pierce farther into the boundless source of knowledge beyond.

As I have said, the winter season is the best in which to pursue the study of the stars. The advantages are numerous: (1) the nights are longer; (2) the most brilliant constellations are then taking their pathway across the heavens; and (3) the stars, even the very faint ones, seem to stand out in bolder relief against the sparkling sapphire blue of the midnight sky—apparently on account of the keenness of the atmosphere, as they appear to shine better on very frosty nights.

When we ponder on the subject, the

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are."

of our childhood becomes a grave reality. We cannot but be aware of our nonentity when we behold the planets, their satellites, and the constellations marching in order through pathless space. Yet the Great Creator holds us all in His hand. It is too wonderful to realize. It seems to me as if only the spiritual part of out being can, in any way, grasp the truth of these wonders, which we cannot see with our earthly eyes.

How many of us are familiar with the constellation of Orion?

"Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stands the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hangs gleamingly by his side,
And on his arm, the lion's hide
Scatters across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair."

Does not Longfellow incite in us a desire to become acquainted with the representative of this famous hunter? Orion is one of the constellations which are most easily recognized, for the stars, three in number, in his belt cannot fail to attract our attention. One revelation leads to another, and we find that the middle belt star is not a star at all, but a hazy nebula. Every star is a study. There are double stars and triple stars, variable stars and stars of different hues.

The Great Bear, or "Dipper," is surely familiar to everyone; so ought the Lesser Bear to be; also the Dragon, with its fiery eyes, who encircles them. The Northern Cross, Aquila, Lyra, Delphinus, the great square in Andromeda, Cassiopeia, Cepheus, Perseus, with Algol, the famous variable star; Aries,, Taurus, Auriga, the Pleiades, Aquarius and Pisces are among those which we may see now any night. Several of these contain first magnitude stars. When once we have sought out a constellation, star by star, it is not apt to slip our memory. Neither is it difficult to remember the names. Later on, the Lynx, Gemini, Procyon and Sirius (the Lesser and Greater dog-stars), Orion, Leo, and Virgo, bearing the golden sheaf, will all rise.

No one will ever know until they become interested the eager expectancy with which a beginner in the study watches night after night for each new wonder to come forth above the eastern horizon. I remember how I felt when I began, and I have the same experience yet—very impatient to see what comes next. Sometimes, unable to wait until the next evening for a certain constellation to rise, I would creep to the window in the night, to rob the store of future pleasure. After waiting months for Orion or Leo, it is with great joy that we welcome them back again.

Of the planets Jupiter and Saturn are at present distinctly visible in the west after sunset. A most interesting feature is the making of maps, on which to trace the progress of the planets through the constellations. It is an exciting amusement, if I may call it that.—Marie MacGregor, in The Globe.

### Bones of an Indian.

While W. T. Stephens was plowing in a field of sod on B. Mothersill's farm, in the first concession of East Whitby, he turned up—or the plow point did—the remains of an Indian, the skull coming to the surface first, and, on examination, the remainder of a complete set of bones were found. The skull was quite firm, having all the teeth in the upper jaw but one, while the lower jaw had all the teeth in it complete. The body bones indicated a long burial. Under them were found a stone, in shape like the handle of a pocket knife, the blade of a knife some six inches long, and a spoon-handle. The bones, enclosed in birch bark, were lying on the right side, with the face to the south, the knees doubled up and the feet to the east, on a little hill near the stream known as Farewell's Creek. On the same day, some eight or ten feet from the remains referred to, eleven flat silver rings were found, about one inch in diameter, having pins in them; with them was a silver rosette about one and a half inches in diameter, which together probably formed a necklace. An earring with a drop attachment and a small spoon completed the find. Those Mr. Stevens divided between himself and the Mothersill family, which which they will no doubt take care of as mementoes of the past. What hopes and fears were buried there!

### Failure All Round.

Not long ago a coroner's jury in Ireland delivered the following verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had recently failed in business: "We, the jury, find from the new doctor's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."

The man who goes to the bad seldom has a long journey.

In the silk factories of Italy the usual work hours are from 4 in the morning till 8 at night, and the wages ten cents a day.

### A TEE-SPOON.

Oh, I would be the caddie boy,
Down at her feet to drop,
And build for her the sandy tee
And put the ball on top.

And I would be the driver slim,
Around her still to swing,
E'en though my head should never reach
The centre of that ring.

And I would be the tiny sphere,
To thrill 'neath her caress;
Not the wide atmosphere itself
Would hold such happiness.

And I would be the shaven green
(No metaphor is meant);
She would approach, to find in me
The (w)hole of her intent.

Ah, club; ah, ball; ah, senseless things!
Might I so favored be,
To her I would the question put(t),
And she would make my tea.

—E. Maud Griffith, Galt.

### MISTAKES ABOUT GRIZZLIES.

According to an Old Hunter They Do Not Attack Man.

A good many popular theories about the habits of big game in British Columbia are exploded by the stories told by the well-known guide, W. G. Manson, a son of the former Hudson Bay factor at Lillooet. The blood of many centuries of Indian hunters runs in Manson's veins and as he is a man of education as well as of keen insight, and has been a hunter since he was ten years old, his stories of the grizzlies and mountain sheep and goats of the Pacific Province are entitled to credit.

It was in the company of F. S. Boden that Manson recently had a remarkable experience with a grizzly, probably one of the largest ever killed. When discovered, the big brute was quietly standing on his hind legs, biting a tender branch from a tree far above a man's reach.

He did not attempt to tackle the hunters, nor yet to run away, but gave his immediate attention to two valuable dogs, Tom and Jerry, which were used by Manson for hunting mountain sheep. They both paid with their lives the penalty of venturing too near the dying grizzly after he had been brought to the ground by the bullets of the hunters.

They were literally torn to pieces by bruin's big five-inch claws during his death struggles. This particular grizzly measured 10½ feet in length and had a reach of 12 feet.

Manson was never threatened by a grizzly but once in his experience of 30 years, and, therefore, does not believe that this animal is likely to attack a man. On the contrary, the grizzly makes every effort to avoid man, and to the hunter it becomes a question of stalking him.

After camping at night on the side of a hill in the Rocky Mountains, with English hunters, Manson has frequently pointed out the bears browsing in full view, when his party had risen for breakfast in the morning. It then, of course, became a problem how to approach near enough to get a shot. Grizzlies are always ready to show fight to dogs, if they get into anything like close quarters with them.

Another popular impression respecting bears which Manson would have discredited is that they live all winter upon the fat which they put on during the summer, and come out of their sleeping caves gaunt and hungry in the spring.

"This is all wrong," says the famous hunter. "Bears crawl into their retreats in November. These sleeping chambers are nothing more than big cracks in the rocks, so far as the grizzlies of British Columbia are concerned, and generally from 10 to 20 feet deep.

"I have often seen them and examined them. They are usually at the top of the precipice, where they cannot be affected by snow and landslides.

"The bear makes a bed of grass in this retreat, and after feeding himself up as fat as a Yorkshire hog, he crawls into his cave and sleeps for six months, coming out, however, in April, as fat as he went in."

Manson says he has killed bears immediately after they have awakened out of a six months' sleep and has taken as much as 180 pounds of fat from one carcase. He is positive that bears are always in a fine, fat condition immediately after their long sleep and believes that most of the functions of their bodies cease through it.

"Sheep," says Mr. Manson, "are rare sport to the true sportsman, one mountain ram being worth two grizzlies, while the amateur who can bring him down has reason to be proud of himself.

"Another popular blunder is that mountain goats are hard to shoot or to catch alive. If one professional hunter in British Columbia wishes to speak disparagingly of another he calls him 'only a goat hunter.' In a recent trip with Mr. Burton, an enthusiastic young English hunter, I came upon a herd of 300 goats, and Mr. Burton charged them with a bludgeon, driving them right and left. Numbers of them could have been killed with a spear.

"Last year I saw 90 rams together, though this is a rare sight. It is curious, however, that the killing of sheep and goats is prohibited by the law in July and August, when they are so wild that you cannot get near them, and it is next to impossible to kill them in any case, and that you are permitted to kill them at other seasons when they are so tame that they can be knocked over with a stick. The mountain ram leads the hunter a perilous chase along the side of precipices and over chasms which are sheer drops to certain death."

### The Prayer of the Cheerful Man.

The day returns and brings us the pretty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The total capital invested in railways and canals in the Dominion of Canada is $1,100,000,000.

# OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Christmas, with all its wealth of joy and gladness; Christmas, with its flood of sad and bitter recollections; Christmas, the one festival of the year when men strive to forget their unhappiness, has gone once more more, and a new year, with all its immense potentialities for good or evil, is about to dawn.

There seems to be another example of the "eternal fitness of things" in the juxtaposition of these two great festivals of the Christian world. Christmas, with its tide of sad or joyous thoughts, is just a fitting preparation for the opening of the new year.

Even the hardest of men, the most frivolous of women, feels a touch of tenderness at the thought of Christmas. Fancy carries one back to the days of childhood, when Santa Claus was a patron saint, to be appeased by long weeks of previous good conduct, to be prayed to for nights beforehand. You remember the Christmas Eves on which you called up the chimney, and then, afraid lest Santa might get you mixed with your numerous brothers and sisters, you pinned a little note to your small stocking with all your wants duly set forth. Then, on Christmas morning, you found your note gone and all sorts of toys and story-booys filled your chair. Those were the days when "Merry Christmas" meant a truly merry one to you and Christmastime only meant unlimited candy, nuts, oranges and presents, with nothing to do but have a good time.

Then came the fearful disillusionizing process, in which you began to have doubts as to the reality of Santa Claus and finally came the terrible moment when Santa Claus stood revealed to you as only father and mother. It was an awful shock, and for a little while all the savor seemed gone from Christmas and its joys. Then, as you grew older, you realized that it was infinitely better to have shown forth to you the love of father and mother than the beneficence of an unknown fairy.

Then came the time when you began to give Christmas presents of your own. Year by year your list grew, and now for weeks beforehand you are busy getting ready for Christmas. The festival means more to you now than an unlimited supply of goodies and presents, but it is none the less a happy one.

Only the churl regrets his Christmas gifts, and he knows nothing of the joy of giving nor the true blessedness of Christmas. What a pleasure it is to receive the assurance that "it is exactly what I wanted," and still better to watch the expressive faces of the children as they seize their toys and dance round the room with them.

Resolutely, you try to banish all sad memories; you turn away from thoughts of the empty chair, the vacant corner, and only after it is all over do you sit down all alone in your room and think of all the sad things that have happened during the year. You ponder over the things you might have done and the things you did do, and you probably make good resolutions as to the things you are going to do during the coming year.

You think of all the unexpected kindnesses that have been shown you this year, the little gifts that have gladdened your heart today, and you resolve that next year and next Christmas will find you able to look back with some pride on your acts during the year, and so with all these good resolves in your heart and the joyous message of the Christmas bells in your ears you make ready for another year.

# FLOWERS FOR THE SICK

No custom, thoughtfully carried out, affords greater pleasure than sending flowers to the sick, yet its possibilities are rarely developed. The shopper who hurries into a florist's, tosses out a card, and orders a dozen roses or twice as many carnations sent to a sick friend goes on her way rejoicing in the sense of a duty promptly and well performed. In reality her flowers, like a formal call, will lack personality, bespeak a merely perfunctory courtesy, and give the invalid little or no pleasure beyond the thought of having been remembered.

On the other hand, a little attention to the time and the season or deference to the taste and fancy of the recipient, will double the value of the gift. Particularly during convalescence will properly selected flowers afford much entertainment.

Conventional hothouse flowers, such as American Beauties and huge corsage bouquets of violets, represent only a well-filled purse, and their heavy scent is not always desirable in the sick room. The invalid is heartily tired of indoor life; therefore, select flowers that suggest meadows, cool shadows, woodland dimness and purling streams. Pansies, wet with drew or a simulation thereof from a fine spray; lilies of the valley swathed in their own sheathlike leaves; old-fashioned garden flowers, such as the spicy, single pinks your grandmother raised; wall flowers, with their faint, evanescent perfume; small roses of the various climbing varieties; long sprays of honeysuckle—all these are blossoms to conjure with in a sick room, and, strangely enough, are now to be secured from florists in all large cities.

Invalids with hosts of generous and well meaning friends have actually been heard to rebel against the daily onslaught of hothouse offerings. The daughter of a millionaire was once roused from thoughts of the aches and pains incident to typhoid fever by a woman who, in her very ignorance of so-called good form, wrought better than she knew. The patient's younger sister entered the room bearing an immense box from a fashionable florist. The invalid glanced languidly at the latest accession and closed her eyes again. Suddenly she was roused by a titter from her sister:

"Well, this does look just like Mrs. Smyth. In her vulgar anxiety to make a big showing she has flowers from every plant that grows!"

The invalid opened her eyes and reached pettishly for the box. At sight of its contents she smiled. Roses of every hue, bright crimson carnations, and yellow tulips, modest marguerites and saucy cosmos and half a dozen varieties of ferns, with a bunch of forget-me-nots snuggling in one corner! These and more!

"I wonder if we have vases enough in the house. The Japanese are the only people who understand the arrangement of flowers. I want the coarse ferns and cosmos in Grandmother Mitchell's old soup tureen. The combination will be so artistic. The high Bohemian vase in the butler's pantry will hold the narcissus. And, Jessie, you know that Tiffany bowl in the library——"

Well, the upshot was that nurse and sister were sent scurrying from room to room for correct receptacles, and the box of flowers condemned by a critical circle of relatives, provided delightful entertainment for the tired invalid.

Better, even, than this, is to lay aside the florist's box and pack the blossoms in a moss or leaf-lined basket. In a historic suburb of Philadelphia lives an old lady whose tiny greenhouse sends almost daily messages to the sick. She raises single violets, old-fashioned Johnny-Jump-Ups, mignonette, petunias, phlox and their simple floral relatives, whose quaint beauty is enhanced by the manner in which they are sent forth. Sometimes a low, flat tin is filled with moss, into which the flowers are stuck; more often an oddly-shaped basket is employed, the dear little gardener being always on the watch for bargains in wicker work. It is her one hobby, and a most unselfish one, too.

A more lasting pleasure is afforded by plants of a size which can be easily moved and cared for by the nurse. Feathery ferns in a dish of simple design are refreshing to fever-tired eyes. Common wood violets bear transplanting to the sick room, and, if well watered, will live and bloom many days. A pot of small English daisies or pansies with intelligent faces make cheerful companions for the invalid. A fern dish filled with woodland plants once helped to save a young woman's life. She had fallen into a dangerous condition of melancholia, and woke each morning with a dull, fixed belief that she would not outlive the day. Against this a friend, quite accidentally, but fortuitously, played a mass of growing blood root, hepaticas and anemone. Both blood root and anemone blossoms folded their petals at night and woke with the sun. The latter operation seemed particularly to divert the invalid whose first waking thought was whether the flowers had been the earlier risers. She sternly ordered the nurse that under no circumstances were these to be removed each night with the other flowers. This was the first step in drawing her out of herself.

On the other hand, flowers thoughtlessly selected sometimes have a most unexpected effect. A young woman who was rallying from a serious operation, and who was in highly nervous condition, received a box of pure white roses and carnations nestling in maidenhair ferns. At sight of the well meant, but ill-advised offering, she became fairly hysterical, and declared that people need not send her funeral flowers until she was at least dead.

And last, but not least, with your flowers send a characteristic note, if it is only scribbled on the back of your card. Invalids prize these messages highly, especially if no visitors are admitted to the room.

### THE MODERN WIFE.

It is rather the fashion to decry the modern girl, to point to the days of our grandmothers and to declare: "Ah, those were the days for good wives. Then girls were domesticated and had no thought beyond taking good care of their husbands and their homes. They did not even read the papers."

The modern girl is a much-abused creature. Because she has more freedom, more independence and asserts herself more than grandmother did when she was a girl, many people have persuaded themselves that the latter-day girl lacks stability and merit. She more frequently than not settles down into a model wife once she is married. Certainly the brides of today are better suited to rational and enlightened men than the girl of grandmother's days.

If a girl is not a good housekeeper in these days she ought to be. She learns cookery on scientific principles. She is taught to make her own dresses. She knows why a kettle boils and what the proper sanitation of a house should be. The domestic instinct has in no way abated in the hearts of women. But people don't stop to consider that life and its conditions have entirely changed. Housekeeping has grown complex to an extent our grandparents never dreamed of. There is an altogether different system involved in conducting a house after modern methods. The best housekeepers of old days would be at sea in a modern household and probably of less use than the average modern girl.

Nowadays women read as much as men. They form their own opinions on subjects; they are well informed, and well educated. A girl who marries in this age is capable of being her husband's friend and help; she will understand the management of his money and be able to advise and discuss vital matters with him. He can turn to her for intelligent sympathy, which the woman of the past could not always be expected to give. She has ceased to be hysterical, timid, foolish. She does not cry when she wants a new bonnet, or torment him with trivial jealousies and suspicions. She does not deceive him and wheedle him, and boast that she knows how to manage her husband better than any other wife of her acquaintance.

Today's girl is healthy in tone. She is full of interests that need not in any way clash with her love of home, though they cease to cramp her down to its four walls. She has plenty to talk about, and can keep her husband delighted and amused to the end of the chapter. She likes the things he likes and shares his tastes. She is a "chum" as well as a wife, and upon that strong and lasting foundation it is an excellent thing to build domestic happiness.

The modern girl has no nonsense about her as a rule; but she is capable of deep and lasting affection, and womanly devotion to husband and children is by no means an obsolete virtue, though grumblers would like us to think so. The modern girl is likely to bring out what is best in the man she marries, and that could not always be said for the woman of the past.

A girl of today is worth waiting for, and the man will be wise who does not attempt to marry her at a very early age. Girls of 18 cannot be expected to manage a house properly. They are better at 22. They have by that time got over the frivolous period, and are more fit to take up the responsibilities of married life. A wife who is girlish is attractive, but seriousness is also necessary where a husband has to battle with the world.

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A recent bride chose an artistic method of displaying her wedding gifts. There was a small room on the first floor at the end of the hall. All the furniture was taken out, and here she arranged her gifts most attractively. The pictures, which are such popular wedding presents, were grouped on the walls, and a cozy corner made by the window with a pillow-heaped divan, a tabouret holding a large fern, and a charming little table, all ready for afternoon tea, set with tea equipage, bonbon dishes and a vase of carnations. In the opposite corner, on a cabinet, were the bric-a-brac and books. Photographs of the bride and groom had been slipped in the photograph frames, the pitchers, vases and punchbowl filled with flowers—in fact, everything had been done to give the effect of a daintily furnished room, rather than a mere ostentatious display.

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A loveless marriage is entering a hell with one's eyes open.
A marriage with love is entering a heaven with them shut.

### JAPANESE SAYINGS.

Respect always a silent woman; great is the wisdom of the woman that holdeth her tongue.

A vain woman is to be feared, for she will sacrifice all to her pride.

A haughty woman stumbles, for she cannot see what may be in her way.

Trust not the woman that thinketh more of herself than another; mercy will not dwell in her heart.

The gods honor her who thinketh long before opening her lips.

A woman that respects herself is more beautiful than a single star; more beautiful than any stars at night.

Give heed to her to whom children have come; she walks in the sacred ways and lacks not love.

A woman without children has not yet the most precious of her jewels.

# A BARGAIN SALE

It was remnant day in the department store, and the basement was full of excited bargain hunters, who bustled busily about clutching at odds and ends that seemed to offer the biggest returns for the smallest amount. One woman, after a long search, discovered two pieces of silk that she decided would make lovely tapestries if she could only find two more pieces of the same kind. She rejoiced mightily in her discovery. She held the two pieces up to the light, had the clerk swing them over a pole, and looked at them from every possible point of vantage. The price of the remnants was extremely low, and the customer became excited over her wonderful bargain.

"I'll take them if I can only find two more pieces like them," she told the clerk. "I am sure there are more pieces here if you will only look carefully for them.

She laid down the two precious remnants that so charmed her, and she and the clerk went to work ransacking the basement for two more pieces like the first two. They turned everything upside down on half a dozen tables, and finally to the customer's great joy two more pieces similar in every respect to the first two were discovered. Her joy knew no bounds, and hugging the precious remnants in her arms she bustled back to where she had left the first two remnants.

They were gone.

"Why, I left them right here, I know I left them here," exclaimed the bargain hunter in great perturbation of spirit. "Where could they have gone? Someone has mixed them up again with the other remnants."

The customer and the patient clerk went on to work turning things upside down again, and the woman commenced to look as though she were going to swear out a search warrant, when suddenly a steely glare came into her eyes. She stood pointing to another woman who was proudly walking around the department turning over remnants. On her arm the new customer had two pieces of red silk.

"There," gasped the original customer, "there are my portieres. That woman has taken them."

She whirled about and demanded of the clerk that he immediately take the precious remnants away from the other customer. The clerk meekly said that he didn't believe he had any right to do that.

"You laid the remnants down, you know," he said, "you hadn't bought them. You know you said you would not buy them until you found two more, and in the meantime before the purchase had been completed that other customer secured the goods you wanted."

"It makes no difference," snapped the first woman. "I shall report you to the superintendent of this division. I said I wanted those remnants and I had them down there while I was finding the other two pieces. They are mine by right and I intend to have them."

While she was talking she had laid down the last two remnants she had exhumed from the bargain stack and the second customer suddenly saw them and gave an ecstatic little shriek as she bore down upon them.

"Ah!" she exclaimed to the clerk who was following her. 'How fortunate. There are two more pieces to match these two and now I have enough for my portiere. Oh, how lucky!"

But before she could lay violent hands on the objects of her delight the first customer had snapped them up.

"Those are mine," she said proudly, "and I'll thank you to give me the pieces that you are carrying, as I picked them out and laid them down until I found the other two pieces to go with them."

"Well," said the second woman, "I found the two pieces I am carrying, and now they are mine, or will be as soon as I pay for them. As two pieces are of no value without the other two, or course, the remnants will be of no use to you, so I will take them."

"You are quite right," said the first woman in low, scornful tones, "two pieces are of no value without the other two pieces, and as I have two here and you have the other two that belong to me I will take them, please."

"Indeed, and you will do nothing of the kind," hissed the second woman. "If you were so foolish as to lay down the two remnants you wanted while you were trying to find two more like them it is certainly not my fault. I shall not give up these remnants, and as you cannot possibly want those pieces without the other two pieces ——"

"You've said that several times," snapped the first woman. "I am going to have these remnants. I shall never give up the two I have."

By this time quite an interested crowd of spectators had gathered. Other bargain hunters were deeply interested, as the outcome of this grave case was liable to establish a precedent in remnant counter procedure, and they were feverish to see the outcome.

"Ladies," suggested one of the clerks, who was growing extremely nervous. "I would suggest that, as neither of you will take two pieces without the other two, you arrive at some amicable understanding, and that one of you waives her right to the two pieces she possesses."

"Let her waive her right," snapped the first woman.

"It's for her to give up those pieces she has to me," declared the second woman.

"Never," hissed the first.

"Nor me," hissed the second.

The two champions, each hugging two samples of red silk, stood glaring at each other.

"Ah, throw dice for it," said a man with a red necktie and horsy clothes, who stood over by the sporting goods counter.

"Put on de gloves," said the fat man with the paste diamond, who stood alongside. "Fight it out, see; fight it out."

"I intend to stay here until I get those other two remnants," said the first customer. "I don't care if it's fifty years."

"And she hain't even goin' out for meals," said the man with the red necktie.

"I wonder will they miss her at home," said the fat man with the paste diamond. The crowd snickered and the women glowered afresh at each other.

"I am prepared to stay as long as it is necessary for me to get my rights," said the second woman.

"Say, dey either ought to fish or cut bait," said the man with the red necktie.

A woman stood back in the crowd with glistening eyes fastened on the four pieces of red silk. She edged around to the clerk, and, in a trembling whisper, asked him the price for all four pieces.

"I'll take them," said the woman, promptly, and tendered a $10 bill to the clerk.

"But you see," faltered the clerk, dubiously, while the two original customers turned horrible freezing stares on the common, enemy, "you see, these ladies wish to purchase—that is——"

"As I understand it, neither one bought those remnants," said the third customer resolutely. "The pieces are still the property of the store. I buy them. You have my money. Please send them to this address."

The clerk stood mopping his head in hopeless bewilderment. The two original customers were so mad they could not speak. They stood gasping with indignation.

"Dat's right," said the fat man with the diamond. "De lady what butted in and went round de course and under de wire while de odder two were jockeying gets de money. Fair play, me boy, fair play."

The clerk seemed to reach the conclusion that this solution was the easiest way out of the dilemma. He started to take the pieces of silk from the women who still held them tight.

"Never," gasped the first woman.

"Never," said the second.

Three floorwalkers and two superintendents finally induced the women to give up the remnants, and the last woman received them and went delightedly away.

The two customers who had lost out still stood glaring at each other.

"Serves you right," said the first in awful tones.

"I'm just as glad that she got them," said the second woman between her set teeth.

"Some people love to show their breeding," said the first.

"And some people love to show their lack of it," said the second.

"Time," said the fat man with the diamond. The women still glaring over their shoulders walked away in opposite directions.

"Say," said the man with the red necktie and the horsy clothes, to the clerk. "I'm a prize fight referee, but, say, my job hain't a marker to yours, Shake!"

---

### Don't.

Don't think because you have taken many remedies in vain that your case is incurable.

You have not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It has cured many seemingly hopeless cases of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney complaint, dyspepsia and general debility—many cases that may have been worse than yours.

What this great medicine has done for others it can do for you. f

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Charles F. Klein, of St. Louis, has much of the furniture in his house made of horns of different animals which he gathered during his many years' residence in Western Texas.

# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

### MY COUNTRY.

I think while I'm little I'll make up my mind
To be just the kind of a boy that I like,
For if I am playing with Tom and with Dick
And don't like what they do I can leave pretty quick,
But if I am cross and ugly and mad
I must stay with myself all the time, and that's bad.

I'm a pretty good judge of the fellows I know;
I can see when they play fair and never tell lies;
Sometimes when I shirk or sneak off and hide,
I'm just such a boy as I cannot abide.
So the kind of a boy that I like I will be,
For I always must live with myself, don't you see!

—Lydia Avery Coonley, in Youth's Companion.

### *A Game Little Indians Play*

Can you fancy Indian children on the wild western plains playing at anything as mild as "Button, button; who's got the button?" or "London bridge?" Yet these games are two amusements of which they are very fond. They make much more of these games than we do and usually play them out of doors, with often a big circle of braves and chieftains for spectators.

Another game, which is the greatest favorite of all, is "woolball." One of the young warriors winds a bit of raw wool or loose cotton into a light ball. All then seat themselves in a circle, and the leader takes his place in the center. The ball is tossed towards the leader, and the game is begun. As soon as the ball gets near enough to him the leader, without touching the ball, blows it to some one in the ring. It is immediately blown back to him, and so the play goes on. When the leader succeeds in blowing hard enough to send the ball outside the circle, he is relieved from his post in the center, and in his place is put the one who has allowed the ball to go outside.

### LUCK AND LAZINESS.

Luck tapped upon a cottage door,
A gentle, quiet tap;
And Laziness, who lounged within,
The cat upon his lap,
Stretched out his slippers to the fire
And gave a sleepy yawn;
"Oh, bother! let him knock again!"
He said; but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still,
Upon another door,
Where Industry was hard at work
Mending his cottage floor.
The door was opened wide at once;
"Come in!" the worker cried.
And Luck was taken by the hand,
And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there—a wondrous guest,
From out whose magic hand
Fortune flows fast—but Laziness
Can never understand
How Industry found such a friend:
"Luck never comes my way!"
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock
Upon his door that day.

### DOLLY'S NICKNAME.

Dolly Perkins was a little girl who could "make things." When patterns for doll clothes were given in the newspapers she could follow the directions and make such dainty frocks; she always succeeded with the candy recipes, and her nimble fingers could do many things that the other girls found difficult. So one day, when she read in the children's page about a little boy learning to make baskets, then hat, which he sold for a considerable sum, Dolly resolved that she would make a hat for herself.

Not having the proper materials at hand Dolly took some long grasses growing in the swamp on her grandfather's farm that seemed much like the "raffia" described in the directions. After many trials and failures, and much teasing from other girls and from her family, Dolly manufactured a pretty, smooth and shapely hat, which was admired by everyone. Mother trimmed it with some ribbon and real wheat, and Dolly, wearing the hat, made a sweet little picture indeed.

She was very proud of that hat, and never lost an opportunity to call people's attention to it until the subject grew quite tiresome.

"I just love to wear this hat—don't you think it's pretty, Bob?" Dolly asked her cousin one day.

"S-w-e-e-t," said Bob, mincingly, "Sweet enough to eat." And then he added: "Better look out, somebody'll eat you and your hat up."

Dolly laughed as she skipped off with Uncle Jack, who was to take her to New York to visit some friends. She was dressed in her best, for these were very particular friends and he had told her mother he wished her to look very nice. Dolly insisted upon wearing her handmade hat.

"Just time to catch the train, if a car comes soon," said Uncle Jack, as they stood on the street corner waiting for a trolley car. "Here comes one now."

"Just then a breeze blew Dolly's hat crooked, she felt a tug at the elastic, and a snap as the stitches that held it gave way. Uncle Jack didn't notice it; he was signaling the car.

"Oh, my hat, my precious hat!" wailed Dolly, and she turned expecting to see it carried down the street by the lively breeze. But no such good luck was in store for her. Just behind her a brown horse was sharing a dainty morsel of the swamp grass and wheat, ribbon and elastic with his gray mate!

Uncle Jack fairly pulled hatless and indignant Dolly boarded the car, while the gray horse winked his left eye to the brown, and the brown horse winked his right eye to the gray.

A hatless little girl, with eyes red with weeping, boarded the train for New York just in time. And it took long for Uncle Jack to console her. He promised to buy her a beautiful new hat before his friends saw her, and not to tell anyone about the mishap to the other.

But some boy who saw it told Bob about it, and Bob, tease that he is will never let his cousin forget it. And he and his friends call her "Miss Pride-goeth-before-a-fall."

### DO AND DO NOT.

Sweet Polly May
Went to visit one day,
Her cousin, Peter Must Not,
Who lives in the town of Do Not.

Said sweet Polly May
If I had to stay
For a year and a day
In the dismal town of Do Not,
I should be as perverse—
Yes, very much worse
Than my cousin, poor Peter Must Not.

Cross Peter Must Not
Came to visit one day,
His cousin, sweet Polly May,
Who lives in the town of Do.

Said Peter Must Not,
Could I but stay
For a year and a day
In the beautiful town of Do,
I'd try to be good.
And see if I could
Be as lovely as sweet Polly May.

---

Cooper is said to have written "The Spy" in less than six months. Most of his stories were founded on legends well-known in his neighborhood.

### STORY OF A FIELD MOUSE.

Many stories have been told in the past tending to show that wild animals, when in trouble, will display surprising confidence in man—in fact, will often seek his assistance when sore beset. The writer when a boy on a farm in Minnesota had an experience with a field mouse which illustrates this trait in wild creatures. It was stacking time, and the men were all busy in the fields lifting the shocks of cured grain and stacking them in hive shaped stacks in the barnyard.

The boy had been following the wagons in the field all the morning in a vain endeavor to capture some field mice to take home as pets. He had seen a number of the drab little creatures, with their short tails, but had failed to lay his hands upon any of them, owing to the thick stubble and the nimbleness of the mice. At last, as a particularly large shock was lifted, a broken nest was disclosed and the youthful mouser was put upon the qui vive by the slender squeaks of seven hairless little beings that were so young as not to have opened their eyes as yet.

The mother disappeared with a whisk, whereupon the young hunter sat down in a critical attitude beside the nest and began to examine his find. He had already put one of the young mice in his trousers pocket when the mother reappeared out of the stubble beside the nest.

The boy held his breath and awaited developments. Much to his surprise, the mouse mother after carefully examing the ruined nest entered his pocket, which as he sat opened very near to the nest. She seemed to come to the conclusion very quickly that her lost little one had found a very good home and in about two minutes had transferred the remainder of her offspring from the nest to the pocket, carrying them one at a time in her mouth.

The writer has had many experiences with wild animals, but none of them impressed him so strongly as the episode of the mouse mother in the wheat stubble.—Exchange.

### GRANDMA'S BERRY PIE.

[Clara Louise Angel, in Good Housekeeping.]

I like to go to grandma's when vacation days come round,
She lets me play out in the hay and roll upon the ground;
She's good to little boys like me, and gives 'em lots to eat,
And says she doesn't mind if a fellow's tooth is sweet.
Her things are always "home-made," and they're better than you buy,
You ought to taste, for instance, some of grandma's berry pie.

She keeps it in the pantry, 'way up on the second shelf,
And when you're good she tells you you can go and help yourself;
I climb up on the barrel, and cut a great big slice,
And when the red juice oozes out, my! doesn't it look nice?
I try to mind my p's and q's as grandma says I should,
If your reward is berry pie it pays you to be good.

Some days I go a-fishing in McMurray's pool for pike,
And grandma fills my dinner pail with things she knows I like;
I bait my hook and throw it in and watch, till by and bye,
I seem to grow real hungry for a piece of berry pie;
And as I sit upon the bank and wait and wait and wait,
I wonder if the fish would bit with grandma's pie for bait.

### FIRE DRAWINGS.

Here is a nice trick for an evening party. We show the audience an apparently blank sheet of white paper, touch it with a glowing match, and in a short time we have a figure burnt out of the paper.

The preparation of such fire drawing sheets is simple, and everybody with a little talent for drawing can produce them at small expense.

Dissolve a tablespoonful of saltpeter in a tumbler of water and draw, with the help of a pointed brush, an outline figure on thin white paper and put it aside to dry. The drawing on the paper will be invisible. Then light a match, blow it out immediately and touch a certain point in the outline figure (which has been marked secretly) with the glowing match. The saltpeter will catch fire immediately and burn along the line drawn with the brush, burning out the figure as it goes along.

# THE DAY AFTER

*Makes People Who Don't Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Wish Christmas Had Never Come*

"Are you still feeling the effects of the Christmas dinner? Has the holiday season tempted you from abstemious fare and subjected you to pain and nausea, and the thousand discomforts that only dyspeptics know? Are you carrying around a headache and a tendency to be bilious and joining in that woeful chorus, "Thank heaven, Christmas does only come once a year."

It is your own fault if you are.

If you have overworked your stomach, do the one natural thing. Give it some help and some rest. If you do what's right with your stomach it will do what's right with you. The help it needs is Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will digest the food, thus giving the stomach a chance to rest and recuperate.

Thousands of people who last year ate Christmas dinner with feelings of apprehension, enjoyed it thoroughly this year. They had learned in the meantime the value of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. One or two of these taken after each meal drives away those uncomfortable feelings so many people have learned to dread.

With Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for dessert no one need fear to indulge in all the good things with which the season abounds.

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A cylindrical pillow of old papers placed under the neck is helpful to inducing slumber. The pillow thus checks the flow of blood to the head. The Chinese and Japanese use this method to woo the god of slumber and nearly always with success.

# LUCK IN SONG-MAKING

*More Chance in That Trade Than in Most.*

"Luck has helped a number of songs to good and [illegible] music publisher the other day at Nancy Brown and [illegible] others.

"'Nancy Brown' lay on the shelf for nearly two years before anyone knew that there was such a song. Clifton Crawford, the composer, tried all he could do to make it a success, but to no avail. Finally he gave a copy to Miss Marie Cahill, and she introduced it in the 'Wild Rose.' It has yielded both the publisher and composer a handsome revenue ever since.

"Six years ago Safford Waters wrote a song called 'The Belle of Avenue A.' A Broaway firm bought it, but every effort to make it popular proved useless. So back it went on the shelf with other deadwood music of its time. Now Blanche Ring sings it in 'Tommy Rot' and it is a popular hit.

"'White Wings,' which made us all so weary in its day, would probably have remained in obscurity but for a lucky turn. It was written by Joe Guilick and composed by William Mullahey. They gave it to the manager of the San Francisco Minstrels, who were then appearing on Broadway, and he threw it in his waste basket.

"Banks Winter, an old minstrel, who is still on the stage, picked it out and, glancing over it in an odd moment, thought it had merit. Being a musician as well as a singer, he rewrote the song and sang it the following night. It jumped into popularity at once.

"Ever hear how Paul Dresser, who wrote 'The Blue and the Gray,' happened to his song 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me?' Well, one day, while standing in front of the Morton House, Dresser met a young man he had known years before in Indiana. The young fellow was so ill and emaciated that he looked as if he were ready to die on the spot. Paul remarked that he was going home in a week and asked if there was any message he could give to the old folks. The lad simply said: 'Just tell them that you saw me.' Well, that gave Paul the idea from which the song resulted.

"That song was handed from one singer to the other and no one seemed to care for it. But one day Dresser gave it to his friend, George Evans, the 'Honey Boy' and Evans, to oblige Dresser, put it on. The song took the audience and has made a small fortune for the composer since.

"'Oh Promise Me,' might never have seen the light of public favor had it not been thrown in the path of Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis. Reginald De Koven asked her to sing it, and it was introduced in 'Robin Hood.' It was one of his earliest effusions and a good song, too. Miss Davis made it popular and it is still selling today.

"'After the Ball,' of which nearly a million copies have been sold, was composed many years before it became popular, and would probably have met an untimely death had it not found its way to the World's Fair. Some ballad singer used it there and soon everybody was humming it.

"'Sweet Sixteen' was on the shelf for almost four years before anyone cared to take it up, yet in its day it was one of the biggest 'hits' in years.

"'Silver Threads Among the Gold' would never have been heard of had it not been for a chance which made an old minstrel sing it. The song was almost dead when Thomas B. Dixon, a tenor with the old Deprey & Benedict's Minstrels, sang it. He could sing, too, and he put his best voice into it. Soon it was extraordinarily popular. 'Ben Bolt' received a new lease of life from the story of 'Trilby.'

"You can go on multiplying instances. Very often it has been the singer that made the song, but luck, my boy, is, after all, the chief factor in the song writer's trade."


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One of the largest collections of charms in Europe is owned by Queen Alexandra. It consists mainly of tiny elephants in malachite, jade, porphyry, sapphire and turquoise, and humming birds and swallows, bees and beetles which are real works of art.

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*Sold everywhere. 10c for colors. 15c for black.*

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# Lazarre

## The Romance of an American King.

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

Yet she might notice my absence. We had better housed together ever since she had discovered me. Our walks and rides, our fireside talks and evening diversions were never separate. At Pierre Grignon's the family flocked in companies. When the padlocked book sent me out of the house I forgot that she was used to my presence and might be disturbed by an absence no one could explain.

"The first sailing vessel is in from the straits," said the lieutenant.

"Yes, I saw her come to anchor as I rode out this morning."

"She brought a passenger."

"Anybody of importance?"

"At first blush, no. At second blush, yes."

"Why 'no' at first blush.

"Because he is only a priest."

"Only a priest, haughty officer! Are civilians and churchmen dirt under army feet?"

The lieutenant grinned.

"When you see a missionary priest landing to confess a lot of Canadians, he doesn't seem quite so important, as a prelate from Ghent, for instance."

"Is this passenger a prelate from Ghent?"

"That is where the second blush comes in. He is."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him, and talked with him."

"What is he doing in Green Bay?"

"Looking at the country. He was inquiring for you."

"For me!"

"Yes."

"What could a prelate from Ghent want with me?"

"Says he wants to make inquiries about the native tribes."

"Naturally. But not until he asked if you were here."

"He mentioned my name?"

"Yes. He wanted to see you. You'll not have to step out of your way to gratify him."

"From that I infer there is a new face at Pierre Grignon's."

"Your inference is correct. The Grignons always lodge the priests, and a great man like this one will be certainly quartered with them."

"What is he like?"

"A smooth and easy gentleman."

"In a cassock?"

"Tell a poor lieutenant what a cassock is."

"The long-skirted black coat reaching to the heels."

"Our missionary priests don't wear it here. He has the bands and broad hat and general appearance of a priest, but his coat isn't very long."

"Then he has laid aside the cassock while traveling through this country."

The prelate from Ghent, no doubt a common priest, that the lieutenant undertook to dignify, slipped directly out of my mind.

Madame Ursule was waiting for me, on the gallery with fluted pillars at the front of the house.

"M's'r Williams, where is Madeleine?"

Her anxiety vibrated through the darkness.

"Isn't she here, madame?"

"She has not been seen today."

We stood in silence, then began to speak together.

"But, madame——"

"M's'r Williams——"

"I went away early——"

"When I heard from the Pawnees that you had gone off on horseback so early I thought it possible you might have taken her with you."

"Madame, how could I do that?"

"Of course you wouldn't have done that. But we can't find her. We've inquired all over La Baye. She left the house when no one saw her. She was never out after nightfall before."

"But, madame, she must be here!"

"Oh, m's'r, my hope was that you knew where she is—she has followed you about so! The poor child may be at the bottom of the river!"

"She can't be at the bottom of the river!" I retorted.

The girls ran out. They were dressed for a dance, and drew gauzy scarfs around their anxious faces. The house had been searched from ground to attic more than once. They were sure she must be hiding from them.

I remembered the figure that appeared to me on the trail. My heart stopped. I could not humiliate my Cloud-Mother by placing her before them in the act of tracking me like a dog. I could not tell anyone about it, but asked for Skenedonk.

The Indian had been out on the river in a canoe. He came silently and stood near me. The book was between us. I had it in the breast of my coat, and he had it on his conscience.

"Bring out your horse and get me a fresh one," I said.

"Where shall I find one?"

"Pierre will give you one of ours," said Madame Ursule. "But you must eat."

"I had my supper with the officers of the fort, madame. I would have made a briefer stay if I had known what had happened on this side of the river."

"I forgot to tell you, M's'r Williams, there is an abbe here from Europe. He asked for you."

"I cannot see him tonight."

Skenedonk drew near me to speak, but I was impatient of any delay. We went into the house, and Madame Ursule said she would bring a blanket and some food to strap behind my saddle. The girls helped her. There was a hush through the jolly house. The master bustled out of the family room. I saw behind him, standing as he had stood at Mittau, a priest of fine and sweet presence, waiting for Pierre Grignon to speak the words of introduction.

"It is like seeing France again!" exclaimed the master of the house. "Abbe Edgworth, this is M's'r Williams."

"Monsieur," said the abbe to me with perfect courtesy, "believe me, I am glad to see you."

"Monsieur," I answered, giving him as brief notice as he had given me in Mittau, yet without rancor—there was no room in me for that. "You have unerringly found the best house in the Illinois Territory, and I leave you to the enjoyment of it."

"You are leaving the house, monsieur"

"I find I am obliged to make a short journey."

"I have made a long one, monsieur. It may be best to tell you that I come charged with a message for you."

I thought of Madame d'Angouleme. The sister who had been mine for a few minutes, and from whom this priest had cast me out, declaring that God had smitten the pretender when my eclipse laid me at his feet—remembered me in her second exile, perhaps believed in me still. Women put wonderful restraints upon themselves.

Abbe Edgworth and I looked steadily at each other.

"I hope Madame d'Angouleme is well?"

"She is well, and is still the comforter of his Majesty's misfortune."

"Monsieur the Abbe, a message would need to be very urgent to be listened to tonight. I will give you audience in the morning, or when I return."

We both bowed again. I took Pierre Grignon into the hall for counsel.

In the end he rode with me, for we concluded to send Skenedonk with a party along the east shore.

Though searching for the lost is an experience old as the world, its poignancy was new to me. I saw Eagle tangled in the wild oats of the river. I saw her treacherously dealt with by Indians who called themselves at peace. I saw her wandering out, and out, mile beyond mile, to undwelt-in places, and the tender mercy of wolves.

We crossed the ferry and took to the trail, Pierre Grignon talking cheerfully.

"Nothing has happened to her M's'r Williams," he insisted. "No Indian about La Baye would hurt her, and child is not so crazy as to hurt herself."

It was a starless night, muffled overhead as the day had been, but without rain or mist. He had a lantern hanging at his saddle bow, ready to light. In the open lands we rode side by side, but through growths along the Fox first one and then the other led the way.

We found my door unfastened. I remembered for the first time I had not locked it. Someone had been in the house. A low fire burned in the chimney. We stirred it and lighted the lantern. Footprints not our own had dried white upon the smooth dark floor.

They pointed to the fireplace and out again. They had been made by a woman's feet.

We descended the hill to the river, and tossed our light through every bush, the lantern blinking in the wind. We explored the ravine, the light stealing over white birches that glistened like alabaster. It was no use to call her name. She might be hidden behind a rock laughing at us. We had to surprise her to recover her. Skenedonk would have traced her where we lost the trail.

When we went back to the house, dejected with physical weariness, I unstrapped the blanket and the food which Madame Ursule had sent, and brought them to Pierre Grignon. He threw the blanket on the settee, laid out bread and meat on the table, and ate, both of us blaming ourselves for sending the Indian on the other side of the river.

We traced the hard route which I had followed the day before, and reached Green Bay about dawn. Pierre Grignon went to bed exhausted. I had some breakfast and waited for Skenedonk. He had not returned, but had sent one man back to say there was no clue. The meal was like a passover eaten in haste. I could not wait, but set out again, with a pillion which I had carried uselessly in the night strapped again upon the horse for her seat, in case I found her; and leaving word for the Oneida to follow.

I had forgotten there was such a person as Abbe Edgeworth, when he led a horse upon the ferry boat.

"You ride early as well as late. May I join you?"

"I ride on a search which cannot interest you, monsieur,"

"You are mistaken. I understand what has disturbed the house, and I want to ride with you."

"It will be hard for a horseman accustomed to avenues."

"It will suit me perfectly."

It did not suit me at all, but he took my coldness with entire courtesy.

"Have you breakfasted, monsieur?"

"I had my usual slice of bread and cup of water before rising," he answered.

Again I led on the weary trail to my house. Abbe Edgeworth galloped well, keeping beside me where there was room, or riding behind where there was not. The air blew soft, and great shadow clouds ran in an upper current across the deepest blueness I had seen in many a day. The sun showed beyond rows of hills.

I bethought myself to ask the priest if he knew anything about Count de Chaumont. He answered very simply and directly that he did; that I might remember Count de Chaumont was mentioned in Mittau. The count, he said, according to common report, had retired with his daughter and his son-in-law to Blois, where he was vigorously rebuilding his ruined chateau of Chaumont.

If my mind had been upon the priest, I should have wondered what he came for. He did not press his message.

"The court is again in exile?" I said, when we could ride abreast.

"At Ghent."

"Bellenger visited me last September. He was without a dauphin."

"We could supply the deficiency," Abbe Edgeworth pleasantly replied.

"With the boy he left in Europe?"

"Oh, dear, no. With royal dukes. You observed his majesty could not pension a helpless idiot without encouraging dauphins. These dauphins are thicker than blackberries. The dauphin myth has become so common that whenever we see a beggar approaching we say, 'There comes another dauphin.' One of them is a fellow who calls himself the Duke of Richemont. He has followers who believe in him. Somebody, seeing him asleep, declared it was the face of the dead king!"

I felt stung, remembering the Marquis du Plessy's words.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Abbe Edgeworth. "He has visions too. Half memories, when the face of his mother comes back to him!"

"What about his scars?" I asked hardily.

"Scars! Yes, I am told he has the proper stigmata of the dauphin. He was taken out of the Temple prison; a dying boy being substituted for him there. We all know the dauphin's physician died suddenly; some say he was poisoned; and a new physician attended the boy who died in the Temple. Of course the priest who received the child's confession should have known a dauphin when he saw one. But that's neither here nor there. We lived then in surprising times."

"Madame d'Angouleme would recognize him as her brother if she saw him?" I suggested.

"I think she is not so open to tokens as at one time. Women's hearts are tender. The Duchess d'Angouleme could never be convinced that her brother died."

"But others, including her uncle, were convinced?"

"The Duke of Richemont was not. What do you yourself think, Monsieur Williams?"

"I think that the man who is out is an infinite joke. He tickles the whole world. People have a right to laugh at a man who cannot prove he is what he says he is. The difference between a pretender and usurper is the difference between the top of the hill and the bottom."

The morning sun showed the white mortar ribs of my homestead clean and fair betwixt hewed logs; and brightened the inside of the entrance or hall room. For I saw the door stood open. It had been left unfastened but not ajar. Somebody was in the house.

I told Abbe Edgeworth we would dismount and tie our horses a little distance away. And I asked him to wait ou side and let me enter alone.

He obligingly sauntered on the hill overlooking the Fox; I stepped upon the gallery and looked in.

The sweep of a gray dress showed in front of the settle. Eagle was there. I stood still.

She had put on more wood. Fire crackled in the chimney. I saw, and seemed to have known all night that she had taken pieces of unbroken bread and meat left by Pierre Grignon on my table; that her shoes were cleaned and drying in front of the fire; that she must have carried her dress above contact with the soft ground.

When I asked Abbe Edgeworth not to come in, her dread of strangers influenced me less than a desire to protect her from his eyes, haggard and draggled as she probably was. The instinct which made her keep her body like a temple had not failed under the strange excitement that drove her out. Whether she slept under a bush, or not at all, or took to the house after Pierre Grignon and I left it, she was resting quietly on the settle before the fireplace, without a stain of mud upon her.

I could see nothing but the foot of her dress. Had any change passed over her face? Or had the undisturbed smile of my Cloud-Mother followed me on the road?

Perhaps the cloud had thickened, moved within it. Sane people sometimes turn wild after being lost, running from their friends, and fighting against being restrained and brought home.

The gray dress in front of my hearth I could not see without a heaving of the breast.

X.

How a man's life is drawn, turned, shaped, by a woman! He may deny it. He may swagger and lie about it. Heredity, ambition, lust, noble aspirations, weak self-indulgence, power, failure, success, have their turns with him. But the woman he desires above all others, whose breast is his true home, makes him, mars him.

Had she cast herself on the settle exhausted and ill after exposure? Should I find her muttering and helpless? Worse than all, had the night made her forget that she was a Cloud-Mother?

I drew my breath with an audible sound in the throat. Her dress stirred. She leaned around the edge of the settle.

Eagle de Ferrier, not my Cloud-Mother, looked at me. Her features were pinched from exposure, but flooded themselves instantly with a blush. She snatched her shoes from the hearth and drew them on.

I was taken with such a trembling that I held to a gallery post.

Suppose this glimpse of herself had been given to me only to be withdrawn! I was afraid to speak, and waited.

She stood up facing me.

"Louis!"

"Madame!"

"What is the matter, sire?"

"Nothing, madame, nothing."

"Where is Paul"

I did not know what to do, and looked at her completely helpless; for if I told her Paul was dead she might relapse; and evasions must be temporary.

"The Indian took him," she cried.

"But the Indian didn't kill him, Eagle."

"How do you know?"

"Because Paul came to me."

"He came to you? Where?"

"At Fort Stephenson."

"Where is my child?"

"He is at Fort Stephenson."

"Bring him to me!"

"I can't bring him, Eagle."

"Then let me go to him."

I did not know what to say to her.

"And there were Cousin Phillippe and Ernestine lying across the step. I have been thinking all night. Do you understand it?"

"Yes, I understand it, Eagle."

By the time I had come into the house her mind leaped forward in comprehension. The blanket she had held on her shoulders fell around her feet. It was a striped gay Indian blanket.

"You were attacked, and the settlement was burned."

"But whose house is this?"

"This is my house."

"Did you bring me to your house?"

"I wasn't there."

"No, I remember. You were not there. I saw you the last time at the Tuileries."

"When did you come to yourself, madame?"

"I have been sick, haven't I? But I have been sitting by this fire nearly all night, trying to understand. I knew I was alone, because Cousin Philippe and Ernestine — I want Paul!"

I looked at the floor, and must have appeared miserable. She passed her hands back over her forehead many times as if brushing something away. "If he died, tell me."

"I held him, Eagle."

"They didn't kill him?"

"No."

"Or scalp him?"

"The knife never touched him."

"But——"

"It was in battle."

"My child died in battle? How long have I been ill?"

"More than a year, Eagle."

"And he died in battle?"

"He had a wound in his side. He was brought into the fort, and I took care of him."

She burst out weeping, and laughed and wept, the tears running down her face and wetting her bosom.

"My boy! My little son! You held him! He died like a man!"

I put her on the settle, and all the cloud left her in that tempest of rain. Afterwards I wiped her face with my handkerchief and she sat erect and still.

A noise of many birds came from the ravine, and winged bodies darted past the door uttering the cries of spring. Abbe Edgeworth sauntered by and she saw him, and was startled.

"Who is that?"

"A priest."

"When did he come?"

"He rode here with me this morning."

"Louis," she asked, leaning back, "who took care of me?"

"You have been with Grignons since you came to the Illinois Territory."

"Am I in the Illinois Territory?"

"Yes, I found you with the Grignons."

"They must be kind people!"

"They are; the earth's salt."

"But who brought me to the Illinois Territory?"

"A family named Jordan."

"The Indians didn't kill them?"

"No."

"Why wasn't I killed?"

"The Indians regarded you with superstition."

"What have I said and done?"

"Nothing, madame, that need give you uneasiness."

"But what did I say?" she insisted.

"You thought you were a Cloud-Mother."

"A Cloud-Mother!" She was astonished and asked, "What is a Cloud-Mother"

"You thought I was Paul, and you were my Cloud-Mother."

"Did I say such a foolish thing as that?"

"Don't call it foolish, madame."

"I hope you will forget it."

"I don't want to forget it."

"But why are you in Illinois Territory, sire?"

"I came to find land for the Iroquois. I intend to make a state with the tribe."

"But what of France?"

"Oh, France is over supplied with men who want to make a state of her. Louis XVIII. has been on the throne eleven months, and was recently chased off by Napoleon.

"Louis XVIII. on the throne? Did true loyalists suffer that?"

"Evidently."

"Sire, what became of Napoleon?"

"He was beaten by the allies and sent to Elba. Louis XVIII. was brought in with processions. But in about eleven months Napoleon made a dash across France——"

"Tell me slowly. You say I have been ill more than a year. I know nothing of what has happened."

"Napoleon escaped from Elba, made a dash across France, and incidentally swept the Bourbon off the throne. The last news from Europe shows him gathering armies to meet the allies."

"Oh, sire, you should have been there!"

"Abbe Edgeworth suggests that France is well supplied with dauphins also. Turning off dauphins has been a pastime at court."

"Abbe Edgeworth? You do not mean the priest you saw at Mittau?

"Confessor and almoner to his majesty. The same man."

"Is he here?"

"You saw him pass the door."

"Why has he come to America?"

"I have not inquired."

"Why is he here with you?"

"Because it pleases him, not me."

"He brings you some message?"

"So he says."

"What is it?"

"I have not had time to ask."

She stood up. As she became more herself and the spirit rushed forward in her face, I saw how her beauty had ripened. Hoeing corn and washing in the river does not coarsen well-born women. I knew I should feel the sweetness of her presence stinging through me and following me wherever I went in the world.

"Call the priest in, sire. I am afraid I have hindered the interview."

"I did not meet him with my arms open, madame."

"But you would have heard what he had to say, if I had not been in your house. Why am I in your house?"

"You came here."

"Was I wandering about by myself?"

"Yes, madame."

"I thought I must have been walking. When I came to myself I was so tired, and my shoes were muddy. If you want to see the priest I will go into another room."

"No, I will bring him in and let him give his message in your presence."

When Abbe Edgeworth was presented to her, he slightly raised his eyebrows, but expressed no astonishment at meeting her lucid eyes. Nor did I explain—"God has given her back her senses in a night."

The position in which she found herself was trying. She made him a grave courtesy My house might have been the chateau in which she was born, so undisturbed was her manner. Her night wandering and mindsickness were simply put behind us in the past, with her having taken refuge in my house, as matters which need not concern Abbe Edgeworth. He did not concern himself with them, but bent before her as if he had no doubt of her sanity.

I asked her to resume her place on the settle. There was a stool for the abbe and one for myself. We could see the river glint in its valley and the windrows of heights beyond it. A wild bee darted into the room, droning, and out again, the sun upon its back.

"Monsieur," I said to Abbe Edgeworth, "I am ready now to hear the message which you mentioned to me last night."

"If madame will pardon me," he answered, "I will ask you to take me where we can confer alone."

"It is not necessary, monsieur. Madame de Ferrier knows my whole story."

But the priest moved his shoulders.

"I followed you in this remote place, monsieur, that we might talk together without interruption, unembarrassed by any witness."

Madame de Ferrier rose. I put her into her seat again with authority.

"It is my wish, madame, to have at least one witness with Abbe Edgeworth and myself."

"I hope," he protested, "that madame will believe there can be no objection to her presence. I am simply following instructions. I was instructed to deliver my message in private."

"Monsieur," Eagle answered, "I would gladly withdraw to another room."

"I forbid it, madame," I said to her.

"Very well," yielded Abbe Edgeworth.

He took a folded paper from his bosom, and spoke to me with startling sharpness.

"You think I should address you as Monseigneur, as the dauphin of France should be addressed?"

"I do not press my rights. If I did, monsieur the abbe, you would not have the right to sit in my presence."

"Suppose we humor your fancy. I will address you are Monseigneur. Let us even go a little farther and assume that you are known to be the dauphin of France by witnesses who have never lost track of you. In that case, Monseigneur, would you put your name to a paper resigning all claim upon the throne"

"Is this your message?"

"We have not yet come to the message."

"Let us first come to the dauphin. When dauphins are as plentiful as blackberries in France and the court never sees a beggar appear without exclaiming: 'Here comes another dauphin!'—why, may I ask, is Abbe Edgeworth sent so far to seek one?"

He smiled.

"We are supposing that Monseigneur, in whose presence I have the honor to be, is the true dauphin."

"That being the case, how are we to account for the true dauphin's reception at Mittau?"

"The gross stupidity and many blunders of agents that the court was obliged to employ, need hardly be assumed."

"Poor Bellenger! He has to take abuse from both sides in order that we may be polite to each other."

"As Monsieur suggests, we will not go into that matter."

[To be Continued.]

TO KNOW IS TO PREVENT.—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

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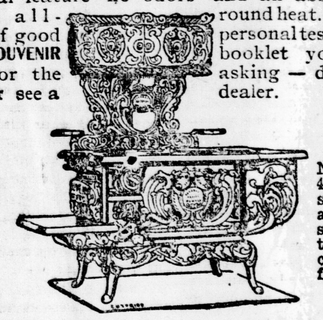
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## HIDDEN PERILS OF FAME

Rev. Maurice Andrew Delcree was one of the best known men in town. As a clergyman, as a sociologist, as a lecturer, as a reformer, and particularly as an advocate of total abstinence from alcoholic liquor he was famous. Having due regard for the cloth which he wore, and an almost excessive appreciation of the momentous significance of his life work, Rev. Mr. Delcree bore himself with a stately dignity which some people mistook for hauteur. He was accustomed to adulation, and knew that he was a powerful though humble factor in the affairs of his fellow-men. His picture was in the newspapers once a week on an average.

Whenever anything happened he was interviewed. The governor knew him well and called him "dear doctor." The mayor made a practice of consulting him upon many topics pertaining to public morals, civic charities and the saloon evil. When he walked through crowded streets he often heard men whom he did not know, say: "There he goes. That's the famous reformer, Dr. Delcree." He was popular, too. Except in his hatred for alcohol and all pertaining to its baleful traffic, he was recognized as a most wise and moderate man, a reasonable man, an approachable man, even an amiable man.

One morning as he was leaving his house to catch the train for Boston, the postman handed him a postal card addressed to M. A. Delcree, and bearing notification that there was a certain express package, charges prepaid, at a certain express office. He alighted from the street car near the express office and presented his notification.

"Are you M. A. Delcree?" asked the busy man.

"Yes, sir, I am Rev. M. A. Delcree," suavely said the doctor.

"This card don't say anything about 'reverend,' suggested the clerk, peering out.

"An oversight, I dare say, a business oversight, my dear sir," replied Mr. Delcree, smiling amiably.

"May be it is and may be it isn't. I don't know you, sir."

"But here's my card,"fumbling in his pocket and producing the pasteboard. "I have no time for dilly-dallying, my good sir. I must catch my train."

"Can't help it, sir. Cards don't go. You'll have to be identified."

The reverend gentleman was annoyed, but he smothered his wrath and went out on the sidewalk, murmuring: "I'll see someone I know. I always do." And he went out upon the sidewalk, scanning the eager faces that hurried by. He knew none of them. He walked half a block, slowly threading his way among the eddying crowds. Nobody seemed to know him. He began to lose his temper. The clerk, he thought, had been impertinent. He went back and protested to the express manager.

"Do you know what's in the package, sir?" asked the official.

"I do not, sir. I don't even know whence it comes. I get a great many parcels by mail and express, but they always go to the rectory. I presume it's some trifle, some book, perhaps some valueless present from some of my admirers. But it's the principle of the thing. I don't think you have the right to withhold my property. It's an imposition, sir! I won't stand it! Do you hear? I won't stand it!"

The reverend gentleman was very angry now and showed it. The express official was very cool and showed it.

"Sorry you're annoyed," he said, "but we have to maintain our rules. You must be identified, sir."

Mr. Delcree stamped out in the street, and, glancing at his watch, saw that he had missed his train. Then he resolved to stand right there on the sidewalk till some friend came along. He had stared into the faces of the passers-by twenty minutes before he began to realize, with chagrin, that he, the Reverend Maurice Andrew Delcree, was not perhaps so well known as, he felt, his long career as minister, lecturer, sociologist, philanthropist, reformer and teetotaler, might seem to have merited. True, he might have walked five blocks to the office of the mayor himself, and he knew that urbane official would gladly come to identify him. But an obstinate and self-punishing desire to know how few, how very few, of his fellow-citizens really knew him had seized him, and he resolved to wait.

Then, lo! His pride, his self-respect, his vanity, if he had a quality so frail, all sprang again to life, for at that moment he saw the mayor approaching arm in arm with a state senator. They both knew him, and as he hailed them and told his predicament they laughed and agreed that they'd both identify him. Then, as misfortune comes to some, his friends came trooping. Three aldermen, a judge of the circuit court, the president of the board of public improvements, and finally the chief of police.

"It'll be a good joke, gentlemen," suggested the mayor, when they had all stopped to hear of Dr. Delcree's queer predicament. "Let's all go in and identify him."

Even the stately clergyman himself laughed gaily as he led his distinguished friends, eight in all, in triumph into that express office. The manager hopped up at the sight of so many eminent visitors, bustled about with eager desire to serve them, bowed low when his honor saluted him and blushed like a gobbler when the chief of police said:

"I came in t' identify Dr. Delcree I'll stand fur him."

And each in turn repeated the purpose of his visit.

"We'll all stand for him," laughed the mayor as they went up to the window where Dr. Delcree signed for the package and was about to thrust it in his pocket.

"Just as a precaution, doctor," suggested the officious clerk, "you'd better open the package. Maybe it isn't for you after all. Odd name, I know, but you can never tell. It mighn't be five minutes before another man would rush in here asking for that very parcel."

"My, my, my," laughed Dr. Delcree, who was in high good humor, "what a cautious clerk you have here, Mr. Manager. By all means let's have the bundle opened."

But when he had slit open the pasteboard box and pulled out the contents, everyone laughed except the doctor. It was a pint bottle of lurid colored liquid wrapped in a letter.

"Dear Del," said the scrawl, "here's a few nips of real Tennessee moonshine. I know you like it sence you was here last fall, and you won't squeal, Jabe."

The doctor thrust the bottle, box and letter back at the grinning clerk and said: "Take it. It's not for me. I'd destroy the vile stuff if I dared."

And it was not his, but some of those aldermen went away snickering and wouldn't believe it.—John H. Raftery.


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## HOW WRECKING CREWS DO WORK

One long, one short blast of the whistle of the Panhandle shops repeated six times means that there is a wreck, and that the wrecking crew is wanted. Immediately after this blowing, especially if it happens to be at night, when all of the men are at home, there is great hurrying in the neighborhood, and men can be seen running from every direction as fast as they can, for as soon as the wrecking train can be pulled out on the main track and an engine coupled to it, it is gone. There is no time whatever allowed the men for unnecessary preparations. The whistle which gives the signal can be heard for about four miles. Its blast is not particularly shrill, but is exceedingly penetrating. To one who does not know the meaning of the signal it tells of distress in the weirdness of its sound.

The men that compose the wrecking crew fully realize when they go home at night that before the sun again rises they may be miles away working on some disaster, and it is this uncertainty of the life that makes them like it. It is a life very similar to that of a member of the fire department, or it might more properly be compared to that of a United States life saver along the coast.

THEY SELDOM QUIT.

It seems strange, but if a man once gets into this branch of railroad service he seldom quits, for there is a fascination about the work that appeals to anyone who likes excitement and uncertainty. The nervous and physical strain that these men undergo sometimes tests their endurance to the utmost. It is a very noticeable fact, railroad men say, that the men who have been members of the wrecking crew for any length of time generally look from ten to fifteen years older than they really are.

The men who make up the crew when not doing wrecking duty are employed in the shops as car repairers and builders; the instant, though, that they hear the whistle each man drops everything and hurries to the train. The reason that men employed in the shops are chosen to do this work is that their experience in building cars teaches them how they can best be handled. A train of box cars, for instance, which has been smashed all to pieces, and which would look to the ordinary observer as nothing more than a shapeless mass, can be cleared away by these men until considerable salvage can be got out of the pile of ruins. Whole tops of cars can be saved, together with large sections of their sides, and trucks that are twisted and bent can be straightened until they are again serviceable. By the wrecking crew being all old and experienced men they are able to save the railroad company many thousands of dollars each year.

The wrecking crew proper is composed of fifteen men besides the wrecking master. These men are on duty at all times, and during the 24 hours of the day must be within hearing and running distance of the whistle. If one of them desires to go down town at night or on Sunday he has to first apply to the wrecking master, who appoints another man to go with the crew in his place. At the time the man asks for leave from duty he must state exactly at what time he will return, for after the hour he names the substitute will not answer for him. If the whistle blows and one of the men does not answer he will be asked for an explanation, and if his excuse is not deemed satisfactory by the officials he will either be dropped from the crew or dismissed by the company altogether. The redeeming feature of being a member of the wrecking crew is that he receives very good pay. Every man gets 22 cents an hour from the time the whistle blows until the train is back again. Of course it is seldom that they ever get back under 24 hours. A portion of this time is consumed in going and coming from the wreck, during which time the crew does nothing, for the train is in charge of a conductor, two brakeman and the enginemen, who have full charge of the running of it. This part of their work is lazy. Where the men earn more than their pay is when the scene of the disaster is reached. They have to work quickly, and the taking apart of cars and engines is exceptionally heavy and laborious. After they have put in a long day at the shops, then to be called out and have to work all night, as is often the case, tests their endurance almost beyond comprehension.

HOW THEY LIVE.

The train that carries the wrecking crew is not a long one, consisting only of four cars. The one in which the men travel is the first, and is not built like a passenger car, but is more on the order of a caboose, only much larger. One end of it is arranged for a kitchen. In here there are a large cooking range and provisions enough to last three or four days. Those provisions are always on hand and are kept iced all the time. When a wreck occurs a cook is provided for the crew. Some years ago they carried no provisions with them, and depended upon making arangements with someone who lived near the locality of where the wreck occurred to provide them with their meals, and the company settled the bill. This plan was not found satisfactory because suitable places were not always available, and the men were often required to go for many hours without anything to eat. The other end of the coach is used as the living apartment. It is in here that they spend their time going to and coming from the wrecks. This part of the car is arranged very comfortably, and is roomy enough for the men to rest in. In this car, in which they live, the crew carries many of its tools, such as crowbars, picks, shovels, axes and other small tools.

The second car is built on the order of an ordinary box car and is used for the carrying of the block and tackle, pulleys, ropes and other heavy appliances. In the train is also a flat car loaded with an ordinary car trucks. These are taken along so that if a car is found in the wreck with only the trucks damaged, as is often the case, the crew can put jacks under the wrecked car and raise it high enough to change trucks. When this is done they can couple it to the wrecking train and bring it in. The car that brings up the rear of the train is the derrick car. It is built exceptionally strong and carries a large derrick, which is used for the purpose of raising parts of cars, and engines. This derrick is constructed upon a ratchet turntable, so that the object raised from the track can be laid to one side. Take the wrecking train as a whole, it is built much stronger and more durable than the ordinary train. It has no unnecessary trappings about it, for everything is so arranged that nothing will hamper it in making all of the speed possible.

The wrecking train stands on a side track in the yards, which gives it easy access to the main track. The rule of the company is that this siding shall never under any circumstances be blocked by another train, the reason for this being that if a wreck does occur there will be no delay in getting the train on the main line. In the roundhouse there is always an engine for wreck duty kept fired and carrying a full amount of steam.

The number of this engine is posted on the blackboard, for each day a different one is used. The instant the whistle blows the hostler of the roundhouse runs to the board and sees what engine is to go. He then backs it out on the turntable, turns it around and runs it to the water tank, where he gets a full supply of water. While he has been doing this the wrecking crew has been gathering, and a yard engine has pulled the train out on the main track. The engine that is to pull it is then backed down and coupled on; by this time an engineer and fireman are found to run it, and in the next few minutes the wrecking train is speeding over the road as fast as steam can haul it.

NO TIME LOST.

It seems as though all of these preliminary arrangements would take considerable time, but every man who helps get the train started knows his part so well and works with such promptness that everything is executed in a very short time. Recently the whistle blew, the men all hurried to the train as usual, the engine was coupled and run as far as the Belt Railroad, when it was stopped.

The crew then for the first time learned that it was being tested by the general superintendent, who wished to determine just how long it took them to get out on the road. He was greatly pleased when he found that from the time the whistle blew until the train was upon its way was just seven minutes. Of course, at night it takes a little longer, for the men have to come from their homes, but even then some of the time that they make is considered by railroad officials as remarkable.

Every engine that is detailed for wreck duty is capable of running from 45 to 60 miles an hour. The wrecking train, of course, when a disaster occurs that blocks the main line, is given the right of way over all other trains, and often the time that is made would equal that of the flyers. The reason why the wrecking crew must work with such quickness is to get the main line cleared. In a passenger wreck where a number of people are injured they are generally rescued before the crew gets these, unless some unfortunate is buried under the cars.

NO PROVISION FOR INJURED.

In the wrecking train there is no provision made for the injured, and they are always cared for on a special train. In clearing the main line when it is blocked the means that are sometimes employed are very unique. As, for instance, not long ago two engines ran together and so completely embedded themselves in each other that it was impossible to move them. The wreck master ordered them jacked up high enough so that the rails could be gotten from under them. After this had been done a track was built around the wreck with the rails that had been taken from under the engines and traffic was at once resumed.

The amount of time that it takes to clear away a wreck, of course, depends wholly on the size of the disaster and how badly the cars and engines are smashed up. The wrecking crew never quits work, no matter how many hours it takes, until everything is restored to order. Only a few years ago a freight wreck occurred near a little town called Bushrod, on the L. and V.

An engine was hauling a long train of coal cars, when it jumped the track, dragging a number of cars with it, and the front part was buried in an embankment several feet deep. When the wrecking train arrived it took the crew 36 hours to get the track cleared enough so that traffic could again be resumed. Another wreck that required a long time to pick up, as clearing away wrecks is technically called, occurred at East Haven, a small town just this side of Richmond. Two freight engines, both running at a high rate of speed, came together with such force that it took considerably over a day to get them apart and get the track put back in order, for the force of the collision had torn the rails up for some distance. In bad weather, especially in the winter, when sleet or snow is falling, or everything is covered with ice, the work around a wreck is extremely hard and dangerous. What these men suffer during such a time can only be appreciated by themselves.—Indianapolis Journal.

### Lunch from Slot Machine.

Philadelphia yesterday inaugurated the first automatic lunch counter in America and if one may judge from the crowds that thronged the Horn & Hardart Baking Company's new establishment on Chestnut street below Ninth, the innovation is likely to prove an emphatic success. The announcement had been made that the doors would open at 11:30 o'clock, but long before that time an eager and curious crowd had assembled. When the doors were finally opened there was a mad scramble, and those who had no nickels were forced to wait their turns at the cashier's desk. The young man who had traveled abroad was very much in evidence, and his "Now, when I was in Berlin last summer," became a byword before business had been established half an hour.

Around the four sides of a large square room opening from a rotunda fronting on Chestnut street are various slot machines, the entire contents of which are inclosed in glass. Before you drop your coin in the slot you see what you are going to get, with the exception of the liquids. Should you want a cup of coffee, cocoa, or tea, you drop in your nickel, place your cup beneath the spigot, and out it comes. On a shelf close by are cream jugs and sugar bowls. The beverages, a glance behind the scenes discloses, are kept warm by the aid of steam pipes.

The cold victuals, such as sandwiches, pies, cakes and buns, are lowered on an automatic elevator. Each coin dropped in the slot brings the receptacle down with the desired tid-bit. All the hungry purchaser has to do is to lift it off, and the rest is easy. The only difficulty yesterday seemed to be to keep a table, for while the customer was off dropping his coin into a slot some equally hungry fellow would come along and usurp his place. "This will be adjusted when the novelty wears off and we are in good running order," said the manager.

The slot lunch machine is by no means a complicated arrangement. For several years it has been operated successfully in Germany.—Philadelphia Press.

### One Income from Tips.

In one of the popular musical extravaganzas a waiter says to a hotel manager:

"What wages do I get?"

"You give me half what you gather," says the manager.

In exactly this way is much of the service in hotels and restaurants paid. In one well-patronized uptown restaurant the man who takes your hat and coat pays the proprietor $3 50 a day or night for the privilege. He has four assistants and he pays them. He does this out of the tips that he receives.

To all but a few old and favored customers he gives checks. Upon those to whom he does not give checks he waits himself.

He addresses them by name and expresses the hope that they are well. From these he expects to get nothing less than a quarter, and he is seldom or never disappointed.

His receipts have amounted to as much as $25 in a day and night and seldom drop below $10.

## A GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH

After long discussion and many delays and difficulties, due in part to the hostility which the great project aroused, the British cable across the Pacific is at last completed and open for business. The length of the cable, allowing 10 per cent for slack, is 7,986 nautical miles. It extends from Vancouver to Fanning Island, 3,561 miles; Fanning Island to Fiji, 2,093 miles; Fiji to Norfolk Island, 961 miles; Norfolk Island to New Zealand, 537 miles; and Norfolk Island to Queensland, 834 miles.

This great enterprise has been talked about ever since 1870. About that time Cyrus W. Field evolved a scheme for connecting California with China by way of Alaska and Japan.

The British were much interested in the project and it was widely discussed in England with the idea of laying a British cable across the Pacific. The conclusion finally reached, however, was that Mr. Field's project was impracticable, largely on account of the prevalance of ice in the northern regions and the consequent difficulty of erecting and maintaining the connecting land lines.

For some years nothing more was heard of a British cable across the Atlantic. But at last the scheme of an all British route linking British Columbia and Australasia came into view and was examined in all its bearings.

As soon as the enterprise began to be very seriously considered opponents of the scheme came forward and urged all sorts of physical and mechanical difficulties in the way of carrying it out. It was asserted, for example, that a cable to extend across the Pacific could not possibly be worked; also that it would be impossible to repair the cable because the depths were undoubtedly very much greater than those encountered in the Atlantic.

John Bright, a firm friend of the project, combatted this view. He asserted that from all the facts known with regard to the Pacific the maximum depth to be encountered in laying the cable would probably be found near the Fiji Islands, where it would be necessary to submerge the cable in from 3,300 to 3,400 fathoms.

He pointed out on the other hand that the Atlantic cable of 1869 ran into some 3,200 fathoms and that this was only one example of several of laying cables at a similar depth. His deduction naturally was that a Pacific cable would encounter difficulties, so far as depth was concerned, only slightly greater than in the case of lines then in successful operation.

The difficulty of sending dispatches over so long a cable, he declared, might very easily be obviated by landing the cable at various islands on the way across the ocean, and relaying the messages. This is the plan that has actually been carried out.

Mr. Bright's prediction as to the depths along the route has been fulfilled in a remarkable manner, though the data on which he founded his statement were very meagre. In surveying the route some 1,900 soundings over 500 fathoms in depth were made. The greatest depth along the entire route is 3,200 fathoms, but the general average is much less.

The financial aspects of the enterprise were then discussed. The British Government finally in 1899 declined to contribute a farthing toward laying the cable.

Mr. Chamberlain definitely announced that the most the Government could do was to pay an annual subsidy of $100,000 for a period not exceeding twenty years. He said the Government was of the opinion that the cost of the cable should be borne by the colonies interested.

It was only after public opinion in Great Britain had exerted much pressure on the authorities that the Government finally decided to become responsible for five-eighteenths of the cost of the cable. The total cost has been nearly $10,000,000, of which Great Britain and Canada have paid five-ninths, New Zealand, one-eighth; and the Australian States have divided the remainder among them.

The fact that Great Britain had no round-the-world communications except through a number of foreign countries was the great argument that brought about the realization of the project. There were lines of telegraph stretching from England to India and Australasia by way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, around Africa and across Europe and Siberia. But every one of these lines of communication would certainly be broken at once in the event of a great European war.

A cable across the Pacific from Canada to Australia would obviate this peril. With the completion of this cable England has telegraphic communications around the world which touch only British soil except at the Cape Verde Islands and Madeira, belonging to her ally, Portugal.

Thus in the event of war the whole machinery of England's vast commerce may be divided from the European and Asian routes to a route that is practically all British. The English, therefore, believe that the new cable will guarantee to an important extent the security of their trade.

Another advantage of the new line will be the large reduction in the cable rates to Australasia. The rates from South Australia to British Columbia by way of London have been as high as 6s 5d a word; and if the message was sent from New Zealand, the rate was increased by the local charge to to as high as 7s 5d a word, which was almost prohibitory as far as ordinary business is concerned.

It is said that the rate between British Columbia and Australia will now be reduced to two shillings, or 50 cents a word. The importance of this reduction to the business correspondence between these two great members of the British Empire is very evident.

It is estimated that about 2,000,000 words may be transmitted over the new cable in a year.

### Deaf Man's Alarm Clock.

An alarm clock for deaf mutes is the novel invention of Elza Cretzer, a deaf mute in the employ of the Washoe smelting plant, who resides at 15 Birch street. How to awake at a certain hour has long been a problem among these unfortunate people, and in Mr. Cretzer's invention the solution has been found. Of course, the ordinary alarm clock has been useless.



Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy, to cure disease of the breathing organs, than to take the remedy into the stomach?

**Vapo-Cresolene**

*Established 1879.*

**Cures While You Sleep**

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

**Is a boon to asthmatics.**

—FOR—

**Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh, Colds, Grippe and Hay Fever**

The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, together with a bottle of Cresolene, $1.50. Extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Write for descriptive booklet containing highest testimony as to its value.

VAPO-CRESOLENE IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

**Vapo-Cresolene Co.**

180 Fulton Street, New York — 1651 Notre Dame Street, Montreal

Mr. Cretzer, who is an ingenious fellow, is a water and flume tender at the Washoe smelter. His work necessitates his rising at an early hour in the morning, and as he has no means of awakening he has lost many days of work by being late. He accordingly set about inventing an apparatus by which he could always be on time.

The dropping of a pillow on the sleeping person is the awakening agent, and it is operated so that the pillow falls at the desired time. An ordinary alarm clock is placed in a cigar box which fits it closely. It is then nailed to the wall at the head of the bed. A string connects the clapper of the alarm clock with an ordinary spring mousetrap fastened to the top of the cigar box. By a system of small pulleys and screw eyes a pillow is fastened to the end of a string and pulled to the ceiling directly above the bed. An ingenious arrangement connects the other end of the string to the mousetrap. The clock is set, and when the alarm goes off the string attached to the bell clapper springs the mousetrap and releases the pillow, which drops on the persons sleeping in the bed beneath. "When it does not hit me it hits my wife," Mr. Cretzer wrote on a piece of paper, "and so I never miss a day any more."

### His Iron Life Belt.

Some time ago a ship which carried a few passengers, while crossing the Atlantic, was caught in a heavy storm.

The captain of the ship, seeing the passengers in danger of being washed overboard, ordered them to lash themselves to anything that would keep them afloat in case the ship was wrecked.

But after a time, however, the storm passed off and a Suffolk man who was one of the passengers, was missed.

Thinking that the worst had happened, a search around the boat was at once made, and after a while he was found up in the boat, fast asleep, with the anchor tied to him!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FREE AND EASY expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Boschee's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

[illegible] of Chicago's churchgoers are Catholics.




**Nervous Prostration Cured by DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.**

"I am an engineer by trade and the hard work and worry of running a large engine brought on nervous prostration," writes Mr. Chas. F. Dixon, of Arbuckle, Colusa Co., Calif. "A friend recommended Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to me and I bought one bottle; thought that it helped me so continued the use of it until I had taken six bottles. I feel better than ever in my life. Am not a particle nervous, can work hard all day and sleep sound at night. I not only think so but I know that the 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me and therefore I will recommend it to others."

*Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.*


### Lunch from Slot Machine.

Philadelphia yesterday inaugurated the first automatic lunch counter in America and if one may judge from the crowds that thronged the Horn & Hardart Baking Company's new establishment on Chestnut street below Ninth, the innovation is likely to prove


# Five Thousand Dollars Reward

Will be given by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that Sunlight Soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

**Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, Reports:**

"I have made a number of analyses of your Sunlight Soap, the result of which I send you. These analyses show Sunlight Soap to contain that high percentage of oil or fat necessary to a good laundry soap and no unsaponified fat, no free alkali, no loading mixture, no adulteration whatever. Therefore Sunlight Soap has a thorough cleansing power, without danger to the clothing or skin. Sunlight Soap is free from alumina, borates, gelatine, silicates, sulphates and starch, and is a pure and well-made soap."

**Result of New York Expert's Analysis of Canadian Made Soaps.**

The Deimel Linen-Mesh System Co. writes:—"Knowing from experience the damage done to clothing by the use of common alkaline soap and wishing to be in a position to recommend in the Dominion of Canada a pure Canadian made soap to the wearers of Dr. Deimel Underwear, which is manufactured from the finest and purest flax fibres, we sent samples of the leading soaps made in Canada to an expert in New York and had them thoroughly analyzed. As a result of this analysis we find your Sunlight Soap to thoroughly cleanse without danger to the clothes. We are therefore pleased to recommend wearers of the Dr. Deimel Underwear to use Sunlight Soap for washing."

# Sunlight Soap

**Ask for the Octagon Bar**


## HARD TO JUDGE WINES

*Expert Tells About It and Reveals Some Secrets.*

"I have met many an expert judge of wine, but I have never come across one, and I do not believe there is one, who can tell in what particular state of France or Germany a wine was made, or that could tell what particular district of France a champagne was manufactured," said Charles Norton, the expert wine taster.

"My observations of experts and my own opinion as well is that after a good, hearty meal is the time to judge. I will modify this to some extent. Each wine or liquor has a particular time when it is best to test its quality; for instance, sherry wine should be judged before luncheon or dinner, but after breakfast.

"Claret, red and white wine and Burgundy should be tested with something to eat at the same time; whisky after breakfast and before luncheon or dinner; port wine and cordials immediately after luncheon or dinner, and champagne at night, with something sweet to eat in order to determine its dryness, on which depends its value.

"Smoking does not interfere with ability to test and judge liquors or wines. It helps the senses, but drinking does interfere, though one need not abstain entirely.

"Whisky made in Pennsylvania is different from that made in Maryland. They are both rye, however, and they in turn are different from the rye made in Kentucky. This last named state is certainly the mother of the whisky business. In it we find the bourbon, divided into the sweet and the sour mash. The expert can distinguish the difference between all these, and can also determine their age—that is to say, he can if he is shown samples of different ages. If there is at least three years difference in their ages, he can say which is the oldest; but I have yet to find one who could call the exact age of whisky by testing and tasting it.

"All experts I have met smoked, and some drank, one in particular, of whom I will relate a story. A prominent distillery in Kentucky, which had enjoyed a half-century of existence and prosperity, was sold, the owners retiring from business. The distiller, who was also a part owner and had served in the capacity of distiller for 25 years, had put away a cask of whisky of his own make 22 years previous to the date of which the story relates. He had marked the date on the cask plainly. A few of his friends found it and noted the date exactly.

"When the distillery was sold they called on him, and in the course of the conversation were asked to have a drink. They asked for the best he had and, as they presumed he proceeded to the cellar and came up with a bottle of his 22-year-old bourbon. They drank, and one of them remarked that it was the best he ever had. It tasted like 22-year-old whisky, he said, and on closer observation he declared it was made in the month of (naming the month and year).

"The distiller was astonished and pronounced him the best judge of whisky in Kentucky and recommended him to the new owners. He was made manager and today he receives the largest salary paid anyone in the business. He and his friend have many a laugh at how they fooled the old distiller, who still pronounces him the best judge of whisky in the country, and often recalls how he had called the date of 22-year-old bourbon."


**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP**

**CURES**

**Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsey, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.**

It is pleasant to take and is soothing and healing to the lungs. There is nothing to equal it for stopping that tickling sensation in the throat, and the persistent cough that keeps you awake at night.

**Price 25c. at all Dealers.**

QUICKEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE.

I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in my family for the last six years, and have found it the quickest and most effective medicine for all kinds of coughs and colds I have ever used. My little boy had a severe attack of bronchitis, but before using half a bottle of the Syrup he was completely cured. I cannot praise it enough.

MRS. WM. J. FLEWELLING, Arthur, Ont.

**GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.**

# Neave's Food

For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged.

**Nearly 80 Years' Established Reputation.**

**DR. BARNARDO** says:— "We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1904.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Wholesale Agents:—**THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto & Montreal.**


### Scotchmen and Jokes.

In your issue of the 24th you say: "It is rather odd that Scotch folk should give any countenance to the Johnstonian dictum, which connects their appreciation of a joke with a surgical operation." I take it that "Johnsonian" is a slip, as it is Sydney Smith who is usually credited with the authorship of the saying that "It takes a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head." Now, in justice to Sydney Smith, as well as to the Scotch, will you allow me to point out that what he really did say was very much truer and wittier. I quote from "Bonmots of Sydney Smith," etc published by Dent & Co. In reply to William Chambers, who has claimed for the Scotch "a considerable fund of humor," he said: "Oh, by all means, you are an immensely funny people, but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know of no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the corkscrew." I am not a Scotchman, but I know Scotland well, and the memory of many "Noctes Ambrosianae" spent there impels me to ask you to give prominence to this correction of a popular error, and to restore to its rightful place a good story which has been spoiled in the telling.

Yours faithfully, A. Millar, Honeyhu st, Clapham Common, Oct. 25.—London Chronicle.

A new effort is being made in Dublin to revive the old Irish harp, and it is meeting with considerable support.


—TO—

**The Soap Trade**

WE beg to notify our customers that Mr. Alby Robinson is now our sole representative in Ontario, west of Toronto, and we solicit on his behalf the favors of the trade.—Alfred Savage & Son, Montreal. Manufacturers of "Baby's Own Soap," etc.




TO the theater-goer whose only opportunity of estimating the value of a forthcoming dramatic attraction is provided by the advance notices which appear in the local press, there must come at times a deep disgust at the irreconcilable discrepancies between what is promised and what is actually delivered by these productions. Each show is heralded as the best on earth; each leading player is announced as the greatest genius of the century. All this exaggeration and misrepresentation on the part of so many press agents can have but the one effect on the public, and that is to inculcate an indifference to and suspicion of all claims made on behalf of dramatic offerings. The hyperbolic and flamboyant effusions of the press agent very soon lose any weight with the individual who has become cognizant by experience of the utter unreliability of the average advance notice, and it is owing in a measure to this fact that many really meritorious offerings fail to receive the generous patronage to which their excellence entitles them. For this there is no one to blame but the theatrical publicity promoters themselves, but it is nevertheless a regrettable condition. It is perhaps too much to hope for any immediate betterment of this condition, for it is unlikely that the press work methods in vogue for so many years will be subject to sudden change, more especially in these days when sensationalism has become so pronounced a feature of advertising that it is necessary to pile adjective upon adjective in order to impress the casual reader. Under the circumstances, it is the duty of the dramatic writer to come in a measure between the press agent and the public, and to endeavor to tone to a becoming degree of moderation the reckless utterances of the former in urging the merits of the attraction which he represents. The Advertiser can point with pride to the fact that it endeavors to make the advance notices in its theatrical column as temperate in their way as are its reviews on shows already given. In submitting these notices to the public an effort is made to be just to both reader and attraction, and so far as possible all absurd and extravagant statements are cut out. In this way The Advertiser believes it is not only being fair to its readers, but it is also doing a service to the show itself in making it easier for it to meet the expectations of its audience.

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Fred A Stone, the eccentric comedian, who created the part of Scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz," seen at the Grand Opera House here last Saturday, has met his fate in the charming person of Miss Clara Louise Morton, and is said to be engaged to her. A telegram from Detroit, where Miss Morton and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy (best known under their stage names, Sam and Kittie Morton), are playing an engagement, brings the announcement, which will be received with interest by those who saw Mr. Stone's inimitable performance. Miss Morton is only 18 years old, and is one of the prettiest vaudeville performers on the American stage. Up to her 16th year she received an excellent education at a convent, and during the last two years she has assisted her parents in their vaudeville act, singing, playing the piano, and dancing. The girl is talented and has a brilliant future before her. Mr. Stone has known Miss Morton for four years, and during the engagement of the "Wizard of Oz" company in Detroit called on her and her parents and was entertained by them. It is said that it was on this occasion that the engagement was definitely announced.

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The make-up of Homer Lind, leading baritone in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," is—or was—the pride of his life. When he was first cast for the role of General Allen he went on a still hunt among the public libraries for plates of civil war leaders. His choice finally narrowed down to Gen. Schuyler and Gen. Hancock, and the latter won the day. The Lind countenance was thereupon decorated with a neat pointed beard, surmounted by a heavy mustache of classic design. But pride goeth before a fall. On Tuesday night last, when the comedian was making up, his nose was assailed by the penetrating odor closely resembling the bouquet of a perfecto of the common or garden variety, accompanied by a burning sensation about the chin. In his hurry Lind had brushed across the flame of the candle, and the fire had turned his artistic hirsute adornment into a cross between a Gen. Grant brush and a sort of Happy Hooligan scrub. To add to his annoyance the call for his appearance came at that instant, and he had to go on the stage with his beard in a burned condition. Comments from the audience were various, but that from the author was most pointed, and when the baritone looked over the call board he was confronted by a notice to appear in the morning and rehearse his make-up. Lind is now endeavoring to design an asbestos beard.

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In Chicago, during his recent engagement there, in "If I Were King," E. H. Sothern was surprised to receive in his voluminous morning's mail the following unique epistle:

TO MR. E. H. SOTHERN—A RARE RONDEAU.

If I had two! O Ed, if I had two
(Muse, with Love's longing these lame lines imbue),
To Powers' playhouse straightway would I go,
And hear F. Villon sing his songs of woe
With roses redolent—replete with rue.

I'd hate to sit upstairs, O Ed, for who
Would be a cheap skate gallery god when you
Are on the stage? For me, parquet, first row—
If I had two.

My dollars are so precious and so few
That for your bounty, for this boon I sue.
But I am beastly broke, and you know
I'd like two tickets for your regal show.
O Ed! I know exactly what I'd do
If I had two.

This was signed by a well-known attorney in Chicago who was a perfect stranger to Mr. Sothern. Undoubtedly he sent it to see what sort of reply, if any, Mr. Sothern would make. Mr. Sothern did not send him the seats, notwithstanding his soulful plea, but in place sent him the following, which he transcribed to his pleading correspondent, immediately after the receipt of the letter:

To bed, deadhead! and dream, for dreams are cheap.
Learn, we who sing must sup, who sow must reap.
We get no passes for our steaks and ale.
From bread to blessings, all things are "for sale."
The guard will have to snore at heaven's keep
Ere you pass in for nothing—hush! to sleep!
And dream you are working for the coin you keep.

To bed, deadhead.

And, while you lie in ill-earned slumber deep,
May some good angel in your deadhead creep,
And so arouse your soul, degenerate male,
That, waking a new man, with tooth and nail
You'll slay all deadheads with one mighty sweep.

To bed, deadhead.

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Junius Howe has finally secured a comedian for "Other People's Money," the comedy in which the late Hennessy Le Royle starred so long and successfully. Howe has engaged Victor Morley to star in the part. Morley is a comedian who has been playing in stock companies for several seasons, and he has just resigned from the Vendome Stock Company of Nashville to accept Howe's offer.

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"The Show Girl" closes at Boston on Saturday. Next month it stars on a tour of the West Indies, Central America and Mexico.

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## New York's Current Offerings.

THE SUDDEN though merely temporary breaking down of Ethel Barrymore a fortnight before the time set for the close of her engagement at the Savoy Theater in "Carrots" and "A Country Mouse" makes one addition to the extraordinary, if not unprecendented, list of actresses who during the current season have fallen under the nervous strain of pursuing their profession. This list includes, in addition to Miss Barrymore, Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, Lulu Glaser, Clara Lipman and many others of lesser note. A good many persons cynically disposed have been in the habit of sneering lightly at the idea that there was anything of a wearing influence in stage life legitimately followed—that is to say, nothing in the work of acting itself to severely affect the human system. But in the fact of such a condition of affairs as has existed from time to time during the current theatrical term, it is quite impossible to ignore the contention of actors and actresses that the careers they follow are intensely taxing upon the nerve centers.

The first of American girls to yield to this influence was Maude Adams, whose tour was abandoned even before the time set for its beginning. Miss Adams had been in Switzerland all summer under the impression that she was resting and gaining strength for the fall and winter campaign in America. But when she began to arouse herself for the effort she found that she felt an immediate effect from the exertion, and cabled to her manager asking for a brief postponement. He gave his consent as a matter of course, and presently concluded that it would be better for his star to remain idle all winter long than to take the chances of a relapse.

Then came Julia Marlowe, who had built up for herself in one of her new plays a tremendously emotional role which kept her strung up to the highest pitch every night from 8 o'clock until after 11, so undermining her nervous force that the collapse was inevitable. Fortunately, however, this condition was only temporary, and a few weeks of outdoor life at a Virginia winter resort so completely restored her health that when she came to New York a fortnight or so ago with a dramatization of George W. Cable's novel "The Cavalier," she impressed every spectator as being at the very height of her power as an actress. She no longer feels any ill effects of the work that falls upon her, and there is no doubt that her season will go on to its natural conclusion without further interruption. This is a fortunate outcome for both Miss Marlowe and her manager, Charles B. Dillingham, inasmuch as her net earnings run from $75,000 to $100,000 a year, a sum the loss of which would be a pretty serious one even to the great capitalists of Wall street.

Following the temporary abandonment of Miss Marlowe's season, came from a clear sky, so to speak, the announcement that Lulu Glaser, the star of "Dolly Varden," which had met with entirely extraordinary approbation, not alone in New York, but in the other large cities, had gone to pieces in a physical sense and was obliged to retire from activity as an actress, with few reassuring conditions as to the time of her probable return to health. The physicians, however, assured Manager Whitney that Miss Glaser's vitality was of the very highest quality, and that under ordinary conditions of rest and exercise in the open air she should "round to" very speedily indeed. So, Mr. Whitney concluded to keep "Dolly Varden" going with an understudy in the principal role, and Miss Glaser proceeded southward, where she played golf and rode horseback and climbed mountains with precisely the effect that had been predicted by her doctors. This course of treatment enabled her to rejoin "Dolly Varden" in Buffalo last Monday, the very picture of health and buoyant spirits.

Miss Barrymore's illness appears to be attributable to the intensity of her emotional work as the little French boy around whom revolve the incidents of "Carrots," the affecting one-act play which precedes the English comedy, "A Country Mouse," upon her nightly programme. She is much more deeply interested in this characterization than any other that has ever fallen into her hand, and throws herself into it, so to speak, with all the fervor of her youthful nature. Mr. Frohman was the first to discern signals of distress while watching one of the performances of "Carrots" the other day, and he instantly called a halt, closing the theater and sending Miss Barrymore to the country for a two weeks' rest. She will be able to reappear next Monday at the Garrick Theater in Philadelphia and her tour will probably go on without further interruption—showing that there's a heap of truth in the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine."

Contemplation of the facts here recorded brings to mind the reflection that Mrs. Leslie Carter must be possessed of almost superhuman endurance to stand the strain which has fallen upon her in the last two plays she has made famous—"Zaza" and "Du Barry." In both these works Mr. Belasco provided his star with scenes of such frenzied violence that her sustaining them night after night, season in and season out, has been a source of the utmost amazement to all who give heed to these matters. In "Du Barry" there are two or three of these episodes, calling for the most impassioned acting and drawing upon every vital force in Mrs. Carter's body and mind. At the conclusion of each of these scenes she stands panting and tremulous and obviously wrought to the very highest pitch of emotional excitement as she receives the plaudits of her electrified auditors. Yet she not alone resists the great fatigue that must follow her nightly efforts, but never for one instant flags in spirit, power or dramatic fire. Physicians and psychologists view with astonishment the work of this apparently frail and delicate woman.

E. S. Willard's engagement at the Garden Theater has been surprisingly successful even to the most enthusiastic of this admirable actor's clientele. The condition is by no means due to the fact that in "The Cardinal" he introduced a new play to this community, for his audiences have shown no numerical diminution when he has presented the older works in his repertoire, with which New Yorkers were already familiar. Such plays as "The Middleman," "The Professor's Love Story," "David Garrick," "Tom Pinch" and "All for Her," have greatly interested the public during Mr. Willard's all too brief stay, which comes to an end Saturday night. The actor proceeds from New York to Philadelphia and the other large cities, and at the end of his American season will return to London, where he is to play an engagement next fall at the St. James' Theater in "The Cardinal" and a new play which is undergoing construction for his use by Stephen Phillips, the author of "Ulysses," and other poetical stage spectacles. During the Philadelphia engagement Mr. Willard intends to produce "La Chatelaine," the new drama by Alfred Capus, now running at the Theater de la Renaissance in Paris. The actor has also discovered a new dramatist named Harrie K. Chambers, whose first play he has bought, securing the exclusive rights for England and America.



EDNA BURD.

*With Jefferson De Angelis, at the New Grand, Tuesday, December 30.*

The massive production of the new Stange and Edwardes opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," has been received with such demonstrations of approval at the New York Theater that its long-continued retention is already assured. It appears to have appealed very strongly to that large section of the community made weary of jingly and tricky music and what is known as "slapstick" comedy. The quality of Mr. Edwardes' score is undoubtedly very high indeed, while Mr. Stange's libretto is thoroughly interesting and entertaining without descending to mere levity. The quaintness of the old cinoline costumes is a delight to the eye and immensely pleasing to the feminine auditors in particular. A remarkably strong individual success has been scored by an extremely pretty little brunette girl, Zetti Kennedy by name, a prima donna who is one of Mr. Whitney's most important "finds." She sings charmingly and acts with a shy demureness altogether captivating. There are others in the cast who have scored heavily, among them bell-voiced Lucille Saunders, attractive Maude Lambert and Messrs. W. G. Stewart, Homer Lind and W. H. Bray.

The date of the New York production of "Jim Bludso," the melodrama in which Robert Hilliard is to resume his stage career under the management of Rich and Harris, has been fixed for Jan. 5 at the Fourteenth Street Theater. This is a play of Mississippi River life in ante-bellum days, based upon John Hay's poem of the same name. One of the principal features is a steamboat race, in which the engineer of the Prairie Belle sacrifices his own life in order to drive his boat ashore and save the passengers.

"The Girl With the Green Eyes," the first of Cylde Fitch's productions at the Savoy Theater, will be first made known tomorrow (Christmas) night. This is the comedy in which Clara Bloodgood plays the leading part—that of a young married woman whose inordinate and inherent jealousy leads her to very verge of suicide before she discovers that it has been entirely misplaced.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.
New York, Dec. 24.

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## Theatrical Tittletattle.

Gus Weimberg, who has been leading comedian of the Fifth Avenue Theater Stock Company, New York, has joined "The Burgomaster," and will play the part of Peter Stuyvesant.

The American rights of the French musical comedy "Frelon" have been purchased by Sydney Rosenfeld. He will make the adaptation himself and expects to have the piece produced before the end of the season.

The Lambs are already making plans for a reception to be given De Wolf Hopper, who opens his New York engagement in "Mr. Pickwick" at the Herald Square on Jan. 17, following Mr. Mansfield.

George C. Tyler, manager for Liebler & Co., who is just about to sail for Europe, signed contracts with Mme. Duse by which she agrees to return next year for a fifteen week tour in America.

After a struggle against death which has amazed several physicians and surgeons familiar with his case, A. H. Chamberlyn, the theatrical manager, is improving rapidly, according to advices received from Boston during the week.

Elfie Fay, who is in New York, has a two years' contract to appear in London, beginning next March, in a musical comedy, entitled, "The West End." Its author is George Dance, who is responsible for "The Chinese Honeymoon."

Rose Coghlan recently opened the new Elks' Opera House, in Bluefield, W. Va., making one of the longest jumps on record to play the engagement, and drawing a house that would represent an entire season's profits of many of the shows now upon the road.

Paul Gilmore in "The Tyranny of Tears" had two of the largest houses in the history of the Dallas Theater, Dallas, Texas, on Thanksgiving Day. The Dallas News, which shapes the dramatic criticism of the Southwest, found the performance flawless.

Frank Daniels' return engagement in Barnet's "Miss Simplicity" was to capacity at the Chicago Grand Opera House. His manager, Kirke La Shelle, says the takings for two weeks reached $25,000. The company is about to go on a tour of the Pacific coast.

Edna May has gone in for the latest London fad, the "no breakfast" cure. This seems to have become the rage in London, some physicians having promulgated the theory that going without breakfast not only aids digestion, but is also good for the complexion.

Theodore Kremer has just completed a new play for Mildred Holland, entitled, "The Triumph of an Empress." It is a historical romance, and is based upon incidents in the life of Catherine the Great of Russia. Miss Holland will give it its first production in Buffalo next spring.

Charles B. Dillingham has engaged Millie James for a starring tour next season in a new play. Miss James is the young lady who has been making a hit for more than two years now in Wm. A. Brady's production of "Lovers' Lane," in which she has played the child heroine.

Owing to the desertion of Eddie Foy from "The Wild Rose" Company, Mr. Lederer will put Frank Deshon into the vacancy, while June McCree goes into the "Salley in Our Alley" company to replace Dan McAvoy. Foy and McAvoy join the "Mr. Bluebeard" company next week.

The Messrs. Sire, of New York, have accepted a comedy from Sydney Rosenfeld, which will be used by them as a starring vehicle for Frank Doane next season. The piece has not yet been named, but is said to be on the style of "The Gilded Fool," in which Nat Goodwin starred several seasons ago.

Early next month Katie Barry, who has been making a hit with "A Chinese Honeymoon," will play a short engagement in Rosina Vokes' old pieces. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Aubrey Boucicault and Mrs. Yeamens will be in her support. Mr. Boucicault will manage the stage. An effort is being made to get Weeden Grossmith to join the company, as he was with Miss Vokes.

Charles E. Evans, the comedian, who is recalled through his connection with "A Parlor Match," will shortly take the road as a star, under the management of the Shuberts, appearing in an English farce entitled "There and Back." The piece has been a big success in London, and with a strong company it is expected that Mr. Evans will repeat.

That the dramatic school in America has become a prominent and important factor in the theatrical world is shown by the Stanhope Wheatcroft Dramatic School, of New York city, which has graduated upward of 600 pupils, many of whom now occupy leading positions upon the professional stage. This school has also presented over a hundred original plays in public.

The Castle Square Opera Company gave Puccini's "Tosca" at the Studebaker, Dec. 8, in Chicago. "Carmen" had been billed as the opera for the second week's engagement, but, due to the many requests for an early presentation of the grand opera novelty, the management saw fit to change the programme.

Cyril Scott, the "military man" of "The Silver Slipper," has introduced a new march song. It is a snappy tune by Melville Ellis and is entitled, "Although I am a Soldier I Prefer a Private Life." It scored at the first trial, and is now almost as big a hit as Sam Bernard's topical song, "I'd Be Satisfied with Life."

On Stuart Robson's special car, in which he is touring the Pacific coast, the drawing room is not tenanted by the star, but by his master carpenter and two assistants. Mr. Robson occupies section 7, and, while claiming to be absolutely free from superstition, would sit up all night rather than sleep in any other.

"Sergeant James" has recently captured the critics and the public of the twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. At Milwaukee the opening night it had two curtains calls after the first act, two after the second, six after the third, and the audience remained after the last act until it brought the entire company before the curtain.

The business of the Keicey-Shannon company, playing "Sherlock Holmes" throughout New England, has been very large. In many cities the season's record has been broken, and Manager D V Arthur is confident that the earnings will far exceed any gained by Mr Kelcey and Miss Shannon since they became joint stars.

Ramsay Morris' pictorial American melodrama, "The Ninety and Nine," will bring its long and munificently productive New York run at the Academy of Music to a close on Jan. 22. The succeeding attraction at the Academy will be a revival upon a large scale of the Messrs. Fisher & Ryley's "Florodora," which will remain upon the stage for the ensuing four weeks.

In each city where "Lovers' Lane" is played a week or more William A. Brady establishes a kindergarten in the theater for the score of children who make the school scene realistic. A special instructor teaches the boys many useful things, such as how to sew on buttons—which threatens to become one of the lost masculine arts—and the little girls are taught water coloring, embroidery and fancy work. The scheme is a great success and is enthusiastically welcomed by the children.

Among the most earnest and gracefully expressed dispatches of congratulation sent to Blanche Bates after the first night of "The Darling of the Gods," at the Republic Theater, New York, was one from Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mr. David Belasco's other feminine star. Mrs. Carter no doubt feels that she is so safe in her success in "Du Barry" that even Miss Bates' hit in "The Darling of the Gods" cannot shake her prestige.

"An Eye for an Eye," from the French of Alexandre Dumas fils, by Professor L. Du Pont Syle, handles the old belief that "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" in an entirely new way. It is said that Kathryn Kidder, who will open in Syracuse, N. Y., Christmas afternoon, in this play, will interpret the role of the suspecting wife so artfully as to leave the question of whether she really has sinned unanswered in the minds of the audience until the very last situation in the play.

Marshall P. Wilder recently attended a performance of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and several times during the performance he gallantly picked up the programme which the lady who occupied the next seat accidentally dropped. "It is very good of you to trouble yourself," she said, after he had handed her the programme for the sixth time, "and I'm afraid I am very careless." "Not carelessness, madam," replied Marshall, "it's on account of the heavy music they play here."

Liebler & Co. have just completed arrangements with Maurice Grau by which Mme. Duse will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for two weeks, beginning Jan. 5, alternating with the Grau company. She is to give seven performances in all, six of which are to be divided between "Magda" and "Francesca da Rimini," and one of which, a final matinee, will consist of acts taken from the plays in which she has achieved some of her greatest successes. For the first six performances theater prices will prevail.

Miss Eleanor Kent, the prima donna of "The Billionaire" organization, and seen here with "Foxy Quiller," received great praise for her singing during the Chicago engagement. The Chicago Evening Post has this to say: "Miss Eleanor Kent supplies the vocal talent of the organization. She has a clear, well trained soprano voice of unusual range, which she uses with intelligence. If any new numbers are injected she should be given a chance with some serious composition. The stage manager should realize that in all the fooling one moment of good art will not go amiss."

Miss Eleanor Barry, leading woman with Stuart Robson in "The Comedy of Errors," is receiving marked attention from the newspapers because of her finished work as Adriana, the jealous wife. This is the part which the great Sarah Siddons first showed in its true strength, and since her time actresses of the first magnitude have been eager to portray the part. Critics seem to be uniformly of the opinion that Miss Barry's Adriana is one of the most pleasing portrayals of the role that it has ever been their fortune to see.

Blanche Walsh, in the "Daughter of Hamilcar," appeared in Detroit the week of Dec. 1. The Detroit critics were unanimous in their praise of her performance of the title part. The Journal had this to say: "No such pretentious thing as 'The Daughter of Hamilcar,' considered as a spectacle, has been seen in Detroit in many years, not since the days of Sardou and Fanny Davenport. Of the acting of Miss Walsh little can be said in this review that would not appear captious. Her interpretation is marked by that fire, that tremendous seriousness and dramatic force, that have already marked her career and given her a place in the annals of American tragedy."

The first plays dealings with far Western life that attained any great success were Bartley Campbell's "The Danites" and "My Partner." Both these plays created quite a sensation throughout the East and as far west as Denver, but strange to say wherever they were produced west of the Colorado line, in localities which had furnished the atmosphere for them, they failed. It remained for Kirke La Shelle to produce "Arizona," the first play in this class dealing with the realistic as well as the poetic life of the West, picturing life on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, that constituted not alone one of the greatest dramatic hits in the Eastern cities, but duplicated the success as far west as the Pacific coast.

A well known writer on things theatrical recently occupied a column in a leading New York paper to demonstrate his idea that "in a purely artistic sense a piece is better off when performed by utter strangers." Continuing he says: "The characters in that case are nothing else than the author's creatures, belonging exclusively to his story and considered for naught beyond their proper bounds, while in the other way they are firstly the individuals who portray them, and at no time seem like new disclosures." The writer illustrated his theory by speaking in the highest terms of the company which played "Quincy Adams Sawyer" at the Academy of Music in New York City and is now presenting that successful rural drama on the road. Though the writer found but two names in the cast that were familiar to him, yet he declared each character was interpreted in an ideal manner—a manner which he did not believe could be improved upon by some of the best advertised stars.

"Peggy from Paris," which Henry W. Savage is to produce in January, has been booked for an all summer run at the Tremont Theater, Boston. Between the Studebaker Theater, Chicago, and the Tremont Theater, Boston, Mr. Savage is able to keep two or more of his companies before the public winter and summer.

"Fad and Folly" is continuing its career at Mrs. Osborne's New York playhouse, with every sign of gayety on both sides of the footlights. Miss Blanche Ring and Mr. Harry Conor are playing the opposite comedy roles without the slighest professional jealousy, and it is even hinted that they are inclined to yield the center of the stage to one another whenever possible. They have just begun to sing together the comic ditty called "She Reads the New York Papers Every Day," with a special chorus, and it is making a hit, it is said, second only to Miss Ring's "The Belle of Avenue A," and Mr. Conor's "Microbes." The skit of "Iris" is still retained and Mr. Conor's burlesque of Oscar Asche as the villain is only second in interest to Miss Ring's accurate and whimsical parody of Miss Virginia Harned.

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## SLAVES OF CHEAPNESS.

### Intensity of the Life of Match Box Makers in England.

Here is a sketch by a London Daily Mail reporter of how 144 match boxes can be made for 2d. The workers were a widow and two small girls, and at 11.30 a.m. a bed and the bedroom floor were littered and heaped with the morning's output, cleared from the living room. The quantity was very surprising.

A stern little woman of fifteen sat at a table working by the window, and there was nothing so well worth pondering in the two cells—they were no bigger or better than cells—as this unprepossessing child's hard mouth, strict inattention to visitors, and almost magical dexterity. She is not the victim of a mother's indolence. A missioner of the Ragged School Union, who lives near this woman, and by whom the writer was introduced to her pretty abode under the leads, knows her to have been a steady maker of match boxes for 30 years. She is a mother of exceptional physique, energetic, large, masculine, but too gross of body at 50 for any but a sedentery occupation. In her lifetime the market price of her skill has fallen to what may be very strictly called a living wage. Of two husbands she has had, the first was a wastrel and the second died soon.

What the child was doing had the deftness and fascination of the Charlier pass in legerdermain, which few entertainers every accomplish. The feat is to paste up as a drawer, in five swift movements, an indented strip and a square of thin wood with a band of paper. Take a match box drawer to pieces and try to imagine how it could have been put together at the rate of six a minute. There is no tragic hurry about it. The girl sat bolt upright, and her hands rapidly produced the drawers without nervousness. But as the parts were held together on the finger-tips of one hand while those of the other turned the paper over them, the operation struck one as requiring a particular development and trick of every finger-muscle. Match box making is like playing the pianoforte; there is one good method, and you must begin young and practise hard all your life. Two experts working in partnership, and having someone to fetch and carry for them so that they may live without interrupting the drudgery, can sit at a small table and earn from 2s to 2s 6d a day of twelve or thirteen hours.

Half a crown a day is 15s a week, and that leaves 9s 6d when the rent is put aside. "Praise God," said the Cockney missioner with surprise, "that all you pay?" The widow has four children, and 9s 6d a week allows five persons threepence each a day for food, fire and clothing. It is said that at least twopence more is necessary. The widow gets it from her eldest boy, a cripple of nineteen, who earns 15s a week at tailoring and lets her have 8s.

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### How to Clean Gilt Frames.

To clean gilt frames give a golden tinge to one pint of water by adding a little sulphur, then put it into a saucepan, add four onions or garlics bruised. Let it boil for ten minutes, take it off the fire, strain the liquor off and when cold wash the gilding with a soft painter's brush. This will greatly improve its appearance.

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### How to Cure Quinsy.

Any one suffering with quinsy should place a warm soot bag round the throat and keep it on as long as the patient can bear it.

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### How to Purify Damp Cellars.

The air of a damp cellar may be made drier and purer by placing in it an open box of fresh lime.

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure backache, sideache, scanty, cloudy, thick and highly-colored urine, diabetes, dropsy, and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys. t

For cuts, wounds, rheumatism, stiff joints, burns, scalds, bites of insects, croup, coughs, colds, Hagyard's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. t

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There were 927,052 births registered in England and Wales during 1900. These figures are equivalent to a birth rate or 28.7 per cent. per 1,000 persons living, which is the lowest on record.

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## THE WELSH COLONY.

### In the Heart of Patagonia. Story of a Strange Land by One Who Has Explored It.

In viewing the recent announcement that the Welsh colony in Patagonia proposes to emigrate to Canada, the following from The London Daily Express will be read with general interest. The Express says:—

Mr. Hesketh Prichard's great work on Patagonia is published to-day by Mr. William Heinemann. It is a book which promises to be the classic of that strange South American country, about which little is known to the world in general.

In June 1900 Professor Ray Lankester, the director of the British Museum of Natural History, said in a lecture delivered before the Zoological Society that it was quite possible that the mylodon—the giant sloth—still existed in some of the mountainous regions of Patagonia. In the interests of science the Express fitted out an expedition and entrusted Mr. Hesketh Prichard with the task of discovering, if it were possible, some trace of this prehistoric animal.

It became necessary for the expedition to penetrate as far as possible into the interior of Patagonia; and though the search for the giant sloth resulted in no success, Mr. Prichard was able to collect much valuable information concerning the country and its people, which he now sets forth ably and clearly in this book.

Mr. Prichard made two new discoveries. He found a hitherto unclassified variety of the Patagonian puma, which, according to the natives, is very rare, being much fiercer, of a reddish color, and somewhat smaller than the common grey species. This he has named "Felis concolor Pearsoni."

On the outer edge of the Cordilleras he came across a lake marked on no map previously. This he named "Lake Pearson."

There are many thousands of square miles of unexplored forest in Patagonia. It is a region unknown and mysterious. No man lives there, and it is doubtful whether man ever has lived there, for there is a total absence of animal life on which he might have subsisted.

Mr. Prichard paid a visit to Trelew, the Welsh colony in Patagonia, where he remarks on the influence of the new conditions of existence so different from that of the Welsh peasant in his own country:—"The older and the younger generation are unlike each other, and will probably continue to become more so as time goes on. Physically, the younger people are far better developed than their elders — red-faced, open-eyed, straight-backed boys in big felt hats, each with a bright-colored handkerchief knotted round his neck and a guanaco-wool poncho hanging from his shoulders." From Trelew the party started for their long trek to the wilds.

There is a very interesting chapter on the manners and customs of the Tehuelches, a race of Indian which is dying out. Indeed, Mr. Prichard states it is probable that he may be their last chronicler. Alcohol is at the root of this rapid extinction. The Tehuelches believe in good spirits and devils. The dominant Spirit of Evil is called "Gualicho." They spend no small portion of their time in either fleeing from his wrath or in propitiating him. "You may wake in the dawn to see a band of Indians suddenly rise and leap upon their horses and gallop away across the pampa howling and gesticulating. They are merely scaring Gualicho away from their tents back to his haunts in the Cordillera."

According to Tehuelche belief the Good Spirit created the animals in a cave in a certain mountain called "God's Hill" and gave them to his people for food.

Woman holds a comparatively high place among these Patagonian Indians. She does the cooking, but little else that can be called hard work. Polygamy is allowed, but it is very seldom practised. The men spend most of their time on horseback, and have almost lost the walking capabilities of other men.

Mr. Pritchard did much shooting—in fact, for many weeks he and the other members of the expedition were dependent on their gun and rifle for meat. The guanaco, or lama, is the commonest form of game. Herds of these peculiar animals graze all over the plains of Patagonia. In some parts they are wild, and need a lot of stalking, and in others they are tame and easily shot.

The huemul is a deer peculiar to the Southern Cordillera. They do not carry a very fine head, eight points being considered a very good trophy. Huemuls are in general very confiding, for their range is confined for the most part to districts where they seldom see man. Pumas are very common and will occasionally attack a man. The Cordillera wolf is utterly fearless, and will, if approached too closely, prepare to give battle.

Some excellent sport with wild geese and wild duck was had by Mr. Prichard nearer the coast. Snipe were also plentiful.

It is impossible in a brief notice of a standard work to do more than merely draw attention to the different points upon which the author touches. Mr. Prichard speaks of the deserted appearance of Patagonia. There are no ruins, no signs of ancient cities, or of previous civilization, visible anywhere, but in spite of all this, he believes a great future lies before the country.

It is almost impossible to tell what enormous number of sheep and cattle Patagonia could produce for the providing of the world, if capital and enterprise would but pave the way.

It enjoys a fine climate, which, in spite of hard winters, is exceptionally healthy. Patagonia cries aloud for railway enterprise to become its salvation; nevertheless, even now it is a good country for a man ready and able to work. A capable man would make £6 a month and his keep but he must know the work required of him.

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Under light anesthesia ammonia applied to a cat's nose will cause a cardio-inhibition and a rise of blood pressure. In rabbits the effect is the same.

We wish the many thousands who enjoy Blue Ribbon Tea a happy Xmas. and a prosperous New Year.

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Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green.

# TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE

*An Introduction to the Study of the Master by Charles and Mary Lamb.*

### TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Katharine, the Shrew, was the eldest daughter of Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua. She was a lady of such an ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katharine the Shrew. It seems very unlikely, indeed impossible, that any gentleman would ever be found who would venture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were made to her gentle sister Bianca, putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands, they should have free leave to address young Bianca.

It happened, however, that a gentleman, named Petruchio, came to Padua, purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing discouraged by these reports of Katharine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous termagant, and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean labor as Petruchio, whose spirit was as high as Katharine's, and he was a witty and most happy-tempered humorist, and withal so wise, and of such true judgment, that he well knew how to feign a passionate and furious deportment, when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own angry feigning, for his natural temper was careless and easy: the boisterous airs he assumed when he became the husband of Katharine being but in sport, or more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment, as the only means to overcome, in her own way, the passionate ways of the furious Katharine.

A-courting then Petruchio went to Katharine the Shrew; and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father, for leave to woo his gentle daughter Katharine, as Petruchio called her, saying archly, that having heard of her bashful modesty and mild behavior, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her marriage, was forced to confess Katharine would ill answer this character, it being soon apparent of what manner of gentleness she was composed, for her music-master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katharine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute, for presuming to find fault with her performance; which, when Petruchio heard, he said, "It is a brave wench: I love her more than ever, and long to have some chat with her;" and hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said, "My business is in haste, Signior Baptista, I cannot come every day to woo. You knew my father: he is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her." Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover; but being glad to get Katharine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry, and half his estate at his death: so this odd match was quickly agreed on, and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petruchio to listen to his suit.

In the meantime Petruchio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue; and he said, "I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails at me, why then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale: and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word, I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks as if she bid me stay with her a week." Now the stately Katharine entered, and Petruchio first addressed her with "Good morrow, Kate, for that is your name, I hear." Katharine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully, "They call me Katharine who do speak to me." "You lie," replied the lover; "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Shrew; but, Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your alldness praised in every town, I am come to woo you for my wife."

A strange courtship they made of it. She in loud and angry terms showing him how justly she had gained the ame of Shrew, while he still praised her sweet and courteous words, till at length, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a wooing as possible), "Sweet Katharine, let us cease this idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry is agreed on, and whether you will or no, I will marry you."

And now Baptista entering Petruchio told him his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katharine denied, saying she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a madcap ruffian as Petruchio. Petruchio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she should seem reluctant before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving; and he said to her, "Give me your hand, Kate; I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, that my Katharine may be fine; and kiss me, Kate, for we will be married on Sunday."

On the Sunday all the wedding guests were assembled, but they waited long before Petruchio came, and Katharine wept for vexation to think that Petruchio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared; but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katharine, nor was he dressed himself like a bridegroom, but in strange disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about; and his servant and the very horses on which they rode were in like manner in mean and fantastic fashion habited.

Petruchio could not be persuaded to change his dress; he said Katharine was to be married to him, and not to his clothes; and finding it was in vain to argue with him, to the church they went, he still behaving in the same mad way, for when the priest asked Petruchio if Katharine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should that, all amazed, the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to take it up, this mad-brained bridegroom gave him such a cuff, that down fell the priest and his book again. And all the while they were being married he stamped and swore so, that the high-spirited Katharine trembled and shook with fear. After the ceremony was over, while they were yet in the church, he called for wine, and drank a loud health to the company, and threw a sop which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act, than that the sexton's beard grew thin and hungerly, and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never sure was there such a mad marriage; but Petruchio did but put this wildness on, the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

Baptista had provided a sumptuous marriage feast, but when they returned from church, Petruchio, taking hold of Katharine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly; and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angry words of the enraged Katharine, could make him change his purpose. He claimed a husband's right to dispose of his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katharine off; he seeming so daring and resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

Petruchio mounted his wife upon a miserable horse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for the purpose, and himself and his servant no better mounted; they journeyed on through rough and miry ways, and would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his burden, as if he had been the most passionate man alive.

At length, after a weary journey, during which Katharine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petruchio at the servant and the horses, they arrived at his house. Petruchio welcomed her kindly to her home, but he resolved she should have neither rest nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon served; but Petruchio, pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat about the floor, and ordered the servants to remove it away; and all this he did, as he said, in love for his Katharine, that she might not eat meat that was not well dressed. And when Katharine, weary and supperless, retired to rest, he found the same fault with the bed, throwing the pillows and bedding about the room, so that she was forced to sit down in a chair, where if she chanced to drop asleep, she was presently awakened by the loud voice of her husband, storming at the servants for the ill-making of his wife's bridal bed.

The next day Petruchio pursued the same course, still speaking kind words to Katharine, but when she attempted to eat, finding fault with everything that was set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had done the supper; and Katharine, the haughty Katharine, was fain to beg the servants would bring her secretly a morsel of food; but they being instructed by Petruchio, replied, they dared not give her anything unknown to their master. "Ah," said she, "did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come to my father's door have food given them. But I, who never knew what it was to entreat for anything, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed; and that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that if I sleep or eat, it were present death to me."

Here the soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Petruchio; he, not meaning she should be quite starved, had brought her a small portion of meat, and he said to her, "How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am. I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay, then you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose." He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which had abated the pride of Katharine, made her say, though angered to the heart, "I pray you let it stand." But this was not all Petruchio intended to bring her to, and he replied, "The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat." On this Katharine brought out a reluctant "I thank you, sir." And now he suffered her to make a slender meal, saying, "Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate; eat apace! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house, and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and cape and golden rings, with ruffs and scarfs and fans and double change of finery;" and to make her believe he really intended to give her these gay things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher, who brought some new clothes he had ordered for her, and then giving her plate to the servant to take away, before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, "What, have you dined?" The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, "Here is the cap your worship bespoke;" on which Petruchio began to storm afresh, saying the cap was moulded in a porringer, and that it was no bigger than a cockle or walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make a bigger. Katharine said, "I will have this: all gentlewoman wear such caps as these." "When you are gentle," replied Petruchio, "you shall have one too, and not till then." The meat Katharine had eaten had a little revived her fallen spirits, and she said, "Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will. I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind; and if you cannot, you had better stop your ears." Petruchio would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a janging argument with her; therefore his answer was, "Why, you say true; it is a paltry cap, and I love you for not liking it." "Love me, or love me not," said Katharine, "I like the cap, and I will have this cap or none." "You say you wish to see the gown," said Petruchio, still affecting to misunderstand her. The tailor then came forward and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petruchio, whose intent was that she should have neither cap or gown, found as much fault with that. "O mercy, Heaven!" said he, "what stuff is here! What, do you call this a sleeve? It is like a demi-cannon, carved up and down like an apple tart." The tailor said, "You bid me make it according to the fashion of the times;" and Katharine said, she never saw a better fashioned gown. This was enough for Petruchio, and privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, and excuses made to them for the seemingly strange treatment he bestowed upon them, he with fierce words and furious gestures drove the tailor and the haberdasher out of the room; and then, turning to Katharine, he said, "Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we now wear." And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner time, for that it was but 7 o'clock. Now it was not only morning, but the very middle of the day, when he spoke this; therefore Katharine ventured to say, though modestly, being almost overcome by the vehemence of his manner, "I dare assure you, sir, it is 2 o'clock, and will be supper time before we get there." But Petruchio meant that she should be so completely subdued that she should assent to everything he said, before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun, and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it, before he set forward. "For," said he, "whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go today, and when I go, it shall be what o'clock I say it is." Another day Katharine was forced to practice her newly-found obedience, and now till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection, that she dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction, would Petruchio allow her to go to her father's house; and even while they were upon their journey thither, she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to hint it was the sun, when he affirmed the moon shone brightly at noonday. "Now, by my mother's son," said he, "and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars, or what I list, before I journey to your father's house." He then made as if he were going back again; but Katharine, no longer Katharine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, "Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun, or moon, or what you please, and if you please to call it a rush candle henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me." This he was resolved to prove, therefore he said again, "I say, it is the moon." "I know it is the moon," replied Katharine. "You lie, it is the blessed sun," said Petruchio. "Then it is the blessed sun," replied Katharine; "but sun it is not, when you say it is not. What you will have it named, even so it is, and so it ever shall be for Katharine." Now then he suffered her to proceed on her journey; but further to try if this yielding humor would last, he addressed an old gentleman they met on the road as if he had been a young woman, saying to him, "Good morrow, gentle mistress;" and asked Katharine if she had ever beheld a fairer gentlewoman, praising the red and white of the old man's cheeks, and comparing his eyes to two bright stars; and again he addressed him, saying, "Fair lovely maid, once more good day to you!" and said to his wife, "Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake." The now completely vanquished Katharine quickly adopted her husband's opinion, and made her speech in like sort to the old gentleman, saying to him, "Young budding virgin, you are fair, and fresh and sweet; whither are you going, and where is your dwelling? Happy are the parents of so fair a child." "Why, how now, Kate," said Petruchio; "I hope you are not mad. This is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not a maiden, as you say he is." On this Katharine said, "Pardon me, old gentleman; the sun has so dazzled my eyes, that everything I look on seemeth green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father: I hope you will pardon me for my sad mistake." "Do, good old grandsire," said Petruchio, "and tell us which way you are traveling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way."

The old gentleman replied, "Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me. My name is Vincentio, and I am going to visit a son of mine who lives at Padua." Then Petruchio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucentio, a young gentleman, who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Vincentio very happy, by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make; and they all journeyed on pleasantly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage of Bianca when he had got Katharine off his hands.

When they entered, Baptista welcomed them to the wedding feast, and there was also another newly married pair.

Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio, the other new married man, could not forbear sly jests, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petruchio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had chosen, laughing at Petruchio for his less fortunate choice. Petruchio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he perceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him; for when Petruchio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs, the father of Katharine said, "Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all." "Well," said Petruchio, "I say no, and therefore for assurance that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose." To this the other two husbands willingly consented, for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would prove more obedient than the headstrong Katharine; and they proposed a wager of 20 crowns, but Petruchio merrily said, he would lay as much as that upon his hawk or hound, but 20 times as much upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to 100 crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned, and said, "Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy and cannot come." "How," said Petruchio, 'does she say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer for a wife?" Then they laughed at him, and said, it would be well if Katharine did not send him a worse answer. And now it was Hortensio's turn to send for his wife; and he said to his servant, 'Go, and entreat my wife to come to me." "Oh ho! entreat her!" said Petruchio. "Nay, then, she needs must come." "I am afraid, sir," said Hortensio, "your wife will not be entreated." But presently this civil husband looked a little blank, when the servant returned without his mistress; and he said to him, "How now! Where is my wife?" "Sir," said the servant, "my mistress says, you have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her." "Worse and worse!" said Petruchio: and then he sent his servant, saying, "Sirrah, go to your mistress, and tell her I command her to come to me." The company had scarcely time to think she would not obey this summons, when Baptista, all in amaze, exclaimed, "Now, by my halidame, here comes Katharine!" and she entered, saying meekly to Petruchio, "What is you will, sir, that you send for me?" "Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?" said he. Katharine replied, "They sit conferring by the parlor fire." "Go, fetch them hither!" said Petruchio. Away went Katharine without reply to perform her husband's command. "Here is a wonder," said Lucentio, "if you talk of a wonder." "And so it is," said Hortensio; "I marvel what it bodes." "Marry, peace it bodes," said Petruchio, "and love, and quiet life, and right supremacy; and, to be short, everything that is sweet and happy." Katharine's father, overjoyed to see this reformation in his daughter, said, "Now, fair befall thee, son Petruchio! you have won the wager, and I will add another 20,000 crowns to her dowry, as if she were another daughter, for she is changed, as if she had never been." "Nay," said Petruchio, "I will win the wager better yet, and show more signs of her new-built virtue and obedience." Katharine now entering with the two ladies, he continued, "See where she comes, and brings your forward wives as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katharine, that cap of yours does not become you; off with that bauble, and throw it under foot." Katharine instantly took off her cap, and threw it down. "Lord!" said Hortensio's wife, "may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!" And Bianca, she too said, "Fie, what foolish duty call you this?" On this Bianca's husband said to her, "I wish your duty, were as foolish, too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, has cost me 100 crowns since dinner time." "The more fool you," said Bianca, "for laying on my duty." "Katharine," said Petruchio, "I charge you tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands." And to the wonder of all present, the reformed, shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wifelike duty of obedience, as she had practiced it implicitly in a ready submission to Petruchio's will. And Katharine once more became famous in Padua, not as heretofore, as Katharine the Shrew, but as Katharine the most obedient and duteous wife in Padua.




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# AN OFFICER'S VIEW OF KITCHENER

"A Staff Officer" writes in Blackwood's Magazine for December, one of those intimate sketches of men and things which are characteristic of Maga. "Campaigning with Kitchener" is full of good things, and is obviously written by an officer who has enjoyed unique opportunities for studying the new commander-in-chief in India. He remembers meeting Viscount Kitchener in 1887 and asking him when The Event—the reconquest of the Sudan—was due to happen. "Thirteen months hence," was the answer. "Thirteen months! That is a long time to wait." "Yes, it is," said Kitchener; "but remember that some of us have been waiting for it for thirteen years." "A Staff Officer" attributes the gift of overcoming apparently insuperable difficulties which the Sirdar's officers possessed in such a marked degree in the Sudan campaign, very largely to the unbending severity with which he treated all failures, whether high or low were responsible for them. "A thing was ordered; it had to be done, and consequently it was done; no excuses prevailed for an instant . . . Much of Kitchener's success was no doubt due to his wise choice of the tools he used—they really were tools rather than men; and no finer body of young fellows ever wore sword and slaved for him, day after day, in those God-forsaken, sand-swept wastes. But no one knows, no one perhaps will ever fully know, the extent to which Kitchener was implored, beseeched, cajoled by the highest in the land to employ A or B or C on his staff, or anywhere. Kitchener was adamant to such requests . . . No general has ever been more entirely independent of the help of those immediately around him; not one of his tools was indispensable, nor even a dozen of them, though many did not realize the fact. 'Are you going to bring up Gen. X. for this campaign?' I once asked him. 'No, I don't think so,' Kitchener replied; 'he is doing very well where he is, and on my staff he always makes a channel.'

"Kitchener hated channels, hated any strait-waistcoat which hampered and confined him, and here is an instance. This same X. had been very well brought up, and he liked to issue a sealed pattern daily order which was anathema to Kitchener, and the more as it was quite unnecessary when the army was all under his hand, and orders were best conveyed verbally. However, X was so importunate that at last out of sheer weariness Kitchener dictated an order, and X., full of a new and blissful sense of importance, hurried off to get it duly copied, registered, duplicated, sealed, signed, and delivered in the good old style. Meanwhile Kitchener strolls out, and accidentally meets Broadwood, his cavalry commander. 'Oh, Broadwood,' says Kitchener, in that soft and almost deprecating drawl which some of his subordinates could mimic to the life, 'will you kindly take four squadrons and a couple of guns and push on 40 miles to clear up the situation, and start in half an hour.' 'Very good, sir,' says Broadwood, who was a man of few words. As the cavalry were jingling out of camp X. comes out of his tent with his orders hot from the press, and meets them. 'Where are you off to?' exclaims X. Mutual explanations follow, when it is found that Kitchener's verbal orders are entirely different from those he dictated, and poor X. went back to his tent, and thenceforth gave up the issue of the daily order as a hopeless task."

With all his aloofness and self-sufficiency, Kitchener had one excellent custom, in the Sudan—he lived "in one mess with the whole of his very small staff, perhaps eight or nine men altogether, and was always accessible to information and opinions of all sorts. He was thereby placed in close touch with that strange, uncanny Will-o'-the-wisp, the spirit of the army, which some generals who live too much apart from and above their men never count with and never understand—to their own infinite loss and the army's." At the same time, "no man ever kept his own counsel better than Kitchener when fighting was afoot; there was never any leakage of information, because there was never any information to leak. Once when the enemy threatened our line of communications I expressed some anxiety about our wires, which were laid, for all the world to see, as a ground-line along the desert, glistening in the sun and bearing a meaning even to a Dervish, which is saying a good deal. Kitchener told me to ride down to the river bank and say if I felt happier; down I went, and after diligent search discovered a second wire cunningly laid under the bush and sedges. As I was about to ride back I saw a steamer pushing off, and asked the young engineer officer on board what he was about; it turned out that he had personal instructions from Kitchener to lay a third line of telegraph on the other bank of the Nile, and no one in the army but the chief and this young officer had wind of the matter. Assurance was made not doubly, but trebly sure.

"I always feel a confidence amounting to certainty that when Kitchener arrives on the bank of the Styx he will saunter up with a Berthon boat under his arm; to think of his being dependent on the good-will of an ill-conditioned ferryman in the passage of an unfordable river is not an idea that one's mind is able to contemplate for a moment." Lord Kitchener's state of mind on the eve of a battle was not the least like that of most generals, according to "A Staff Officer," who lends no color to the popular view of Lord Kitchener's bloodthirstiness. "I think he looked on a battle as a necessary but exceedingly vulgar and noisy brawl, and that the intellectual part of him always regretted when he could not strangle or starve the enemy out without a crude appeal to brute force. If he could have been induced to issue an order for the battle, it would have read somewhat as follows if it had come from his heart: 'Here you are, O troops! and there is your enemy. I have clothed you, fed you, cared for you, placed you in the most advantageous tactical and strategical position possible, so now please go and fight it out, and let me know when it is all over.' He knew his fighting generals and trusted them, and his trust was never misplaced; and if he is not the hawk-eyed battle-chief that Wellington was, he is this much the more, that he places his own men in positions where they cannot lose, and the enemy in positions where they cannot win. Can anyone ask for more?"

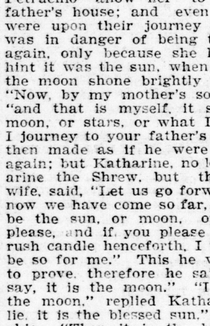
Lord Kitchener enjoyed some marvelous escapes in the Sudan; he never seems to have had much thought for his personal safety. "The Atbara was a stiff fight, and rather a dangerous fight to boot, for at one moment everybody who held a rifle, friend and foe alike, was firing towards every point of the compass. Into that hell Kitchener rode almost alone, and quite unarmed, holding up his hand to stop the firing, and offering pardon to the still living remnant of the vanquished, who rushed out from trench and hut to throw themselves and their arms at his feet, as though recognizing the master spirit, and seeking safety under his shadow. Yet there were some who did not hesitate to accuse him afterwards of every crime against humanity, and I recall that scene and wonder at the little wisdom and less justice of his worthless detractors." "A Staff Officer" records a curious instance of the manner in which the eternal feminine entered into Lord Kitchener's calculations. "When Mahmud marched to the Atbara Kitchener raised his camp and placed himself between Mahmud and the Nile, settled himself down twenty miles from his foe, and waited. No matter which line of advance the Dervishes selected, they were bound to be met, bound to be fought. But to most of us the one consuming dread through all these long days of waiting was that Mahmud should escape, up the Atbara or back across the desert the way he had come, for both roads were absolutely open to him. At last I mentioned our fears to the chief. "They dare not go back without fighting now,' he said; 'they dare not; they would never be able to face their women.' It was perfectly true and perfectly just." Lord Kitchener had not studied the Dervish at home for nothing.—Blackwood's Magazine.


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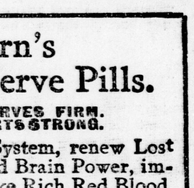


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There is a pigeon at Binfield, Berks, England, which is averred to be 27 years old.

# DOG CATCHING WITH AUTO

## Untagged Go to the Pound in Style in New York.

### Incidents of a Day With the Man Who Gathers in the Canines.

A small boy on a bicycle rode behind a dog catcher's motor wagon in Seventh avenue above the Park the other afternoon, says the New York Sun.

A dog followed the boy.

The dog was ochre colored. He was long-haired, but he had a moth-eaten look. Considered even as a plain, ordinary, everyday dog, he was a pretty hopeless-looking proposition.

But the dog was cheerful. So was the boy. There appeared to be a first-rate understanding between the two.

The boy rode about ten feet behind the dog catcher's motor wagon and somewhat to the left of it, so that he could keep his eye on the dog catcher, seated next to the motorman. The dog trotted along about five feet back of the boy.

"Wouldn't youse like t' git him, mister?" the boy called out to the dog catcher, who pretended to be paying no attention, but was nevertheless taking in the boy and the dog out of the tail of his eye. "Come on an' git him, mister," continued the boy, rather appealingly. "He won't bite youse. He's jes, a-waitin' f'r youse t' come an' git him."

This was pretty tantalizing, and the dog catcher gritted his teeth and looked sore.

"Dev'ry's th' easiest mutt youse ever see t' git, mister," the boy on the bike went on. "Annybody kin pick Dev'ry up an' run away wit' him. He's a sooner mutt—he'd sooner git picked up an' run away wit' than not. Aw, come on an' git him—I'm tired o' havin' him chasin' me aroun'."

The dog catcher stood the boy's taunts, while the motor wagon slowly covered three blocks. Then at One Hundred and Seventeenth street, he suddenly leaped from the wagon while it was still moving and bounded for the dog.

But he wasn't sudden enough. The boy executed a turn with his wheel that was as good in its way as a trick of a professional stunt rider, and put his weight on the pedals. The ochre-hued dog broke into a gallop and kept his distance of five feet behind the flying wheel. The dog catcher never got anywhere near the dog and in four seconds he was left half a block behind.

He stopped and shook his fist at the boy and swore voluminously. The boy on the wheel and his dog returned to their position behind the auto wagon as soon as the dog catcher resumed his seat.

The boy harried and harassed the dog catcher for about an hour, until the wagon had reached One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. Then the boy tired of the sport. So he fired a few parting shots at the dog catcher and rode back down the avenue, the dog galloping after the wheel and cheerfully taking its dust.

The dog catcher had been doing business all this time, and afterwards. It was a busy forenoon for him.

Upper Seventh avenue yields a harvest to the dog catcher every time the motor wagon covers that thoroughfare. It is said that there are more pet dogs owned along Seventh avenue above the Park than along any other thoroughfare in New York. And homeless and stray dogs are trekking up and down that avenue all the time.

While the small boy on the wheel was still hovering in the rear of the rather sinister-looking auto wagon, the dog catcher had made several captures. The first dog he nailed was a carefully combed and washed toy spaniel.

The little dog was sitting on the curb, in front of an apartment house, licking his chops and sunning himself. He didn't suspect the dog catcher when the latter strolled over to him and picked him up in his arms.

It was very simple. But he had barely picked the spaniel up before a fat woman seated at a window of one of the ground floor apartment gave a screech and came tearing into the street.

"Where are you going with my dog, you robber?" the fat woman yelled to the dog catcher.

"No tag on him, ma'am," said the dog catcher, "and I'm taking him up."

"You give me my dog this minute!" shouted the woman. "How dare you walk right into the vestibule of the house where I live and steal my dog?"

"Didn't do that ma'am," said the dog catcher, making a skillful sidestep as the woman tried to snatch the spaniel out of his arms. "Found him on the street, with no tag. Got to take him up. 'S the law. You can get him out by coming down to the foot of One Hundred and Second street and the East River and payin' the pound fees and takin' out a license on him."

"And fetch him back home with the mange and fleas, and I don't know what else?" panted the woman, excitedly. "I shall do no such thing. I demand my dog instantly, or I shall have you arrested. Anyhow, I have a tag for that dog."

"Well, I'll have to have a look at it, ma'am," said the dog catcher, as he opened the cage door and thrust the whimpering spaniel into the auto wagon.

The fat woman drew her skirts together and raced for her apartments. Inside of half a minute she raced out again and handed a brass tag to the dog catcher with an air of triumph, saying:

"Now, you give me back my dog, this instant!"

The dog catcher looked at the brass tag for half a second, and then handed it back to the fat woman with a grin.

"No good here, ma'am," he said.

"Why, I paid $2 for that tag in Cleveland only last June!" ejaculated the fat woman, angrily. "What's the reason it isn't good?"

"Cleveland ain't New York, ma'am," cheerfully explained the dog catcher, starting to climb back to his seat alongside the motorman. "Got to have a tag issued by this town, you know, ma'am. 'F you want him back, foot Hundred 'n' Second street 'n' East River—go on, Bill!" and the auto-driver put on the power and the wagon rumbled along, while the fat woman stood in the middle of the street, hysterically screaming that she would tell her husband all about the outrage the very minute he came home that evening, and that what her husband wouldn't do to that dog catcher when he got hold of him wouldn't be worth mentioning.

At One Hundred and Twenty-first street the dog catcher stepped down from the wagon and whistled persuasively to a fine-looking collie that was skylarking in front of a drug store. The collie—he wasn't much more than a pulp with his wisdom teeth still uncut—responded to the dog catcher's whistled summons.

In a jiffy the dog catcher had the trustful collie by the slack of the neck and the loose hide of the back, and chucked him into the cage. A small boy who had seen the performance raced into a house a few doors east of Seventh avenue, and when the auto wagon had stopped at the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-second street to enable the dog catcher to take a look around, a ponderous man with a heavy bass voice lumbered up breathlessly to the wagon.

"You viper, you!" bawled the ponderous man at the dog catcher. "You carrion! You scum of the earth! You turn that dog loose before I count five, or I'll break and smash and crunch every bone in your body, you—you—garbage."

"Can't do it, sir," replied the dog catcher, "No tag on the dog. Sorry. 'F you want to get him out, you——"

"Why, you infernal zero multiplied by a naught with the rim torn off," howled the huge man with the deep bass voice, "that dog doesn't belong in New York at all! That dog wouldn't be found dead in New York if he could help himself. He's only here on a visit.

"My brother shipped him down here from Hartford only day before yesterday, and he's going back to Hartford some day next week. That dog's been ashamed of himself every minute that he'd spent in New York, and I don't blame him, when such ruffians, such brazen thieving curmudgeons, such—say, look-a-here, are you going to turn that dog loose, or have I got to macerate you first?"

"'F you want to get him out, foot Hundred 'n' Second street 'n' East River—send her along there, Bill," dryly remarked the dog catcher, and the driver of the auto wagon did send her along at a good swift clip.

The ponderous man ran alongside the wagon, shouting and shaking his fist at the dog catcher, for about half a block, and then he had to pass it up, not being built for the sprints.

At the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street the dog catcher, from his seat, espied a fine but untagged Dalmatian hound, with all of the beautiful polka-dot markings of the carriage-dog, sedately following a very small colored boy. The dog catcher slid off his seat and tiptoed up behind the dog. It required a pretty passable gum-shoe artist to tiptoe behind a dog without the dog becoming alarmed, but that sort of work is part of the dog catcher's job. The Dalmatian hound was caged almost before he had time to wriggle in the dog catcher's arms.

The colored custodian of the fine captured dog began to weep dolorously.

"Ah'll dun git killed w'en Ah gits home, mistuh," he explained miserably to the dog catcher. "Mah brothuh he own de dog, an' he dun sent me out tuh walk him, an' he all'll bust mah haid wide open ef Ah goes back without de dog, mistuh."

"Your brother, hey" said the dog catcher, in a tone of sarcastic incredulity. "Where did your brother pick up that dog?"

"He all didn't pick de dog up nowheah," responded the black boy, a note of indignation mixed with his grief. "He allus had de dog—I'um a pup."

A strapping fireman in uniform had crossed the street. The fireman got a good clutch on the collar of the black boy.

"Your brother raised him from a pup, did he?" said the fireman, giving the black boy a joggle that made his teeth click together. "You mean to say that he swiped him down on One Hundred and Sixteenth street about ten days ago, you black imp!" and he gave the black kid another twisting from side to side. "What did he do with the collar and tag that belong to that dog?"

"'Deed Ah don't know nuthin' 'bout no tag, suh! 'deed Ah——"

Just at this instant the black boy contrived to wriggle himself free from the fireman's clutch, and he raced down Seventh avenue with the speed of the wind.

"That dog belong to a feller in my outfit," explained the fireman to the dog catcher, "and he hasn't had no sleep since, thinkin' about the mutt. We all thought some coon must ha' pinched him. He had a collar and tag all right when he was grabbed out. We've got him trained and he's a fire dog right. Better let me take him along—Jim'll be tickled looney when he sees him."

"All right, chum," said the dog catcher in a low tone to the fireman, "but you needn't mention how you got him back, see?" and he screwed up his left eye, a performance which was immediately imitated by the fireman.

Then the spotted hound was turned loose with some difficulty, on account of the anxiety of all the other captured dogs to regain their freedom at the same time. They all apparently imagined that they, too, had been reprieved or redeemed, and they crowded to the door of the cage when the dog catcher started to open it, and pressed their pitiful noses against the iron netting. They all gazed enviously after the Dalmatian hound when the spotted dog bounded joyously after the fireman.

Standing in front of a saloon on a corner above One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street was a squat, bow-legged man, with a small plaid cap pulled down over his left eye. At his feet crouched a squat, bow-legged bulldog. The resemblance between the man and the dog was sufficiently strong to strike even the most casual observer.

All untagged dogs, however, look alike to the dog catcher—up to a certain point. This bulldog was untagged.

The dog catcher approached the man and the dog. The man never changed his position. He didn't even turn his head to look at the dog catcher. But he grinned.

"You ain't got no tag on that dog, pal," remarked the dog catcher to the squat, bow-legged man.

The dog catcher was only sparring for time. He wanted to study that squat, bow-legged bulldog a bit before reaching for him.

"Naw, an' I ain't wearin' no medals meself," replied the squat, bow-legged man, still grinning. He didn't turn his head to look at the dog catcher.

"Well, I'll have to give you an imitation of a dog gittin' pinched, beau," remarked the dog catcher, not, however, in a tone of any very great confidence.

"G'wan an' take him then, Algie," remarked the squat, bow-legged man, never turning his head, but still grinning.

The dog catcher made a few of his most encouraging, not to say bamboozling, speeches to the bulldog as he leaned over, preparatory to putting his scientific neck-and-back clutch into effect. When the squat, bow-legged bulldog snapped—as he did the instant the dog catcher tried to bend close to him—his jaws came together within just about half an inch of the dog catcher's hand.

The dog catcher was pretty quick in getting the hand out of range. He needed to be. He stood up straight and looked up the avenue reflectively, while the bulldog, gazing at his legs, snarled viciously. The dog catcher began to whistle a merry tune and backed away from the dog.

"I guess," he remarked, as he moved off toward the auto-wagon, "that I ain't lost no bulldog that I need to find today." And he climed on board the wagon.

The squat, bow-legged man gave the squat, bow-legged bulldog an affectionate kick. The bulldog looked delighted and licked his master's shoe.

"Look uh-heah, man," inquired a black laborer in blue dungarees, whose yallery dog the dog catcher corralled up near the corner of One Hundred and Forty-fourth street, "how much do it set me back tuh git this heah mutt free?"

"Five dollars," said the dog catcher. "Two for license and three for pound fees."

"Five dolluhs!" exclaimed the black man, amazed. Then a slow grin spread over his face. "Yo' all kin have him—five dolluhs!"

### *Canon's Risque Jest.*

A certain canon was recently asked by a lady of his acquaintance to address the young women of a society in which she was interested. She was an ardent abstainer, and often had had discussions with the canon on the subject of total abstinence. On this occasion, however, she requested him to talk to her girls against the love of dress, which, she said, was causing the ruin of many a promising young woman of the present day—in fact, it was fast becoming a curse. The canon promised to address them on the desired subject. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he alded, "And shall it be moderation or total abstinence?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

### *Handwriting Disguises.*

"Here is a truth," said a handwriting expert, "that is as widespread as the ether: A disguised hand always tries to be poorer than the real hand. That axiom is a great help to us experts. For instance, when a letter done in a disguised hand is brought to us we always know that the writer of the letter is in a higher station than the hand would lead us to infer, and hence, in our detective work, we are able to save much valuable time by eliminating all persons socially below the appearance of the letter, and concentrating our attention on those only who are above it. Vanity, I fancy, is at the base of the fact that when we disguise our hand we do it for the worse. We are, when we disguise, we confine ourselves that we can hardly imagine any part of us—even our handwriting—as being made better than it is. Hence, when we disguise our, we confine ourselves to lowering our type, for we don't believe that there is anything higher for us to choose from. Therefore, in looking for the author of a disguised hand, be sure you will find him on a higher social plane than the writing would appear to indicate.

### *Ahead of Lorenz.*

"I cannot understand all this Lorenz fuss and flutter," a Scotchman said to me yesterday at the Holland House. "Why, this thing is as old as the hills. My friend, Professor Macewen, now Sir William Macewen, of Glasgow, made rickety bones straight is a die by the thousand 20 years ago, and for this, along with his finding out that fits often arise from a tumor on the brain, he was made president of the British Association, in one sense the highest honor in the land. I remember he opened 21 skulls, took out the tumor in them and cured eighteen of the sufferers of epilepsy."—New York Press.

# CAMPAIGNING WITH A CIRCUS

The selection of Charleston as the capital of West Virginia and the political career of two of that state's prominent men were made through the influence of a one-ring circus.

When the Mountain State was separated from Old Virginia State, Wheeling, the largest town west of the mountains, was chosen by the people as the capital. No sooner had it been done, however, until removal to a more central town was agitated.

Charleston, Wheeling, Clarksburg, and Buckhannon pressed their claims as the most desirable location for the seat of government. Wheeling impressed upon the people of the state its size. Charleston residents insisted that town was within reach of more voters than any other. Clarksburg endeavored to convince the people she was better situated. Buckhannon pleaded its religious surroundings.

The location became an issue in the state election of 1869. Every candidate was made to name his preference before he was considered as the proper person to send to the legislature. It was agreed the selection should be left to that body. Wheeling felt sure of victory, for surely the northern, as well as a part of the southern, districts would send men to the legislature favorable to that city.

Then, as now, Charleston had the brainiest politicians in the state, and they united in the contest to win the capital. If the voters in the lower end of the state could be induced to go to the polls the managers felt sure of victory. The voters must be interested. Speakers must be sent through that end of the state urging the voters to go to the polls and vote for men favorable to Charleston.

Who would do this? That very spring there arrived in Charleston a beardless young lawyer. He suspended in the breeze a sign bearing the words, "Romeo H. Freer, Lawyer." Across the hall in the little building set aside for offices hung another sign, reading, "John E. McKenna, Lawyer." Both had just been admitted to the bar. They had but little practice, and in idle moments soon formed a strong friendship. Both became interested in the capital fight, and were induced to make a speaking campaign throughout the state.

TOURING WITH A CIRCUS.

Freer and McKenna were about to start on their long tour when a postman brought word to Charleston a circus was to tour that end of West Virginia and would visit the town. Old men as well as youngsters of the place were carried away with delight. An idea came to Freer. Why not travel with the circus and make speeches to the big crowds in attendance?

He suggested the matter to McKenna and both were determined to do their best to secure a privilege of speaking in the towns visited by the circus. The committee in charge of their campaign was consulted and they were more ambitious. Why not speak in the tent to the crowds while they were seated?"

A messenger was dispatched to Cincinnati and the owner of the circus consulted. An agrement was made without delay. For $1,000 in cash Freer and McKenna were allowed the privilege of addressing the crowds at each afternoon performance for a period of three weeks. A further agreement made by the circus provided the animals should not be fed until after the speaking was over. The animals of the big show consisted of an elephant, two lions, a tiger, some rare birds, a box of snakes and a cage of monkeys.

Freer and McKenna joined the circus which traveled in wagons, at Huntington. Posters announced the coming of circus and speakers were posted on every log cabin and barn in the lower end of the state. Sleeping quarters were provided the two young lawyers under a pile of canvas in the band wagon. The first day's circus was a success. Likewise the speeches.

ENTHUSIASM DEVELOPED.

People came for miles to see the show and traveled farther to hear the young orators and see the animals fed after the speaking. Loudly the two barristers proclaimed the advantages of Charleston as the proper capital location. The voters became enthused, and each succeeding day drew bigger crowds as the big show traveled through the country.

All went well until the aggregation reached Boone County. Neither of the lawyers thought of rain or its consequences to the circus business. The wagons had been loaded at Logan court house, and the trip to Madison, Boone County, commenced. It is a rough and mountainous country, with roads of bright red clay.

The Logan people were left, filled with enthusiasm for Charleston's selection as for the capital site. Freer and McKenna, worn out with much speaking and handshaking, had retired to their bunk in the bottom of the circus band wagon. The four big horses attached to the heavy vehicle were slowly plodding along the road. Clouds appeared in the sky. Distant thunder was heard. Shortly after rain came down in torrents.

The road grew heavy and the wagon wheels sank into the mud. Harder the horses pulled and louder the driver swore. The animals slipped; then regaining their feet made frantic efforts to keep the wagon moving. They slipped again, and the wheels of the ponderous wagon sank to the hubs in the red mud. The terrific swearing of the driver awoke Freer and McKenna. Cautiously they pushed their heads from under the canvas and saw the outfit was stuck in the mud.

"Get out, dudes, and push," yelled the driver to the young lawyers, "for we're stuck tight. Get out! Hurry up!" Reluctantly the young attorneys climbed out of the wagon and stood in the mud up to their boot-tops. Freer looked for a moment at his only suit and McKenna sighed as he anticipated his appearance after walking about in the mire.

PUSHING THE WAGON.

Both placed their shoulders to the rear of the wagon. The driver whipped the animals, and with a "grand move altogether," the wagon was released from its fastening in the mud. "Stick to it, boys," pelled the driver, "or we will be stuck again." The hill before them was a long one, and steep. Bravely, however, the two orators, as they chose to call themselves, stuck to their task until the top of the hill was reached.

The splashing of mud by the horses' feet and the slinging of mire by the wagon wheels served to completely plaster the young men. Their clothes were ruined. But why need they care? Two hours later the little circus arrived at Madison, and the biggest crowd of the trip was on hand to greet them. Having no toilet articles the young lawyers addressed their audience in their mud-spotted clothes. Persistently they pressed the claims of Charleston and urged the voters to go to the polls on election day.

Everywhere the aggregation was received with immense crowds. The people met the orators and learned to esteem them. The trip was completed, and the speakers returned to Charleston with victory resting on them. The election came and Charleston won. The legislature convened and immediately voted to move the capital from Wheeling. It was done in 1870.

The campaign served to make the two young men acquainted throughout the state and both entered the political arena. Freer was a Republican and McKenna a Democrat of the Virginia type. At that time the state was Democratic. McKenna was named for United States Senator and was elected unanimously. He served his state well and today there stands in the Hall of Fame in the capitol at Washington a statue of West Virginia's most famous orator.

Freer became a leader in the Republican party. After the state became Republican he was elected to the bench, then went to Congress. Two years ago he was nominated for governor, but he declined. Rather than not have his name, on the ticket, the convention, against his protest, nominated him for attorney-general. He was elected, and is now considered a United States senatorial possibility.—H. F. Kyle, in the Pittsburg Dispatch.

# VENEZUELA AND ITS PEOPLE

It is significant that the capital, Caracas, eight miles from La Guaira as the bird flies, occupies the crater of an old volcano. The people are as eruptive as the land they inhabit. With the racial egotism goes self-assertiveness easily excited, easily allayed. The Venezuelan is just now "blowing his head off"—or rather, having it done for him. Occupation has been found for the crowds of idle men and boys who loaf in Caracas streets, always well dressed, well groomed and with no visible susceptibility toward a job. A gay place Caracas is, a miniature Paris, though Parisians make wry faces at it—a town of which Richard Harding Davis has told to the world his love. A town it is where everybody wears diamonds, even if the shirt is ragged; where champagne is used "to put out fires" and "bank notes to kindle them"; where debtors are far wiser than their creditors.

CURIOUS IDEAS OF HONESTY.

It is contrary to Venezuelan character to pay a bill which he can repudiate tomorrow. Present a claim for a small amount to a Caracas citizen and he will engage a high-priced lawyer to discover a loophole in your contract. Of course, the lawyer's bill is never settled, either. Yet, these Venezuelans pride themselves upon their scrupulous honesty. You may leave a bag of nuggets in the streets of Caracas and nobody will disturb it—unless you lay claim to it (or some other foreigner does). Sneak thieves, according to our former minister, Mr. F. B. Loomis, one almost never encounters anywhere in the country. Thieving is low, dishonest, unworthy a proud descendant of grandees; but cheating—ah, that is otherwise! that is a game.

TOWN AND COUNTRY FOLKS.

The people are singularly alive to the dramatic, the artistic. The towns teem with versifiers who fill half the columns of provincial newspapers with classical effusions. Painters there are, too, strong men in landscape and religious art. Grand opera from Europe draws immense audiences; and by night, when nothing is on at the opera house, ladies of high standing organize little street dances with guitar music. A gay, thoughtless population it is.

This, of course, is the urban Venezuelan. In the hinterland the great mass of population lives without working, too easily, fed by bountiful nature. Most of them have more or less Indian blood; in some districts pure Indians may still be found. The aborigines are simple-minded folk, whose needs do not make them good buyers of textiles, since a blue loin-cloth ordinarily serves for the whole rig.

A RICH BUT UNDEVELOPED LAND

The Spanish-speaking population has been in Venezuela a long time—in fact, about four hundred years—long enough to have built up a great empire. But Burke's aphorism, regarding "little minds and great empires," holds good to an eminent degree of Venezuela. Not means but men have been wanting. The country has extent sufficient for an empire. It counts nearly 600,000 square miles—more than France, Holland and Germany combined. It is ten times the size of New York State. And in variety of soil and climate it has marked advantages. Of the 23 states every one is said to contain mountains. Back from the coast the mountain range crops away to the broad llanos of the Orinoco, a plain of incredible richness. The land of Venezuela, taken as a whole, may be classed as either agricultural, pastoral or sylvan, each division showing almost boundless and untouched possibilities. In the fertile mountain valleys grows every crop known to man. Vast forests of mahogany and cedar have scarcely been disturbed. The mineral wealth has long since excited the cupidity of the Briton, giving rise to the boundary dispute of a few years ago. The gold diggings in Yaruarri yielded 43,215 ounces in 1899. Silver is abundant in Bermudez, Yara and Les Anidos. Sulphur, coal, asphalt, lead, kaolin and tin are found. Great iron mines have been opened by an American company at Imatica, on the Lower Orinoco. The pearl fisheries at the Island of Margarita employ four hundred boats, and still show no signs of exhaustion. The grazing country now supports ten million head of cattle and could easily support more.

Of all these treasures the Venezuelans have proved unfaithful stewards. They have had wealth which they could not use from mere incapacity to secure and husband it. The country stands in no better condition today than under Spanish rule before 1811. Large tracts of territory remain unexplored. Not only have the roads not been built, but no advantage has been taken of the ten thousands miles of navigable waterways. With a long coast and twenty harbors no considerable merchant marine has ever been launched.

THE BANE OF HIGH PRICES.

In all that concerns the necessities of life the Venezuelans have shown themselves exceedingly lax. Prices in all the cities run higher than anywhere else in the world outside of mining camps. The only cheap thing in Caracas is the violet; you can buy an armful for 20 cents. American sugar costs 30 cents a pound, flour $12 a sack, eggs 50 cents a dozen, butter 75 cents a pound, coal $24 a ton.

Everything else corresponds. No efficient street car service in the cities; hence one must take a cab. Charges on the railroads are extraordinary. First-class passengers pay from 8 to 10 cents, second-class from 5 to 7 cents per mile. Merchants groan constantly regarding freight charges. It costs more to get a ton of coffee to the ship's side from a town ten or fifteen miles back than to send it to England. It is less expensive to ship freight from Chicago to New York than from Caracas to La Guaira, 60 miles by rail.

The freight rate on the German Central Railroad—the source of present difficulties—is 30 cents a ton per mile, as against 1 cent a ton per mile on many American roads. No manufacturing industries have been developed anywhere in the country. Even in the coarse sacking in which agricultural products are wrapped has to be imported. In such conditions commerce naturally languishes. The 530 miles of railroad belong altogether to the foreigner.

The President is inaugurated on the 4th of March and lives in a "Yellow House." He enjoys the same length of term as the President of the United States — when he has the luck. The chief difference appears to be that the office of ex-president is more lucrative for the Venezuelan than for the Yankee. The typical Venezuela "former" president lives in Paris upon an income derived from $20,000,000. Where did he get it? That is the mystery surrounding every apparently opulent native of Castro's country.

A curious example of the reward of excessive virtue is the case of certain British pickle manufacturers who have been making their pint bottles hold a little more than a pint, to be on the safe side of the British law. When these pint bottles arrived at Canada they found that there was a law in operation which provides that any package measuring more than a pint must pay duty as a quart!

Sierra Leone is to be a British coaling station, and it is intended permanently to attach a gunboat and a cruiser to it. The fortress at Sierra Leone has for some time past been strengthened by the erection of some of the most modern guns of heavy caliber.


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BLOOD DISEASE CURED.

If you ever contracted any Blood or Private Disease, you are never safe until the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. Don't be satisfied with a "patch up" by some family doctor. Our New Method is Guaranteed to Cure or No Pay. No Names Used without Written consent.



Cured When all Else Failed

"Could I live my early life over, this testimonial would not be necessary, though I was no more sinful than thousands of other young men. Early indiscretions, later excesses, exposure to contagious diseases all helped to break down my system. When I commenced to realize my condition I was almost frantic. Doctor after doctor treated me but only gave me relief—not a cure. Hot Springs helped me, but did not cure me. The symptoms always returned. Mercury and Potash drove the poison into my system instead of driving it out. I bless the day your New Method Treatment was recommended to me. I investigated who you were first, and finding you had over 25 years' experience and responsible financially, I gave you my case under a guarantee. You cured me permanently, and in six years there has not been a sore, pain, ulcer or any other symptom of the blood disease."

M. A. CONLEY.

25 Years in Detroit. 250,000 Cured.

We treat and cure Varicocele, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Stricture, Impotency, Secret Drains, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

Consultation Free. Question Blank for Home Treatment and Books Free.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN,

148 SHELBY STREET. DETROIT, MICH.

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# Wanted--A Name For a New Range.

We are now completing a brand new kitchen range—one that will be entirely different from any other range ever made.

Every feature in its construction has been criticised and tested by a staff of the best stove experts and pattern-makers on the continent.

It is the result of over half a century of stove-building, and will simply bristle with labor-saving, time and fuel-saving devices.

We want an appropriate name for this range and have decided to leave the choice to the ladies of Canada, to whom we will give SIX prizes for the six best names offered.

## PRIZES---SIX.

1.--For the name adopted—one of the new ranges, complete with coal and wood linings, nickel trimmings, reservoir and high closet—value $50.

2.—$25 worth of goods—our manufacture—Tin and Enamel Ware or Stove as desired by the winner.

3.—$15 worth of goods. 5.—$7 worth of goods.

4.—$10 worth of goods. 6.—$5 worth of goods.

## THE NAME.

If one word, it should contain not more than eight letters and if two words, not more than twelve.

## THE AWARD

will be made the 17th day of January, 1903, and will be decided by a committee of the directors of our Company.

The names of the six winners will be published in this paper during the third week in January.

Address communications to Advertising Department.

**The McClary Mfg. Co.,**

**London, Ontario, Canada.**



HANDSOME WATCH FREE



A Solid Gold Ladies' or Gent's Watch costs from $25 to $50. Don't throw your Money away. If you want a WATCH send with us at once, and agree to sell only 12 boxes of our Famous Vegetable New Life Pills at 25c. a box. A grand remedy and cure for all impure and weak conditions of the blood, Indigestion, stomach trouble, constipation, weakness, nervous disorders, rheumatism and female troubles. A grand tonic and life builder. These are our regular 50c. size, they are easy to sell, as each customer who buys a box of pills from you, receives a Prize Ticket, which entitles them to a fine piece of silverware. Don't miss the chance of your life. Send us your order and we will send the 12 boxes and Prize Tickets by mail, postpaid, when sold you send us the money ($2.50) and we will send you the Watch with a

A GUARANTEE FOR 20 YEARS

the same day money is received. We are giving away these watches to quickly introduce our remedy and when you receive the watch, we ask you to please show it to your friends. Hundreds have received watches from us and are more than delighted with them. This is a glorious opportunity to get a fine Watch without paying a cent for it, and you should write at once.

Address Plainly: THE NEW LIFE REMEDY CO., Dept. 334 Toronto, Ont.



# EXCRUCIATING LUMBAGO PERMANENTLY CURED.

**A severe case which proves the power of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets to cure so that you stay cured.**



There are very few people in Havelock, Ont., or vicinity, who do not know Mr. William Reynolds, the popular C. P. R. brakesman, whose picture appears here.

About two years ago he was laid up with a severe attack of lumbago, which caused him excruciating pain, so that to stoop over or turn in bed was agony.

He heard of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets being a splendid remedy for such complaints as his. He took the Tablets and they cured him. Since then Mr. Reynolds has had no return of his old trouble, and has recommended Dr. Pitcher's Tablets to many men on the road, such as firemen, engineers, conductors and fellow brakesmen, all of whom, from the nature of their occupation, are liable to bad backs and kidney trouble, and, in every instance, the Tablets have proved effectual.

STATEMENT MAY 31st, 1900.

This is what Mr. William Reynolds had to say about Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets on May 31st, 1900, just after he was cured:

"I had lumbago so bad when I got Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets from A. C. Denike, the druggist, that I could hardly move. It was most painful to turn in bed. There was a dull nagging aching in the small of my back continually, and to stoop or assume an upright position after sitting was extremely painful. This was not the only time I suffered that way; my case was becoming chronic, and the remedies that formerly gave me relief did not help me now in the least. I found, though, that as soon as I started taking Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, they helped me at once. They have removed the whole trouble. I have neither pain nor lameness now. I cannot say too much for them, and I heartily recommend them."

(Signed) WM. REYNOLDS.

STATEMENT MARCH 29th, 1902.

When our representative called on Mr. Reynolds, recently, he did not hesitate to speak in the highest terms of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, and the permanent cure they had made in his case. Said he: "I have never had any return of that lumbago and kidney trouble which attacked me so severely in the spring of 1900. Dr. Pitcher's Kidney Tablets made a complete and thorough cure then, and I have never been bothered since."

ENDORSATION OF A. C. DENIKE, DRUGGIST.

Mr. A. C. Denike, Phm. B., the well known druggist and optician of Havelock, who sold Mr. Reynolds the Tablets, writes:

"I am acquainted with Mr. Wm. Reynolds, brakesman on the C. P. R., and know that about two years ago he suffered greatly from lumbago and kidney trouble. He purchased Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets from me, and claims that they were the means of curing him, and I believe this to be the case. I understand from him that since Dr. Pitcher's Tablets cured him he has had no return of the trouble."

(Signed) A. C. DENIKE.

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50c. a bottle or 3 for $1.25, at all druggists or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.



**The Kidneys and Liver**

Any interference with the proper performance of the functions of these most important organs should never be slighted. If it be, serious consequences are sure to follow.

**IRON-OX TABLETS**

ARE AN INVALUABLE CORRECTIVE

*Price, 25 Cents*



| | |
|---|---|
| **Your Experience** | Ought to help you. Always bear in mind the necessity of specifying that it is |
| Surely you don't need to be reminded that it is only wisdom to trust the goods which have not failed you in the past. "Pan Dried" kind can be relied on. | **Tillson's Pan Dried** You want always and no other will do. THE TILLSON CO'Y, LIMITED. |

4 P.M. EDITION

# London Advertiser

SIXTEEN PAGES

40TH YEAR, NO. 387. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902. WHOLE NO. 16778.

# BETWEEN TWENTY-FIVE AND THIRTY KILLED AND MORE THAN FORTY PEOPLE TERRIBLY INJURED

## Horrifying Catastrophe Occurred at 10:10 O'Clock Last Night on the Grand Trunk at Wanstead, 42 Miles From London---Pacific Express Crashes Into a Freight---Coaches Telescope and Scores of People Are Crushed Beneath the Splintered Cars---Londoners Were Among the Ill-Fated Number That Were Killed---Men, Women and Children Pinned Down, Crushed and Horribly Mangled---Dead and Wounded Were Brought to This City.

***THE DEAD.***

The list of dead, so far as known, comprises:

NICHOLAS JEFFERY, drug traveler, at W. E. Saunders & Co., 367 Central avenue.

MISS GEDDES, of Sarnia, niece of Dr. Belton, of this city.

MRS. J. B. BARNES, of Woodstock.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, lumberman, Watford.

ENGINEER GILLIES, of freight train, of Sarnia.

FIREMAN RICKETTS, of Sarnia, still pinned under wreck.

O. B. BURWELL, of Sarnia, who had been attending the funeral of his brother Beverley Burwell, in this city.

WILSON MORTON, of Chicago.

MRS. TROTTER, of Petrolea.

MR. A. STEWART, of Petrolea, identified by his brother-in-law, W. A. Wilson, of London.

F. S. FREEMAN, of Oil Springs or Hensal.

J. H. BROCK, Brucefield.

DR. PENWARDEN, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CLEMENT BODLEY, Port Huron.

EDWARD DE BEAU, Prescott—Died at hospital.

MRS. (DR.) PENWARDEN, of Grand Rapids, Mich.—Identified by Dr. Kippen, London.

A. CAMERON, oil man, Petrolea — Identified by George A. McGillivray.

MISS LOTTIE LYNCH, Port Huron —Died at hospital.

MRS. A. STEWART, of Petrolea.

GEORGE BURKHOLDER, Sarnia.

GUY DE PENSIER, La Crosse, Wis.

MRS. J. M. STEWART, Oshkosh,

***INJURED NOW AT VICTORIA HOSPITAL.***

A. M. STEWART, Wingham—Slight cuts on face. Going home.

ROBERT JACKSON, Petrolea — Same.

W. M. MOORE, Sarnia—Fracture arm, injury to chest, cuts on face and head.

FRANK E. BAKER, Ridout street, London—Dislocated shoulder, lacerated face and leg.

THOMAS COOTE, Chicago—Born in London, sister Mrs. Bramer, near Mount Pleasant Cemetery—Hip injured.

JAMES A. RAMPLIN, 61 Andia street, Toronto—Bruised and badly shaken.

L. STEWART, 10 years old, Oshkosh, Wisconsin—Fractured hip.

HOBART STEWART, 6 years old, Oshkosh, Wisconsin—Fractured arm and collar bone.

JONATHAN JAMES CUTHBERTSON, Port Huron—Fractured jaw, fractured knee pan, bruises, lacerated wounds on face.

JOHN BIRD, Canal street, Chicago—Fractured arm, injured back, scalp wounds, lacerations.

J. A. LAMONT, Wyoming—Fractured leg, lacerations.

JAMES NORTHEY, Youngs Point, Peterboro County—Lacerated wounds on face, head and shoulder.

RUSSELL QUINN, Chicago, was visiting brother at Oakville, Ont.—Bruises on both hands, scalp wounds, in a state of shock.

JAMES BARNES, Woodstock — Injured leg and hip.

DR. BASIL HARVEY, Chicago University, mother lives at Watford — Lacerated wounds on head, and bruises.

MRS. J. J. CUTHBERTSON, Port Huron—Wounds head and face.

LOTTIE LYNCH, Port Huron—Internally injured, shock bad. Likely to die.

MRS. THOMAS COOTE, Chicago — Bruises.

MRS. SAMUEL CUMMINGS, Port Huron—Cuts on head and face.

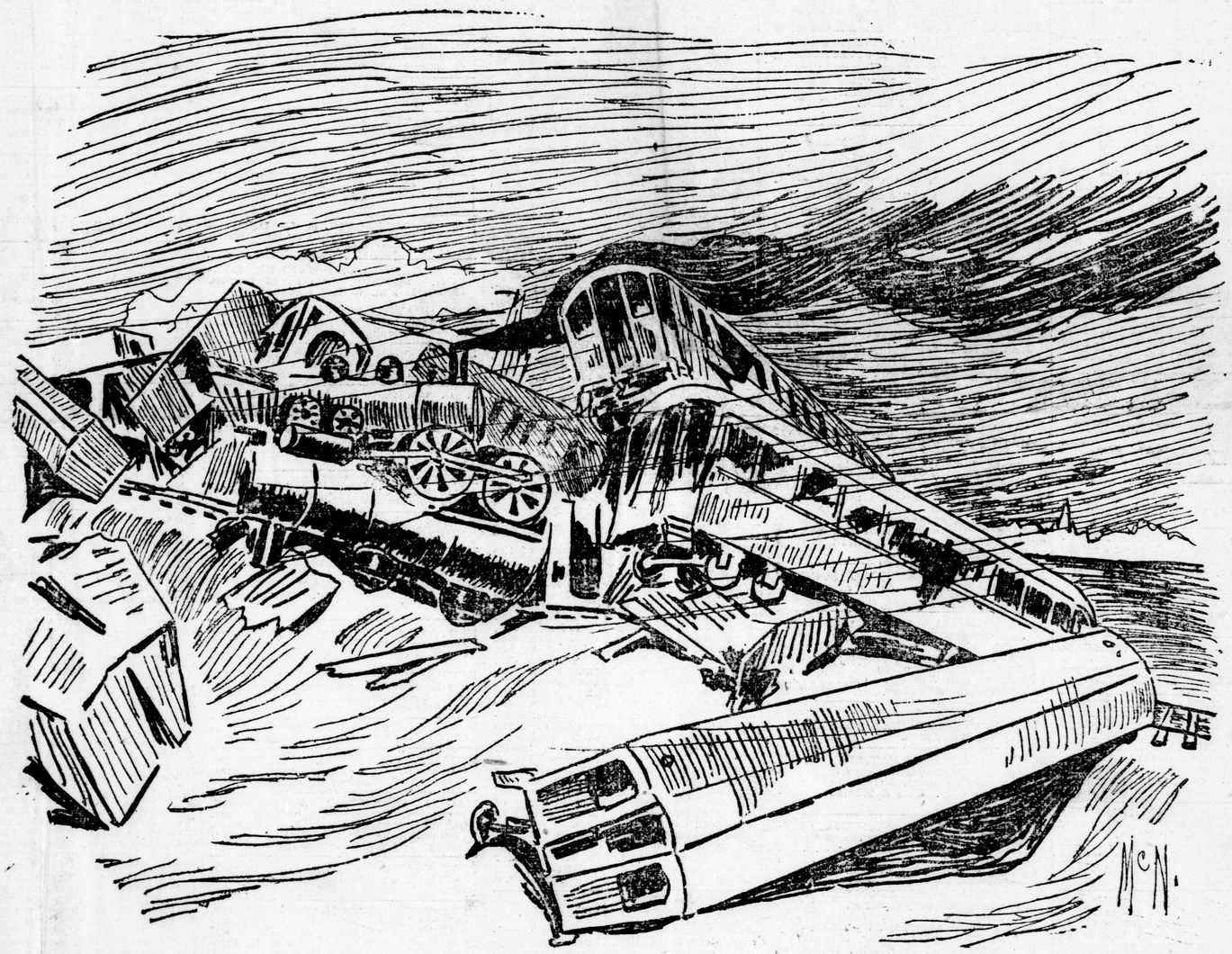
Wisconsin—Fractured jaw and lacerations. Badly injured.

MRS. HATTIE NORTHEY, Youngs Point, Ont.—Bruises.

FLOSSIE CUTHBERTSON, Port Huron—Bruises.

MAMIE MORSE, Sarnia—Leg fractured near ankle.

ALEX CAMERON, oil man, Petrolea —Identified by G. A. McGillivray, London.



Scene at the Wanstead Wreck—Drawn From Descriptions of Eye-Witnesses.

London learned with deepest horror last night and this morning that by an appalling catastrophe on the Grand Trunk Railway at Wanstead last night nearly thirty people were killed in the most horrible manner, and a score more than that were cruelly injured, numbers of them fatally.

The disaster was one of the awfullest in extent that has ever occurred in Canada. The Pacific express, a magnificent through train of seven cars from Niagara Falls to Chicago, swept headlong at its full terrific speed of 50 miles an hour, upon an east-bound freight, which was just about to switch upon a siding at Wanstead.

The terrific impact hurled the great engines far wide of the tracks, leaving room for the passenger coaches to "telescope" upon each other. It was this act that caused the terrible number of fatalities, and swelled the lists of the injured.

Both the engines were extra heavy. The formation of the express was such as to aid greatly in the telescoping process, which ground many to death and maimed others. Immediately with the crushing together of the two mighty locomotives, the heavy Pullman cars at the rear end of the train were impelled forward with terrific force, jamming upon the cars nearer the engine and crunching them to pieces. The poor unfortunates in them were crushed by great timbers and steel and lacerated horribly by wrenching pieces of debris.

As quick as the mind could act after the disaster had occurred, the Grand Trunk officials were moving every force at their command to bring relief. Very quickly after the collision the duty train stationed at this city was on its way to the wreck, carrying all the doctors that could be gathered together on short notice. The quickest work that was possible could not bring the longed-for assistance before several had succumbed to the heart-breaking injuries that they had received. It was 4:40 o'clock before the first train, carrying a load of poor agonized bodies arrived at the city. The G. T. R. authorities had been constantly in connection all along the line, and Chief Dispatcher Goodwin, of the local offices, had made every preparation for the reception of the trainload of injured. He had advised the hospital authorities, who in turn provided a corps of doctors, plenty of cabs and vehicles of all kinds, and placed the whole machinery of the hospital in proper running order for this great and heart-rending emergency. Mr. Goodwin made arrangements with Mr. Young, local agent of the L. E. and D. R. R. train to run the train with the wounded on to the latter's tracks, and so it was brought to within a block or two of the hospital.

In the meantime, however, the suffering ones were being cared for kindly and skillfully. Drs. Drake, Moore, John Wilson, Niven and Hugh and W. J. Stevenson were on the auxiliary that went out from here before midnight. As well as they could, and as quickly, they attended to the injuries of the sufferers, and prepared them for the painful journey from Wanstead to London, a distance of 42 miles. Cruel laceration were patched together with cotton and plaster, and as carefully as possible under such unfortunate circumstances, the patients were arranged in the cars, and when all were in the tedious and racking journey back to the city began.

A small knot of men who knew about the accident was gathered at the Grand Trunk station waiting for this train to come in. When it arrived it stopped only for a few minutes and allowed a number of uninjured passengers and others slightly injured to alight. These at the station then boarded it, and it proceeded to where South street intersects the London and Port Stanley tracks. Dozens of vehicles of all descriptions were there, more than enough to take the wounded to the hospital.

The interiors of the cars were temporary hospitals. From the berths came the sounds of feeble moans and stifled sobs. It was heartrending. Faces covered with dirt and clotted blood were torn so that they did not look human. Great bandages covered heads and faces, and only the low, weak cries of the poor agonized bodies told that it was men and women and little ones lying there.

When the train stopped near the hospital kind and strong arms lifted them and carried them from the stuffy cars to the fresh, bracing air and placed them in the cabs and open sleighs awaiting there. All the doctors helped manfully at this work. Great praise is due to Mr. Gilbert Pritchard, of South London, who did two men's work carrying the unfortunate injured ones out of the cars.

Mr. Heard and Miss Mayou had everything in machine-like order at the hospital awaiting the coming of the train. The whole hospital staff was on hand, nurses, doctors and all assistants. The injured were quickly placed in wards, which soon were nearly filled. Medical attendance for all the emergent cases was immediately supplied, and for the less critical cases the nurses did all that was possible. The worst case taken to the hospital was that of Edward Boyce, of Prescott, who sustained severe internal injuries. The doctors attempted ineffectually to restore him to consciousness, but notwithstanding the best that could be done for him, he died shortly after arriving at the hospital. Miss Lottie Lynch, of Port Huron also was terribly injured, as was Mrs J. N. Stewart, of Oshkosh, Wis., both of whom were in a more dangerous state than the other women in the hospital.

Some of the patients there were not very severely injured, and were able to speak of their experiences. They did not attempt to give any description of what happened. Numbers of the passengers had settled down to sleep when, with a terrible crash, followed by great grinding and bewildering commotion, they were hurled from their berths or pinned like rats beneath the demolished cars.

Among those on the fated train who escaped injury were Mr. A. C. Clark, manager of the Lambton Loan Company, of Sarnia, together with his wife and daughters. Talking to an Advertiser reporter, Mr. Clark made the following statement:

"We were in car No. 2022, the third car on the train. Ahead of us was the baggage van, and another passenger coach. I should judge we were going at about 40 or 50 miles an hour. It was as near 10 o'clock as you could tell when the accident occurred, and we were just a few miles west of Wanstead. To be exact, we were just 3½ miles from Wyoming and half a mile from Wanstead. Suddenly there was a terrific crash and we were all thrown forward to the seats in front. Of the cause of the accident, I am unable to say anything definitely, but I understand that it was owing to a freight that was getting on to an already open siding, moving too slowly. The freight was going at about fifteen miles an hour. The car that sustained the worst damage was No. 2021, the one just ahead of us. It was simply jammed with people, returning from their Christmas holidays, and the havoc was something awful.

"Not only was there not a single vacant seat in the car, but the people were even standing in the aisles. When the trains met, the two massive engines reared up against one another and then toppled sideways into the ditch on the north side of the track. When last I saw them, the largest one, a Great Mogul of the heaviest type used on the road, way lying on its back with its driving wheels up in the air, and the other that had belonged to the freight was lying on its side nearby. Both were badly smashed. It is my opinion that the one thing that kept the accident from being more awful than it was, might be found in the fact that the engine at the head of our train was such a large one. It took the great brunt of the shock. The first and second cars were almost entirely telescoped, so that you can imagine what the damage was in the second car. To us in the third car, the strike seemed just like a wave and one could feel the floor of the car rise right up and then settle back again. There is no question, however, that had we had a lighter engine, the third and perhaps the fourth cars would have been telescoped as well as the ones that were.

"As luck would have it, there very fortunately happened to be three nurses on the train, and these ladies at once set to work to do what they could for the injured and dying. We went outside and organized a brigade from the passengers to keep the already growing flames from spreading to the wreckage that covered the wounded, and while we allowed a slight fire to burn to give sufficient light to work by, we threw snow on the other places and smothered it with our blankets. The very highest praise is due to the conductor and all the train hands for the capable and prompt way in which they acted. The Pullman cars were at once transformed into a hospital, and the patients were removed there as fast as they were taken from under the debris. In about an hour after the accident had occurred, the auxiliary train sent from London arrived with six or eight physicians aboard, and then we had several also from Wyoming. In order that people may have some idea of the terrific force with which the trains met, it is only necessary to say that one of the massive steel rails was wrenched from the ties and thrown out for some distance on a line parallel with the track. One instance of heroism that deserves mention is that of one of the train hands who was buried under the wreckage.

"While the fire was at its height at this point, and we were all working might and main to put it out, this man crawled from under the mass of blazing timbers, and without a word proceeded to turn to and help us with our work. I do not know who he was, but think he was either a fireman or an engineer. I asked him where his mate was and he turned and pointed to the place he had just escaped from. 'In there, I think,' he said. The scene really beggars description."

Save for a severe shaking-up, Mr. Clark's party escaped injury. He himself was thrown forward against the seat ahead with such force as to give a stunning blow to his lower jaw. Otherwise he was unhurt. Miss Fanny Clark, his daughter, was one of the trained nurses who gave such opportune assistance.

Another of the passengers, Mr. W. H. Cairnduff, of Messrs. Cairnduff & Co., real estate and loans, Chicago, Ill., gave an interesting account of his experience. Mr. Cairnduff said he was in the second sleeper from the front, and he had felt the shock only slightly. In fact he had not thought for a moment that anything particular had happened. He had half expected something was going to occur further, but things had quieted down and he was on the point of going on to bed before he knew that anything serious was the matter. As soon as he heard that there was trouble ahead, he got out on the right side of the train and walked forward. The first thing he came across was the body of a man lying in the snow. "Then," said Mr. Cairnduff, "I went round to the other side of the cars and found that all the doors of the injured day coach were jammed tight and a gang of men had started to chop out the side of the car to allow the escape of the imprisoned passengers. It was about this time that the fire started. I am not sure, but I think that the flames first burst out in the freight and the cries of the imprisoned passengers were something awful, as they saw a slow

[Continued on Page 6.]

### SUNDAY SERVICES.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST Church—Rev. T. S. Johnson, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. W. G. Howson, pastor. 11 a.m., Rev. Mr. Bishop, jun., will preach. 7 p.m., special Christmas musical festival will be held. Several anthems will be rendered by choir, with brief sermonettes of few minutes in length, interspersed. All invited to this unique service.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH Church—Morning anthems—"The New-Born King" (Fletcher), "Jubilate Deo" (Hall); solo, "The New-Born King" (L'Espoir). Evening anthems—"And There Were Shepherds" (Millard), "Sing to God" (Gounod), "Sing, O Heavens" (Tours); duet, "Love Divine" (Havens); trio, "Lift Thine Eyes" (Mendelssohn).

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. 11 a.m., 3 p.m.; "A Memorial Service," 7 p.m.

COLBORNE STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. A. K. Birks, pastor, will conduct both services. Special music.

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST Church—Christmas music, Sunday, Dec. 28, 1902. Morning service—Organ, "Christmas Offertory" (Lemmens); anthem, "It Came Upon the Midnight" (Strainer); anthem, "O, Holy Night" (Adam); offertory (organ), "On Wings of Song" (Mendelssohn); solo, "Night of Nights" (Van de Water); organ postlude, "Triumphal march" (Buck). Evening service—All the music for this service has been selected from Handel's "Messiah"; Organ, overture; chorus, "And the Glory"; alto solo and chorus, "O Thou That Tellest"; organ, "Pastoral Symphony; recits, "And There Were Shepherds," "And, lo! the Angel," "And the Angel Said," "And Suddenly There Was"; chorus, "Glory to God"; soprano solo, "Rejoice Greatly"; chorus, "Hallelujah"; organ, "Worthy is the Lamb." Soloists, Misses Roblyn, Hooper, Finlayson and Mr. W. H. Skinner. W. H. Dingle, organist and choirmaster. The pastor will preach in the morning and the Rev. J. B. Saunders, D.D., in the evening.

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST Church—Rev. T. E. Harrison, pastor. Christmas services. Pastor will preach morning and evening. Special music.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)—Services Sundays, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, CORNER Wellington street and Dufferin avenue. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Pastor, Rev. George J. Bishop, will preach both morning and evening.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. J. Clark, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., both conducted by the pastor. Sunday School and Society for Bible Study at 3 p.m.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST Church—Pastor, Rev. S. J. Allin. Morning, "The Present Christ." Evening, Christmas song service.

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church—Services at usual hours, morning and evening. The Rev. H. H. McPherson, of Oakville, Halifax, will conduct both services. Strangers welcome.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS, MAITLAND street—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. All welcome.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, M.A., pastor. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., conducted by pastor. Sunday School and Bible Class, 2 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., pastor. Rev. Dr. Dickey, of Berlin, Germany, will preach at 11 a.m. Dr. Johnston will preach at 7 p.m.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Rev. Archdeacon Davis, rector. Morning—Carol (Stainer), "Venite" (Mornington), "Te Deum" (Westbury), "Jubilate" (Stanford), anthem, (Steane); solo, "O, Rest in the Lord." Evening—"Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimitts" (King Hall); "Festival Anthem" (Barnby); solo, "The Birthday of the King"; "Sevenfold Amen" (Stainer).

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—MORNING—"Venite" (Macfarren), "Te Deum" (Coenidge Taylor), "Jubilate" (C. V. Stanford). Preacher, Rev. Canon Dann, B.A. Evening—"Magnificat" (Woodward), "Nunc Dimittis" (Woodward); anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord" (A. Hollins). Preacher, the Dean.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. A. T. Sowerby, Ph.D., LL.D., pastor. 11 a.m., "The New Sovereign"; 7 p.m., "The Old Year Gone; What Now?" Baptism during evening services. Seats free and obliging ushers.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. R. D. Hamilton, pastor. Morning — Anthem, "Dona Nobis" (Farmer); solo, Mr. Garthwaite. Evening—"The Hope of the World" (Schneeker); introductory chorus, "Ring Forth, Ye Bells"; Part I., "The Shepherds"; Part II., "The Wise Men"; Finale, "Hail, Royal Babe."

### LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—BETWEEN QUEEN'S AVENUE and G. T. R. station, parcel in shawl-strap. Kindly return to Advertiser office. Reward. 78u

LOST, ON DUNDAS STREET—PAIR black kid mitts. Please leave at this office. 78c

STRAYED ON TO THE PREMISES OF Joseph Dawson, lot 13, con. 2, West Nissouri—One Berkshire sow. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Joseph Dawson. 78c

LOST, ON CHRISTMAS—BETWEEN Talbot and Blackfriars street, lady's silver watch, with monogram "C. B." Reward at 724 Talbot street. 77u

FOUND—WEDNESDAY, ON DUNDAS, near Market Lane, lady's purse. Apply Westman's Hardware. 77u

LOST, THURSDAY NIGHT—LADY'S gold watch, at or between Westminster rink and 253½ Thames street. Reward on returning to above. 77c

LOST, ON THURSDAY—A GOLD crescent pin, set with pearls. Reward on return to this office. 77c

LOST, TUESDAY — SILVER CHAIN bracelet. Reward on leaving at Advertiser office. 78u

### TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED—NORMAL PREFERRED, for S. S. No. 17, North Dorchester. State salary and experience, with qualification. Apply J. McCallum, secretary-treasurer, Gladstone P. O. 78c

### BOARDING. ROOMS. ETC.

TWO COMFORTABLE ROOMS FOR lady boarders, with or without board. Apply 89 Fullarton street. 66c-t


# DOMINION

Savings and Investment Society.

HIGHEST RATES

Paid on Deposits and Debentures

OFFICES — Masonic Temple Building, corner King and Richmond Streets.

NATHANIEL MILLS, Manager



# ROSS' 196 Dundas St.

## Holiday Furs



Despite the great advance in Fine Sable we are still in a position to supply Sable Ruffs and Muffs at the very lowest prices. Large purchases were made by us in the early part of the season, and the lowest prices will prevail while this lot of Sable lasts.


## Births, Marriage,s Deaths.

### BORN.

KEENLEYSIDE—At Vancouver, B.C., to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis W. Keenleyside, a daughter.

### MARRIED.

ROGERS—CANNOM—On Dec. 25, 1902 at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. J. W. Cannom, of Kleinburg, Mabel Estelle, eldest daughter of Mrs. Elsie Cannom, Dufferin avenue, to Dr. James Rogers, Brucefield, Ont

DICKIE—ELSON—At Lamley Memorial Methodist Church, Hyde Park, on Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1902, by Rev. W. J. Waddell, assisted by Rev. R. W. Dickie, B.A., of Orangeville, Florence S., eldest daughter of Peter Elson, of Hyde Park, to Anthony Marshall Dickie, of the same place.

CALCOTT—LEARN—At the residence of the bride's parents, Bruce street, on Thursday, Dec. 25, 1902, by Rev. Walter Ayers, Albert R. Calcott, of this city, to Annie B. Learn, only daughter of Mr. Benjamin Learn.

HYATT—COMBER—At 363 Hamilton road, on Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1902, by Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, Henry T. Hyatt to Lizzie, eldest daughter of Joseph Comber.

### DIED.

DICKSON—At the family residence, 352 Piccadilly street, on Christmas Day, J. H. Dickson, in the 62nd year of his age. Funeral on Sunday, Dec. 28; services at 2:30. Friends and acquaintances will please accept this intimation. 77u

JEFFREY—Killed in the railway accident at Wanstead, on Dec. 26, 1902, Nicholas Jeffrey, of London. Funeral private. Please omit flowers. 78u

### MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED AT ONCE—A PORTER. APPLY Clarence House. b

DO YOU WRITE ADS?—SEND ADDRESS today on your business stationery for invaluable information free. Harper Syndicate, Columbus, Ohio. 38ff-wty

A FEW RESPECTABLE BOYS WANTED as messengers; good wages. Apply C. P. R. telegraph office, Masonic Temple. 77c

A GOOD GENERAL BLACKSMITH wanted at once for country shop; steady job. Apply C. Dresser, Scottsville. 74tf

### FEMALE HELP WANTED.

GENERAL SERVANT WANTED. APPLY Oriental Hotel, 400 Clarence street. 78tf

SEWING GIRLS ON WAISTS. N. Southcott, 361½ Richmond street, upstairs. b

WANTED—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT, for a family of three; no washing. Apply to Mrs. W. F. Bullen, 538 Queen's avenue, corner William street. 78tf

GENERAL SERVANT WANTED. APPLY between 6 and 8 p.m., 360 Waterloo street. 77tf

GOOD GENERAL SERVANT WANTED. Apply 455 St. James street. 73n

### ARTICLES FOR SALE.

ONE WEEK ONLY—MEN'S $2 25 FINE fur felt hats for $1 50; $1 75 hats for $1 25. J. H. Cunningham, 682 Dundas street.

LADIES—USE OUR HARMLESS REMEDY for delayed or suppressed menstruation; it cannot fail. Trial free. Paris Chemical Company, Milwaukee, Wis. 48n-t

FERRETS, GREEN BONE AND POULTRY supplies. Morgan's Incubator Works, 1,009 Wellington street. 72ct

BOOKS, PAPERS, MAGAZINES, FROM any place on earth. Red Star News Company, Market Lane.

Account Books for 1903—We make any kind to order; quality and prices right; 'phone 370 about your wants; order early, we're busy. Magazines, etc., bound for Christmas—Making handsome and durable Christmas gifts. Gold Embossing on Leather Goods—Have the recipient's name stamped in gold on your gifts—it makes the gift personal. CHAPMAN'S BINDERY, 'Phone 370. 91 Dundas St. xt

FOR SALE—THREE GOOD PRACTICE pianos, $35, $45 and $50, payable $2 per month, guaranteed. Organs for $10 and $20, payable $2 per month. Heintzman & Co., 217 Dundas, corner Clarence.

WE HAVE REDUCED OUR PRICES in pork. Come and get them when they're cheap, at 1 to 5 Market House. James A. Anderson. ywt

GREEN & CO. HAVE ON HAND GOOD supply of best quality soft coal for domestic purposes. Good dry wood in 12 and 16-inch blocks, or split. Green & Co., Maitland street and Grand Trunk Railway. 'Phone 1,391.

SKATES HOLLOW-GROUND AT 10c A pair. D. McKenzie & Co., 298 Richmond street.

GREEN'S LOTION — GUARANTEED cure (or money refunded) for all sores and ulcerated wounds on limbs and body, running sores of long standing, etc. Price, $1 per bottle. William Green, horse trainer, Queen's Hotel, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—LARGE IRON SAFE; CONTAINS private drawers and lots of room for large books. Apply Advertiser office. 35tf

STOVES, BASEBURNERS AND Ranges of all kinds for wood and coal; second-hand furniture; cheap; at F. Keene's, 141 King street.

ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND SOFT coal. Wm. Buchanan, 633 Colborne street.

ORDERS FOR HARD AND SOFT wood received. Order ahead. Leading East End wood yard. D. H. Gillies & Co. 'Phone 1,312.

### ARCHITECTS.

MOORE & HENRY—ARCHITECTS, LAND SURVEYORS, CIVIL ENGINEERS, John M. Moore. Frederick Henry.


# THE TEST THAT TELLS.

We are always busy.

Deeks & Munson, Tailors and Drapers, 393 Richmond Street.


### AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

GRAND—TONIGHT.

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, JOHN GRIFFITH, in MACBETH.

MATINEE, PRICES 15c, 25c, 35c. EVENING, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

Monday Dec. 29.

THE MELODRAMATIC SUCCESS, SEARCHLIGHTS OF A GREAT CITY.

Popular prices, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. SEATS NOW ON SALE.

Tuesday Evening.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S LAST Comic Opera, THE EMERALD ISLE

WITH JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS AND ORIGINAL NEW YORK CAST.

Plan now open. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1 $1 50.

Grand—Dec. 31, Matinee and Evening.

CARNIVAL —OF— Musical Romances —AT— POPULAR PRICES.

Free Box of Bon-Bons will be given each boy or girl presenting a 25c ticket at matinee, Wednesday.

PRICES—10c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Box office open Monday at 9 a.m. b

LONDON---Tonight MARKS BROS.

PLAY "THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER."

Set of dishes given away.

ALL NEXT WEEK.

Monday: "THE PRIDE OF THE ARMY."



MARY SCOTT.

Special Announcement.

On Saturday matinee and evening, Jan. 3, a notable revival of T. W. Robertson's sparkling comedy, "CASTE," will be given at the Grand Opera House by a distinguished company, headed by Mary Scott, the beautiful Californian star; America's foremost character comedian, Robert V. Ferguson; Countess de Castelvecchio, the famous grand-niece of Napoleon Bonaparte, who won her dramatic spurs in Sir Henry Irving's company, and William Hazeltine, who occupied a leading position in the late Augustin Daly's company. This promises to be the most important theatrical event of the season. Sale of seats will commence Thursday morning, Jan. 1, punctually at 9 o'clock. Prices, 25 cents to $1 50. On account of the interest already manifested in this engagement, and the large number of inquiries made at the box office, it has been decided that applications for seats sent in before the opening of the sale will be filled in the order of their receipt. Free list positively and entirely suspended. 77c-tzx

JUBILEE RINK—MUSICAL SOCIETY Band tonight. Open every afternoon. b

JAMAICA—IDEAL WINTER RESORT. Temperature: Maximum 88°, minimum 66°. Avoid sleet and snow, and enjoy cloudless skies and balmy air of West Indies. Excursions to England via Jamaica, and Jamaica only. F. B. Clarke, next Advertiser. ywt

WESTMINSTER RINK — CORTESE'S Orchestra tonight. Band Monday. Skating every afternoon. b

SULPHUR SPRINGS BATHS WILL BE open Saturdays and Sundays only during winter months. Open for ladies Saturdays only. Cole & Edmonds, proprietors. t

GRAND MILITARY ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT—Under the auspices 7th Fusiliers, Auditorium, Dec. 31. Plan opens Dec. 29, at Nordheimer's. An evening of clean, manly sports. 74tf

SIXTY YEARS ESTABLISHED AND never lost life of passenger. Such is record of Cunard Line. Saxonia sails, New York to Liverpool, Saturday, Jan. 3, 8 a.m. Very low rates to or from Old Country. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Advertiser.

VOICE CULTURE—EVA N. ROBLYN, soprano soloist, Dundas Center Methodist Church; directress vocal department, Alma College, St. Thomas, and Krause Conservatory of Music, Chatham. Studio, 823 Dundas street. 'Phone 1,270. xt

DANCING—NEW CLASSES FOR BEGINNERS open as follows: Gentlemen, Monday evening, Jan. 5; ladies, Tuesday evening Jan. 6; children, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10. Dayton & McCormick.

ORIGINAL LONDON HARPERS—Music furnished for all occasions. Tony Cortese, 389 Richmond street. 'Phone 1:570.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING BY R. B. Millard, 345 Princess avenue. Season opens Oct. 1. Special attention given to waltz and two-step. Lessons any hour.

### MARRIAGE LICENSES.

OFFICIAL ISSUER OF MARRIAGE licenses, C. D. Johnston, 198 Dundas street. Residence, 394 Dundas street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY John J. Jepson, druggist, 249 Wellington street. Residence, 241 Pall Mall. 'Phone 379.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED—OFFICE Adkins' Jewelry Store, East London. No witnesses required.

LICENSES ISSUED BY THOMAS GILLEAN, jeweler, 402 Richmond street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY W. H. Bartram, 99 Dundas street.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

WELFORD BROS., MANUFACTURERS of brooms, twines and cordage. Union label on all brooms. Factory, 381-387 Glebe street. t

WATSON & CO., HOUSE MOVERS—Steam boilers and safes a specialty. 194 Hamilton road. 'Phone 1,231.

WILLIAM HODGSON, PAINTER, paperhanger. Estimates free. 419 Horton street.

### DENTAL CARDS.

WOLVERTON & BENTLEY, DENTISTS, 216 Dundas street, next Edy Bros., over Cairncross & Lawrence, druggists. Telephone 228.

DR. WESTLAND, DENTIST, CHICAGO, post-graduate in Crown, Bridge and Porcelain work. Philadelphia post-graduate, Porcelain. Masonic Temple, first floor.

DR. G. H. KENNEDY, DENTIST—Successor to the late Dr. Davis. Specialty, preservation of natural teeth. 171 Dundas street. 'Phone 975.

### REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE—LOTS ON THE OLIVER SURVEY will be advanced in price on the 15th of January, 1903. Get your choice now, as there are only a few left. Easy terms. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple.

### REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESS EXCHANGE FOR SALE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corner Ridout and West avenue, modern brick | $3,800 |
| 28 Euclid avenue, handsome residence | 4,000 |
| 603 Queen's avenue, brick, modern | 3,500 |
| 234 St. George street, brick, modern | 3,000 |
| 82 Byron avenue, brick, modern | 2,800 |
| 360 Grosvenor street, brick, modern | 2,100 |
| 432 Princess avenue, story frame | 2,000 |
| 2,332 Lorne avenue, 1½-story frame, large lot | 1,200 |
| 459-461 Simcoe street, 2-story frame, bargain | 1,000 |

Above is partial list.

DULMAGE & MOORHOUSE, 'Phone 1,525. 6 Albion Block.

FOR SALE—100 ACRES, KNOWN AS the farm of the late James Ralph, on lot 10, con. 5, London Township; well watered; storv and a half frame house, and good outbuildings. Apply Ralph Bros., Ballymote, or Edward Ralph, Delaware. 74n-ywt

108-ACRE DAIRY AND GRAIN FARM for sale, 3 miles from the Corporation of London, on Hamilton road; brick house, brick and frame barns, cow stable, silo, implement sheds, etc.; watered by two never-failing springs, with a good site for trout pond; in good state of cultivation. Further particulars by applying Samuel Dart, Nilestown P. O. 72c-tyt

108-ACRE DAIRY AND GRAIN FARM for sale, 3 miles from the Corporation of London, on Hamilton road; brick house, brick and frame barns, cow stable, silo, implement sheds, etc.; watered by two never-failing springs, with a good site for trout pond; in good state of cultivation. Further particulars by applying Samuel Dart, Nilestown P. O. 78c-tyt

### "REAL ESTATE"

During the Christmas festivities friends give presents to friends, some more or less of a trivial character. If you want to confer a real benefit upon some of your friends, make them a present of a choice building lot or a home.

We have a large list of very eligible building lots, cottages and residences, and will be pleased to give you full information if you call. No trouble to show property or give information. Our experience of fifteen years on the local real estate market should be worth something to buyers and sellers of real estate, and it is at your disposal if you so desire.

LOANS.

Money to loan in sums of $100 and upwards to complete purchase price, build (money advanced as building progresses) remodel the old house and pay off old mortgages.

A. A. CAMPBELL, Real Estate, Loans and Investments, 428 Richmond Street, London, Ont. C. H. ARMITAGE, Field Manager. Telephone 642. 66tf-t

### LONDON REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

Business chance—To rent, good brick store and dwelling, 572 Pall Mall street. Good 7-roomed brick cottage, 565 Colborne street. Modern brick house, 9 rooms and barn, 110 Cartwright street. Six-roomed cottage, 761 William street. House and one acre, St. James street, east of Adelaide, $7. 280 St. James, nice 6-roomed cottage, $7. For sale—Fine modern brick house, 176 Albert street. Labatt estate, corner Talbot and Grey streets, very cheap. The residence of W. R. Hobbs, Esq., corner Wellington street and Princess avenue, one of the finest properties in the city. 417 Central avenue, first-class new brick house, $3,000. W. D. BUCKLE.

### THE WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE, Limited,

78 1-2 Dundas St., London. Phone 696

Send for the December number of the Ontario Real Estate Monthly, containing over 300 farms for sale and exchange in Western Ontario, also a large number of city, town, village and suburban property. The following properties were sold off our list recently: No. 542—Mr. F. E. Townson's farm, being south half lot 29, concession 14, Township of Sombra, was sold to Mr. A. McCallum, of Mosa, by Mr. E. R. Talbot for $4,400. No. 496—Mr. Charles Sherwood's farm, being the northwest quarter lot 28, concession 11, Township of Sombra, County of Lambton, was sold by Mr. E. R. Talbot for $1,500. No. 645—Mr. D. W. Fader's 50-acre farm, being the west half of north half lot 28, concession 11, Township of Sombra, was exchanged by Mr. E. R. Talbot for the northwest quarter lot 76, concession 11, Sombra, lately owned by Charles Sherwood. No. 508—C. Sifton's farm of 30¼ acres, being the southeast part lot B, Broken Front, Township of Delaware, was sold by Mr. Burrows to Mr. Frank Comfort for $3,400. Mr. David Small's 25-acre farm, being part lot 19, concession 2, Caradoc, was sold by Mr. E. R. Talbot to Mr. F. B. Townson for $1,500. JAMES BURROWS, bd&w Manager.

### P. Walsh's Bulletin.

Princess avenue—Two-story brick residence, stone foundation, 10 rooms, all modern improvements, brick barn, large corner lot, ornamental and shade trees; more complete information will be furnished on application. Price, $5,000. Owner leaving the city.

St. James street—Two story brick residence, 12 rooms, up-to-date in all its appointments; frame barn, lot 99x200 feet. Price, $5,000; or would exchange for down town property.

Waterloo street—Two-story brick residence, 10 rooms, all modern improvements, good lot. Price, $4,000.

Piccadilly street—Two-story brick house, 9 rooms, all modern improvements; lot 53x130 feet. Price $3,000.

York street—One and a half story brick house, 9 rooms, modern improvements; good lot. Price, $2,400.

Queen's avenue—Two-story brick house, all modern improvements; nice lot. An up-to-date home for $3,500.

590 Talbot street—A brick cottage, 7 rooms, modern improvements; lot 60x200 feet. Price reduced. Owner leaving the city.

425 Central avenue—A new 1½-story brick house, 7 rooms; nice lot. At a reduced figure. Inspect at once.

Queen's avenue—A neat frame cottage, on brick foundation, 6 rooms, in good order; lot 33x200 feet. Price $1,050.

Tecumseh avenue—One and a half story frame house, 7 rooms, in good order; one-acre lot. Price, 1,050.

Oxford street—A splendid two-story frame house on brick foundation, 9 rooms, all modern improvements; good lot. Price, $2,250.

P. WALSH, 'Phone 1,021. 110 Dundas St.

### BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—HOTEL PROPERTY AND stable, in neighboring city. Apply to Box 380, London P. O. 61tf-zxt 29tf

### HOTEL CARDS.

THE ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, MONTREAL—Centrally located and first-class in every respect. H. Hogan, proprietor.

OFFICE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT—Excellent lunch counter, only one in city. W. J. Wright, proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL—OPPOSITE G. T. R. depot. Central location. First-class in every respect. Louis Risk, proprietor.

### MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

ALICE CALDER STOCK — SOLOIST First Methodist Church. Voice culture. 254 Queen's avenue. Concert engagements accepted.

CHARLES E. WHEELER, ORGANIST and choirmaster, St. Andrew's Church. Teaching resumed. Piano, pipe organ, harmony, singing. 649 Wellington street. 'Phone 1,527.

ALBERT D. JORDAN, ORGANIST, First Methodist Church—Teacher of piano and organ. Apply between 1 and 2, No. 245 Queen's avenue. Telephone 1,498.

ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH—PUPILS received for piano, harmony, sight singing, history. Residence, 781 Richmond, or homes of pupils

### VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TENNENT & BARNES, VETERINARY Surgeons—Telephones 278 and 688. Treatment of dogs a specialty. We breed and have for sale pure bred collies.

### MONEY TO LOAN.

PRIVATE AND TRUST FUNDS TO loan at 4½ and 5½ per cent on real estate security, in sums to suit. No commission charged. T. W. Scandrett, solicitor, 98 Dundas street, London.

MONEY TO LOAN—LARGE OR SMALL amounts. Casey & Morwood, barristers, 8½ Dundas street.

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN—LOWEST rates. Bechner, Campbell & Gunn 8 Dundas street.

$100 00 AND UPWARDS TO LOAN ON real estate, at 4½ to 6½ per cent. Apply J. W. G. Winnett, barrister, 420 Talbot street. ywt

MONEY TO LOAN—$500,000 PRIVATE and trust funds on first mortgage, at 5 per cent; also on notes and other security. Tennent & Coleridge, barristers, solicitors, notaries, etc., 78 Dundas street. ywt

### ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

ELOCUTION, READING, ORATORY, Shakespearean interpretation, physical culture. Ellen Miriam Kurzenknabe, reader and entertainer, Hiscox building. wty

MISS WYNIFRED LOGAN, F.C.M., pupil Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard University—Classes for recreative and remedial physical exercises and fencing, voice culture and vocal expression. For terms apply 292 Central avenue, London. 12tf-tyw

### MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. JOHN D. WILSON—OFFICE AND residence, 260 Queen's avenue. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office hours, 12:30 to 6 p.m.

R. W. SHAW, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (England). Office, 287 King street. Telephone 839.

DR. BALFOUR, QUEEN'S AVENUE, opposite St. Andrew's Church. Diseases of women and children. 'Phone 22.

DR. ANGUS GRAHAM—OFFICE AND residence, 469 King street. 'Phone 609.

DR. BAYLY HAS REMOVED HIS office to 211 Queen's avenue.

DR. N. R. HENDERSON, 238 QUEEN'S avenue. Eye, ear, throat and nose only.

H. A. KINGSMILL, M.D., M.R.C.S. (England), has resumed practice. Office, 443 Park avenue. 'Phone 200.

DR. BECHER—OFFICE, 348 DUNDAS street 'Phone 1,484; house, 148. Hours, 10:30 to 1, 2:30 to 3:30, 7:30 to 8:30.

DR. MEEK, QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON. Specialty, diseases of women. Hours, 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

HOMEOPATHY—DR. CHAS. E. JARVIS, physician, surgeon, etc., 759 Dundas street. Telephone 969.

HADLEY WILLIAMS, M.D., F.R.C.S. (England). Specialist, surgical diseases only. 459 Park avenue. 'Phone 324.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M.D., 389 Dundas street Hours, 12 to 4, 6 to 8. 'Phone 522.

DR. McLELLAN, GRADUATE NEW York Eye and Ear Hospital, 1889. Specialist only, eye, ear, nose and throat. 497 Talbot street.

DR. JAMES D. WILSON, CORNER Talbot and Fullerton. Special attention paid to diseases of children.

R. OVENS, M.D., 225 QUEEN'S AVENUE. Eye, ear, nose and throat.

### LEGAL CARDS.

JARVIS & VINING, BARRISTERS, etc., 101 Dundas street. C. G. Jarvis; Jared Vining, B.A.

McEVOY & PERRIN, BARRISTERS, solicitors, Rubinson Hall Chambers, opposite Court House. Money to loan.

BUCHNER, CAMPBELL & GUNN, barristers, etc., 81 Dundas street, London. Telephone 99. Money to loan at lowest rates.

W. H. BARTRAM, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc. Office, 99 Dundas street.

STUART & GUNN, BARRISTERS, ETC. Office, 112 Masonic Temple. Alex. Stuart, K.C.; George C. Gunn.

MAGEE, McKILLOP & MURPHY, barristers, solicitors, notaries, etc. Office, corner Richmond and Dundas, London. James Magee, K.C.; J. B. McKillop; Thomas J. Murphy.

T. W. SCANDRETT, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., 98 Dundas street, London.

PURDOM & PURDOM, BARRISTERS, solicitors, etc. Office, Masonic Temple building, corner Richmond and King streets, London, Ont. Thomas H. Purdom, K.C.; Alexander Purdom.

TOOTHE & FAULDS, BARRISTERS, etc., Robinson Hall Chambers, opposite Court House. Money to loan.

T. H. LUSCOMBE, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc., 169 Dundas street, near Richmond. Money at lowest rates.

HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLE, Barristers, etc., Over Bank of Commerce.

A. GREENLEES, BARRISTER, ETC., Canadian Loan Company's building, Richmond street, London. Private funds to loan.

GIBBONS & HARPER, BARRISTERS, etc., London. Office, corner Richmond and Carling streets. George C. Gibbons, K.C.; Fred F. Harper.

### AUCTION SALE OF FARM STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS

Charles Pulling, lot 15, con. 1, Caradoc; Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1902; farm stock, implements, etc.; sale at 1 p.m. sharp. A. M. Hunt, auctioneer.


## Queen Insurance Co.

Funds available for security of Queen policyholders, $64,000,000

J. A. NELLES, Agent, 423 Richmond Street. 'Phone 343. ywt


TAKE NOTICE THAT AN APPLICATION by the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World will be made to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at the next ensuing session thereof, for an act to amend the act incorporating the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World, being 56 Victoria, Chapter 92, for the purpose of enabling the said order to undertake insurance by way of Sick and Funeral Benefits to the members of the order only, and for the purpose of changing the date of the annual general meeting of members, and for other purposes. Dated at London, Canada, this twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1902. T. H. LUSCOMBE, solicitor for the applicants. 69-2

### MEETINGS.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS OF the Masonic Lodges of the city, at Masonic Temple on Monday evening, 29th inst., at 8 o'clock. Right Worshipful Bro. E. T. Esery, D.D.G.M., will act as installing officer. M. D. Dawson, secretary. 77c

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE London Township Agricultural Society will be held in the I. O. O. F. hall, Elderton, Jan. 14, 1903, for the election of officers and other business. Peter Buwey, secretary. 78u-t



MACCABEES, ATTENTION—You are requested to meet at Maccabee Hall, Dufferin block, at 1:30 p.m., Sunday, Dec. 28, to attend the funeral of our late Record Keeper, Sir Kt. J. H. Dickson. Every Sir Knight is expected to be present. W. R. Garner, commander. b

### WANTED.

WANTED—FIFTY QUARTS MILK PER day. Address Box 72, Advertiser. 78c

WANTED—CITY LOAN COMPANIES' stocks. John Wright, stock broker, London.

### AGENTS WANTED.

$40 TO $125 PER MONTH, ACCORDING to experience, paid to active, pushing agents to represent an old and reliable institution of nearly 30 years' standing. Apply, stating qualifications, to B. M. G., Postoffice Box 538, London. 75k-xvty

AGENTS WANTED WHO WISH TO handle good, reliable articles, and who do not care for cheap trash. Our men have permanent positions and regular customers. Cooper, 332-6 Clarence street, London.

### EDUCATIONAL.

LONDON BUSINESS UNIVERSITY REOPENS on Monday, Jan. 5. Full and complete regular commercial and shorthand courses. Evening classes for those who cannot attend during the day. W. N. Yerex, B.C., principal. 76n-wty

### DRESS CUTTING SCHOOL.

LEARN CUTTING, GRADING AND designing costumes. Lessons daily. Satisfaction guaranteed. We purpose starting lessons in dressmaking. Ladies desiring tuition call or write Cutting School, 233½ Dundas street, London.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

INFORMATION WANTED — THE names and addresses of persons who knew Francis Lee, who resided in London, Ont., about the year 1867; also the postoffice address of William Adams, and the present name and postoffice address of a then Mary Plaxton, Mary Wheaton and Belle Adams, who resided in London, Ont. Any information sent to this office, or John J. Lehmann, attorney, Fremont, Ohio, U. S. A., will be appreciated, and may be the means of securing a pension for a deserving widow. 72u-t bw

HAIR GOODS—NOTHING MORE APPROPRIATE for Christmas gift than a switch, pompadour, vig, or hair ornament. Miller's Hair Store, 222 Dundas street.

THE LORD ROBERTS CHAPTER OF the Imperial Orders of the Daughters of the Empire will give the children of London an opportunity of subscribing to the monument fund on St. Valentine's Day, 1903. Time and place later on. 66c-t

### HOUSES, ETC., TO LET.

TO LET—NO. 79 CLARENCE STREET; comfortable cottage. Rent, $7, including water rate. London Soap Company. 73tf

TO LET—UNION FURNITURE VAN—Furniture carefully handled. John Biggs, Cathcart and Bruce, South London, late of London Furniture Company. 'Phone 310.

COMFORTABLE SIX-ROOM COTTAGE to let, No. 1 Nelson street. Apply 500 King. 52tf

### HELP WANTED.

$15 PER 1,000—COPYING AT HOME; either sex; two stamps for particulars. Twain Novelty Company, Omaha building, Chicago. b

HOME WORK — KNITTING GIVEN honest, industrious families, every locality; good wages; $10 outfit required. Write Glasgow Woolen Company, Toronto. 62bc-t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE matter of the estate of Francis Harrison, late of the Township of Lobo, in the County of Middlesex, yeoman, deceased: Notice is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O., 1897, Cap. 129, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Francis Harrison, who died on or about the sixth day of August, A. D. 1902, are required on or before the fifteenth day of December, 1902, to send by post prepaid, or deliver to Messrs. Tennent & Coleridge, of 78 Dundas street, in the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, solicitors for Benjamin Harrison and Robert Boston herein, the executors, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts, and the nature of the security (if any) held by them. And further take notice, that after such last-mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and that the said executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution. Dated November 27, 1902. TENNENT & COLERIDGE, 78 Dundas street, solicitors for Benjamin Harrison and Robert Boston herein, the executors of the last will and testament of Francis Harrison, deceased. 28k 60k-t

### THE LONDON LOAN COMPANY of Canada.

DIVIDEND NO. 51.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent Per Annum for the current half year, has been declared, and is payable after the 31st day of December, 1902.

M. J. KENT, 60k-t Manager.

### The Dominion Savings and Investment Society.

DIVIDEND NO. 61.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Four Per Cent Per Annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Society, has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Society, Masonic Temple, Richmond street, London, on and after the second day of January, 1903.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st instant, both days inclusive. NATHANIEL MILLS, Manager. Dec. 12, 1902. 66k-13,20,27,31


### A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles. No cure, no pay. All druggists are authorized by the manufacturers of Pazo Ointment

# WHISKARD'S Three Busy Stores
228, 230, 232 Dundas Street

## More Days of Big Selling.

The Christmas rush is a thing of the past, but we do not relax our efforts at bargain giving. Despite the tremendous demands made upon them, the stocks of the "Three Busy Stores" still bristle with buying inducements too good to miss. We tell of many special snaps in this announcement. Scores of others just as good await you here.

### Special Purchase Just In---1,000 Dozen of Ladies' and Gents' Handkerchiefs.

In silk, Swiss embroidery, hemstitched lawns, Children's Handkerchiefs, Fancy Handkerchiefs and a large assortment of all kinds. Come and see them. Beautiful Handkerchiefs, 6 for 25 cents.

Gents' large size Silk Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, initialed, good value at 50 cents; our price, 25 cents each.

FINE SWISS EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, 10c, 12½c and 15c. See them. They are worth more money.

FORTY DOZEN EMBROIDERED AND HEMSTITCHED FINE HANDKERCHIEF CENTERS; regular 15c, sale price 50c a dozen, or 5c each; as many or few as you like. Big bargain.

CHILDREN'S HANDKERCHIEFS—Any amount of them; plain, mottoed or silk scolloped and braided, worth 10c each; sale price, 6 for 25c.

White Cotton Handkerchiefs, nicely bordered, 25c a dozen.

ONE LINE OF LADIES' TAN LEATHER SHOPPING BAGS; WERE 75c, PRICE 19c EACH.

27 QUILTS, SLIGHTLY DAMAGED! WORTH $1 00, SALE PRICE, 69c EACH.

### Big Bargain in Bed Tickings.

10c Tickings for 8c a yard.
12½c Tickings for 10c a yard.
17c Tickings for 12½c a yard.
25c Tickings for 20c a yard.

### Fine Factory Cottor.

Worth 7c, sale price 5c a yard.

Special line of Flannelette, just in; worth 10c, for 7c and 8c a yard.

25 PIECES OF FANCY AMERICAN WRAPPERETTE; regular 10c, sale price 8c a yard.

### Dressed Doils, Special 15c each.

### Four Special Lines.

Special line of Ladies' and Gents' Black Astrachan Gauntlets; regular $1 00, sale price 50c a pair.

New lines of Lace Curtains just in; special at 25c and 50c a pair.

Very fine Lace Curtains, just in; regular $1 25, sale price $1 00. Beautiful patterns.

35 DOZEN OF CHILDREN'S PURE WOOL UNDERVESTS, in all sizes, in white and natural, open front. These goods are worth 50c, sale price 25c and 35c. See them.


## OSCILLATIONS STILL CONTINUE

### People of Andijan Living in a State of Terror—Housed in Railway Cars.

Ashkabad, Russian Turkestan, Dec. 27.—The oscillations of the earth at Andijan continue. The people there are using railway cars to live in. They are not leaving the town, on account of their business interests. Committees have been appointed to prepare lists of the losses to life and property. In the Andijan district 15,000 houses were destroyed. Until the shocks cease guards will be kept on the railway between Andijan and Federhenks to watch for fissures along the line. The railway station at Andijan threatens to collapse. Barracks to be used as dwellings are being rapidly constructed, and will soon be ready for occupancy.

GREAT DAMAGE BY GALE.

Copenhagen, Dec. 27.—The worst gale of many years visited Denmark's Christmas night and yesterday morning, and has done enormous damage to property and shipping. Two boats have been wrecked off Elsinore and eight persons were drowned. Eleven men of the crew, including Capt. Tobias, were drowned in the wreck of the Norwegian bark, G. S. Penry, which went ashore at Scaw. The Penry will be a total wreck, and her cargo is washing ashore. Only one of her crew was saved.

Telegraphic and railroad services have been interrupted and delayed. It is unsafe to walk the streets of Copenhagen owing to falling tiles, etc. Some streets were closed to traffic to avert this danger. The hospital reports show that several persons were killed and many sustained injuries in the city. The pillars holding up the overhead trolley lines were blown down and the street car service was stopped. Many houses have been unroofed and some mills and factories have stopped work.

## SAFEGUARDING THE FRONTIERS

### Canada's Position on the Question of Imperial Defense Discussed.

London, Dec. 27.—Canada's position on the question of imperial defense is discussed by the Morning Post. The Post says that as long as Canada is content to do little or nothing towards the costly work of safeguarding the frontiers and rapidly growing trade, her chief national asset, she is hardly in a position to criticise the methods employed by the mother country in dealing with the complex problem such as her militia and military resources.

A letter from Col. Sam Hughes, M.P., is published in the Morning Post, in answer to a criticism which the Post made to Col. Hughes' views on the Americanization of the Northwest. Col. Hughes complains that an attempt has been made to belittle his services to the empire. The Post says it feels assured that, on further considering the terms of the criticism, Col. Hughes will withdraw the complaint that he has been treated unjustly.

AN ALLEGED SWINDLE.

Three Paris financiers have been arrested for an alleged swindle connected with the promoting of certain British Columbia mines.

The report of the death of Frederick Humbert, husband of Madame Humbert, in his cell at Madrid, has not the slightest foundation in fact. It was a sensational street rumor, was discredited by the officials here, and formally denied from Madrid. The authorities are taking minute precautions against suicide, a doctor being a member of the party which will escort the prisoners here.

## THE CANADIAN NORTHERN'S PLANS

### Will Apply to Parliament for Aid—May Not Ask for Land Grants.

Toronto, Dec. 27.—"The Canadian Northern Railway will apply for aid for its transcontinental line at the next session of the Dominion Parliament."

This statement was made yesterday morning by D. D. Mann, vice-president of the company.

"Did you see Mr. Sifton's statement that no land grants would be given?" he was asked.

"Yes, but we may not ask land grants," he replied. "We have not yet decided on what aid we will ask."

He had no change to make in former statements that the Canadian Northern was not for sale, and that no negotiations were in progress between his company and the Grand Trunk Pacific.

"There is room for all of us," he added. "In the west there is a fertile belt nearly 1,000 miles long and about 500 miles wide; on all of this land wheat could be grown."

He had been in the west for 27 years, and he was confident Manitoba and the Northwest would become the great wheat producing country of the world.

In reply to questions, Mr. Mann said the present C. P. R. line was about 150 miles north of the boundary, while the Canadian Northern was from 200 to 350 miles north.

"If the Grank Trunk Pacific build north of your line, it will have to be pretty far north, then?" observed the reporter.

"It has not been decided yet, I think, where the Grand Trunk line will traverse the west," Mr. Mann replied.

## ROSEBERY'S SON TO WED?

### Rumor Engages Lord Dalmeny to Countess Warwick's Daughter.

London, Dec. 27.—It is freely rumored in society circles that the next important engagement to be announced will be that of Lord Dalmeny, the eldest son of the Earl of Rosebery, and Lady Marjorie Greville, the only daughter of the Countess of Warwick.

Lord Dalmeny is only just about come of age, and will inherit $10,000,000 from his mother, who was Miss Hannah Rothschild, as well as his father's beautiful place near Edinburgh, Dalmeny, where he entertained the Kaiser the other day. Dalmeny, who is an unmistakable Rothschild, is extremely fond of sport, and was in both the cricket and football elevens at Eton. He is now a second lieutenant in the Life Guards, and is seen a good deal in London society, especially with the hunting set. He is clever, high-spirited, and still quite boyish.

Lady Marjorie Greville is 18, and she has not yet gone into general society, dividing most of her time at Warwick Castle. She is handsome. She, too, is deeply devoted to horses and hunting, is an intrepid follower of the hounds, and fond of all outdoor pursuits.

The price of crude rubber has advanced 30 per cent. in the last six weeks.

Baxter, it is said, kept the manuscript of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest" in his hands for thirteen years, revising and condensing.

Bullets shot in military target practice nowadays are caught on an inclined surface made of sheet iron back of the target, are remelted and become bullets again.

In Worcestershire, England, 499 women are engaged making anchors, while 702 others make needles and 1,044 nails. Nearly all are married women or widows.


# PERUNA PROTECTS THE FAMILY

Coughs and Colds — Grip and Cat



### The Roberts Family, of Fall City, Neb., Are Healthy and Happy—A Rare Sight in These Days. They Say, "We Think Peruna Is The Greatest Medicine on Earth."

No man is better known in the State of Nebraska than Mr. Carl T. Roberts, contractor and mason. A typical American—active, shrewd and full of business sagacity. He is not only a provider for his family, but a protector. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he writes, among other things, as follows:

*"Our boy, James, had the membraneous croup and after he had recovered he was subject to repeated attacks of lung fever.*

*"Our boy, Charlie, was also subject to attacks of pneumonia and pleurisy. Our third boy, John, was subject to fever and ague (malarial) and liver trouble.*

*"Your remedy, Peruna, cured my boys entirely, and now I have three of the healthiest boys in the state of Nebraska, which I attribute to your medicine. My wife had stomach trouble, which Peruna also cured.*

*"Altogether for my own family we have had nineteen bottles of Peruna, and have thus saved over $500 in doctor's bills.*

*"I am a contractor and mason by trade, and I am known all over Nebraska. I have had a stomach trouble which has been greatly relieved by your remedy, Peruna, for which I am still taking it. We think it is the greatest medicine on earth."*

*C. T. ROBERTS,*
*Falls City, Nebraska.*

Mr. T. G. Walker, Carneiro, Kansas, writes: "It is with pleasure that I report that I am better than I have been for many years. I believe Peruna is without a doubt the best medicine that was ever used in a family. It has cured my nervousness, with which I had been afflicted for a great number of years."

It is a fact of ever-increasing astonishment that so many otherwise sensible and provident people will, for the neglect of so simple a precaution as to have a bottle of Peruna at hand, bring upon themselves the needless suffering and foolish expense that a practitioner of medicine is forced to witness every day.

**A Family Medicine.**

L. O. Summersett, editor of the Messenger, Red Bank, N. J., writes The Peruna Medicine Company as follows:

Gentlemen,—"I certainly feel grateful to you for putting such a great catarrh remedy on the market. I believe that more than half the people with whom I come in contact have catarrh in some form and I don't see why more of them don't use Peruna and get well.

"Myself and family were all sick a few days ago with stomach trouble and used Peruna with very satisfactory results and at one-third the cost it would have been had we called in a physician who could not possibly have prescribed a better remedy than Peruna."

L. O. SUMMERSETT.

**"Will Not Do Without Perunna."**

Mr. Jas. A. Stalls, Otego, Ill., writes: "I can say that Peruna has cured my 4-year-old boy of the tonsilitis, and that of the worst stage. He had it last winter, and I took him to three of the best doctors and got no relief. When I took him to the fourth his tonsils were so inflamed that blood was running out of them. The doctor said he could reduce them, so I used his medicine for four or five weeks, and the boy got but very little better. There was a week of two that we thought he would choke to death in spite of all we could do.

"In looking over your almanac I saw Peruna recommended for throat trouble, so I wrote to Dr. Hartman in regard to my boy's throat. He recommended Peruna, and in less than two months his throat was well. I got one bottle of Peruna and it cured him sound and well. We will not do without it and will use it for all throat and lung trouble." JAMES A. STALLS.

**Peruna Kept in House for Five Years.**

Mr. Albert Lietzmann, 1596 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I am only too glad to inform you that I am feeling splendid and have never felt better in my life.

"Through the advice of a friend I tried Peruna, and am glad to say it cured me to perfection. I began to tell a friend about Peruna the other day and I had no sooner commenced than he told me his folks have kept Peruna in the house for the last five years. I am sure I wouldn't do without it. Mother also uses it to keep herself in good health."

ALBERT LIETZMAN.

Mr. J. H. Billings, Tyronza, Ark., writes:

"My wife and my little boy 6 years old and myself have been using your medicine. I was broken down and my wife had catarrh. I never saw anything like Peruna for a strength producer and appetizer."

J. H. BILLINGS.

T. J. Walden, of Jamestown, N. Y., writes as follows to Dr. Hartman:

"Peruna is curing my wife of female trouble, and we both declare Peruna to be the grandest medicine on earth and it will always be a household remedy with us.

"Before taking your treatment I had not done a day's work for twelve weeks." T. J. WALDEN.

*As soon as the value of Peruna is fully appreciated by every household, both as a preventive and cure of these affections, tens of thousands of lives will be saved, and hundreds of thousands of chronic, lingering cases of disease prevented. Peruna is a household safeguard.*

A complete work on chronic catarrh sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio.


### Back to Prison.

Kingston, Dec. 27.—Paul Nelson, returned to penitentiary, complains bitterly of injustice. He was let out on a ticket-of-leave, and claimed he had not transgressed it. Investigation by the department of justice showed that Nelson had been arrested in Detroit, and had also been "brought in" for consorting with thieves and bad women. Detroit officers further informed the Dominion commissioner of police that Nelson had been known to them as a thief for over 20 years. His conduct after release was in direct violation of the conditions of a ticket-of-leave; hence his rearrest and return to prison to complete his term.


## WEAKENED FROM VOMITING

### Nausea Resulting From Biliousness and Torpid Liver Kept Mrs Withington in a Very Weak Condition.

### Her Husband Says That If Any Remedy Is Worthy of Commendation It Is Celery King.

When the system becomes stagnated with the collecting of foul residues, disease is bound to set in. Torpid liver is a disease the seriousness of which cannot be over-estimated. The liver acts as a sponge through which the blood passes to be purified. When the impurities collect, and are not discharged by the intestines, they rot. The blood becomes tainted immediately. These germs of disease are carried to every portion of the body, until your very system becomes steeped in poison. Celery King starts at the root of the trouble, clears out the intestines, purifies the liver so that that in turn may act beneficially on the blood and sweetens the whole human form. "My wife is now 48 years old, and has been afflicted for a number of years with bilious troubles, caused by torpidity of the liver for one thing and a weak stomach for another. She has at stated intervals suffered with terrible vomiting attacks, which had weakened her and at last put her in a condition where she could not eat or do anything. She had taken numerous kinds of medicine, among which was sweet-oil, by the quart. Last summer she was in the worst condition possible. She continued to lose flesh and strength. To continue in that way was to throw her out of existence. I took the treament into my own hands. Having read considerably about Celery King and noted the testimonials, I decided to try the medicine at once. I did so, also gave her beef, iron and wine. She commenced to get well immediately, and today she is no more the woman she was four months ago than one can imagine. She has not had a vomiting spell for three months, eats her meals, has gained strength and flesh, does her housework and continues to gain. If any remedy is worthy of commendation, it is Celery King. If you desire the facts verified, it will be an easy matter." Sold by the druggists, 25c.

**Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor** is the only remedy of standing that is guaranteed to cure corns and warts without pain. Insist on having only "Putnam's"; it's the best.


## THE G. T. R. STAFF

### Several Changes in the Staff Announced at Montreal.

Montreal, Dec. 26.—The following important changes on the Grand Trunk are announced by J. W. Loud, freight traffic manager:

D. O. Wood, assistant traveling agent, has resigned to accept service with Messrs. Robert Reford & Co. as western agent, with headquarters at Stratford, and is succeeded by F. R. Porter.

Mr. F. J. Henstridge, traveling freight agent, succeeds Mr. Porter.

R. C. Manson, traveling freight agent of the eastern division, succeeds Mr. Henstridge.

Mr. F. G. Adams, contracting agent, Montreal, succeeds Mr. Manson.

**Marriage of a Minister.**

Ottawa, Dec. 26.—Rev. R. B. McAmmond, pastor of the Hintonburg Methodist Church, was married on Christmas Day, his bride being Miss Claude McElroy, one of his parishioners. The groom is a nephew of Dr. Hare, principal of Whitby College, and a rising young preacher in Montreal Conference.

**Sudden Death at St. Thomas.**

St. Thomas, Ont., Dec. 27.—Yesterday morning the home of Charles H. Eames, 27 Erie street, was startled and shocked by the revelation that Mrs. Eames had died suddenly in her bed. A little grandchild who had slept with Mrs. Eames came downstairs saying that "Grandma wouldn't wake up." Members of the family went to the room and found the lifeless body of Mrs. Eames, who was in her 47th year. Deceased was of large stature and very fleshy, and it is surmised that death may have been due to heart affection. Besides the husband, three children are left to mourn.

**Collapse of a Soo Rink.**

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Dec. 27.—The big rink of the Soo Curling Club collapsed early Thursday, and now lies a total wreck of twisted iron and broken timbers. The rink was said to have been the largest in America, and was being built at a cost of over $15,000. The only cause attributed is poor construction, though the fact that the building was not completed and that a heavy fall of wet snow on Wednesday added extra weight to the roof probably had much to do with the collapse. The accident will not cause the canceling of the big bonspiel next month. An open rink with perhaps a temporary roof will probably be built which with the aid of the Canadian rink will make it possible to hold the bonspiel just the same.

**Saved by Faithful Dog.**

New York, Dec. 27.—A faithful dog saved yesterday, at Paterson, N. J., the life of its indigent and aged mistress, Sarah Smith. After receiving her weekly stipend from the poormaster the woman procured a bottle of liquor. She wandered into a rear yard on Marshall street, lay down and was soon fast asleep.

The dog stood guard for several hours. It seemed to realize something was wrong. It gave several loud wails that attracted the attention of a watchman. The old woman was taken to the police station almost frozen to death. The recorder committed her to jail for ten days, and the dog was permitted to accompany her.


## Just Say "I'm Sick"

### And I Will Send You a Way To Get Well.

Just write a postal card and tell me which book you need. That is all.

Then I will send you an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month at my risk to learn what it can do. If it succeeds, the cost is $5 50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself. And your mere word shall decide it.

That is my way of convincing you.

Could you come to my office I would show you a vault filled with 65,000 letters from people whom I have cured. You would not need the month's test to convince you then.

But you who can't come here—you who don't know me—are apt to doubt a stranger's claims.

So I prove my faith in my treatment by letting you take the remedy, then you can decide whether you or I shall pay.

I have labored a lifetime to perfect a remedy that would strengthen the inside nerves, and my Restorative does that. It brings back the only power that makes the vital organs act.

When an organ fails in its duty, the nerve power is weak. There is usually no other cause. The organ is like an engine that needs more steam; and no skill in the world can remedy the trouble till the organ has power to act.

My Restorative brings back that power, and that is the secret of my success. When that is done, the weak organ is well, unless a cause like cancer makes a cure impossible.

In the past 12 years I have furnished my Restorative on trial to over half a million sick ones. Nearly all of the cases were difficult; many were desperate. Other treatments had failed in most of them. Yet 29 out of each 40 have paid for the treatment gladly, because they were cured. There are 39 chances in 40 that I can cure you, and you shall not lose a penny if I fail.

Simply state which book is wanted, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 41, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men (sealed).
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is sold by all druggists.



# Can You Name a Cigar?

We want a name for a high quality ten cent cigar. We intend to sell it direct to the consumer by mail. The name must be striking and easily remembered. We would like to have a whole lot of names to choose from, so we offer

## $100.00 in Cash Prizes.

### DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS:

*$50 to the one suggesting the name chosen.*
*$10 to the one sending in the 25th coupon received.*
*$5 to the one sending in the 50th coupon received.*
*$10 to the one sending in the 100th coupon received.*

*And 25 prizes of $1.00 each to the sender of every 50th coupon received after that.*

To introduce this unsurpassed ten cent cigar to smokers all over Canada it is required that each suggestion of a name be accompanied by this coupon and 25 cents for three cigars.

Send 75 cents for a box of ten of these excellent cigars and you will be entitled to suggest three names. The competition closes at midnight, February 28th. The selection will be made by a committee to be appointed later. The winners will be announced on or before the 14th of March.

**Canadian Cigar Syndicate,**
821 Craig St., Montreal.

*Canadian Cigar Syndicate,*
*821 Craig Street, Montreal, Que.*

I inclose.....cents for a box of .....Cigars and suggest.....
.....
.....
.....
as a suitable name for the Cigar.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
TOWN.....
PROVINCE.....


**"Devotees of the Truck Garden."**

Herbert Spencer is poking fun at the vegetarians of England, and has taken them completely by surprise, inasmuch as vegetarian faddists thought they could claim the philosopher as one of their own. Mr. Spencer does not apparently think highly of the mental state produced by a year of vegetable diet. He said recently: "I went over all that I had written during the year I practiced vegetarianism and consigned it all to the fire." Since then he has been saying some facetious things about the "devotees of the truck garden," as he calls the vegetarians.

**Veterans After Land Grants.**

Toronto, Dec. 27.—Applications for veterans' land grants are still being received by the Crown Lands Department at the rate of 60 or 70 a day.


IT IS AN ELIXIR OF LIFE.—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an Elixir, before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism and all bodily pains.

MOTHER GRAVES' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folk.


By order of the Japanese Empress wooden legs have just been distributed to the seven maimed surveyors of the Aomori disaster, when 200 Japanese soldiers were frozen to death.


A MAGIC PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling, but cannot exterminate. Subdued, in all appearances vanquished, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument, in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disordered stomach ensue from the most trifling causes, and cause much suffering. these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.


An eight-hour working day has been instituted in all Russian state workshops.

# London Advertiser.

TWO DAILY EDITIONS AND WEEKLY.

The Leading Medium for Advertisers in Western Ontario.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY (Limited.)
LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Saturday, Dec. 27.


### The Mayor's Renomination.

The mayor's renomination is proceeding in sections, and like a well-contrived dramatic performance, is working up to a climax. The details have been carefully arranged; his worship has a genuine talent for stage effect, and always keeps an eye on the gallery. Ten days ago, as a sort of curtain-raiser, he gave out that he intended retiring from the field. His newspaper organs, like the chorus in the Greek play, took up the theme, and chanted loud and long the praises of this great and public-spirited citizen. Today he will be presented with an industriously-circulated petition, assuring him that his services are indispensable to the city next year. His worship will receive this coyly and take it into his serious consideration. On Monday he will be spontaneously placed in nomination. The evening papers will describe the rest of it, somewhat as follows:

"His worship the mayor, who was received with cheers upon rising to speak, thanked his nominators for their kind references to himself. If he consulted his personal inclinations and his private interests, he would not offer for a second term. He had earnestly desired to retire, but many prominent citizens had endeavored to dissuade him from this course, and he had been presented with a largely-signed petition requesting him to stand again. (Cheers.) There were some matters arising out of this year's business, which he felt he ought to carry to a conclusion, and in view of this fact and of the urgent solicitation of the people of London, he had decided, after a great deal of hesitation, to subordinate his own wishes to those of his fellow-citizens, and place himself once more at their disposal." (Cheers.)"

In some respects we should be sorry to see his worship drop out. He is a very striking proof of the value of advertising, and illustrates a great commercial principle which we are always striving to inculcate. His worship has a genius for projecting himself in the public eye, and in the cleverness of his advertising methods is not surpassed by any health food on the market. Whenever he does anything there is sure to be a kodak and a reporter in the background. Pictorially, he is by far the most successful mayor the city has had, and the photographers are strongly in favor of giving him a second term.

In scrutinizing the record of the mayor, people will be puzzled to find the occasion for these daily doses of newspaper puffery which have nauseated the reading public. One would infer from his press agents that his worship is a heaven-born administrator who had done wonderful things in the mayor's chair. What has he done? There were two occasions on which the mayor had a chance to show his mettle, and in both he grotesquely failed. The first was the electric power question. During the weeks in which his friends on the council fought the Sifton application, in the effort to strangle competition in the interests of the London Electrical Company, the mayor never once raised a hand in defense of public rights. The conduct of some of the aldermen was scandalous; that of the mayor was cowardly. A word from him would have nipped the conspiracy in the bud, but he let it go on until an aroused and indignant public opinion shamed him and his colleagues into doing a simple act of justice. The mayor showed the same want of backbone in dealing with the London Street Rilway. Without a show of protest he allowed the company, in defiance of the city, to tear up the Rectory street tracks, although he had been warned of the company's design. If he had done his duty he would have prevented the company from doing this by force if necessary, as another mayor did when the company attempted to tear up Dundas street without the city's permission. His action on the London and Port Stanley Railway lease is condemned even by the Free Press. His so-called hospital reform has yielded a deficit of $6,000; it has crippled a flourishing educational institution, and it is denounced by the medical profession of London. Perhaps the mayor in his nomination speech on Monday will tell what he has really done to merit all this beating of tom-toms, the portrait gallery and the other paraphernalia of the puffery bureau.

### The Railway Horror.

The city today is under the shadow of another appalling calamity. London is not the scene of it; the city has had more than its share of such afflictions; but it has happened almost at our doors and is brought home to us with terrible reality by the presence here of the dead, the dying and the wounded, a repetition of the awful scene of five years ago. It is many years since the railroads have yielded so melancholy a catastrophe in this country. We read frequently of such railway disasters in other places, but do not conceive their peculiar horror until the full sense of them is borne in upon us by a near view. The cruelly mangled bodies of the dead; the lingering agony of the wounded, pinned under tons of dead weight; the impossibility in such a place of getting surgical attention for hours; the remoteness from a hospital and the long journey when every movement is a torture to the injured—the imagination can hardly grasp the full heartrending significance of it. Added to these horrors were those of fire and frost. A holocaust was happily averted by hard work, but the exposure in the cold night air no doubt hastened the death of some who barely survived the crash. It is comforting to know that all that hospital care and surgical skill can do for the wounded is being done in London.

The cause of the calamity will no doubt be brought to light and the responsibility fixed.

### The Rowers.

[Rudyard Kipling.]

The banked oars fell an hundred strong,
And backed and threshed and ground;
But bitter was the rowers' song
As they brought the war boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar
That makes the whaleback smoke,
When the great blades cleave and hold and leave,
As one on the racing stroke.

They sang: "What reckoning do ye keep,
And steer her by what star,
If we come unscathed from the southern deep,
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?

"Last night ye swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go;
And ye tell us now of a secret vow
Ye have made with an open foe:

"That we must lie off a lightless coast,
And haul and back and veer,
At the will of the breed that have wronged us most
For a year and a year and a year.

"There was never a shame in Christendie
They laid not to our door;
And ye say we must take the winter sea,
And sail with them once more!

"Look south, the gale is scarce o'er past
That stripped and laid us down,
When we stood forth, but they stood fast
And prayed to see us drown.

"The dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
Our wounds are bleeding yet;
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!

"'Neath all the flags of all mankind
That rise upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find,
That ye strike hands with these?

"Of evil times that men could choose
On evil fate to fall,
What brooding judgment let ye loose
To pick the worst of all?

"In sight of peace from the narrow seas,
O'er halt the world to run
With a cheated crew to league anew
With the Goth and the shameless Hun."

### Pen Picture of Dr. Lorenz.

[The Outlook.]

This typical Viking, six feet two inches tall, erect, lean, and muscular, with his long, blond beard and well-kept hair touched with gray, is a striking figure in any assembly. The face, not a regular German type, is still that of a young and vigorous man, most expressive when, at his quiet Viennese home, he conducts you over his comfortable grounds, talking of science, art, and the various phases of his medical career. The strong, sensitive mouth and shapely nose bespeak a man of refined tastes and thoughts. His large, expressive gray eyes reveal every mood, yet are so kind that I have never seen a child who could resist his overtures of friendship.

### In a Shoe Store.

[New York Press.]

"Have you felt slippers, sir?" she said.
The boy clerk blushed and scratched his head;
Then, smiling back, he found his tongue:
"I felt them often when I was young."

### Heymans to the Front.

[Monroeville, Ohio, Spectator.]

The Woman's Missionary Society of this place held their annual meeting last Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Louis P. Heyman.

Walter and Arthur Heyman, Thomas Sitterley and William Evans were in Bellevue on business last Saturday.

Sheep dogs made another trip through his vicinity last Wednesday night, in which they killed two sheep for William F. Heyman. The neighbors have no use for these dogs, therefore something should be done with them.

Howard Heyman, son of Thomas Heyman, is very sick with an abcess in his ear.

Mrs. Fred Beller and son Louis, of Columbus Pike, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Oliver W. Heyman and family.

W. F. Heyman, who had his toe amputated, is able to move around on a chair this week.

Arthur Heyman, who has been hauling pipe for the Logan Gas Company, quit his work last week.

Roy Beck, of Sherman, is going to work for O. W. Heyman this winter. He commenced last Sunday.

The gypsies are still camping in William Heyman's woods.

William Norman purchased a valuable calf of W. F. Heyman.

### Misnomer.

[London Judy.]

"And then they call 'em dumb brutes," groaned the hapless fellow, whom the feline concert at the back had kept awake till daylight. "Brutes, certainly. But dumb!"

And he took refuge in profanity

### Object of Admiration.

[New York Telegram.]

Last week people praised Mr. Rockefeller for a great educational project he planned. Yesterday the Standard Oil Company made the largest single advance in prices known for years, netting the trust $16,000,000. What a system—what a beautiful system!

### He Knows "Jack Frost."

[New York Tribune.]

It was the first bitter cold day of the winter and the kindergarten was animatedly discussing the advent of Jack Frost. Finally the teacher said, with an air of mystery:

"I wonder if anyone can tell us what Jack Frost really is?"

Silence for a moment; then Louis' black eyes began to twinkle and he gave a little wriggle of joy.

"Sure!" he said. "Sure, I know what's Jack Frost. He's the iceman!"

### Incurable.

[Toronto Star.]

One kind of club foot Dr. Lorenz can do nothing with. It rests on the window sill, on a line with the head, and obscures the roving eye of the man about town.

### Chatterton's Burial Place.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Practically all the biographers of Chatterton, the poet, speak of the poor boy's body as having been deposited after the inquest in the burying ground of the old Shoe Lane workhouse, where Farringdon market now stands.

Mr. A. J. Richards, of Bristol, sends the London Express copies of some interesting documents bearing upon the subject from which it is clear that, after all, Chatterton was not committed to a pauper's grave, but was decently interred "in his father's grave in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe," Bristol.

It seems that the body of the suicide was secured by his uncle, a carpenter, living in London at the time, who placed the remains in a rough coffin and sent them down to the poet's mother, who had the interment secretly performed at dead of night.

## GREAT SUFFERING OF SURVIVORS

### Who Escaped From the Wreck of Steamer Elingamite, Off New Zealand.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 27.—Australian papers received by the steamer Moana give details of the terrible privations of the survivors of the wrecked steamer Elingamite, lost off the Three Kings, a trio of towering heights off the northern extremity of New Zealand. On a raft sixteen people left the vessel, and were four days with nothing but three apples and no water. One apple was divided the first day, and the second day they indulged in a desperate fight for possession of the other apples.

Three deaths occurred from exhaustion on the second day, the bodies being left until putrefaction set in before the survivors pushed them into the sea. Several started to drink salt water, and, maddened by this, four of the number jumped overboard. On the third night a steamer was sighted, and the shipwrecked people shouted. The vessel lowered a boat, but it did not find the raft in the darkness, and the steamer proceeded, leaving the unfortunates to their fate. It was on that night that the blood-letting commenced. After the stewardess, weakened from the loss of blood, had died in the arms of the second steward, he began to rave, and a few minutes later lowered himself from the raft, singing a hymn as he went. Finally, four days after they left the wreck, H. M. S. Penguin found the drifting raft and saved the remaining survivors.

## ARCTIC WEATHER; NO COAL

### A Cold Wave Sweeps Over the Country.

#### Freezing Weather Throughout the Southern Cotton Belt.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 26.—Severe weather prevails throughout Kansas and Missouri. At Mexico, Mo., there is no coal for sale and the temperature was at zero last night.

BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK.

Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Ithaca is experiencing a terrific blizzard, which was preceded by a fall in temperature of 15 degrees. Today's snowfall has been the heaviest of the year. Reports from surrounding towns tell of even worse conditions. The country roads are already impassable.

COLD AT THE SOUTH.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 26.—Today is the coldest of the season in this vicinity. The thermometer marked 12 degrees above zero as the minimum last night. Jacksonville, Florida, reported 38 above, and Savannah 34. Freezing temperature extends as far south as a line running east and west through the central portion of the cotton belt.

Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 26.—The temperature last night was 16 degrees above zero. The indications are that it will be colder tonight. At Memphis the thermometer registered 19 at 6 o'clock, and at Nashville it was 13 above at 7 a.m., and only 15 at noon.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 26. — Christmas night was the coldest of the winter in Birmingham, the thermometer dropping to 19 degrees above. At


## HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE

### Symptoms of a Very Common Trouble?

There is no disease so common in the United States as catarrh because it appears in so many forms and attacks so many different organs.

It is a common mistake to suppose that catarrh is confined to the nose and throat. Any inflammation of the mucous membrane, wherever located, accompanied by abnormal secretions, is catarrh. Catarrh of stomach or bladder, or intestines, is nearly as common as nasal catarrh, and much more serious, although it is true that stomach catarrh and catarrh of other internal organs is the result of neglected nasal catarrh.

A new remedy has recently appeared which so far as tested seems to be curing catarrh, wherever located. The preparation is sold by druggists generally under name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and in addition to being very palatable and convenient, possesses extraordinary merit, in many cases giving immediate relief from the coughing, hawking and constant clearing of the throat and head, those symptoms with which everyone is familiar who has ever suffered from colds in the head and throat.

Catarrh is simply a continuation of these symptoms until the trouble becomes chronic and grows gradually worse from year to year.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are comprised of Bloodroot, red gum and similar antiseptics and catarrh specifics, from which it will be seen that no secret is made of the ingredients and also that no mineral poisons are used, as is the case with many well-known catarrh medicines.

For catarrh of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes, for catarrh of stomach, intestines or bladder, no preparation is so safe and gives such rapid and permanent results as Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

All druggists sell them at 50c for full-sized package. You can use them with assurance that you will not contract the cocaine or morphine habit as the results from this catarrh cure are apparent from the first day's use.

74-u-y-t


## HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

### A Lady who cures her husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save her Home.

#### A PATHETIC LETTER.



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning, and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more, and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nurve in my body tingling with hope and hapiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whisky was vile stuff, and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept on giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he has done from promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

**FREE SAMPLE** and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Inclose stamp for reply. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan street, Toronto Canada.

Also for sale at Strong's Drug Store, 184 Dundas street.

Mobile the thermometer registered 32.6 degrees in the early morning.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 26. — The weather was clear at noon—temperature 44. The prediction of the Government forecaster is for cold weather tonight, with freezing temperature.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cushions! Cushions! Feather and Down Cushions from 50c each. Goose Feather Pillows, Mattresses, Springs, Beds, Brass and Iron Bedsteads, from $4 each. Bedroom Suites, Sideboards, Spring Couches, Fancy Chairs, at Hunt & Sons, Mattress and Feather Pillow Manufacturers, 593 Richmond street north. Telephone 997.

#### California-Oregon Excursions.

Every day in the year. The Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern line runs through first-class Pullman and Tourist Sleeping Cars to points in California and Oregon. Three through trains daily. The route of the famous "Overland Limited." Personally conducted excursions from Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and other Pacific Coast points, leaving Chicago on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Lowest rates. Choice of routes. Finest scenery. Maps, illustrated folders, etc., furnished free. Rates quoted. Address B. H. Bennett, general agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont. 36-h-t

#### They Father Consumption.

Bad coughs, colds and catarrh are responsible for more consumption than is traceable even to heredity. Catarrhozone cures more quickly than ordinary remedies, because it is the only antiseptic yet discovered that is volatile enough to reach the root of the trouble in remote parts of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and impregnate every particle of the air breathed with its healing, germ-killing vapor. Colds can't last ten minutes, or coughs more than thirty minutes when Catarrhozone is inhaled. It clears nose, throat and air passages at once, stops dropping, headache, and eradicates catarrh from any part of the system. Two months' treatment, $1; trial size, 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills are Mild.


## To Florida

From

**Michigan, Northern Ohio, Etc.**

Commencing January 6 1903, The **C. H. & D. Ry. and M. C. Ry.** will run a through Sleeping Car

**Detroit to St. Augustine, Fla.**

This car will leave Detroit every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12:35 noon, passing through Toledo at 2:22 P. M.

At Cincinnati it is attached to **The Florida Special** on the Queen & Crescent, giving Dining, Sleeping and Library Observation Cars.

Special reduced rates on Round Trip tickets to any Winter Tourist point in the South and to Florida, Nassau and Cuba can be obtained from any Agent of the C. H. & D. and connecting lines, or by writing to

**D. G. EDWARDS,**
Passenger Traffic Manager, C. H. & D. Ry.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

## PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. **Our Inventors' Help**, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

SPECIALIST
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

**Albert Wesley Kahle, M.D.,**

160 DELAWARE AVE.,

OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.
SUNDAYS: 2 to 4 p.m.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

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# FIT! FORM! COMELINESS!




Every lad as e own idea of what is comfortable in Corsets.

Many brains have been kept active in the past trying to produce a Corset that will be perfect; and the game goes on. There are still brains kept busy. One of the latest is the Duplex Diagonal Cont'l, known as the B. & I. The inventor has a great deal to say in ts favor. Wind him up and he talks about its wonderful advantages. They are well made from

**Good Materials,**
**Various Forms,**
**Short and Long Waists,**
**Slender and Stout.**




**The Price is $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2—Try them at Kingsmill's.**

# CHRISTMAS CHEER IS HERE!

AND HOW INTERESTING

## The Great Bankrupt Stock of $67,460.00

of RUNIANS, CARSON & McKEE, Purchased at 55c on the Dollar!

**Kingsmill is the distributor. It has enabled us to give you desirable goods in every department, so much under value.**

**What Will It Be?** Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Waists, Millinery, Hats or Feathers, something in Bric-a-Brac, a Doll, a piece of Stamped Felt for Embroidering, a Charm, a Purse, a piece of China, any Curios?

### "THE BEST."

What every lady says must be true. So many years Wertheimer's Gloves have stood the test. Every pair guaranteed. Every size. Every color. Every make.

| | |
|---|---|
| "The Sovereign," price | $1 00 |
| Walsdorf | 1 00 |
| Coronet | 1 10 |
| Carlton | 1 00 |
| Majestic | 1 50 |
| Sublime | 1 65 |

### "NOT WERTHEIMER'S"

**ODDMENTS.**

89 pairs colored and black Kid Gloves, Runians, Carson & McKee price $1, Kingsmill's reduced price..... 69c

132 pairs black and colored, odd sizes, odd makes, Runians, Carson & McKee price 75c to $1 50; Kingsmill's reduced price..... 50c

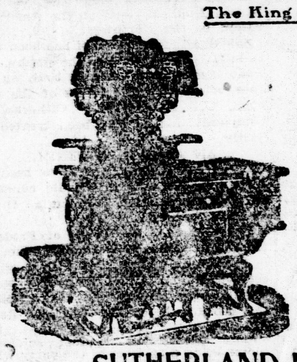
65 pairs black, 5¾ and 6, Runians, Carson & McKee price 75c; Kingsmill's reduced price..... 50c

7 pairs only, Washable French Kid Gloves, price $1 75, reduced to..... $1 00

...AT...

# KINGSMILL'S

The King of Ranges—"Buck's Happy Thought."



## A CANADIAN RANGE

THE "Happy Thought Range" is strictly made in Canada, and was designed and constructed for the people it is sold to. It has large fire box and oven, capacious warming closets, and broad cooking surface. It's a perfect cooker with either wood or coal.

**The "Happy Thought" Range**

is the standard range of Canada. It's the most economical fuel consumer and most perfect cooking Range constructed in the world.

WRITE THE MANUFACTURER FOR AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

The WM. BUCK STOVE CO., Limited, BRANTFORD.

SOLD BY SUTHERLAND BROS., 384 Richmond St., LONDON.


RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

### New Year Holidays, 1903

Between all stations in Canada—All stations in Canada, to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

**General Public.**

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE—Dec. 31, 1902, and Jan. 1, 1903, good returning until Jan. 2, 1903.

AT SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD—Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1902, and Jan. 1, 1903, good returning until Jan. 5, 1903.

**School Vacations.**

To teachers and pupils of schools and colleges, on surrender of school vacation certificates, signed by principal.—AT SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD—Good going until Dec. 31, 1902; good returning until Jan. 19, 1903.

Tickets, folders and all information from agents. E. DE LA HOOKE, C. P. and T. A., London; C. E. HORNING, depot ticket agent.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

### For Christmas and New Year's Vacation.

Will issue return tickets to general public at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE, good going Dec. 24 and 25, good returning until Dec. 26, 1902; also Dec. 31, 1902, and Jan. 1, 1903, valid for return until Jan. 2, 1903. At FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD, going Dec. 22, 23, 24 and 25, also Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1902, and Jan. 1, 1903, good returning until Jan. 5, 1903. Teachers and students (on surrender of standard form of school vacation railway certificate, signed by principal)—At FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD, from Dec. 6 to 31, 1902, inclusive, good returning until Jan. 19, 1903. Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., Buffalo, N. Y., and east.

W. FULTON, C. P. and T. A., London; A. H. NOTMAN, assistant general passenger agent, 1 King street east, Toronto.

An Englishman has invented a machine for receiving and registering theater tickets, which, when once inserted, cannot be abstracted. This invention will shortly be given a trial at some of the leading London theaters.

RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

## New Year Excursions MICHIGAN CENTRAL

*"The Niagara Falls Route."*

will issue tickets at

**Single First-Class Fare,**

going Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, returning Jan. 2.

**Fare and One-Third,**

going Dec. 29 to Jan. 1, returning until Jan. 5, 1903.

**Students and Teachers**

On presentation of certificates, special tickets may be purchased Dec. 6 to 31, returning Jan. 20.

Full particulars at the city ticket office, 395 Richmond street. 'Phone 205.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent. JOHN PAUL, City Pass. Agent.

For the Winter Go to **BERMUDA**

Weekly from New York, 48 hours by elegant steamers of the Quebec Steamship Company. Frost unknown. Malaria impossible.

For Winter Tours Go to **WEST INDIES**

Thirty days' trip, fifteen days in the Tropics, affording a charming Tropical trip at a cost of about $4 per day. SPECIAL CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES, per SS. "Madiana," 7th February, 1903. For all particulars apply to ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec; A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents, 39 Broadway, New York or to E. DE LA HOOKE and W. FULTON, Ticket Agents, London, Ont.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

**United States and Royal Mail Steamers.**

**New York, Queenstown and Liverpool**

| | |
|---|---|
| CELTIC | DEC. 31, 6:30 A.M. |
| TEUTONIC | JAN. 7, NOON. |
| GERMANIC | JAN. 14, NOON. |
| CYMRIC | JAN. 21, NOON. |
| CELTIC | JAN. 28, 5 A.M. |
| TEUTONIC | FEB. 4, NOON. |

Saloon rates from $60 up. Second saloon from $45 up, according to steamer and accommodation. Third class rates to Liverpool, London, Glasgow and Derry, $28 and $29 50.

Accommodations for all classes of passengers unexcelled.

E. DE LA HOOKE, CLOCK CORNER, Sole Agent for London.

RAILWAYS AND NAVIGATION.

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

### European Mail Service

Canada's Famous Train..... The "Maritime Express."

Leaving Montreal (Bonaventure Depot) 12 noon, Sunday, carrying the English Mail,

**Lands Passengers, Baggage and Mail**

Alongside the Royal Mail Steamships at Halifax the following monday.

The Grand Trunk's Express from the west makes connection at the Bonaventure Depot.

Write for Time Tables, Fares, etc., to

**WM. ROBINSON,**
General Traveling Agent, 10 King street west, Toronto, Ont.

## ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

MONTREAL to LIVERPOOL, via Moville. RATES OF PASSAGE: First cabin, $50 and upwards; second cabin, from $37 50; third class, $25 to $26. Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, London, Glasgow.

MONTREAL to GLASGOW direct—S.S. Mongolian, Dec. 25. First cabin, $45 and upwards; second cabin, $35; third class, $26.

London Agents: E. De La Hooke, W. Fulton, F. B. Clarke.

# THE MARKETS.

## LOCAL MARKET.

London, Saturday, Dec. 27.

The attendance at the market here today was a disappointment to many frequenters; indeed, the amount of business done did not exceed that of the average midweek markets. Sales were brisk, as the grocers and dealers were anxious to replenish their depleted stocks. Prices advanced slightly.

Grain—About 20 loads of oats sold higher, at 90c to 94c per cwt.

Hay and Straw—There was a brisk demand for the 15 loads of hay offered; it found a ready sale at $9 per ton for the bulk; a couple of choice loads sold at $9 50 per ton. Straw was in fair supply, at $2 75 to $3 per ton.

Butter and Eggs—The supply in this line was light and prices were firm, as per quotations.

Potatoes—Very few offered; prices as quoted.

Apples—Scarce; prices unchanged.

Dressed Hogs—There were about 40 carcases offered, which brought $7 75 to $8 20 per cwt.

Live Hogs—The price for Tuesday next, which has been chosen as the day for shipping, owing to Monday being nomination day, will be $5 60 for singers. A carload of sows and stags was purchased here at 4c and 4½c per pound.

Poultry—Very light supply, at 14c per pound for turkeys and 10c per pound for ducks; geese at 8c to 9c per pound.

| GRAIN, PER CWT. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat, sprouted | $1 05 | @ | $1 05 |
| Wheat, good | 1 15 | @ | 1 16 |
| Oats | 90c | @ | 92 |
| Barley | 85 | @ | 90 |
| Peas | 1 40 | @ | 1 50 |
| Corn | 1 00 | @ | 1 10 |
| Rye | 85 | @ | 90 |
| Buckwheat | 90 | @ | 1 10 |
| **GRAIN, PER BUSHEL.** | | | |
| Wheat | 63 | @ | 67½ |
| Oats | 31 | @ | 31⅞ |
| Barley | 40 | @ | 42 |
| Peas | 85 | @ | 90 |
| Corn | 58 | @ | 72 |
| Rye | 56 | @ | 58 |
| Buckwheat | 50 | @ | 52 |
| **DAIRY PRODUCE.** | | | |
| Butter, per roll, baskets | 20 | @ | 21 |
| Butter, crock, per lb | 19 | @ | 20 |
| Eggs, doz., basket lots | 21 | @ | 22 |
| Eggs, doz., new-laid | 20 | @ | 22 |
| Honey, strained, per lb | 9 | @ | 11 |
| Honey, in comb, per lb | 13 | @ | 13 |
| Cheese, wholesale | 10½ | @ | 11¼ |
| **FRUITS.** | | | |
| Apples, per bbl | 80 | @ | 1 25 |
| Apples, per bag | 25 | @ | 50 |
| Apples, dried, per lb | 3 | @ | 3½ |
| Apples, per bu | 25 | @ | 25 |
| Pears, per bu | 60 | @ | 75 |
| Crabapples, per bu | 50 | @ | 50 |
| Citrons, per doz | 80 | @ | 80 |
| Grapes, 10-lb basket | 20 | @ | 25 |
| **VEGETABLES.** | | | |
| Potatoes, bag, wholesale | 90 | @ | 1 00 |
| Potatoes, single bag | 1 00 | @ | 1 10 |
| Turnips, per bag | 25 | @ | 35 |
| Onions, per bag | 60 | @ | 65 |
| Beets, per bu | 25 | @ | 30 |
| Carrots, per bag | 30 | @ | 40 |
| Cabbages, per doz | 25 | @ | 40 |
| Celery, per doz | 25 | @ | 50 |
| Pumpkins, each | 5 | @ | 10 |
| Squashes, per doz | 60 | @ | 80 |
| Sage and savory, doz | 20 | @ | 20 |
| Peppers, per doz | 15 | @ | 15 |
| Cauliflowers, per doz | 60 | @ | 90 |
| **POULTRY, DRESSED.** | | | |
| Chickens, pair pair | 60 | @ | 85 |
| Ducks, per pair | 75 | @ | 1 00 |
| Geese, each | 65 | @ | 90 |
| Turkeys, per lb | 13 | @ | 15 |
| **LIVE POULTRY.** | | | |
| Ducks, per pair | 50 | @ | 65 |
| Geese, each | 50 | @ | 60 |
| Turkeys, per lb | 11 | @ | 13 |
| **MEATS.** | | | |
| Dressed hogs, per cwt | 7 00 | @ | 7 25 |
| Pork, hindquarters, per lb | 10 | @ | 10 |
| Pork, forequarters, lb | 8½ | @ | 9 |
| Beef, carcase, choice | 5 00 | @ | 6 50 |
| Beef, carcase, common | 4 00 | @ | 5 00 |
| Beef, hindquarters | 6 00 | @ | 7 50 |
| Beef, forequarters | 4 50 | @ | 5 50 |
| Lambs, by carcase | 7 00 | @ | 8 00 |
| Lamb, by quarter | 9 | @ | 10 |
| Veal, per cwt | 6 50 | @ | 8 00 |
| Mutton, per cwt | 5 00 | @ | 6 50 |
| **HAY AND STRAW.** | | | |
| Hay, per ton | 8 00 | @ | 9 50 |
| Straw, per ton | 5 50 | @ | 6 00 |
| Straw, per load | 2 00 | @ | 3 50 |
| Baled hay, wholesale | 8 50 | @ | 9 50 |
| **LIVE STOCK.** | | | |
| Hogs, per cwt | 5 60 | @ | 5 60 |
| Pigs, per pair | 5 00 | @ | 6 50 |
| Sows, per cwt | 4 00 | @ | 4 00 |
| Fat cattle | 4 50 | @ | 5 25 |
| Cows, each | 25 00 | @ | 37 00 |
| **HIDES AND SKINS.** | | | |
| Wool, washed | 13 | @ | 13½ |
| Wool, unwashed | 6 | @ | 7 |
| Hides, No. 1, per lb | 7 | @ | 7 |
| Hides, No. 2, per lb | 6 | @ | 6 |
| Hides, No. 3, per lb | 5 | @ | 5 |
| Tallow, rendered | 6 | @ | 6½ |
| Tallow rough | 3½ | @ | 3½ |
| Sheepskins, each | 60 | @ | 60 |
| Calfskins, No. 1 | 8 | @ | 8 |
| Calfskins, No. 2 | 6½ | @ | 7 |

TILLSON'S OATS—
QUAKER OATS—
SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT.
Hamilton's 373 Talbot St. Near King.

## AMERICAN MARKETS

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 26.—Flour—Receipts, 47,624 bbls; sales, 2,730 pkgs; flour ruled steady on a light trade. Buckwheat flour —Quiet. Rye flour—Dull; fair to good, $3 10 to $3 40; choice to fancy, $3 50 to $3 60. Wheat—Receipts, 143,325 bu; sales, 370,000 bu; wheat was dull but steady on the cold weather west, and unprotected winter $1 3-16c; July, 75¾c. Rye—Dull; state, 55c to 56c, c.i.f., New York; No. 2 western, 59c, f.o.b., afloat. Corn—Receipts, 57,770 bu; sales, 40,000 bu; corn was quiet and barely steady on prospects of improved grading; Jan., 55⅝c; May, 48⅛c to 48¼c. Oats—Receipts, 120,000 bu; oats were dull and steady. Beef—Dull. Pork—Quiet. Lard—Firm; prime western steam, $10 90. Sugar—Raw quiet; fair refining, 3 7-16c; centrifugal, 96 test, 3 15-16c; molasses sugar, 3 3-16c; refined quiet. Coffee—Nominal. Lead—Quiet. Hides—Quiet. Barley to [illegible] Dec., [illegible] May, [illegible] Wheat Dec., [illegible] May, [illegible] —Dull. Wool—Quiet. Hops—Quiet.

BUFFALO.

Buffalo, Dec. 26.—Spring wheat—No. 1 hard, 85c; No. 1 northern, 83c. Winter wheat—No. 2 red, 79c; No. 3 white, 73c.

*Distress After Eating*

Nausea between meals, belching, vomiting, flatulence, fits of nervous headache, pain in the stomach, are all symptoms of dyspepsia, and the longer it is neglected the harder it is to cure it.

*Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills*

Radically and permanently cure it—strengthen and tone the stomach and other digestive organs for the *natural* performance of their functions.

Accept no substitute for Hood's.

"My appetite was gone; nothing tempted me to eat, and what little I did eat felt annoying and unpleasant in my stomach. I tried many remedies without any benefit whatever. Finally, Hood's Sarsaparilla having been recommended, I began its use. After taking one bottle my stomach would retain food, and my appetite began to improve. After taking three bottles I was completely cured," WILLIAM ROSS, Wellington street, Sarnia, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

on track. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 55c; No. 3 yellow, 54½c; No. 3 corn, 51c, on track. Oats—No. 2 white, 36½c; No. 4 white, 35½c, on track.

DETROIT.

Detroit, Dec. 26.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 white, 74c; No. 2 red, cash, 82c; Dec., 82c; May, 81c.

## DAIRY MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 26.—Butter—Steady; receipts, 4,555 pkgs; creamery extras, per lb, 28c; do, firsts, 26c to 27½c; do, seconds, 23½c to 25c; do, lower grades, 21c to 23c; do, held extras, 25½c to 26c; do, firsts, 23½c to 25c; do, seconds, 21c to 22c; state dairy tubs, fancy, 26c; do, firsts, 24c to 25c; do, seconds, 22c to 23c; do, lower grade, 20c to 21c; Western imitation creamery, finest, 21½c to 22c; do, choice to prime, 18½c to 20c; do, lower grades, 17c to 18c; renovated, extras, 22c to 22½c; do, common to prime, 16½c to 21c; western factory, held, finest, 18c to 18½c; do, lower grade, 15½c to 17½c; do, current make, finest, 18c to 18½c; do, seconds, 17c to 17½c; do, lower grades, 16½c; packing stock, 16½c to 18c. Cheese—Firm; receipts, 504 boxes; state full cream, small fall made fancy, 14c; do, later made, colored, choice, 13½c; do, white, choice, 13¾c to 13½c; do, good to prime, 13c; do, common to fair, 11½c to 12½c; do, large fall made, fancy, 13¼c to 13½c; do, late made, colored, choice, 13½c; do, late made, white, choice, 13c; do, good to prime, 12c; do, common to fair, 11½c to 12½c; light skims, small choice, 12c; do, large choice, 11¼c to 11½c; part skims, prime, 10¾c to 11c; do, fair to good, 9¾c to 10¼c; do, common, 6c to 7c. Eggs—Steady; receipts, 3,250 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, fancy selected white, 32c to 33c; do, average prime, mixed, 28c; western, loss off, 28c; do, fancy, at mark, 26c; do, average prime, 24c to 25c; do, poor to fair, 20c to 23c; Kentucky, 19c to 24c; Tennessee, 19c to 22c; dirties, 15c to 18c; refrigerators, spring packed, 20c to 21c; do, summer packed, 18½c to 19¼c; limed, choice, 20c; do, fair to good, 15½c to 19½c.

# MUSIC AND DRAMA

JOHN GRIFFITH IN "MACBETH" TONIGHT.

Alan Dale, the critic of the New York American, has written many words of praise for plays and players, but he cannot find language strong enough to express the high esteem in which John Griffith is held by all lovers of true artistic merit. Mr. Griffith is an ideal Macbeth, and astonished all the very best newspaper critics by his wonderful impersonation of this famous character. Griffith will appear at the Grand this afternoon and evening in the immortal Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth."

MONDAY'S PLAY.

One of the striking scenes in the new melodrama "Searchlights of a Great City," which will be given at popular prices at the Grand Monday evening, recalls the famous incident which changed the name from "The Church of the Transfiguration," New York, to that now generally accepted title, "The Little Church Around the Corner."

PLAN OPENS TODAY.

"The Emerald Isle," the last comic opera written by Sir Arthur Sullivan before his death a couple of years ago, and, therefore, the swan song of the great creator of "The Mikado" and "Patience," is the attraction at the Grand on Tuesday evening. Of the production the Toronto World said: "It appeared to meet with favor and that is the best test of its strength and claims for popularity. Some of the sparkling Irish songs were given the most thunderous applause and all through there was a genuine run of wit and mirth. The theme treats of Erin; there is a pretty blending of romance and humor, and the music is real music, not a collection of rag time melodies, which are the stock in trade of the majority of the writers who turn out comic opera for the people in these days."

SUCCESSFUL REVIVALS.

George H. Brennan, who is directing the tour of the elaborate revival of "Caste," which will be seen in this city at the Grand Opera House on Saturday, Jan. 3, has made several successful revivals of old plays during the last few seasons. Two seasons ago he was associated with Daniel V. Arthur in the revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" in which Stuart Robson appeared as Tony. Last season Mr. Brennan revived the "Taming of the Shrew," with Charles B. Handford as Petruchio. In April last a revival of "The Country Girl" was made by Mr. Brennan. In "The Country Girl" Mr. Robert V. Ferguson made the hit of the production as Sparkish. Katheryn Kidder played Peggy. So unqualified was Mr. Ferguson's success that Mr. Brennan immediately entered into an arrangement with him to impersonate Eccles in this season's presentation of "Caste."

# FOR THE LIQUOR ACT

**Majority Has Reached 93,466 and Returns Still Incomplete.**

Toronto, Dec. 27. — The latest returns from the vote on the liquor act of 1902, as received by the secretary of the Dominion Alliance, are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| For the act | 194,700 |
| Against | 101,234 |
| Majority for the act | 93,466 |

There are no returns from Fort William, Manitoulin and Port Arthur. Seventy-six constituencies have forwarded complete returns, and there are yet 21 not officially reported.

# SLAIN BY INDIANS

**Capt. Petherill, Windsor, Ont., Found in Shanty on Lake Winnipeg**

Winnipeg, Dec. 27.—News has just come in by runner from the north to Selkirk that the body of Capt. J. Petherill, of Windsor, Ont., employed by the Dominion Fish Company, was discovered on Christmas morning by some half-breeds at a place called Snake Island, on Lake Winnipeg. The island is, of course, approachable over the ice in the winter. A French fisherman was found insensible and half frozen on the floor of the shanty, covered in blood. The details to hand are very meagre, but it is supposed that the two were celebrating the festival as best they could in that desolate spot, and that some Indians or other persons, with whom the captain had dealings, had some financial grievance against the captain, broke into the shanty and murdered him early on Christmas morning.

The Attorney-General's Department is awaiting full particulars by the Gemli mail.

**Two Years and Thirty Lashes.**

Toronto, Dec. 27.—John Brady, convicted of indecent assault on Lousisa Bruce, a six-year-old girl, was sentenced yesterday in the general sessions to one year and 363 days in the Central prison, with fifteen lashes twice during the term.

# TRAVELERS' CLUB BALL WAS A GREAT SUCCESS

**A Large Company Enjoys the Well-Managed Function.**

**Names of the Guests, Stewards, Committeemen and Patronesses**

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights—
Nay! by the witchery of flying feet—
Nay! by the glamor of foredone delights—
By all things merry, musical and meet—
By the wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes—
By wailing waltzes—by reckless galops' strain—
By dim verandas and by soft replies,
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!
—Kipling.

To say that the ball given last night by the Travelers' Club of London was a success—to say merely that and nothing more—would be almost as far from the whole truth as saying that it was not given at all. It was all that might well be expressed in English in the way of a well-managed ball, and one of the supreme events of the city's social season. It is true that this was but the second ball that the Travelers' Club has given and yet, already, they have set a mark that is seldom equaled by any organization in the city, or for that matter, out of it either. The evening marked the successful termination of their first year as a club.

Practically the whole of the Tecumseh House was thrown open to the guests of the evening and the happy arrangement of everything reflected in no slight measure, upon those in charge. The entrance hallway as one entered the main doorway, was tastily draped with bunting and flags in such a way as to make a fit setting to the broad stately staircase that was lined on both sides with tall, graceful palms. The dining-rooms had been cleared for the event and presented to the votaries of the light fantastic, an admirable opportunity to execute such steps as a light heart beating time to Tony Cortese's full orchestra might inspire. The dancing commenced about 10 o'clock and until the early hours of the morning London's belles and beaux tripped many a light and graceful measure in the form of waltzes, two-steps, lancers, jerseys, schottisches and numerous other dances.

Toward midnight the dancers adjourned to the supper rooms, of which there were three upstairs, where they sat down to a tasty and delicious little meal. Everything was decked out in gala attire for the occasion and from every gas jet hung a bunch of holly and mistletoe. The effect was very pleasing. In other parts of the house were lounging and smoking rooms for those who did not care to dance, and for the ladies a couple of ping-pong tables had been provided. In every way, all that was possible was done to make the guests comfortable and unlike many affairs of its kind, hardly an item was unconsidered or forgotten. The credit of this excellent management is largely due to the stewards of the night:

Messrs. James G. Angus, H. E. Buttrey, Adam Beck, George H. Belton, T. H. Carling, J. M. Ferguson, John Garvey, jun., Fred Kerrigan, E. J. Masuret, A. H. Moran, T. A. McCormick, C. W. McGuire, Alfred Robinson, E. I. Sifton, H. W. Southam, E. R. C. Struthers, J. S. Townsend, Wm. Turnbull and C. F. Zwicker.

A considerable share of the work, however, fell to the lot of the various committees. They were made up as follows:

Supervisory Committee—Donald Ferguson, honorary chairman; S. F. Glass, secretary; H. E. Buttrey, C. S. Hyman, F. A. McCormick, T. H. Carling, Alf. Gunther, J. M. Ferguson, George Belton, James Mattinson, C. W. McGuire, E. R. C. Struthers and William Turnbull.

Finance Committee—E. R. C. Struthers, chairman; Alf Gunther, secretary; George Belton and H. W. Southam.

Printing Committee—H. E. Buttrey, chairman; Alf Robinson, secretary; F. Brenton, E. Masuret and F. Kerrigan.

Musical Committee—J. M. Ferguson, chairman; F. A. McCormick, secretary; S. F. Glass, and W. Percival.

Refreshment Committee—C. W. McGuire, chairman; W. E. A. Best, secretary; J. W. Couse, A. H. Moran and James Angus.

Decoration Committee—E. I. Sifton, chairman; B. S. Sainsbury, secretary; John Garvey, jun., F. Kerrigan, A. T. Edwards, J. K. Spry and J. J. Dyer.

The patronesses, under whose chaperonage the event passed off were the following: Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. T. H. Carling, Mrs. J. M. Dillon, Mrs. C. S. Hyman, Mrs. John Labatt, Mrs. F. E. Leonard, Mrs. R. C. Struthers, Mrs. R. C. Macfie, Mrs. S. Munro, Mrs. W. J. Reid, Mrs. T. H. Smallman, Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mrs. S. N. Sterling and Mrs. Philip Pocock.

Invitations were extended to the following:

Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, city.
Angus, Mr. James, city.
Abbott, Dr. H. R., city.
Adams, Mr. Fred, Toronto.
Bell, Mr. and Mrs. George T., Montreal.
Buchan, Col. and Mrs., Toronto.
Bremner, Mr. and Mrs. M. G., city.
Blackburn, Mr. and Mrs. W. J., city.
Backburn, Mr. and Mrs. A. S., city.
Bakwill, Miss, city.
Beaton, Mr. and Mrs. George, city.
Bougaaner, Mr. and Mrs. W. F., city.
Brownlee, Mr. and Mrs. J. H., city.
Brown, Mr. John S., city.
Brown, Mr. Frank, city.
Bryant, Miss Ethel, city.
Bryant, Miss S. A., city.
Beck, Mr. and Mrs. Adam, city.
Boyd, Miss Agnes, city.
Buttrey, Mr. H. E., city.
Buttrey, Miss, city.
Beddome, Miss, city.
Bedoome, Miss G., city.
Brown, Dr. Claude, city.
Bernard, Mr. Edward, city.
Broderick, Miss Lila, city.
Bowers, Mr. J. C., Ingersoll.
Burns, Miss Marion, Toronto.
Backie, Mr. Harry, Toronto.
Beaver, Mr. C., Crediton.
Boyd, Miss Sadie, Lucknow.
Bell, Miss Alice, Detroit.
Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. O. R., Detroit.
Bradley, Mr. Joseph, Hamilton.
Bayley, Mr., Toronto.
Boughner, Miss H., Brantford.
Becker, Mr. and Mrs. D., New Hamburg.
Badley, Mr. Joseph, Harriston.
Ballantyne, Miss, Tiverton.
Carling, Sir John and Lady, city.
Carling, Mr. and Mrs. T. H., city.
Crawford, Mr. A. G., city.
Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R., city.
Carling, Mr. J. A., city.
Croden, Mr. Ed., city.
Carter, Mr. Frank A., city.
Crayston, Miss L., city.
Coulson, Mr. S. L., city.
Chadwick, Miss Beatrice, city.
Cook, Miss Ella, city.
Costello, Miss Teresa M., city.
Corbould, Mr. and Mrs. Wingham.
Corbould, the Misses, Wingham.
Chittenden, Mr., Seaforth.
Collins, Miss Mabel, Kincardine.
Case, Mr. and Mrs. F. A., Detroit.
Case, Miss, Detroit.
Coppin, Miss N. E., Mitchell.
Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. S. J., Wiarton.
Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Southampton.
Chisholm, Mr. H., Wingham.
Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. J. M., city.
Darch, Mr. John, city.
Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. J., city.
Dowell, Miss L., city.
Dennison, Miss, city.
Detlor, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H., city.
Durand, Miss Kathleen, Port Huron.
Drake, Miss Corrine, St. Thomas.
Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. T. W., Owen Sound.
Doyle, Mr. Joseph, Wingham.
Dinsley, Miss Norma, Wingham.
Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. M. C., Toronto.
Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. A. T., city.
Edy, Mr. and Mrs. F. W., city.
Ermatinger, Miss, city.
Ely, Mr. and Mrs. L. M., Wiarton.
Earle, Mr. and Mrs. Alex, Creemore.
Flock, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. M., city.
Fraser, Mr. Donald, city.
Fraser, Mr. William, city.
Fraser, Miss May, city.
Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Donald, city.
Friendship, Mr. Albert, city.
Ferguson, Mr. J. M., city.
Fraser, Mr. Alf, city.
Forster, Sergt. Blake, city.
Ferguson, Mr. R. F., Toronto.
Ferguson, Miss Blanche, Chicago.
Ferguson, Miss Florence, Chicago
Graves, Mr. E. O., city.
Graves, Miss, city.
Gunn, Mr. George C., city.
Gunther, Mr. and Mrs. Alf, city.
Green, Mr. and Mrs. John, city.
Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C., city.
Gibbons, the Misses, city.
Green, Mr. R. W., city.
Garvey, Mr. John, jun., city.
Garvey, Mr. Clement, city.
Garvey, Mr. Leigh, city.
Gammage, Mr. and Mrs. Wm., city.
Gall, Miss Bella, city.
Greer, Mr. B. W., city.
Graydon, Mr. N. P., city.
Greer, Miss, city.
Glass, Mr. and Mrs. Chester, Spokane.
Glass, Mr. Gordon, Spokane.
Glass, Mr. and Mrs. S. F., city.
Grosch, Mr. and Mrs. W. H., Milverton.
Griffin, Miss Stella, Wingham.
Higgins, Miss Mary.
Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. C. S., city.
Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M., Montreal.
Hook, Mr. and Mrs. M. E., city.
Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Fred, St. Marys.
Hunt, Miss Anita, city.
Hodgkinson, Miss, city.
Hunt, Mr. C. R., city.
Hyman, Miss Edyth, city.
Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. J. W., city.
Hyman, Miss, city.
Hyman, the Misses, city.
Hardey, Miss Nettie, city.
Hasenflug, Mr. George, Teeswater.
Hill, Mr. Frank T., Markdale.
Hill, the Misses, Markdale.
Holmes, Miss Nora, Victoria, B. C.
Heath, Mr. John T. Brantford.
Hickey, Mr. and Mrs. J. C., Detroit.
Hill, Miss Lena, Strathroy.
Johnson, Miss Cecil, city.
Jones, Mr. H. S., city.
Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. A., Wiarton.
Jones, Miss, Wiarton.
Jamieson, Dr. and Mrs., Durham.
Kilgour, Mr. and Mrs. R. D., city.
Kelly, Miss N., Clinton.
Kennedy, Miss Addie, city.
Kerrigan, Mr. Fred, city.
Kidd, Miss Sadie, city.
Kortright, Mr. Ernest A., city.
King, Mr. and Mrs., Oshawa.
Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. H. G., St. Catharines.
Krug, Miss, Tavistock.
Kastner, Mr. and Mrs. G., Wiarton.
Kerslake, Miss Lilian, Portland, Ore.
Krug, Mr., John, Tavistock.
Kent, Miss B., Wingham.
Kerrigan, Mr. Ernest C., Toronto.
Kerrigan, Mr. James, city.
Keith, Mr. R. L., Kansas City.
Labatt, Mr. and Mrs. John, city.
Love, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, city.
Love, Miss, city.
Laurier, Sir Wilfrid and Lady, Ottawa.
Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, city.
Little, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, city.
Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. F. E., city.
Landon, Mr. H. E., city.
Labatt, Miss, city.
Labatt, Mr. S. J., New York.
Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. F., city
Leake, Miss Gertrude, city.
Leake, Miss Jennie, city.
Leonard, Mr. I., city.
Leonard, Mr. W., city.
Lind, Mr. Fred, city.
Lindop, Miss, St. Thomas.
Livingston, Mr. Peter, Milverton.
Lunz, Mr. and Mrs. John, Drayton.
Mason, Miss Eva, city.
Meredith, Sir William Ralph and Lady, Toronto.
Miller, Mr. and Mrs. A. E., city.
Moran, Mr. A. H., city.
Masuret, Mr. and Mrs. E. J., city.
Mills, Mr. David, city.
Masuret, Mr. Bert, city.
Macfie, Mr. and Mrs. R. C., city.
Macfie, Miss, city.
Munro, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, city.
Mace, Mr. and Mrs. W. A., city.
Mason, Miss Jean, city.
Meredith, Miss Mary, city.
Moore, Miss Mary, city.
Moore, Miss T., city.
Moore, Miss B., city.
Macfie, Miss M., city.
Marshall, Miss N., city.
Macbeth, Mr. Geo., city.
Mason, Miss Daisy, city.
Maybee, Mr. A., city.
Meyer, Miss K. E., city.
Martin, Mr. Thomas, city.
Munro, Miss Florence, city.
Madden, Mrs. J. H., Napanee.
Macfie, Mr. Fred D., city.
Milligan, Mr. Arthur, Toronto.
Murdoch, Mr. J. G., Lucknow.
Meldrum, Mr. Wm., Thedford.
Mason, Dr. and Mrs. Detroit.
McCormick, Mr. F. A., city.
McFalls, Mr. Heber C., Lucknow.
McGuire, Mr. Charles W., city.
McLean, Mr. Duncan J., city.
McKillop, Miss, city.
McPaul, Mr. E., Seaforth.
McQuilian, Mr. and Mrs. A. P., Toronto.
McIntosh, Miss B., Lucknow.
McLean, Mr. and Mrs. E. M., Clinton.
McSween, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. and Miss, Windsor.
McCance, Mr. J. A. and Miss, St. Thomas.
McWilliams, Mr. R. F., Peterboro.
McClary, Mr., Peterboro.
McPherson, Mr., Peterboro.
McCormick, Mr. Z., Lucan.
McFaul, Mr. E., Lucan.
McIntosh, the Misses, Lucknow.
McNee, Mr. James, city.
Nightingale, Mr. E. G., city.
Noble, Miss May, city.
Obermesser, Mr. and Mrs. J., city.
O'Neil, Mr. George, Toronto.
O'Brien, Mr. D., Centralia.
Ord, Mr. and Mrs., Tiverton.
Peters, Miss, city.
Peters, Col. and Mrs., city.
Paull, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin, city.
Portwood, Mr. W. L., city.
Pocock, Mr. and Mrs. P. J., city.
Percival, Mr. and Mrs. W., city.
Payne, Miss, city.
Pringle, Miss, city.
Piper, Dr. D. H., city.
Piper, Dr. W. A., city.
Pasmore, Mr. and Mrs. F., Hamilton.
Pratt, Miss Edna, Owen Sound.
Rossie, Mr. M. W., city.
Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred, city.
Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A., city.
Reid, Mr. and Mrs. W. J., city.
Ross, Hon. G. W., Toronto.
Rice, Miss, Cleveland.
Robiyn, Miss Eva N., city.
Richardson, Miss B., city.
Ryan, Mr. William, Toronto.
Reimer, Mr. and Mrs. C. E., Elora.
Ramsey, Mr. William, Hamilton.
Smith, Lieut.-Col. A. M., city.
Spry, Mr. and Mrs. J. K., city.
Sifton, Mr. and Mrs. E. I., city.
Struthers, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. C., city.
Southam, Mr. and Mrs. H. W., city.
Sainsbury, Mr. and Mrs. B. S., city.
Smith, Mr. C. O. E., city.
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. B., city.
Struthers, Mr. and Mrs. R. C., city.
Smallman, Mr. and Mrs. T. H., city.
Smallman, Miss, city.
Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. S. N., city.
Simon, Mr. Herman, city.
Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Edward, city.
Stratton, Mr. W., city.
Secord, Miss Carrie, city.
Scatcherd, Miss, city.
Smallman, Mr. and Mrs. Jack, city.
Sterling, Mr. Basil, city.
Smith, Mr. Noble, Goderich.
Seagram, Mr. and Mrs. E. F., Waterloo.
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. M. F., Oshawa.
Shaver, Mr. and Mrs. W. G., Toronto.
Stitt, Mr. James, Seaforth.
Spotlan, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B., Wiarton.
Scott, Mr. and Mrs. James, Mount Forest.
Schinbirn, Mr. and Mrs. J. M., Listowel.
Shamons, Mr. and Mrs. G. B., Barrie.
Tupper, Sir Charles and Lady, Winnipeg.
Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. W., Toronto.
Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. William, city.
Thompson, Mr. Frank, city.
Thompson, Miss Ida, city.
Thompson, Miss Minnie, city.
Townsend, Mr. J. S., city.
Templeton, Mr. William, city.
Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. R. H., city.
Tillmann, Mr. and Mrs. A., city.
Taman, Mr. W. W., Exeter.
Thomas, Miss Isabel, Brantford.
Usher, Mr. and Mrs. C. E., Montreal.
Underhill, Miss M. H., city.
Van Horne, Sir William C. and Lady, Montreal.
Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. J. P., Morrisburg.
Walker, Mr. and Mrs. L. J., city.
White, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J., city.
White, Mr. George E., city.
Wilson, Mr. F. D., Cleveland.
Wright, Miss L., city.
Wright, Mr. William, city.
Wilson, Miss Mary, city.
White, Miss Hettie, Niagara-on-the-Lake.
Wood, Miss A. B. Shaw, city.
Wood, Mr. R. O. Shaw, city.
Ward, Mr. W., Owen Sound.
Walters, Mr. and Mrs. P., Listowel.
Wilson, Mr. W. C. H., Copperhill, Tenn.
Walton, Mr. P. L., Goderich.
Waterhouse, Miss Dolly, Mitchell.
Watson, Mr. C. E., Wiarton.
Weber, Mr. and Mrs. H., Elmira.
Welch, Mrs. Lena, Imlay City, Mich.
Zimmerman, Mr. A., city.
Zwicker, Mr. C. F., city.

**County Council Nominees.**

St. Thomas, Dec. 26.—Following is a list of candidates for county councilors and those elected by acclamation: District No. 1—S. B. Morris, A. D. McColl, D. J. McPherson. No. 2—A. Leitch and E. McKellar, elected by acclamation. No. 3—W. Jackson, A. Turner and A. Else. No. 4—D. F. Thompson, W. S. Luton, James McKenzie. No. 5—Oscar McKenney and W. Rockey, elected by acclamation. No. 6—D. Ferguson, A. Stokes, Mr. Wilson, South Dorchester, and David Stratton, Bayham.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's" Soothing Syrup.

You certainly do not know how generally disagreeable you make yourself, or you would stop coughing. No one can read or rest in the same house with you. Can't stop it? Then we must tell you about



Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

No medicine like it for stopping coughs, healing sore lungs, quieting inflammation in the bronchial tubes, and preventing serious lung troubles. Ask your doctor if he could give better advice.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Last fall I contracted a severe cold on my lungs which continued spite of all I could do. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was quickly relieved. I am now perfectly well."

Miss Emma Miller, Fort Snelling, Minn.

RAPID RISE OF AN INVESTMENT STOCK

Six Days Gives Narrow Margin of Time for Action.

100% ADVANCE THIS WEEK

Price of Eastern Consolidated Oil Co.'s Stock Goes to Par—$1.00 a Share, with the New Year—This is the Company That Has Paid 27 Per Cent on the Investment in 13 Months—Over subscription of 50c Allotment Seems Probable.

Another sensational chapter in the history of the Eastern Consolidated Oil Company is opened.

For more than a year now this company has figured conspicuously in the financial news of the day.

This stock, which was put on the market at 25 cents a share, advanced rapidly to 50 cents, and in the past thirteen months has actually paid 27 per cent in dividends on the investment.

It is now positively known that the stock will go to par ($1 a share) on Jan. 3, just six days hence.

A SPLENDID PROPOSITION.

The rapid rise of the Eastern Consolidated Oil Company is due to two causes: first, the natural physical oil wealth of the company's oil properties, and, second, careful and conservative business management. The result is a success which is making rich men out of the original stockholders.

It is in fact a splendid investment proposition from a business point of view. It is safe because it has actual assets, rich oil land and producing oil wells.

It is a rich investment because its enormous oil production gives it large revenues and makes possible the generous dividends which have already been paid for over a year.

PRICE OF STOCK ADVANCES 100 PER CENT.

The present allotment of stock selling at 50c a share is almost exhausted.

On Jan. 3 the price will advance to par—$1 a share.

The officers of the company make the positive statement that after 12 o'clock midnight, next Saturday night, the Eastern Consolidated Oil Company will sell no more of its stock at 50c. On and after that time the price will be $1.

PAYS RICH DIVIDENDS.

Thirteen months ago the Eastern Consolidated Oil Company rejoiced its stockholders by declaring a 2 per cent. dividend on the investment for the month.

Since that time this company has paid 27 per cent. in dividends on the investment.

Since that time the stock has doubled in value, and will double again in six days. An investment of $1,000 made thirteen months ago has paid $270 in dividends, and is now worth $2,000 in consequence of the advance in price.

That same investment will be worth $4,000 on next Saturday night, when the price advances.

The original investors have already doubled their money, but they took all the risks. Those who invest this week take no risks whatever, and are certain to double their money in six days!

FORTUNES MADE IN OIL.

In no other class of safe investments can the investor realize such large profits as in oil. Compare the returns from real estate, from loans on mortgages, from banks or from any industrial proposition with the 27 per cent. on the investment paid by the Eastern Consolidated Oil Company in thirteen months.

The Standard Oil Company declared dividends amounting to 45 per cent. during the past year! The Standard Oil Company's stock is quoted at nearly $700 a share.

The Eastern Consolidated Oil Company's stock sells at 50 cents a share for six days longer.

There is no other investment on the market that offers anything like so large returns.

PROPERTIES AND OIL WELLS.

The Eastern Consolidated Oil Company has over 21,000 acres of rich oil lands. About 1,200 acres are in Ohio, consisting of oil leases on eighteen farms and containing 107 producing oil wells.

The oil is sold to the Standard Oil Company, with a cash settlement each month. Ten acres in the heart of the rich Kern River district in California, owned out right and paid for, has four big producing wells. Also 19,000 acres in Santa Barbara, Cal., upon which development work has begun.

ENORMOUS OIL PRODUCTION.

Some two months ago, when drilling was begun on the Kern River property, the superintendent promised a production of 50,000 barrels monthly from this tract alone when ten wells should have been finished.

He is more than keeping his

CARLING LONDON

...TRY OUR...

**Export Lager**

**Brewed Expressly For Xmas Trade.**

**It's a Good Healthy Tonic. Kept By All Dealers.**

xvt

**F. H. BUTLER,**

**STOCK BROKER.**

Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Provisions bought and sold for cash or on margin. Send for vest pocket manual. Long distance 'phone 1,278. OFFICES—Masonic Temple, London.

# TODAY'S MARKETS

OTHER MARKETS ON PAGE 5.

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 27.

Reported by F. H. Butler, stock broker, Masonic Temple, for The Advertiser.

| | Open. | High. | Low. | 2 p.m. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Anaconda | 92 | 94 | 92 | 94 |
| Amal. Copper | 60 | 63½ | 59¾ | 63¾ |
| American Sugar Co. | 129¾ | 129¾ | 128¾ | 129¾ |
| American Locomotive | 28¾ | 29¾ | 28¾ | 29¾ |
| American Foundry | 34¾ | 34¾ | 34¾ | 34¾ |
| Atcheson Com. | 84 | 84¾ | 83¾ | 84¾ |
| Atcheson Pfd. | 99¾ | 100 | 99½ | 100 |
| B. & O. | 99¾ | 99¾ | 98¾ | 99¾ |
| Brooklyn Tran. | 68¾ | 68¾ | 67¾ | 68¾ |
| C. P. R. | 131¾ | 132 | 131¾ | 132 |
| Chesapeake & Ohio | 47¾ | 47¾ | 47 | 47¾ |
| Chic. Great Western | 25¾ | 25½ | 24¾ | 25¾ |
| Colorado Fuel & Iron | 80¾ | 80¾ | 80¾ | 80¾ |
| Erie | 36¾ | 36¾ | 35¾ | 36½ |
| Erie Pfd. | 66¾ | 68¾ | 66¾ | 66¾ |
| Illinois Central | 145½ | 145½ | 144¾ | 145½ |
| Kan. and Tex. Com. | 26¾ | 26½ | 26¼ | 26½ |
| Louisville & Nashville | 126¾ | 126¾ | 125¾ | 126 |
| Manhattan | 147 | 147¾ | 145¼ | 146¾ |
| Metropolitan St. Ry | 139¼ | 139¾ | 139¼ | 139¾ |
| Mexican Central | 23¾ | 24½ | 23¾ | 24½ |
| M. P. | 107¾ | 108 | 107 | 107¾ |
| N. Y. Central | 152 | 152¾ | 151¾ | 152¾ |
| Norfolk and W | 72½ | 72¾ | 72 | 72½ |
| Pacific Mail S. S. Co. | 39¾ | 39½ | 39½ | 39¾ |
| Ont. and West | 31¾ | 31¾ | 30¾ | 31 |
| Pennsylvania | 155¾ | 156¾ | 155¾ | 155¾ |
| People's Gas | 103¾ | 103¾ | 103¾ | 103¾ |
| Reading | 65½ | 65¾ | 64¾ | 65¼ |
| Republic I. and S | 19¾ | | | |
| Southern Ry | 33¾ | 33¾ | 33¼ | 33½ |
| Southern Ry., Pref | 92¾ | | | |
| Southern Pacific | 64¾ | 64¾ | 64 | 64½ |
| St. Paul | 178¾ | 178¾ | 177 | 178¾ |
| Texas | 40¾ | 40½ | 39¾ | 40 |
| T. C. I | 58 | 59 | 57¾ | 59 |
| Union Pacific | 100¼ | 100¾ | 99¾ | 100¾ |
| Union Pacific, Pfd. | 92¼ | | | |
| U. S. Leather | 12¾ | 12¾ | 12¾ | 12¾ |
| U. S. Rubber | 16 | 16¾ | 16 | 16 |
| U. S. Steel, com. | 35¼ | 35¾ | 35¼ | 35½ |
| U. S. Steel pref. | 85¾ | 85¾ | 84¾ | 85¾ |
| Wabash Com. | 29 | 29 | 28¾ | 29 |
| Wabash Pfd. | 43¼ | 43¼ | 43 | 43¼ |
| W Union Tel. | 88¼ | 88¼ | 87¾ | 88 |
| Wisconsin Central | 26 | | | |

CHICAGO EXCHANGE.

Reported for the Advertiser by F. H. Butler, stock broker.

Chicago, Dec. 27.

| | Open. | High. | Low. | Close. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat—Dec | 74¾ | 75 | 74¾ | 75 |
| May | 77¾ | 77¾ | 77¼ | 77¾ |
| Corn—Dec. | 46 | 46¾ | 45¾ | 45¾ |
| May | 43¾ | 43½ | 43¾ | 43½ |
| Oats—Dec | 32½ | 32¼ | 32 | 32 |
| May | 33¾ | 34⅛ | 33⅞ | 34 |
| Pork—Jan | 17 27 | 17 27 | 17 20 | 17 20 |
| May | 16 60 | 16 60 | 16 45 | 16 45 |
| Lard—Jan | 9 55 | | | |
| May | 9 57 | 9 60 | 9 52 | 9 55 |
| Ribs—Jan | 8 55 | 8 55 | 8 52 | 8 52 |
| May | 8 72 | 8 72 | 8 70 | 8 70 |

DETROIT BEAN MARKET.

Detroit, Dec. 27.—Beans are nominally 1c to 2c higher. The demand shows improvement and offerings are not large. Quotations: Cash and January, $2 25; February, $2 29; May, $2 42 bid.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

OLD COUNTRY PRICES.

London, Dec. 26.—Trade is quiet and Canadian cattle is lower at from 11½c to 12½c per lb (dressed weight); sheep are quoted at 12c to 13½c per lb; lambs, 13½c to 14½c per lb; refrigerator beef is lower at 10c to 10½c per lb.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 6,000, steady to strong; good to prime steers, $5 50 to $6 40; poor to medium, $3 to $5 25; stockers and feeders, $2 to $4 50; cows, $1 25 to $4 60; heifers, $2 to $5 60; canners, $1 25 to $2 40; bulls, $2 to $4 50; calves, $3 to $7 25; Texas fed steers, $3 50 to $5.

Hogs—Receipts today, 19,000; market 5c to 10c higher; mixed and butchers', $6 to $6 40; good to choice heavy, $6 45 to $6 65; rough heavy, $6 10 to $6 40; light, $5 25 to $6 25; bulk of sales, $6 15 to $6 40.

Sheep — Receipts, 11,000; strong; lambs strong; good to choice wethers, $4 to $4 50; fair to choice mixed, $3 to $4; native lambs, $4 to $5 75.

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 26.—Beeves—Receipts, 3,190; steers active and strong; generally 10c higher; fat bulls and cows steady to firm; medium and thin cows slow; some sales lower; native steers, $4 90 to $6 15; fat oxen, $4 40 to $5 40; bulls, $2 50 to $4 50; cows, $1 50 to $3 80; cables quoted live cattle dull at 12½c to 13½c per lb, dressed weight; sheep firm at 12½c to 13¾c; lambs, 14c to 14½c, dressed weight; refrigerator beef slower at 10c to 12½c per lb; shipments tomorrow, 1,166 cattle, 1,281 sheep and 5,925 quarters of beef.

Calves—Receipts, 683; firm for veals; other calves higher; all sold; veals, $5 to $9 50; little calves, $4 to $4 50; western, $4 25; city dressed veals, 11c to 14c.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,639; sheep slow; good lambs firm; others dull; sheep, $2 50 to $3 80; lambs, $4 80; no Canadian lambs.

Hogs—Receipts, 11,934; higher; state hogs, $6 50; choice light hogs, $6 60; western nominal.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, Dec. 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 200 head; quiet; veals steady; tops, $8 50 to $9; common to good, $5 50 to $8 25.

Hogs—Receipts, 12,000 head; 5c to 10c higher; active on light and slow on heavy; heavy, $6 50 to $6 55; mixed, $6 40 to $6 50; Yorkers and pigs, 6 30 to $6 40; roughs, $5 50 to $5 80; stags, $4 50 to $5.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 9,500 head; sheep firm; lambs strong, 20c higher; top lambs, $5 80 to $5 95; culls to good, $3 75 to $5 75; yearlings, $4 25 to $4 50; ewes, export, $4 25 to $4 50; sheep, top, mixed, $3 50 to $3 75; culls to good, $1 75 to $3 40; common to good, $3 40 to $3 75.

TORONTO.

[Associated Press Report.]

Toronto, Dec. 26.—There was practically no business doing at the cattle market today. There were no fresh deliveries. A few of the drovers with left-over cattle were on hand to dispose of their lots, but the few local butchers and dealers who showed up at the market spent the morning chiefly in their comfortable new quarters in the cattle market office building. If any sales were effected they were not quoted. Prices, therefore, stood at last week's quotations, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Feeders, steers, 1,050 lbs. | $3 75 @ $4 12½ |
| Feeders, bulls, 1,300 lbs. | 2 75 @ 3 30 |
| Exporters, heavy | 4 00 @ 5 00 |
| Exporters, light | 3 75 @ 3 75 |
| Export bulls, heavy | 3 75 @ 4 25 |
| Export bulls, light | 3 00 @ 3 50 |
| Feeders, light, 900 lbs and upwards | 3 00 @ 3 50 |
| Stockers, 400 to 800 lbs | 2 00 @ 2 75 |
| Stockers, 800 lbs | 3 25 @ 3 25 |
| Butchers' cattle, choice | 4 00 @ 4 25 |
| Butchers, medium | 3 50 @ 3 75 |
| Butchers, picked | 3 75 @ 4 00 |
| Butchers' bulls | 3 00 @ 3 25 |
| Light stock bulls | 2 25 @ 3 00 |
| Milch cows, each | 20 00 @ 55 00 |
| Hogs, best, cwt | 6 00 @ 6 00 |
| Hogs, light | 5 75 @ 5 75 |
| Sheep, export, cwt | 3 25 @ 3 25 |
| Bucks | 2 00 @ 2 50 |
| Culls | 2 25 @ 2 50 |
| Lambs | 3 75 @ 4 25 |
| Calves, each | 2 00 @ 10 00 |
| Common rough cows and bulls | 2 25 @ 3 00 |

HAY MARKETS.

Toronto, Dec. 26.—Hay, baled—The market is firm, with offerings limited. Car lots worth $9 50 to $10 on track, the latter for No. 1, which is scarce.

Straw—The market is quiet, with car lots on track quoted at $5 25 to $5 50 a ton for fire-class oat straw.

OIL MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 26.—The oil market closed at $1 51.

OIL CITY.

Oil City, Pa., Dec. 26.—Credit balances, $1 51.

DAIRY MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 26.—Butter—Market quiet and easier; creameries, 18c to 27½c; dairies, 17c to 25c.

**Ask your neighbors** if they don't think that

**STRONG'S BAKING POWDER**

Is the best they ever used.

MANUFACTURED BY

**W. T. Strong & Co**

**DRUGGISTS**

**184 Dundas Street.**

FREE to housekeepers on application, a valuable recipe book on the Art of Cooking. Marriage Licenses issued at above address.

## WEATHER BULLETIN

Saturday, Dec. 27.

Sun rises..7:50 a.m. Moon rises...5:38 a.m.
Sun sets...4:47 p.m. Moon sets....3:31 p.m.

**Sunday: Fair and Cold.**

Toronto, Dec. 27—8 p.m.

FORECASTS.

Today—Fresh northerly winds; fair; temperature nearly zero in southern districts, and below in northern tonight

Sunday—Continued fair and cold.

## TALES OF LONDON TOWN

—A small blaze in the parcel and shipping room of J. C. Woods' Dundas street west store at 11.30 this morning was easily extinguished by the employes. The firemen responded quickly to the call, but found the incipient blaze under control.

MASONIC ELECTION.

The following have been chosen as officers of St. George's R. A. Chapter, No. 5: J. E. Keays, Z; C. F. Neu, H; A. G. Stephen, J; E. Paull, treasurer; C. C. Reed, scribe E; F. W. Nichol, scribe E; F. H. Baker, prin. soj.; John Robertsen, janitor. J. E. Keays, A. G. McWhinney and R. W. Evans, representatives to board of finance. C. F. New and A. G. Stephens, auditors. The scrutineers were John Wilson, of St. John's Chapter, No. 3; R. W. Evans and A. A. Campbell.

AN EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE.

All lovers of athletics will have an opportunity to enjoy a rare treat by attending the entertainment of the Toronto Gymnasium Club, under the auspices of the Seventh Regiment, at the Auditorium on Wednesday night next. The association is under a large expense in putting on such a performance, as there will be about five participants, all artists in their line, and the citizens should take hold of the enterprise and assist the boys in the undertaking. The performance will be of such a nature that the ladies may attend. The athletic youth should be there in large numbers.

THE TANZARIA CLUB.

The Palace Academy was the scene last evening of one of the most pleasant social functions of the season, when the Tanzaria Club entertained a large number of guests to a most enjoyable dance. Over 100 were in attendance, several being present from outside towns. Dancing commenced at 9 o clock, music being furnished by the academy orchestra, which rendered a most popular programme, encore after encore being the order of the evening. A sumptuous lunch was served at midnight, after which dancing was continued until 2 o'clock, when the guests departed, all congratulating the club upon the splendid success attained. The perfect arrangements were ably conducted by the following stewards: Howard Anderson, Gordon McConechy, William Underwood, Percy Williams, Fred Marshall and Frank Miller.

MARKS BROS.' COMPANY.

Notwithstanding the immense holiday business of Thursday, Marks Bros. drew a good house at the London last night. The bill was "The Parisian Princess," and it made a most entertaining performance. Tonight the set of dishes that has been on exhibition in Woods' hair will be drawn for. The play will be "The Deacon's Daughter," with a complete change of specialties. This company, which have become such favorites, will remain one more week, giving special performances on New Year's Day. On Monday "The Pride of the Army," a play new to Londoners, will be given.

Scrofula, with its swollen glands, running sores, inflamed eyelids, cutaneous eruptions, yields to Hood's Sarsaparilla. c

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists

**Children Cry for CASTORIA.**

# BETWEEN TWENTY-FIVE AND THIRTY KILLED!

Continued from page 1.

death approaching. They made frantic struggles to escape. The front coach had been jammed with local people most of whom were returning to their homes in Sarnia, Petrolea and other places along the line after the Christmas holidays. The train was the last on which they could use their excursion tickets. The way I happen to know how the coach was jammed was through a gentleman who came through a short time before with his wife, and told me that he was not able to find any room up forward. He remained in the Pullman where I was and so escaped injury. One of the most pathetic things that I saw was the case of a man of about 50 years of age, who had been jammed between the heavy timbers and had had his back and limbs broken. I took charge of him and made him a bed on the floor of the Pullman car smoker. After he had lain there for a few minutes, he said, 'My name is Barnes; I wish you would find my wife.' Just at that moment I picked up a pocketbook. I showed it to him and he recognized it as belonging to his wife. I then went outside to look for her and someone told me she was dead. I went back and said that I had not been able to find her, and explained that everything was in such a mixed-up state that it was very hard to find anyone. He was contented with that. I think that it must have taken about an hour and a half for the special train with the surgeons to arrive from London, but in the meantime we found two doctors on the train and also three trained nurses. These people at once set to work and gave heroic service to the injured. To give them due praise would be an impossibility, and I will not endeavor to say how their work was appreciated. Great praise is also due to the prompt, masterful energy of Mr. Clark, the father of one of the nurses, for the way in which he organized a fire brigade to fight the flames that threatened to devour the debris and finish what the collision had begun. The burning baggage car lay near the telescoped passenger coach, and there was grave danger for a few moments. Under Mr. Clark's supervision, however, all the men on the train at once went to work, and by the aid of snow and the fire extinguishers from the sleepers, soon had the conflagration under control. In one instance, I saw a woman pinioned under a blazing beam, and she was just as brave and cheerful as anyone I ever saw. The very greatest praise is also due to the conductor and trainmen. They were cool, collected and industrious, and above all worked with the greatest intelligence. I never saw men work with greater effectiveness than these men did. It was truly wonderful how slight a shock we felt in the sleepers. Even at the supreme moment of collision, when the shock was at its worst, I was not thrown off my seat. That ought to be a strong evidence of the additional safety of traveling in a Pullman. Another gentleman who was with me, a clergyman returning to Los Angeles from Montreal, also told me that he did not feel the shock to any extent."

### INCIDENTS OF THE WRECK

*How Some Were Injured and Others Escaped.*

Dr. Shinning, of Chicago, who was one of the surgeons that gave assistance during the wreck, stated that the most serious danger, and the one that he thought had probably killed as many as anything else, was the fire. The blaze had started in the baggage car, where there were 700 pieces of baggage stored. He thought there were about 100, or possibly a few more, people in the first passenger coach, and of them all not one escaped without an injury of some kind, more or less severe. He thought that most of those hurt were local people. Dr. Shinning spoke of one woman who was caught in the wreck, and who had still held on to her child. When he approached she never seemed to think of herself, but begged that he take the little one to a place of safety. The doctor's blood-stained overcoat and trousers testified to the amount of work he did during the night.

A. M. Stewart, of Wingham, said to The Advertiser that he was awakened from a doze, when everything was in darkness, and he found himself pinned to his seat. The floor of the baggage car was immediately above his head. A man was sitting next to him, seemingly dead. Mr. Stewart tried to release himself, and managed to get to fresh air. The wind at that time was blowing strongly, and was very cold. Mr. Stewart said that the scene all about him was simply beyond description. He says that one of the worst features was the cold, especially to the poor people who were pinned down and could not get from beneath the wreck.

It was nearly 10:00 a.m. before the train bearing the dead victims of the wreck pulled into London. In order to make their removal as private as possible, the train did not stop at the station, but was run to the freight sheds two blocks east of the depot. Here Undertakers Stevenson and Ferguson had provided a score or more of shells for the reception of the bodies. A force of policemen and railway employes was present to keep the morbid crowd from the platform, and only those engaged in the removal of bodies or having other business at the scene were allowed near the cars. The train consisted of an engine, two passenger coaches and one freight van, the latter placed between the two coaches. The 24 bodies brought up were all in the rear coach. Stretchers were provided in abundance and the work of removing the bodies was carried out expeditiously.

The car containing the pitiful relicts of humanity presented an awful spectacle to those obliged to enter it. The sickening odor of human blood pervaded the car. The car seats had been lifted and placed crossways on the supports, and each double seat space held its two gruesome passengers, lying in all the postures of agonizing death. It was a sight to turn the stoutest heart faint to see the blood-stained and mangled faces, the shattered and twisted limbs, the clothing torn from the poor bodies. On each body lay a yellow slip of paper, on which had been written the supposed name of the victim, or the pathetic legend, "Not known yet." Nearly every one of the dead was injured about the head, adding to the ghastly appearance of the bodies. This fact bears out the story of some of the survivors that the upper portion of the baggage car plowed through the day coach at about the level of the passengers' heads.

One by one the bodies were lifted and laid on stretchers passed through the car window from the platform outside. They were carried into the freight sheds and laid side by side on the floor. It was a ghastly sight to see the poor shattered bodies, with their distorted faces mercifully covered with a garment or a newspaper, lying in the gloomy shed surrounded by piles of merchandise. As soon as all the bodies had been removed from the car, the work of putting them into the shells was gone on with. Several bodies were identified by acquaintances and orders given for their disposal. All the bodies were taken to the various undertaking establishments, where they will be kept till claimed by friends. Up to noon about 15 of the 24 bodies had been identified by friends or by documents found on them.

Mr. Nicholas Jeffrey, of 867 Central avenue, who is among the killed, was aged about 63 years, and was the oldest commercial traveler in the city. He had traveled for W. J. Reid, London Drug Company, W. E. Saunders & Co., and other firms, having been with the Saunders firm for about 10 years. He leaves a widow and four daughters. Mrs. (Rev.) Hicks, Simcoe, and Misses Annie, Maud and Mabel at home, the latter being on the teaching staff of the public schools. Mr. E. De la Hooke is a brother-in-law of Mr. Jeffrey. Mr. Jeffrey was on his way to Petrolea when the accident occurred. He left London Friday morning, after spending Christmas at his home, and visited customers in Strathroy and Watford during the day. He intended to return from Petrolea to spend Sunday in the city.

Mr. W. Morse, of Sarnia, was near the front of the day coach when the crash came. His daughter Mamie was with him, while his wife and two other children were at the back of the coach and escaped unhurt. Mr. Morse was pinned by one foot in the wreckage. Little Mamie broke the window near her and crawled out. Mr. Morse seized a piece of wreckage and made a larger hole in the window, released his foot and crawled out, fracturing his arm in the fall from the window to the ground. Mr. Morse said that the killed were all on one side of the coach.

Russell, Quinn, of Chicago, lay with his head against a steam pipe for four hours. He had his head badly scalded, while the rest of his body was suffering from exposure.

Frank Baker, of Ridout street, South London, was on his way to a new position in Sarnia. His shoulder was dislocated and his head and face badly cut.

Robert Jackson, of Petrolea, who was returning from a Christmas visit to his home in Woodstock, was in the second car of the express when the smashup occurred. He was among those brought to Victoria Hospital. He was dozing, and was awakened by a tremendous crash. Some enormous weight seemed to fall on the roof of the car he was in, and although he says he was only slightly jarred, his foot and leg were pinned under a seat. He remained in this position for three-quarters of an hour, listening to the groans of those around him. He was extricated from under the seat by a rescue party. Everyone in his car exhibited remarkable presence of mind, he said, and very little confusion was apparent. Quite a number of Petrolea people whom he knew were passengers on the train.

Miss Gott, of Woodstock, was sitting by her mother, and people all around were pinned to their seats, while neither of them were scratched. A similar good fate befell a man who sat near Miss Gott. A whole car passed directly above him, but he was not touched.

When No. 5, the express, left London, it was in charge of Conductor Jack McAuliffe, of London, of Engineer McKenzie, of Toronto, and a crew of fireman, baggageman and brakeman. The fireman, Ricketts, came from Sarnia, and the brakeman and baggageman came from Niagara Falls. McAuliffe was relieving a man who was off sick.

Miss Nellie Geddes, 14 years old, who was one of the killed, was the daughter of James Geddes, of Geddes Bros., Strathroy and Sarnia. She was a niece of Premier George W. Ross and a cousin of Mrs. (Dr.) Belton, of this city.

Miss Lottie Lynch died at the hospital shortly after noon.

Hundreds of curious and anxious people flocked to the morgues during the day. Invariably, unless in search of relatives, they were turned away. The accident has evidently not become widely enough known yet to bring relatives from other cities. Only eight of the twenty-four brought here have not yet been identified, and it is expected that all will be known by the time the news of the accident has become more generally known. The only means of identification on the arrival of the killed here was, except in a few cases, by papers found in their pockets. These are not entirely reliable, and before the identity of all is confirmed friends will have to be communicated with. The undertakers expect to have finished their gruesome tasks tomorrow morning. Policemen were stationed at the morgues and very few of the curious viewed the remains of those who had met so tragic a fend.

Conductor John McAuliffe, who had charge of the Pacific Express, was seen by an Advertiser reporter. He said that the brakeman of the freight had just got off his train to open the switch for his train, when the express struck it. He said he could not say who was to blame. He naturally felt very grieved. The accident was the first serious one to happen to the express, which is the finest train which runs on the Grand Trunk tracks.

**"77"**

**Breaks Up Colds and Cures the**

**GRIP**

### LOOKING FOR JAMES MORDEN

*Edgar Morden Feared His Cousin Had Been Killed.*

Edgar Morden, who came so prominently before the public in connection with the Sifton murder trial, visited the various undertaking establishments this morning and viewed the unidentified bodies. He said he was looking for his cousin, James Morden, one of the two brothers whose refusal to appear and testify in the murder trial undoubtedly had an important bearing on the result of the case. James had been over to spend Christmas with his relatives, probably considering that as the murder case had been disposed of he need have no hesitation in visiting Canadian soil again. He left on the evening train for Detroit, and as no word had been heard from him his relatives were anxious. After viewing all the bodies and finding no trace of his cousin, Mr. Morden discovered that he had confused the two trains, and that his cousin James would be aboard the international flyer for Detroit, and not on the Pacific express en route to Sarnia.

### SUPT. McGUIGAN'S STATEMENT.

*Cannot Understand How the Operator Blundered.*

A dispatch from Montreal says:

"Superintendent McGuigan, of the Grand Trunk, says with reference to the acicdent at Wanstead, that he cannot understand how the operator at Wanstead, who is charged with the mistake resulting in the accident, made such a blunder. He is one of the oldest and most reliable telegraphers on the system, having entered the service of the Great Western in 1871. It appears he failed to signal, and gave the passenger train orders to cross the freight at the station. Everything possible, Mr. McGuigan says, is being done for the injured."

Fred Price, master of transportation at London, said to The Advertiser this afternoon:

"The cause of the accident is attributed to a violation of the rules on the part of the agent at Watford."

Mr. Price would make no further statement.

Superintendent Jones, of Toronto, came to London on the morning train, after hearing of the accident.

Supt. Costello, of London, remained at the scene of the wreck nearly all day.

## THE DOMINION HOUSE

**Parliament to Meet Early in March—Mr Prefontaine's Statement.**

Montreal, Dec. 27. — Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, returned last night from a visit to the Premier at Hot Springs. "Parliament will be called together early in March," said the new minister. "It will be impossible to meet before then, owing to the important questions which are to come before the country—the extension of the Grand Trunk to the Pacific; perhaps the extension of the Intercolonial, and the fast line. These matters must be fully discussed by the cabinet and a programme prepared for Parliament before the members can be summoned."

## ROOSEVELT'S DECISION

**Thinks the Venezuelan Question Had Better Go to The Hague Tribunal.**

Rome, Dec. 27.—United States Ambassador Meyer today presented to the foreign office President Roosevelt's note on the subject of Venezuelan arbitration.

The President says although he is very gratified at the confidence of the powers have shown in him by choosing him as arbitrator (which position he would have accepted if there were no other means of solving the question), he thinks it better to submit the case to The Hague tribunal, and especially as all the powers concerned are willing.

The President adds that, as there is no question of national honor or cession of territory involved, after thorough consideration and in accord with all the powers concerned, who have shown an honorable spirit of mutual consideration and moderation, he is glad to be informed that they all have agreed to submit the question to The Hague tribunal.

## SAVED HER LIFE

**Dame Louis Brovosts Tells a Tale of Suffering and How She Was Relieved.**

St. oMagloire, Que., Dec. 22.—Too feeble to work, tortured with the pains of Rheumatism, suffering from Bright's Disease and Heart Trouble, it was little wonder that Dame Louis Brovosts had almost decided to give up the struggle, but today she is a strong, hearty, happy woman, and she always says, "Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

"I tried all medicines in the world and grew worse and worse," says Dame Brovosts. "There were three months I stopped taking everything and made up my mind to let myself die. Then I was led to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. The good the first box did me surprised me. I have taken twenty boxes and I am well again. I am in perfect health and I am very joyful. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

**Temperature Took a Jump.**

Winnipeg, Dec. 27. — The temperature took a jump last night from close on 30 below zero up to zero.

**Hall Racks, Hall Glasses, Hall Seats, Hall Chairs, Parlor Cabinets, Parlor Tables, Parlor Suites, Odd Pieces, Gold Chairs, Roman Chairs, Reception Chairs, Sideboards, Extension Tables, China Cabinets, Dinner Wagons, Leather and Velour Couches, Easy Chairs, Dining Chairs, Bedroom Sets, Corner Wardrobes, Kitchen Cabinets.**

**Furniture Especially Suitable for Gifts.**

Nothing could be more suitable for gifts to near relative than Pretty Pieces of Furniture. It is useful, lasting and beautifying to the home. We have made big preparations for the holiday trade. We have a truly beautiful assortment of fine pieces, all moderately priced, many of them quite inexpensive. We have things suitable for men as well as ladies. Don't make your selections without first examining our stock.

**John Ferguson & Sons**

**Manufacturers and Retailers, at**

**174 to 180 King St.**

Just around the corner.

Established 1856.

**RAZORS, SCISSORS and POCKET KNIVES**

Largest and best stock in the city, all warranted.

**Boker's and Taylor's Razors, from 50c to $2.00 each.**
**Boker's Nail and Manicure Scissors,**
**Boker's Pocket and Barber's Scissors,**
**Compton House Shears,**
**Razor Strops, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25 each.**

Remember that our Cutlery is all imported direct, thus savin to you a middleman's profit.

**Cowan's Hardware,** 127 Dundas St.

## MR. JAMES MAGEE, LONDON, MENTIONED FOR THE BENCH

**Mr. Justice Robertson Likely to Retire at an Early Date—Mr. Ferguson Stays.**

A special dispatch from Ottawa to the Toronto Globe says:

"Mr. Justice Robertson's retirement from the Ontario bench is looked for at an early date. Mr. Justice Robertson has for a long while past suffered from a physical disability which to some extent handicapped him in the performance of his judicial duties. Hence his retirement will occasion no surprise. Mr. James Magee, K.C., of London, is mentioned as likely to receive promotion to the bench when a vacancy occurs. The fact that Mr. Justice Ferguson has not been in the best of health probably accounts for the rumor that he is about to seek the repose of private life. So far as can be learned, however, Mr. Justice Ferguson has not asked to be relieved from duty.

## TWELVE MINERS SWEPT AWAY

**Snowslide at Molly Gibson Mine Near Nelson—Only Two Escaped.**

Nelson, B. C., Dec. 26.—Yesterday a large snowslide came down the mountain at Molly Gibson mine, about nine miles from here. It carried away one end of the bunkhouse at the mine, in which twelve miners were sleeping. Two of the men escaped. Three dead bodies have been recovered, and the others are still missing. A relief party, accompanied by a physician, has left Nelson for the scene of the disaster to try and rescue the missing men.

## SEVEN FROZEN TO DEATH

**Pennsylvania's Record for 24 Hours—Names of Victims.**

New York, Dec. 27. — Seven men frozen to death is Pennsylvania's record for 24 hours, says a dispatch from Philadelphia to the World. The victims are:

Matthew Zinnet, 45 years old, Sharpsburg, found near his home.

James H. Coates, 50 years old, Pittsburg, found in the snow.

Philip Sohn, 50 years old, Harmarsville, found in the snow.

Richard McCann, 65 years old, Sygan Station.

Lucas Faller, 44 years old, Allentown, found in ice in Little Lehigh River. He had lost his way in the darkness and fell into the river.

James H. Hannigan, York, lost in the snow.

Thomas Monaghan, 76 years old, Lancaster, fell in snowbank and was too feeble to rise.

## MRS. HALL GOT AWAY

**Escaped From the International Hotel, Windsor—Her Boy Disguised.**

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 27.—Mrs. C. A. Hall, who, with her son Alger, has been nominally a prisoner at the International Hotel for the past three days, managed to elude her guards yesterday afternoon, and is now supposed to be in Detroit or some neighboring town. She got out of the hotel by the back exit, heavily veiled, and with her son disguised as a girl. A carriage was in waiting, into which the woman and her son jumped and were driven to Walkerville, where they crossed the river on a ferry.

**G. T. R. President Ill.**

London, Dec. 27.—Sir Charles Rivers Wilson is confined to his house with a slight illness.

**Lost Both Legs.**

Winnipeg, Dec. 27. — Chapen, a Canadian Northern brakeman, was run over at Emerson, yesterday. One leg was cut off and the other had to be amputated. The shock was too severe and the man died at the hospital this morning.

**Missing Steamer Is Safe.**

New York, Dec. 27. — A dispatch received here today says the American steamer Minnetonka, which left Newport, England, Nov. 30, for Boston, has arrived at Bermuda in distress.

The British steamer Solonian arrived at Portland, Me., Dec. 20, and reported that 900 miles off Halifax she fell in with the Minnetonka, disabled, and lifeboats washed overboard. The Colonian towed the Minnetonka for 12 hours, when hawsers parted and threatening weather compelled the Colonian to proceed.

## HOCKEY.

WILL PRESENT PRIZES.

Mrs. Col. Young will present a prize to the winners and Mrs. Beddome to the losers in the hockey match to be held between the Seventh Regiment and the Bankers.

Never Fails. ESTABLISHED 28 Years.

Have You a Cough? a dose will relieve it.

Have You a Cold? A dose at bedtime will remove it.

Be sure you ask for

**Owbridge's Lung Tonic**

and see you get it.

Try it also for Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Consumption.

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE Hull, Eng., and sold by all Chemists. 35c & 75c a Bot.

**"More Good Than the Doctor's Medicine."**

I would not be without your Lung Tonic, summer or winter, for it does us more good than the doctor's medicine. I have recommended it to many of our Jewish people, who speak just as highly of it.—(Mrs.) D. Hirsch, Banstead Grove, Roundhay, Leeds.

**WOOD**

We have some Wood cut twenty-two inches, nearly all maple, very fine wood, at, per load.. $4.25

19 York Street. **DALY** 'Phone 348.

**It's Too Bad**

that your Plumbing is not working right. Telephone us at once, and have us put it in first-class order.

**F. C. HUNT**

**Plumber,**

524 Richmond St. North. Phone 1213.

***It Is Not Easy to Dye Well***

We dye Carpets in a way that makes them appear new, and gives the home the comfortable appearance.

**R. PARKER & CO.,**

Dyers and Cleaners,

400 Richmond street, near corner of Dundas, London, Ont.

# HOCKEY SEASON TO OPEN JAN. 9

## Date Arranged for Starting the City League Contest.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE TO PLAY JAN. 7

**Canadian Footballers Lose a Game to Edinburgh Academicals—Other Sporting Events.**

### HOCKEY.

REFEREES CHOSEN.

At last night's meeting of the executive of the City League, four referees were selected, who will officiate at all the league games during the winter. These officials are Messrs. Jack Brown, Jack Hobbs, Gordon Crawford and Geo. Black.

A permit was issued to Charles Garratt.

It was decided to hold the opening games on Friday, Jan. 9. The junior league will be asked to open on Wednesday, Jan. 7.

JUNIOR CITY LEAGUE.

At a meeting of the Junior City League the following officers were elected: Honorary president, Mr. C. W. Smith; president, Mr. Alfred B. Cox; vice-president, Mr. Harry Peel; secretary-treasurer, H. Marshall. Those represented were the St. John's I. and J.L. Waterloos and Hortons. The league opens on Friday, Jan. 9. All games will be played at the Jubilee rink.

GROUPING.

Mr. Alfred B. Cox, convener of the local O. H. A. group, has received an answer to his letter requesting the association authorities to amend the grouping whereby the two London clubs and Watford are made to play off. Secretary Buchanan writes that it is now too late to alter the grouping, and has instructed the Watford delegates to attend a meeting to be held in this city to draw up a schedule. It is not a particularly brilliant deal that the local clubs have been given, but they will have to make the best of a bad job.

STRATFORD'S PETITION.

Secretary Buchanan, of the O. H. A., has received an application from the Stratford hockey club for permission to play Frank Clifford, a junior, formerly of Alliston, who has moved to Stratford recently.

### THE TURF.

AT INGLESIDE.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 26. — The track was sloppy at Ingleside today. Summary:

First race, Futurity course, selling—Bernato, 4 to 1, 1; St. Severe, 5 to 2, 2; Karabel, 10 to 1, 3. Time, 1:13½.

Second race, 1 mile, selling—Larry Wilt, 7 to 10, 1; I. O. U., 25 to 1, 2; Sir Lewis, 20 to 1, 3. Time, 1:47.

Third race, 1 1-16 miles, 2-year-olds, selling—Imp Somenes, 4 to 1, 1; Quatre, 4 to 1, 2; Sir Preston, 3½ to 1, 3. Time, 1:11¼.

Fourth race, 6 furlongs, handicap—Beau Ormonde, 8 to 1, 1; Irene Lindsey, 5 to 2, 2; Sad Sam, 7 to 10, 3. Time, 1:15¾.

Fifth race, Futurity course, selling—Mocorito, 5 to 1, 1; Elinborough, 15 to 1, 2; Azarine, 40 to 1, 3. Time, 1:14.

Sixth race, 1 mile and 100 yards, selling—Sarello, 8 to 1, 1; Hungarian, 6 to 1, 2; Nannie Nolan, 10 to 1, 3. Time, 1:52.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, Dec. 26.—Sarilla and Potente were the winning favorites today. The stewards have recommended that Ownby be restored to all privileges as owner and trainer. Rankin was run up to $360 after his race, and was bought by Durnell & Herz. Miss Knickerbocker fell at the start in the third race, broke a leg and was destroyed. Summaries:

First race, selling, 7 furlongs—Floyd K., 104 (Gannon), 13 to 5, 1; Mauser, 101 (Donegan), 13 to 5, 2; Helen Hay, 103 (O'Neil), 10 to 1, 3. Time, 1:29 2-5.

Second race, selling, 6½ furlongs—Boundlee, 109 (Donegan), 6 to 1, 1; Stratton II., 103 (H. Booker), 3 to 1, 2; Four Leaf C., 109 (Hoar), 8 to 1, 3. Time, 1:22.

Third race, selling, 7 furlongs—Rankin, 102 (Pollock), 12 to 1, 1; Maghont, 98 (Haack), 4 to 1, 2; Marco, 98 (Fuller), 5 to 1, 3. Time, 1:30.

Fourth race, handicap, 6 furlongs—Pageant, 102 (Scully), 5 to 1, 1; Mrs. Frank Foster, 98 (Redfern), 11 to 5, 2; Sheriff Bell, 110 (Gannon), 5 to 1, 3. Time, 1:14 1-5.

Fifth race, selling, 1 1-16 miles—Sarillac, 107 (Munroe), 3 to 2, 1; Rough Rider, 100 (Rice), 5 to 2, 2; Charles Ramsey, 105 (C. Wright), 15 to 1, 3. Time, 1:48.

Sixth race, mile—Potente, 104 (Buchanan), 3 to 5, 1; Major Mansir, 10 (Gannon), 11 to 5, 2; Syrile, 110 (O'Neil), 8 to 1, 3. Time, 1:41 2-5.

### LACROSSE.

BRITISH TEAM FOR CANADA.

London, Dec. 26. — There is some talk of a British lacrosse team visiting Canada in 1904. The players will be drawn from the English and North of Ireland clubs.

### THE TRIGGER.

LIVE PIGEON MATCH.

A live pigeon match was held on Christmas afternoon on Mr. Trott's farm, north of the C. P. R. track, in London West. Score as follows:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gould | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2—5 |
| Graydon | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1—4 |
| Breckon | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 1—4 |
| Ovens | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0—4 |
| Darch | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 2—4 |
| Brock | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2—4 |
| Crowe | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0—3 |
| Barter | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1—3 |
| Hughes | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1—2 |
| Tilmann | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0—2 |
| Glover | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0—2 |

### FOOTBALL.

CANADIANS DEFEATED.

Edinburgh, Dec. 26. — The All-Canadian football team yesterday lost to the Edinburgh Academicals, one of the strongest teams in Scotland, by the close score of 4 points to 3. The game was played in a rainstorm and the wind was blowing a gale. Edinburgh won the toss and kicked with the wind, and the Canadians' defense was stubborn. Crabbie, for the Scotchmen, succeeded in scoring a marked goal, counting four points. This was all the scoring in the first half. In the second half the Canadians were seen to better advantage in open rushing play. The wind had moderated, but with the advantage it gave they pressed the opposing defense hard till a combination rush by the forwards got the ball over the line and the Canadians scored a try, Farrell doing the trick. Tait failed to connect, though the chance was an easy one. This ended the scoring, leaving the total score, Academicals 4, All-Canadians 3. Owing to the weather the spectators numbered only three or four hundred. For the same reason the match can hardly be considered a fair test of the playing ability of the teams. The "marked" goal secured by the Scotch is a goal kicked by a player who has made a fair catch and made his "mark."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other soap powders, as it also acts as a disinfectant. 25



Vigor



He that has a Hot Breakfast beneath his Waistcoat Fears nae Cauld



Wha Can Beat Him?



A Strong Drive


## Now, What is Pan-Dried?

"Pan-Dried" is the **Tillson** way of making the best oatmeal in the world.

**Tillsons** have the only "Pan-Dried" process in the world. It is **Tillson's** and **Tillson's** only.

"Pan-Dried" oats is dried without steam heat—without smoke—without scorch.

Ever eat porridge that tasted clammy, mushy, insipid—that seemed to fill your mouth with paste—put you in mind of a bill poster's bucket?

Most likely that was a mess of "steam heat" results. Steam heat is liable to make the oatmeal that makes that kind of porridge.

Ever "taste" your porridge three or four hours after you'd eaten breakfast?

Faugh! horrible, isn't it?

And you thought it was indigestion—weak stomach—you said oatmeal didn't agree with you, didn't you?

Well, it wasn't weak stomach, but it might have been indigestion—takes a good strong stomach to digest coal or wood smoke.

Now, the old-fashioned oatmeal mill that does not use steam heat, and must not use **Tillson's Pan-Dried** system, uses the "smoke-and-scorch" system.

**Tillson's Pan-Dried** method heats pure air in one place, filters it after it is heated, scientifically applies it to the oats, and turns out oatmeal that is not mushy or smoky—that cooks up smoothly and deliciously. The kind that "jellies up" around the edge of the bowl.

Old-time Scotch millers knew how to make that kind of porridge, but they could not make any but the smoked-ham variety.

Consequently many folks have labored under the impression that porridge wouldn't agree with them when it was not porridge but smoke that caused the trouble.

There is no smoke in **Tillson's Oats.**

And there are no specks, no hulls, no dust, no dirt—nothing but good, clean, digestible oatmeal in **Tillson's Pan-Dried Oats.**

**Ready to Cook, Served Hot**




Sooperup



"We Lap and Danced the Lee Lang Day"



A Steady Aim


**Packages only.**

**All Grocers.**

# Tillson's Oats

**Ten Cents**

## Pan-Dried. A Food, not a Fad


**Effect of C. P. R. Pension System.**

Montreal, Dec. 26.—It is announced that the new pension system on the C. P. R., which will come into effect on Jan. 1, will have the effect of retiring 100 employes on the entire system.

**The Missing Minnetonka.**

Quebec, Dec. 27.—The dispatch from Portland regarding the steamer Minnetonka caused considerable anxiety in certain sections of the city, as it is understood that several of the crew are from Quebec.

# Yes! They're Wanted...

Business activity creates a demand for business experts, and in times of commercial depression it is the thoroughly educated employe who retains his position.

Our graduates have little trouble finding places, and no trouble keeping them. Our business instruction will help those who want permanent, paying positions.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

**Forest City Business College.**

**Perfection** IN GARMENT MAKING.

Our daily accomplishments in fine tailoring work show a degree of perfection that stands unequaled.

Every garment we make shows the handiwork of skill—the inspiration of the true artist.

We are prepared to gratify your every wish in fabrics—in style—in workmanship.

**O. Labelle, 372 Richmond St.**

**...SKATES...**



We want you to know that we have the best value in Skates in the city.

NICKEL-PLATED HOCKEY SKATES FOR 60c.

We carry in stock Starr Manufacturing Company's, Boker's and Muller's. Full lines and low prices.

**BROCK'S GUN STORE**

192 Dundas St., London, Ont.

**W. S. LOCKHART,**

House Decorator, Painting, Paperhanging. Residence, Beaconsfield avenue.

**H. C. McBRIDE,** Architect and Surveyor, 213 Dundas St.

**R. K. COWAN**

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., County Bldgs., next Court House, London there."

**W. J. SMITH & SONS**

Undertakers and Embalmers, 113 Dundas St. Phone 586. Open day and night. Residence on premises.




Incorporated 1899.

**W. CAVEN BARRON,**

Pianist, Principal.

Best teachers in the city at the Conservatory.

The rehearsals bring every pupil under Mr. Barron's direction, and reports of pupils' progress are sent home to parents.

**FAIRBAIRN,**

THE TAILOR,

Richmond Street, Opposite City Hall

**Alma Ladies' College**

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

One of the largest and best equipped in Canada.

Preparatory studies. Graduating courses: M. L. A., M. E. L., Piano, Organ, Singing, Violin, Fine Arts, Elocution and Physical Culture. Domestic Science, Commercial.

Healthiest location. Moderate charges. Twenty-second year. Write for catalogue to

REV. PRIN. WARNER, M.A., D.D. xt

**John T. Stephenson**

Importer of the latest New York styles of Black and Colored Caskets and Robes of all kinds. Only Funeral Car with rubber tires in Western Ontario.

Phone 459.

104 Dundas St., London.

ELECTRIC **WIRING**

of every description is our specialty. We employ none but experts for this work. Get our estimates of cost.

The Electrical Construction Co., London, Limited.

32 to 40 Dundas Street.

**Gas Portable Lamps**

are becoming very popular—indispensable in the library, study or sewing-room. A soft, brilliant light that will not hurt the eyes. We have a good assortment. Prices right.

**City Gas Co.**

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**$1.00—Your Bicycle Cleaned and Stored.**

**$2.00—Enameled, Cleaned and Stored.**

Your Bicycle should not be put away for the winter without being taken apart, thoroughly cleaned, and vaseline put in the bearings.

Otherwise the bearings and parts will be badly rusted and the running parts of the Wheel be injured.

All Bicycles left with us are thoroughly cleaned, the bearings vaselined, and stored in a warm, dry room until required next season.

'Phone or drop us a card, and Wheel will be called for.

**GURD'S,**

185 Dundas St.

You haven't figured out the true economy of buying clothes til you have ordered clothes of

**SOUTHCOTT,** 361 Richmond St

**X RAY**

Cures Cancer, Eczema, Lung and Joint affections. **DR. PINGEL,** specialist, Laboratory, 441 Wellington Street.

**Holiday Goods**

Can you select anything nicer for a Christmas gift than a genuine Ebony Mirror, Brush or Manicure Set? We carry a full line.

**J. E. Keays & Co.**

(London Pharmacy)

268 Dundas St., near Wellington

**The Reliability of the Goods Sold at This Store is Proverbial in London.**

Diamonds of the first water.

Watches than can be fully depended on.

Jewelry of the highest order of excellence.

The improving of this store gave us the opportunity for greatly increasing its stock. What was perfect before reaches a higher plane of perfection now.

**Thos. Gillean,**

Jeweler and Optician,

402 Richmond St., LONDON, ONT.

Official issuer of marriage licenses.

**Marshall Bros. & Co.**

67 DUNDAS STREET.

Choice Teas and Coffee. Call and get a package of Bonnyrigg Ceylon Tea, 25c and 40c per pound; black or mixed.

**Harding Hall Girls' School**

(Limited),

**Reopens January 6, 1903.**

LITERARY—A complete four years' Academic Course for College Diploma. Students prepared for Matriculation.

EXPRESSION—Voice Training, Oral Reading, Elocution.

MUSIC—Voice, Solo Singing, Theory, Piano, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo.

ART—Oils, Water Colors, China Painting, etc.

PHYSICAL TRAINING—Calisthenics, Remedial Gymnastics, Fencing.

For Calendar and further information address

J. J. BAKER, M.A., President.

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**Our Way of Tailoring**

Is invariably the most correct interpretation of your ideas.

**THOS. WILSON,**

Merchant Tailor.

213 Dundas Street. Phone 598.

**DR. JARVIS, Dentist,**

OFFICE Corner Dundas and Clarence. Phone 1480.

Visits Mount Brydges Every Friday.

**JOHNSTON BROS.**

**XXX BREAD**

Contains wonderful building-up properties. It is the duty of housekeepers to have it for daily family use. At all groceries—5c a loaf.

**JOHNSTON BROS.**

PHONE 818.


## LONDON AND DISTRICT

SEVERAL MORE CHARGES.

Two more charges have been preferred against Christopher L. Papst, this time Detective Ward being the complainant. It is alleged that on Oct. 28 Papst obtained from Peter Bowie, of Ilderton, the sum of $12, and on Nov. 10 from John Knight, of the same place, $6. Detective Ward states that there are now half a dozen charges waiting to be presented against the prisoner, and if necessary twelve or fourteen more of the same kind can be brought up.

CHRISTMAS EVE ENTERTAINMENT.

The Sabbath school of First Church, Westminster, held an entertainment and Christmas tree on Wednesday evening. The church was filled and a fine programme was rendered by the children, which everybody greatly enjoyed. Miss May Belle Nichol presided at the organ, and solos were rendered by Miss Maggie Murray and Mr. Tom Nichol. Presents and candies and oranges were given to all members of the Sunday school. Altogether the meeting was one of the most delightful ever held in the church. Dr. McCrae, the pastor, presided in a very prompt and happy mannr, and Mr. John Laidlaw made an exceptionally witty and pleasing Santa Claus.


**Not In The Bottle.**

It is not by the appearance of the bottle that you should judge of the quality of the beverage. The real quality is inside the bottle.

The contents of a bottle of our famous Porter is more invigorating and enjoyable than the most gaudy label could promise.

**Hamilton Kent Brewery**

Jos. Hamilton, Proprietor.

**THE CANADIAN SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY.**

**Dividend No. 54.**

A Dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent Per Annum has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company for the current half-year, and is payable on and after the 2nd of January, 1903.

The Transfer Books are closed from the 15th to the 31st inst., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

M. H. ROWLAND,

London, Dec. 8, 1902. Manager.

**Boys' Watches Reduced to $1**

Here is a gift that every parent can afford to give. Boys' Stem-Wind Watches, only $1 50; good, reliable timepieces. A line of Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, set with pearls and garnets, reduced to $1. We are prepared to give you money on every gift you have to buy. Open every night.

**WARD,** The Jeweler, 374 Richmond Street.


Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Tundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Questions Answered.

Lucan.—A hires B for a month. B stays a week and a half and leaves of his own accord. Can B collect wages? Can A collect damages and how much? Ans.—B cannot collect wages. A is entitled to collect such damages as he is able to prove that he has sustained, by hiring another for the rest of the month.

Will.—If a man makes a will appointing certain friends to be his executors, could the judge refuse to allow them to act because they were not wealthy, and appoint other persons or a corporation in case they did not give security? Ans.—No; the executors appointed by the will give no security, and the judge has no power to make them do so. The testator may appoint whom he likes to act as his executors, and if they live in the province they may act without giving any security. If no will, the administrator appointed by the court must give security.


**For consumption, bronchitis, weak lungs, and throat troubles, Angier's Petroleum Emulsion is unequalled. It is pleasant to take and agrees with the stomach.**

It is a combination of healing Petroleum, nerve-strengthening and tissue-making hypophosphites, and other curative agents well known to physicians. Angier's Petroleum Emulsion heals diseased membranes, allays irritation and inflammation, improves nutrition, regulates the stomach and bowels, and relieves diarrhœa and night sweats.

I was told by three doctors that I had quick consumption. Angier's Petroleum Emulsion was prescribed and agreed with me perfectly. Within six months I had gained fifty-nine pounds in weight. My cough was cured, and I had no more night sweats or hemorrhages. I am now in perfect health. — B. H. Walton, Medford, Mass.

Angier's Petroleum Emulsion is sold by druggists everywhere. Remember the name and insist on getting *Angier's*. Large size, $1.00. Small, 50c.

ANGIER CHEMICAL COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

**Heavy, Warm Underwear, Socks, Shirts, Caps and Gloves**

**at Very Low Prices.**

**GRAHAM BROS.**

**Bread**

For Turkey Dressing. We make a special loaf for this purpose.

Stop our wagon or Phone 929.

**The Parnell-Dean Steam Baking Co., Limited.**

75 and 77 Bruce St., City.

**XMAS FURS**

**Beltz's** Fur Sale


# MR. C. B. EDWARDS, B.A., WAS APPOINTED CITY CLERK

## City Council Carries Out Wish of Conservative Executive.

## LAST MEETING OF THE YEAR

**Wide Tire Bylaw Thrown Aside for Next Year's Council—Expensive Macadam Pavements.**

The city council of 1902 ended the year's work last night with a rendition of the National Anthem, which ought to go down into history in the same category as the thumscrew and the stake, Ald. Cooper's speeches and other instruments of torture.

The aldermen thought they were only doing what was right when they sang "God Save the King" No one would be mean enough to insinuate that their intentions were not of the best, but the result was awful. Whatever other virtues this council may have, and judging by some of the remarks of last night they're the original lot of Al legislators, they certainly are away off in the matter of harmony. One notable feature, however, was attached to this musical event. It was feared that the whole year would pass by without Ald. Abram opening his mouth. It has been said that the minute he entered the council chamber he was attacked by a form of paralysis which rendered speech impossible. Fortunately this story was proven false, as it deserved to be. Ald. Abram can emit sounds in the council chamber. The atmosphere does not affect either his epiglottis or the cricothyroyd membrane. If Ald. Cooper had given him any chance during the year to get in a word edgeways he might have been as garrulous a public speaker as Ald. Gerry. Ald. Campbell, who was standing next to him during last night's performance, will vouch for the statement that in the excitement of the moment, in this ebullition of patriotic enthusiasm, Ald. Abram's lips moved and a sound issued forth. Surely, then, the result justified the means.

### THE CITY CLERKSHIP

*Council Obediently Does as Conservative Executive Tells It to Do.*

When the aldermen were not engaged in producing symphonies, they were busy mostly with one or two end-of-the-year matters of no extraordinary importance, and business relating to the city clerkship. Mr. Kingston's resignation was read, a nicely-worded letter, in which he expressed his sorrow at the necessity of resigning and his appreciation of the kind relations which had existed between him and the councils he had been under. The mayor and some of the aldermen thereupon told Mr. Kingston of their sincere regret because of his proposed departure from the city. The mayor expressed regret not only for himself and for the members of the council, but for the citizens at large. He had known and esteemed Mr. Kingston before becoming mayor, and since then had come to regard him very highly as a citizen and as a public servant who had done his duty well. He wished Mr. Kingston many years of happiness and hoped that both his and Mrs. Kingston's life would be prolonged by the change they were about to make, and that the rest of their life would be much benefited by it.

Ald. Winnett reiterated what his worship said. He moved that Mr. Kingston's resignation be accepted, saying at the same time that he had held Mr. Kingston in high esteem before he became a servant of the city and since he took the responsible position of city clerk. He knew that the next chief magistrate of the city would miss Mr. Kingston's help very much. Ald. Winnett trusted that the change he was making would add many years to the lives of both Mr. and Mrs. Kingston, and that the former's career of helpfulness would be as fruitful where he was going as here.

Ald. Campbell seconded the motion. He, too, paid a gracefully worded tribute to the departing city clerk. Ald. Campbell said that he had known Mr. Kingston before he took his present office, when he was a member of the school board and the city council, and knew him then as a man anxious to do his duty and his whole duty to the city. He had displayed, since becoming city clerk, the same zeal and energy that had characterized him both on the board of education and the council. He trusted that the change the city clerk contemplated would be a happy one and beneficial both to himself and to Mrs. Kingston.

Sentiments of the kindliest nature were expressed also by Ald. Dreaney and Ald. Cooper, after which the resignation of Mr. Kingston was formally accepted.

Ald. Campbell moved that the city council present to Mr. Kingston as a mark of its esteem a gratuity of $500, but the council decided that it could more properly pay to him certain perquisites which belong to his office, but would not become due until next year. These amount to something over $300.

Before his successor was appointed the initial salary of the new city clerk was fixed at $1,200 a year with the fees for vital statistic, or about $1,500. Mr. Kingston's salary was $1,600 with these fees. Ald. Jolly wanted to make it $1,000 with the fees, but the other aldermen wouldn't stand for skimping the salary for a position where a good man was needed.

When this important financial proposition had been settled the council settled cozily down to the position of chief rubber stamp to the executive committee of the Conservative Club. It went through the work of electing Mr. C. B. Edwards to the vacancy with as solemn a visage as if the idea of placing him in Mr. Kingston's position was its own. Only one part of the automatic expression of the Conservative executive's orders failed to work, and that didn't matter as it was only Ald. Pritchard. The Liberal members, with the exception of Ald. Stevely, fell into line and voted with the men who had been told what they had to do. The appointment was practically unanimous. Only Ald. Stevely and Ald. Pritchard voted for E. W. Flock, the only other candidate for the position.

### A GOOD COUNCIL

*The Mayor Says So, at Least, and Speaks of Its Good Works.*

Before ending the session, his worship descended from the chair to give the aldermen a few reminders of the things which they have accomplished this year, and to impress upon them the fact that they've done a heap of good work, for which an appreciative public should be properly grateful. With gratitude should come votes, he reasoned, and if any of them desired again humbly to submit themselves to the electorate they ought to get any quantity of ballots favorably marked. From which it naturally follows that should the mayor be pressed, coaxed, wheedled, cajoled, forced or jollied into running again, the public would in all fairness be expected to plump for him.

His worship spoke of the decreased tax rate, the extraordinary expenditures for repairs, the absence of any deficit except in the hospital account, which, he said, was justified; the lawsuit with the street railway company, which was to decide for all time the points in dispute; the satisfactory negotiations for the incoming of the London and Southwestern Traction Company, and a number of other matters. At the conclusion of his remarks Ald. Campbell moved a vote of thanks to the mayor for his uniform kindness and courtesy to the council, which was unanimously adopted.

The wide tire bylaw was brought in for its third reading, and strong opposition to it, as framed, developed.

Ald. Pritchard was, of course, the champion of the men who came to market. He has been steadfastly against the bylaw since it was first proposed. He has often presented arguments against it, his idea being that farmers would not get the wide tires required by it, but rather would go to some market other than London's. He moved that the bylaw be given its third reading six months hence.

Ald. Douglass moved, seconded by Ald. Greenlees, that it be passed, Ald. Douglass saying that he believed it was the best bylaw prepared for a lon gtime. He knew, he said, how much it is costing the city each year for roads and believed that this was going to lessen the cost.

It was shown, however, that the bylaw was very inadequately prepared, and it was therefore left over for next year's council to deal with.

The local improvement bylaws passed provided for the issuance of debentures covering the expenditures upon local improvements during the year. They were four in number. The first was for the cost of sidewalks, totaling $38,021 39; the second for the cost of sewers, $10,341 79; the third for the cost of pavements, $28,614 04; and the fourth consolidating these three.

"How much is that for pavements?" Ald. McMechan asked.

"Twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and fourteen dollars, and four cents."

"It strikes me that that's pretty high, isn't it? I understand that residents on Talbot street are paying 40 cents a foot for that pavement, when they expected to pay only about 20 cents."

"Well, you've warned them," his worship said.

"And the people ought to be warned," Ald. McMechan said. "More of this kind of pavement is being initiated. The people ought to be warned. I've been warning them all along. They're reaping the harvest now."

City Engineer Graydon furnished a statement of the receipts and expenditures on Covent Garden market for the past five years as follows: Rentals —1898, $1,435 75; 1899, $1,447 60; 1900, $1,454 75; 1901, $1,293 25; 1902, $1,412 50; total, $7,043 85. Expenditures — 1898, $361 35; 1899, $140 44; 1900, $186 71; 1901, $503 07; 1902, $244 04; total, $1,435 61.

The Independent Order of Foresters were granted the free use of the city hall for a public meeting to be held in January.

The Canadian Order of Chosen Friends applied for the free use of the city hall on March 23, 24 and 25, 1903, for the holding of the grand council. The request was granted.

W. W. Collie, for remission of personal property taxes, was referred to No. 1 committee.


**NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD**

**Coltsfoote Expectorant**

**CURES** A COLD OR COUGH AND INFLUENZA

**PREVENTS PNEUMONIA.**

BETTER STOP YOUR COLD QUICKLY.

The sooner you stop your cold the less harm it will do you. Slocum's COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT will stop a cold quick. This means relief and a cure. COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT is sold by all druggists. Always say COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT when you buy a bottle, and you will get what you want. Price 25c.

The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 179 King street W., Toronto.


### France's Peace Bonds.

[Philadelphia Record.]

From recent official publications it appears that the French are giving their British rivals a close race for the first place among the world's creditor nations. The thrifty Gauls have investments in foreign securities to the amount of $6,000,000,000, which is $160 for every man, woman and child in France. There is not a country on the face of the globe in which more or less French capital has not been invested; no disturbance of the peace could occur anywhere without directly and injuriously affecting a greater or smaller number of Frenchmen. The state of affairs disclosed by the publications referred to explains the latter-day conservatism of French foreign policy. A nation which has given bonds to keep the peace to such an amount as the French have done cannot afford to indulge in chauvinism to any great extent.


*THIS ADVERTISEMENT CHANGES EVERY DAY*

176 and 178 Dundas St., London, Saturday, Dec. 27, 1902.

WOODS' FAIR

**Dressing Cases and Fancy Boxes**

**At Wonderfully Cut Prices**

Just a few that were left over. Beautiful goods, but we would rather have their room than their company just now. That's the reason why we offer them at the following amazing low prices:

**Fancy Dressing Cases.**

**Regular 75c for 45c.**

A fancy box, all lined inside, contains pretty pink comb and brush, regular price 75c, Monday's sale price .. .. .. .. 45c

**Regular $1 50 for 90c.**

3 only beautiful fancy boxes, contains mirror, brush, with French bristles and white comb, regular $1 50, Monday's sale price .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 90c

**Regular $2 75 for $1 75.**

A handsome plush and German ivory case, satin lined, contains comb, brush and mirror, regular $2 75, for .. .. .. $1 75

**Manicure Sets, $1 45.**

In handsome leather case, solid ebony handle on manicure pieces, regular price $2 25, Monday .. .. .. .. .. .. $1 45

**Shaving Sets.**

**Regular 75c for 45c.**

In pretty lined box, containing china mug and nice shaving-brush, regular 75c, for .. .. 45c

**Regular $4 50 for $2 85.**

In handsome leather case, satin lined, contains beautiful silver shaving mug, ebony comb, razor and badger-hair shaving-brush, regular price $4 50, for .. .. .. .. .. .. .. $2 85

**Baby Sets, 35c.**

2 only, Babies' Sets, in pretty, fancy boxes, with cameo top, contains puff box, brush and bone ring, regular $1 00, Monday .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 35c

**Hand Mirrors, $1 00.**

3 only, handsome burnt wood back mirrors, inlaid with beveled glass, was $1 75, for $1 00

**BASEMENT SPECIALS FOR MONDAY.**

3 dozen Fancy China Fern Pots, in pink and green, with floral decorations, each .. 50c

New China Cups and Saucers, very pretty .. 10c

Carving Sets, with polished bone handles, best steel, worth $2 00; Monday, set .. $1 25

Good Strong Snow Shovels, each .. 25c

3 dozen Good 3-String Brooms, Monday, each .. 15c

Ash Sifters, Monday, each .. 15c

Whisks, at .. 10c and 15c

30 dozen Glass Stand Lamps, in 4 sizes complete, Monday, each .. 25c, 30c, 40c and 50c

Bracket Lamps, Monday, each .. 15c

12 only Brass Stand Lamps, separate founts, decorated globes, regular $5 00 and $6 00, Monday .. .. $2 50

Five only Blue Flame Oil Heaters. See them demonstrated on Monday.

VISIT OUR ART ROOM. | **WOODS' FAIR**

**OIL! OIL! OIL!**

President—Geo. G. Steele.

Vice-Presidents, Fred J. Darch, Oliver Ellwood. Secretary—Henry B. Ashplant. Treasurer—Geo. M. Fox.

Manager—G. R. Pennington.

**London Elgin Oil Company, Limited**

**CAPITAL STOCK, - - $250,000**

In 10,000 Shares at $25 Each—No Preferred Stock.

**Head Office—London, Ont.**

This company owns the leases on 260 acres (room for 800 wells) of the most desirable lands on the oil-producing rock, in that well-established and dividend-paying oil territory, near Dutton, in Elgin County, Western Ontario. Only a rail fence divides the holding of the London Elgin Oil Company, Limited, from the developed property of the prosperous Elginfield Oil and Gas Company, with thirty-eight producing wells and an output of 900 to 1,000 barrels per month. The stock of that company is now held at $2 (double its par value).

**The London Elgin Oil Company, Limited, Has Tested Its Property, and Proved It to Be on the Oil Rock.**

On the basis of report from the committee which visited this territory on Tuesday last and verified the report of our manager,

**Re Bonanza in Well No. 2**

The directors decided at a meeting held last evening (Dec. 26) to give the investing public another opportunity to secure a small block of our capital stock at a figure which we confidently believe to be a bargain.

**200 Shares Only---Par Value $5,000.**

Is now offered

**60c on the $. $15 Buys a $25 Share.**

Fully paid and non-assessable; no personal liability; positively only 200 shares will be offered at this price.

IF YOU WANT THEM, DO NOT HESITATE TO WRITE OR WIRE AT ONCE TO THE SECRETARY.

**Well No. 3 is Now Drilling.**

Our manager has just returned from Petrolea, where he secured an equipment of pumps, and two 50-barrel tanks for immediate operation.

The above proposition is one of the best ever offered to the investing public.

It may be your last chance at London Elgin oil stock.

No Dry Holes on the London Elgin Oil Company's Property.

Send your orders in immediately. FIRST RECEIVED WILL BE FIRST ALLOTTED. All orders must be accompanied by 25 per cent of the amount of subscription.

Address the Secretary London Elgin Oil Company (Limited), London, Ont.

Make remittances payable to the order of THE TREASURER, London Elgin Oil Company (Limited).

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