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# The Argus

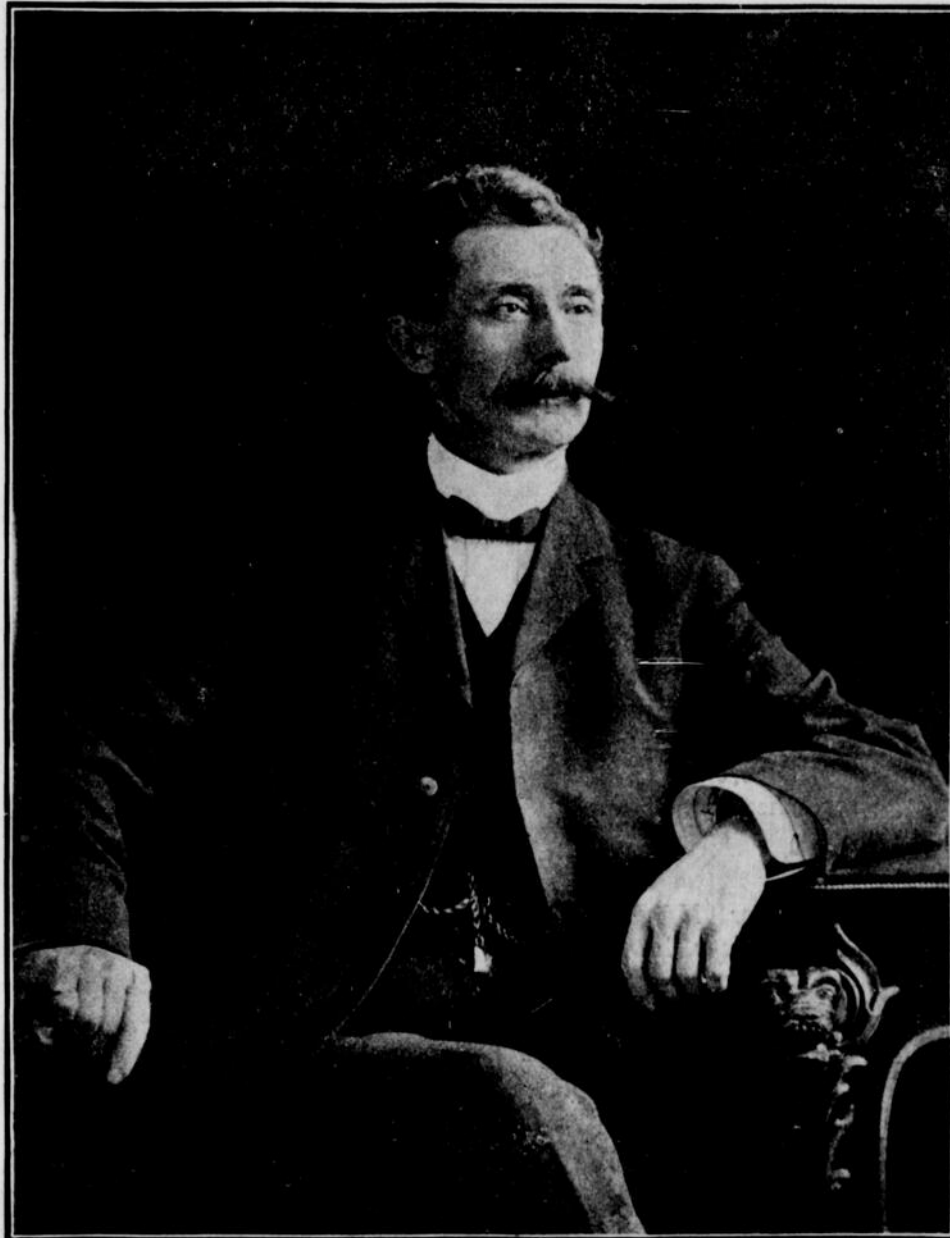
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MR. WILLIAM B. POWELL.

## The Argus

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Editor ..... HENRY DALBY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1905.

The Rev. Hugh Pedley is reported as saying:  
"I do not know, but what we should have classes in our schools to receive instruction how to intelligently read the newspapers. Part of the soil in which corruption thrives best is that of ignorance.

"The reading of a newspaper should be second only to the reading of the Bible. The press tells us what men are doing, what wrongs are going on, what issues are before us, what work we have to do to raise the standard of our citizenship. It is because we are so ignorant often of what is going on that we are so useless in opposing corruption and immorality."

\* \* \* \*

There is more in the suggestion than appears on the surface. Some of the daily papers are so wonderfully made that it really requires a special education to read them with any advantage.

\* \* \* \*

I am afraid, however, that neither a Sunday school class nor a "day school" class would be of much use unless taught by a practical journalist.

\* \* \* \*

To separate the truth from the lie; the genuine from the fake; the correct from the incorrect; the moral from the immoral; really requires a special training.

\* \* \* \*

If Mr. Pedley were to carefully examine the advertising columns of some of our great family journals, I believe he would tell his class that the only safe way for them to read these papers would be with their eyes shut.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. George Washington Stephens, M.P.P., declares himself in favor of the province, having a Minister of Education. There can be no question about the wisdom of this recommendation. At present it is practically nobody's business to promote the progress of education in the Province of Quebec. To be more precise, it is the business of a council principally composed of parsons which meets four times a year for a few hours each session.

Mr. Justice Hall has been making some timely remarks about the jury system. He favors the abolition of the grand jury and the restriction of the right of trial by the petty jury.

\* \* \* \*

I have long been of the opinion that the jury system as it now works does infinitely more harm than good. It is the cause of the greatest injustice—especially to the jurymen.

\* \* \* \*

When we read of the abdication of the Czar being "complete" and are told that "the old order has changed," it is well to remember that the mass of the Russian people must pass through many stages before they can acquire that freedom and self-government which is possessed by the western nations. The Czar is merely the name for a system and by no personal act of his own can he abolish the autocracy of which he has proven a weak figure head.

\* \* \* \*

There have been "Imperial Assemblies" and "Sobors" in the past, as we are reminded by an extract from the biography of Dr. Giles Fletcher, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and as Count Witte himself truly says, no paper constitution can suddenly put 150 millions of people of the miscellaneous character of those who make up the Russian Empire in possession of such a system of parliamentary government as will be an effective check upon the trained aristocratic and official classes.

\* \* \* \*

It is even too early to say that a strong minister has actually succeeded a weak Emperor in the control of the national concerns and the continued censorship of the public press is not a good omen for the promotion of that unity among the reforming element itself which must be a preliminary to any radical change in the methods of administration.

\* \* \* \*

If Count Witte can control the communistic element, and at the same time enlist the active cooperation of the university and business element in Russian society—plus the sympathy of the army—he will go down to history as a great man, but he needs all that support to enable him to lay the foundations of constitutional Government.

\* \* \* \*

The power of the Greek Catholic Church is also a factor to be reckoned with, retaining, as it does, the faithful allegiance of the great mass of that Russian peasantry which has as little in common with the inhabitants of such cities as Moscow, St. Petersburg and Odessa as had the inhabitants of provincial France with the communists of Paris in 1871.

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Such a revolution as the extreme party in Russia desire is not likely to be brought about without bloodshed. In England, Magna Charta marked the dawn of liberty, but not until the wars of the Roses had destroyed the power of the nobles, and Cromwell had limited the prerogative of the sovereign, was the way paved for the more peaceful revolutions which followed. It was not until the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 that the people of the United Kingdom can be said to have attained real political control.

\* \* \* \*

For the moment it will be most interesting to watch the effect which the new situation will have upon international relations and whether any well-known Russian military leaders are drawn into the political arena. A Napoleon or a Cromwell is needed to produce great practical results in a short time.

\* \* \* \*

The Earl of Aberdeen was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of Henry Irving.

Both the earl and the countess are becoming more active figures in social and political life, and when the next administration is formed, our late Governor-General is by general consent slated for high office.

\* \* \* \*

In Toronto the other day, a newly arrived immigrant was reported to have said that in most English cities there were 60,000 men walking about idle. Judging by the figures of the "Labor Gazette" and the Board of Trade returns, this was a very wild statement; the shipbuilding and cotton industries have not been so active for years, and generally speaking it is the unskilled laborer and the agriculturist who are the principal sufferers at present.

\* \* \* \*

The Germans have lost more than 1,700 men killed in South West Africa, and, up to date, the campaign has cost them over \$60,000,000. More reinforcements are going out and altogether German comments upon British incapacity in the Boer war are now at a considerable discount, even in Germany.

\* \* \* \*

The National Liberal Campaign Fund of the party federation which was started two years since has now reached \$200,000, out of the \$250,000 aimed at. Considering that the Liberal party will contest over 500 seats at the coming election, this sum compares very favorably with the lavish electoral expenses in the United States.

\* \* \* \*

The firm of W. H. Smith & Son, which since 1851 has had the monopoly of the book and newspaper business at all the principal railway stations in the

United Kingdom, has lost its contract with two of the leading railway companies which will henceforward have a direct interest in the profits.

\* \* \* \*

The present head of the firm is the son of that Mr. W. H. Smith, who succeeded Sir Stafford Northcote, afterwards the Earl of Iddesleigh, as leader of the House of Commons, and whose painstaking conscientiousness won for him from the Irish party the sobriquet of "Old Morality."

\* \* \* \*

When our energetic Minister of Marine is in England, it is to be hoped he will see the new graving docks at Southampton and Dover; the former is over 800 feet long, with 90 feet breadth and is the largest of six in that port alone.

\* \* \* \*

Unfortunately when a prominent Colonial Minister visits the United Kingdom, he is rarely shown that attention which policy as well as courtesy should dictate. Considering the recognized supremacy of Britain in maritime matters, there are a score of the latest improvements in dredges, wrecking plants and other mechanical appliances, an examination of which would be of interest to him. I hope the great shipbuilding and engineering firms on the other side will make up for the notorious slackness of governmental and local authorities in their reception of such a guest.

\* \* \* \*

The presence of a Canadian expert during any visits he contemplates making to the great shipping ports and harbors might also add to the enjoyment and profit which I hope he may derive from his contemplated tour.

\* \* \* \*

Years ago William H. Seward, one of the most famous foreign ministers of the United States, said: "Henceforth European commerce, European politics, European thought and European activity \* \* \* will relatively sink in importance, while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. C. M. Hays evidently endorses this early prophecy and anticipates that Canada will, and in a very few years, be as keenly interested in trans-Pacific as she now is in trans-Atlantic trade.

\* \* \* \*

We shall have to build a navy of our own very soon unless we arrive at some clearer understanding with the Admiralty; the expansion of our over-sea

trade will take Canadian cargoes into one of the way ports where the naval police protection of a powerful navy will mean a great deal.

\* \* \* \*

The suggestion that the shipbuilding industry of Canada should be again built up by an elaborate system of bounties comes strangely from the mouths of prominent Liberal organs. The experience of the United States in shipbuilding does not give much encouragement to this method of establishing a new industry.

\* \* \* \*

Not since the construction of the St. Louis and St. Paul, ten years since, have United States shipbuilders made any attempt at rivalling British and German shipbuilders. The material used in their war vessels is largely imported, and both the cost and time occupied in construction are terribly out of proportion to the expenditure either in public or private yards in the United Kingdom.

\* \* \* \*

Lord Grunthorpe has left an estate valued at over \$7,500,000 and he is the third English millionaire, whose will has been proved this year. Sir Robert Jardine, the East India merchant, died worth \$9,000,000, and Mr. Cook, of the celebrated dry goods firm in S. Paul's Churchyard left over \$6,000,000. These, however, are trifles when compared with the testament of the late Baron Rothschild, who bequeathed over \$25,000,000 to charity as one of his legacies.

\* \* \* \*

There has been some sneering at Mr. Balfour as holding on to office for the sake of its emoluments by journalists who seem ignorant of the fact that he inherited a property which brings in three times the amount of his official salary. I do not know of one member of his cabinet who can be said to depend upon his income as a minister, and there are few prominent men in the commercial world who work as continuously and laboriously as a cabinet minister does, either here or in Britain, for so little remuneration. Such critics evidently have no use for men who serve the State for honor; they prefer what they call grafters. Such a poor man is more apt to become when subject to the temptations which constantly assail the cabinet minister or the officers of a great corporation.

\* \* \* \*

The "London Daily News" which has made itself notorious by its attacks on the Chamberlain family, alleging that they have been using their political influence to get Government contracts for the Nettlefolds, has had to publish an abject apology.

H. D.

Every man owes it to himself and his family to master a trade or profession. Read the display advertisement of the six Morse Schools of Telegraphy, in this issue and learn how easily a young man or lady may learn telegraphy and be assured a position.

## Twentieth Century Theology.

By HENRY DALBY.

### CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

#### JOSHUA AND THE SUN.

The narrator of the stupendous miracle in confirmation of his story asks: "Is not this written in the book of Jasher? 'So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven and hasted not to go down about a whole day.'"

The appeal to the book of Jasher is suggestive of an historian who is dependent upon some previous writer for his sources of information. For all I know the book of Jasher may have been epic.

It is impossible to tell to what extent the various books of the Old Testament as we know them are compilations from manuscripts of older date or even the collocations of oral traditions. The mere expression by Joshua of a hope that he might complete his victory before night-fall when rendered into poetry might easily assume the form of the injunction to the sun and moon with which we are familiar. From this point to the assumption by succeeding generations and later writers that Joshua actually commanded the sun and moon to stand still—is not unnatural; and the further assumption that the command was obeyed, follows almost as a matter of course.

The good faith of the writer or writers of the book of Joshua may be taken for granted. The verbal inspiration of the whole work is not so apparent.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### CHRIST AND THE OLD TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES.

The disposition of some of those modern theologians who repudiate the authority of an infallible church, to insist upon the authority of an infallible Bible, is easy to understand; although I cannot imagine why there should be any difficulty in conceiving of a perfect system of religion which should be independent of all human or visible authority in matters of faith.

Our teachers seem to fear that if deprived of the bulwark of a visible and infallible authority in some form the whole structure of Christianity must go to pieces.

"Oh ye of little faith!"

My own conviction is that the Christian Church is based upon a much surer foundation than belief in the story of Joshua and the sun; in the story of Jonah and the whale; or in the authority of any Church council.

An Anglican clergyman, for whom I have great esteem and affection, says that he believes in the historic accuracy of the story of Jonah and the whale, because Jesus Christ believed it.

That is a sufficient reason for me if it is correct.

But what evidence is there that Christ regarded the whole book of Jonah as history?

There are two biblical records of Christ's utterances with reference to Jonah.

St. Matthew's version is:

"Then certain of the scribes and of the Pharisees, answered saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee.

But he answered and said unto them, an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign: and there shall be no sign given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas.

For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.

The man of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and behold a greater than Jonas is here."

St. Luke's version is:

"And when the people were gathered thick together, he began to say, this is an evil generation: they seek a sign; and there shall no sign be given it, but the sign of Jonas the prophet.

For as Jonas was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of Man be to this generation.

The Queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with the men of this generation, and condemn them: for she came from the utmost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.

The man of Nineveh shall rise up in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and behold a greater than Jonas is here."

Surely one may quote from the plays of Shakespeare without endorsing or assuming their literal historic accuracy. An immense proportion of Christ's teachings consisted of quotations from the national literature of the people he was addressing.

Never did teacher make more or better use of fiction to illustrate truths which are eternal. I do not know that the Master ever quoted from the recognized parables of the Old Testament, but he spoke so constantly to the people in parables that his disciples asked him the question: "Why speakest thou to them in parables?" The answer was in part: "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but to them it

is not given." Christ's allusion to "the sign of the prophet Jonas" in my opinion no more endorses the story of Jonah as an historic record, than the utterance of his own parables stamps them as history. The scriptures formed the written constitution of the Jewish nation and it was most natural that in introducing to the Jews his new dispensation the Great Teacher should constantly appeal to these scriptures in confirmation of his doctrines. The old truths are constantly presented in a new light.

For instance, we find Moses recorded in the book of Deuteronomy as saying: "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." In the book of Leviticus the Lord is recorded as commanding Moses to say to the people: "Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people; but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Christ joins these two as the first and second commandments of the law, than which there is none other that is greater.

One of the scribes was so impressed by the Saviour's declaration that he said to him: "Well Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he: And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices."

And then we are told: "And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

Not far from the Kingdom; but very far, indeed, from much of the modern theology which teaches that except a man believe faithfully a great variety of dogmas, he is so far from the Kingdom that without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.

Very much of Christ's exposition of the law and the prophets consisted of urging the Jews to attach less importance to the letter and more to the spirit of the sacred writings. As St. Paul puts it: "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." The ancient writings were full of minute provisions for the regulation of human conduct in connection with circumstances and conditions which were not always of a permanent or general character. The tendency of Christ's doctrine was to present the underlying principles of these provisions, which principles are of eternal and universal application.

For instance He is asked the question: "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?" The political, national and temporary issue is by no means evaded in spite of the fact that the question

was an obvious trap; but the answer: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's" defines the duty of the Christian citizen towards the state for all time, for all countries and under all forms of government.

There is an old story of an English justice of the peace who discharged a boy accused of stealing apples; not because the theft was not proven, but because His Worship could find nothing in his law books about stealing apples. One could almost imagine a modern theologian of a similarly literal turn of mind justifying a "grab" of millions of acres of public lands on the ground that while the Bible bestows a curse upon the man who removeth his neighbors land-mark, it says nothing about land-boodling by Act of Parliament.

(To be continued.)

#### THE GARDEN OF CANADA.

The waters of St. Catharines Well are of the mineral saline order and a great specific for rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, or a splendid tonic for those affected with nervous prostration. The use of the waters is accompanied by massage, electricity, etc., given by skilled attendants. Situated on the southern slope of Lake Ontario, the climatic conditions and environment are excellent for recuperating. This region is known as the Garden of Canada, and a happy hunting ground for health or pleasure seekers. Guard against the ills of modern life by visiting these famous springs. The Welland will be found a comfortable, home-like, rest cure establishment, with sun room, library, music room, roof promenade, and a corps of skilled attendants. For further particulars apply to G. T. Bell, G. P. & T. A., Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal.

#### MANNERS

In all ages Spectators have taken great interest in manners, for there are few forms of expression quite so frank and full of character. Manners are sometimes taken lightly by people who have not the Spectator instinct for seeing things, and who imagine in their blindness that the way people carry themselves in society is a mere matter of convention. It is true, convention has something to do with it; but character has a great deal more. Thackeray has drawn several inimitable portraits of well-born bullies and blackguards, who had every opportunity of being gentlemen, but whose native traits were too strong for their breeding. A friend of the Spectator's who has had the amplest opportunities of forming an opinion is in the habit of saying that the best and the worst manners in the world are to

be found in the highest circles of English society. A woman of great position in London, with the cool insolence which sometimes makes such women the most insufferable bullies, once complimented Mr. Lowell on his good manners, and expressed astonishment that an American should have acquired so completely the air of the best society. "You forget, madam, how favorably I have been exposed," was the response, with a satirical bow. An Englishman was recalling, not long ago, the changed feeling in England toward Americans. "Why, I remember," he said, with delightful unconsciousness, "the time when the feeling was so strong that if an Englishman entered a room and found an American there he immediately went out." "Yes," replied the American, "the change has certainly been great. The feeling in America against the English was so strong a little earlier that we sent them all home."

\* \* \* \*

It must not be imagined, however, that those who sit in "the seats of the mighty" in England are alone in their insolence; the Russians, the Germans, and the French furnish numberless illustrations of underbred people of position. Such things have been known even in our own democratic country. A witty New England woman was once asked about a certain family of distinguished pedigree. "They are a tribe of Indians who live in —, and have interesting customs, but no manners," was the prompt reply. There are families, indeed, who assert their Colonial descent by uniform and habitual rudeness, as there are other families who make it a rule to wear old clothes as an expression of an assurance of social position so well grounded as to make appearances a matter of indifference. Among Americans, in many cases, bad manners are due to ignorance rather than to vulgarity or brutality of nature. The men in public life who make spectacles of themselves by their violence of language or indecency of behavior have generally been men who have never had a chance to learn better ways. It has happened more than once that the United States Senate has made a ruffian something of a gentleman before it got through with him. For the back-country habit of calling a man a liar and knocking him down because he differs with you is gradually substituted great skill in the use of what is known as "parliamentary language;" which means vilifying a man up to the line of flagrant insult and stopping at the exact point where the Speaker's gavel would fall. Congressmen often put their feet on their desks because that is the attitude in which they take refuge when they are bored at home. They do not mean to be rude and uncouth; they are simply ignorant. There is a good deal more ex-

cuse for them than for the French gentlemen who tear one another's coats in the tribune, or the Austrian gentlemen who pull up their seats, hurl inkstands at their adversaries, and wreck the furniture in the Reichsrath chamber by way of expressing their political feelings.

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Some striking examples of the insolence of men who have had the opportunity of being gentlemen are furnished by the younger officers of the German army. Many of these officers are men of a charming simplicity, vivacity, and courtesy; some of them are bullies of the most offensive type. The assumption and assurance of this class are quite beyond belief, while their self-satisfaction is a joy to the American with a sense of humor. Years ago the Spectator was watching a brigade of cavalry cross a bridge at Mayence. The order, bearing, and appearance of the men were superb; for the Germans are not only thoroughly trained soldiers, they carry themselves with a splendid air of soldierly dignity, and they are brilliantly uniformed. As the men swept past, with clanking sabers, a young officer presented such an apparition of self-conscious splendor that the Spectator heard one American, in his near neighborhood, say to another, "Isn't he superb?" "Yes," was the reply; "his mother is probably plowing with a cow this morning." German officers are rarely of peasant blood, but the strut in the carriage of the young dandy suggested a recent acquaintance with good clothes.

• • • •

Americans who have been subjected to this form of military insolence have often met it with cool wit or still cooler courage. A refreshing example of thinking of the right thing at the right moment was furnished by an American who was dining in a hotel in Germany with his wife and sister, who were very attractive women. Two young officers of supercilious bearing entered a little later, seated themselves at a table not far distant, and immediately began to stare at the American party. A girl with a basket of small bouquets was passing from table to table, and was speedily summoned by these young men, who selected two bouquets with somewhat conspicuous care. The American instinctively divined their purpose, and, when the girl approached his table for the purpose of presenting the bouquets to the two ladies, called her to his side, took out of his purse two marks, sent them to the officers with his thanks in words which could be heard distinctly, and handed the bouquets to his wife and sister. The "international incident" ended at that point.

• • • •

Cool courage is sometimes better than cool wit. Last July three Americans with their wives hap-

pened to be thrown with three German officers on a driving trip. The conduct of the officers was characterized from the start by aggressive selfishness and impudence which the Americans wisely ignored. One day the three officers—young, vigorous men—rushed into the dining-room as soon as the inn was reached where luncheon was to be taken, and laid their cards at the best places, as was their habit. Titles were on all the cards. Two of the Americans were elderly, and the third was far from athletic. It happened that the wife of this gentleman entered the room without him, laid her hand on a chair next the German party, and was about to seat herself, when one of the officers came up behind, took her hand from the chair, thrust her rudely aside, and sat down. One of the Americans was on his feet in a moment, when the husband of the insulted woman opened the door. The incident was rapidly described to him. He seated his wife in another chair, and, returning to the man who had insulted her, said he would see him in the smoking-room immediately after luncheon. The older Americans looked forward with some apprehension to the interview, but when the officers entered the room the younger American promptly confronted the offender, told him that he was a bully and a coward who had disgraced his uniform and discredited his profession, and gave him his choice between prompt apology or an old-fashioned thrashing then and there. The officer hesitated a moment and then asked to be allowed to see the lady whom he had insulted, and made a most humble apology. He was, perhaps, thinking of what might be done in Berlin; for, as an Englishman said last summer, with great frankness, "it is *de rigueur* to be polite to Americans nowadays."

• • • •

These illustrations of the prevalence of bad manners among the well-born might be paralleled in almost every society; they show what the Spectator had in mind when he set out to put on record these fragmentary impressions: that the study of manners is a serious occupation, that the Spectator has a legitimate place in this busy age, and that whether a man shall be a gentleman or not depends not on his birth but on his character.

—The Spectator in the *Outlook*.

Husband (impatiently): "If the fool-killer would strike this town he would find plenty of work to do."

Wife: "Is there such a person, dear?"

Husband: "Of course there is."

Wife (with anxiety): "Well, I do hope, John, that you will be very careful."

## The Retirement of Mr. Powell

I think the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Department is to be congratulated upon the retirement of Mr. W. B. Powell, from the Montreal management of its competitor, the Great North Western. Personality counts for a great deal in such a position; where there are two companies competing actively for the telegraph business of a city like Montreal.

"W. B." knows everybody worth knowing in the commercial community; knows where they are to be found, knows their handwriting and something of their business. What is more important they know him, like him, and have a good deal of confidence in his fidelity and discretion. He has been for thirty-seven years cultivating this close acquaintance with that class of the people of Montreal, who do not get nervous at the sight of a telegram. When Mr. Dwight resigned the presidency of the Great North Western a year or two ago he wrote Mr. Powell a very cordial letter expressing his appreciation of the value of that gentleman's services to the company. The retirement of Mr. Powell is a matter of general regret among the employes, especially among those who have been long under his command and he is now the owner of a handsome diamond pin presented to him by his old colleagues on the occasion of his leaving.

I understand that there is a general tendency just now in the Great North Western towards the Americanization of the staff, the Great North Western being absolutely under the domination of the Western Union. The importation of American officials has certainly not worked badly in our great railway companies, but it is doubtful if the experiment is not a dangerous one in connection with a telegraph company with a lively Canadian competitor. However, it will not be long before the Dominion Government will find itself under the necessity of nationalizing the whole telegraph service of Canada.

Mr. Powell is vice-president of the J. W. Harris Company, Ltd. (which built the Angus Shops for the C.P.R.), a director of the Montreal and Southern Counties Railway, and also a director of the British Canadian Supply Company, Limited. He has been for many years a popular member of the Board of Trade. He will devote himself for the future to the contracting business.

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### THE CYNIC'S DICTIONARY.

Altruism—Mowing your neighbor's lawn.

Reform—A brief vacation for practical politicians.

The Simple Life—A strenuous effort to live unnaturally.

Candor—What a woman thinks about another woman's gown.

Tact—What she says about it.

Civil Service—Something you tip a waiter for and don't get.

Luck—An explanation of the other fellow's success.

Life Insurance—Providing for the widows and orphans—of the directors.

The Water-Wagon—A vehicle from which a man occasionally dismounts to boast of the fine ride he's having.—"Saturday Evening Post."

The fishermen's wives in a South Coast town held an indignation meeting directed against the mere men. One buxom lady told the meeting how her man decided whether to go out with his boat or not. "He puts a lighted candle out in the yard. If it blows out there's too much wind. If it keeps alight there's not enough."

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### TRUE BUT NOT THE FACTS.

The census-taker rapped at the door of the little farmhouse, and opened his long book. A plump girl of about 18 came to the door, and blinked at him sturdily, says the "Youth's Companion."

"How many people live here?" he began.

"Nobody lives here. We are only staying through the hop season."

"How many of you are there here?"

"I'm here; father's in the woodshed, and Bill is—"

"See here, my girl, I want to know how many inmates there are in this house. How many people slept here last night?"

"Nobody slept here, sir. I had the toothache dreadful, and my little brother had the stomachache, and the new hand that's helping us got sunburned so bad on his back that he has blisters the size of eggs; and we all took on so that nobody slept a wink all night long."

An amusing incident occurred in one of our rural churches a short time ago. The minister gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," etc. The regular perceptor being absent, the duty devolved upon a good old deacon, who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher, he then sang, "I love to steal." At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal." The effort was too much. Everyone but the parson was laughing. He rose, and with the utmost coolness said:—

"Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray!"

## THE UNDISCOVERABLE IN CRIME.

From "The Spectator," London.

We wonder whether, if a complete list were published of crimes which have been committed in our time in Great Britain, and not traced to their authors, the general public would be the more surprised or reassured. Would the number of undetected criminals astonish because of its size, or would people reflect that in a community of forty millions even the smallest percentage works out in good round figures; and would they for that reason be gratified with their comparative safety? The number of crimes of which the authors remain untraced is, we should say, considerably larger than is generally supposed. The glare of the newspapers dazzles more often than it illuminates, and when every crime is important for an hour few crimes are not in a day or two forgotten. Perhaps the memory of the Lefroy murder will not pass away with this generation, partly because the interest taken in the case at the time was enormous, partly because the facts are at hand in a book which is still widely read. But it was only, as it were, by an effort that most persons could recall the details of the Camp case when the crime committed in the Merstham Tunnel raised once more the question: What is the safety of railway travelling? And even so, much else was forgotten, or almost forgotten. "Why is it that it is only these railway and tunnel murders that cannot be traced?" many were asking, forgetting that the author of the hideous series of murders in White-chapel has gone for seventeen years unknown, perhaps unsuspected. We do not prophesy that the Merstham mystery will remain unsolved, though it is not very likely that any fresh clues will come into the possession of the police. Still, if the author is discovered, probably by his own failing heart or brain, it will not be another ten years before his name, too, will be remembered with difficulty. Of necessity, sheer lapse of time makes both detected and undetected criminals the more readily forgotten; and for what it is worth, the lapse of time must always be on the side of the undetected criminal.

Are there, then, any better provisions which civilisation could devise for the rapid detection of crimes of this kind,—that is, of brutal assault on the person, either with or without a plain preconceived? Not, we mean, in especial reference to the railway organisations, and the adoption of this or that system of corridor carriages, or easy communication with the guard of the train, although it would be of interest, as regards that latter point, if a table could be compiled showing on how many occasions the communication-cord, or the electric bell, has been pulled, and for what reason. But we are thinking

of wider and more general plans and precautions than corridors and communication-cords; and no doubt some answer is needed to the question: Do the newspapers help or hinder the detectives in difficult cases like the Merstham case, in which suicide is practically an impossible theory, and the police are believed to be hunting for a man? The police, it is said, we do not know with what truth, consider that they have been hampered in this affair by the rapacity and interference of the reporters and "special representatives," who have prevented them from tracking their clues quietly, have "given away" their closest secrets, and in a clumsy hue-and-cry have sprung the traps carefully set in out-of-the-way places. We cannot pretend to judge that point, for the evidence has not been given; but, speaking generally, we should doubt whether the newspapers, however distasteful the methods of a certain section may be, could ever help a criminal in the quarter where he needs help most. He may read here or there that the police are doing this or that, are hot on the trail of some person whom he knows to be innocent, are intending to make a thorough examination of premises where he has never been, or are setting traps into which all guilty persons must assuredly walk. But all that information does not help him very much, even if he believes it, and he might easily be conceived, in his terror, to believe that the statements of the newspapers were mere "blinds." Of one staring fact he must always be horribly certain, that even the most merciful would be turned inflexibly against him. Would he not wonder that the name written on his forehead was not more easily read, and if he once allowed himself to brood over that, how could any printed sentence aid him? The newspapers could not help him against himself.

Another point is apt to be forgotten when the amateur detectives are talking about "baffled police," "puzzled officials," and so forth,—that is, the element of sheer luck which enters into all these difficult cases. The police realize that, if the public do not; and in trying to realize how prodigiously thick the mist diffused by mere luck may be, remember that there is one particular class of crime in which, if the luck is on the side of the police, the capture of the criminal is so easy as to attract no notice from the public; if, on the other hand, the luck is with the criminal, the task of the police is almost heart-breaking. It is not the class of crime which is planned with devilish care for months. Whenever a murder has been planned beforehand, the homicide has gone about his work unconsciously, but with awful certainty, committing himself at every step. Suspected, the tiniest actions of the past few months of his

life creep out of the memory-cells of his fellow-creatures into one horrible line; a reason for each thing done, a purpose in each thing left undone; all the poor attempts to throw pursuit off the trail glaring naked and unnecessary, except upon the one supposition that ruins him. Those crimes are not the hardest to trace home. To run any real chance of remaining undiscoverable, crime must belong to a different class. That is the crime which is unthought of, unpremeditated, by its author; which is the outcome of the savagery of five minutes, not the preoccupation of a twelve-month; and it is there that the luck turns either for or against the criminal with dreadful completeness. He may step speckless away: much more likely he will not. But if he does, his past is as bright or as drab as other people's, neither more nor less; nothing is there to help his pursuers; it is only for the future that he must arm himself, for himself, by himself, even against himself.

Of that point, extremely important in itself, the "baffled" detectives can at least be certain. If they have once come to the decided conclusion that crime has been committed, they have at all events one standard by which, however, confused and crossed the trail may be, they can measure its undiscoverability. Their standard is the brain-power of a fellow-man; and not that kind of brain-power which tells the fox or the hare to double or dodge, but the brain-power that a man must have who, having seen what no other man has seen, and knowing what no other man knows, carrying about with him portraits and sounds which it must be his perpetual dread that others will stare at and hear, can keep himself from going insane. For imagine the alternatives; think of the perpetual tilting of the balance which is to decide whether his life, too, is to be put an end to suddenly and unnaturally, or whether he is to go on day after day, with the recurrent dread that the end will be the same in any case, and with nothing of any happiness dragged from the present. He can go on, he believes, unless he breaks down, or unless some overmastering impulse, of which he is continually in horror, forces him to speak to others about what he has done, in hope perhaps that the portraits and the sounds may leave him. It is incredible that a man could so steel himself as to seem nothing different from yesterday, though so much has happened to change the whole tissue of his brain? But the thing has been achieved by more murderers than one; and up to a certain point, in other pursuits, under other conditions, do we not all achieve it? Few of us, either through our own failings, or through some great unhappiness, or possibly by sheer accident, have not seen and heard

what we would gladly not have seen and heard; we desire to put such sights and sounds out of our minds, determine that we will never give another thought to what only pains, what cannot be helped, or altered, or undone. The question resolves itself into a problem which in the ordinary walks of life has to be answered by most men of action; by all, indeed, who, gifted with a special strenuousness of mind, have carved wide paths through the ranks of lesser men, as soldiers, or writers, or kings. It is the test of the possibility of living life in compartments. Just as great soldiers have trained themselves to sleep at any moment for an hour or a couple of hours, or as enormously successful business men have sometimes the power of absolutely shutting their office doors behind them, when lesser, possibly more conscientious, minds are for ever troubling themselves whether their work is progressing or their duty rightly done; so it must be supposed that the criminal who can remain undiscovered has the power of shutting away from his eyes and ears the sights and sounds which would tear him shrieking from his sleep if he were of a weaker, happier mould. His strength of mind must always be marvellous; it is, indeed, owing to the fact that to possess such strength of mind is extremely rare, that cases of undiscovered criminals are comparatively so small in number. The chance of undiscoverability rests always on the turn of mere luck, but more than that on the capability of one man in a world of men to keep his head. If the pressure of the first few weeks could be kept up for ever, he would be certain to lose it; but to ensure that is beyond the power of any police force, which, perhaps, in giving up the chase, does but condemn the hunted man to the heavier punishment.

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#### HOW TO KEEP WELL.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

I am a doctor, and the son of a doctor who has practiced medicine for sixty-five years, and is still practicing.

I am fifty years old; my father is eighty-five. We live in the same house, and daily we ride horse-back together or tramp the fields. To-day we did our five miles and back cross-country.

I have never been ill a day—never consulted a physician in a professional way, and in fact, never missed a meal through inability to eat. As for the author of "A Message to Garcia," he holds, esoterically, to the idea that the hot pedaluvia and small doses of hop-tea will cure most ailments that are

curable, and so far all of his own ails have been curable—a point he can prove.

The value of the pedaluvia lies in tendency to equalize circulation, not to mention the little matter of sanitation; and the efficacy of the hops lies largely in the fact that they are bitter.

Both of these prescriptions give the patient the soothing thought that something is being done for him, and at worst can never harm him.

My father and I are not fully agreed on all of life's themes, so existence for us never resolves itself into a dull, neutral gray.

We have daily resorts to logic to prove prejudices, and history is ransacked to bolster the preconceived, but on the following points we stand solid as one man:

1.—Ninety-nine people out of a hundred who go to a physician have no organic disease, but are merely suffering from some symptom of their own indiscretion.

2.—Individuals who have diseases, nine times out of ten, are suffering from the accumulated evil effects of medication.

3.—Hence we get the proposition: Most diseases are the result of medication which has been prescribed to relieve and remove a beneficent warning symptom on the part of Nature.

4.—Most of the work of doctors in the past has been to treat symptoms, the difference between a disease and a symptom being something the average man does not even yet know.

The people you see waiting in the lobbies of doctors' offices are, in a vast majority of cases, suffering through poisoning caused by an excess of food. Coupled with this go the bad results of imperfect breathing, improper use of stimulants, lack of exercise, irregular sleep, or holding the thought of fear, jealousy and hate. All of these things, or any one of them, will, in very many persons, cause fever, chills, congestion, cold feet and faulty elimination.

To administer drugs to a man suffering from malnutrition caused by a desire to "get even," and a lack of fresh air, is simply to compound his troubles, shuffle his maladies and shift his pain from one place to another, getting him ripe for the ether-cone and scalpel.

Nature is always and forever trying hard to keep people well, and most so-called "disease"—which word means merely the lack of ease—is self-limiting, and tends to cure itself. If you have no appetite, do not eat. If you have appetite, do not eat too much. Be moderate in the use of everything, except fresh air and sunshine.

The one theme of Ecclesiastes is moderation. Buddha wrote it down that the greatest word in any

language was equanimity. William Morris said the finest blessing of life was systematic, useful work. St. Paul declared the greatest thing in the world was love. Moderation, Equanimity, Work and Love—let these be your physicians, and you will need no other.

And in so talking I lay down a proposition agreed to by all physicians, against which no argument can be raised; which was expressed by Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, and repeated in better phrase by Epictetus, the slave, to his pupil, the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius; and which has been known to every thinking man and woman since. Moderation, Equanimity, Work and Love!

#### HOIST THE BLACK FLAG.

Recent disclosures of low moral standards, cheap deceits, and callous indifference to the rights of others on the part of men of financial and business prominence have sorely hurt those who long for a decent world to live in; for an unclean world is as intolerable to morally sensitive people as is an unclean house to physically sensitive people. No American who loves his country and remembers Emerson's definition of its mission to breed superior men and women can fail to hang his head in shame over the continuous revelation of lack of principle and cheapness of character in men who have been greatly trusted and have proved grossly untrustworthy. The shame of the United States Senate, with several members who have been under indictment or known to be unscrupulous corruptionists; of department officers of high station selling information as if it were produce; of men intrusted with vast funds for purposes which ought to make their custody a sacred charge, greedily using the money of other people for their own menacing in the last degree.

Americans are not more dishonest than other men; but they sin against a greater light, for in this country all enterprises of a public character are supposed to be carried on for the public benefit. Our politicians are never weary of talking about the "sacred rights of the people," although there is no country in which those rights are more flagrantly violated. Our offenses are rank and smell to heaven because we protest so much; our infidelities are the more damnable because we profess such a lofty faith. The time has come for frankness with ourselves and the world; if we cannot be decent, let us at least be truthful. Let us purge ourselves of dishonesty and hypocrisy and be what we pretend to be; or let us preach squarely the doctrine of greed and success without scruples and keep on doing what we are

now doing. Let United States Senators stop talking about National ideals, or let them cease to disgrace the country by corrupting legislatures, dividing profits with land syndicates, and accepting from corporations salaries which they have not earned; it is time for them to make their choice; the country is in no mood to stand further hypocrisy. It demands that the thieves take their hands off the sacred things of the Nation; let them ply their trade if they must, but let them forbear to touch with polluted speech the ideals, the aspirations, and the hopes of the Nation; they have done their best to destroy these things.

And it is high time for the officers of some life insurance companies to cease talking about the duty of providing for one's family, the solemn obligation of a man to think of the welfare of his children after he is gone, the beauty of present self-denial for the sake of the dear ones dependent on one's exertions. If the gentlemen whose dealings with the vast funds committed to their care have recently come to light have any sense of humor, they will put an end to the sham philanthropy which they have preached for business purposes, and make their appeals for patronage with manly frankness. If they cannot be honest, let them at least drop the mask of honor and deal squarely with the public. Let them make an end to all the sentimental nonsense about widows and orphans, and say bluntly: "We want your money; pay us the largest possible premiums and we will give you the smallest possible returns. We will accept your money as a trust, and administer it for our own advantage; we will pay ourselves enormous salaries and, in one form or another, pension the different members of our families; we will load the management of the business you commit to us with the heaviest possible expense of administration; and we will use your money in all kinds of enterprises for our own benefits, employing as much of it as we see fit in buying legislators and contributing to campaign funds." If this policy of frankness is adopted, the country will respect the courage if it cannot trust the honesty of the men whom it now holds to be not only betrayers of its honor but hypocrites as well.

It is high time for plain dealing; the country is weary of scandals in high places; of men of reputation who are suddenly discovered to be without character; of moral sham and humbug among the eminently respectable. There are too many pious schemers; far too many well-behaved self-seekers. If we cannot be honest, we can at least stop pretending to be what we are not. Let us hoist the black flag and stop sailing as a missionary ship.

—"The Outlook."

#### ON THE TRAIL OF THE EXTRACTS.

In a recent dispatch the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" said: "Mr. Yerkes, commissioner of internal revenue, after delivering to makers of patent medicines, with whiskey as their chief ingredient, a staggering blow, has turned his attention to so-called essences and extracts which have whiskey as their principal stock. He has written a letter to a druggist, deciding that where alcoholic compounds called 'essences of lemon, vanilla, cinnamon,' etc., or tinctures or essences of ginger, are made for sale in prohibition districts for use as beverages, every merchant selling them without holding the requisite special-tax stamp as a liquor dealer under the internal revenue laws, is subject to criminal prosecution, as well as to assessment of special tax and penalty. The manufacturers of these compounds are involved in the same liability, and also in liability as rectifiers. It is declared that prohibition communities throughout the country consume, as beverages, an enormous amount of these alleged essences, sold by country merchants and others as 'flavoring extracts.' According to the information in the hands of the internal revenue bureau, the sales were sufficient in some communities in one day to have flavored all the pies made in the neighborhood for five years. As there was no internal revenue tax, the manufacturers of these 'essences' increased the quantities of whiskey in the stuff, with the result that many of them contained more than fifty per cent. of pure alcohol. The goods had small sale outside of prohibition communities. The druggist to whom Commissioner Yerkes wrote the letter admitted that many of the compounds contained from twenty-five to eighty p.c. of alcoholic strength, with a mere trifle of medication."

#### HIS HAPPIEST HOUR.

He: Do you remember the night I asked you to marry me?

She: "Yes dear."

"For a whole hour we sat there, and not a word did you speak. Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life!"—Translated for "Tales" from "Echo de Paris."

"Do you think it is honest for a man to accept money for a campaign fund?"

"Why, yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "if he really turns it over to the fund."

—"Washington Star."

## COOKING A PARTRIDGE.

(By an Occasional Suburban Correspondent.)

When Harry came home from the City last night I knew from his face that something had happened.

"Oh! what is it?" I said. "Is anybody dead?" And of course my thoughts flew to poor Auntie.

"No," he replied, "but Dixon has had a brace of partridges send to him, and he's given me half of it."

I breathed again. "How sweet of him!" I said; "when shall we have it?"

"It's ready for cooking now," said Harry. "Couldn't we have it to-night?"

I thought for a moment. "Yes," I said. "The hash will keep; it's Sarah's night out, so I'll put my apron on and cook it at once."

I was a plump young bird, and really looked a picture when I had placed it on the grid of the baking pan, nicely floured, with a lump of dripping on the top of it. At that moment the kitchen door opened, and Harry came briskly in, with five or six copies of the *Daily Mail* in his hand.

"Let's see," he said, sitting down on the corner of the table, "how are you going to cook it?"

"In the oven, darling," I replied smiling.

"Yes," said Harry, after a pause, "but you know, dear, it oughtn't to be on the grid; and where's its little overcoat of bacon?"

I may be unduly sensitive, but aspersions on my cooking always upset me.

"It isn't going to have one," I replied, forcing a smile.

"Oh! and where's the sausage?" said Harry. "There ought to be some long sausages, you know."

"Why, darling," I said, glancing at the morsel in the baking tin, "you've mistaken it for a turkey."

"Oh, no," said Harry, resenting my flippant tone, "I know what I'm talking about. And there ought to be a carrot cut in rounds, and white cabbage cut in quarters. The *Daily Mail* says so."

This was the facer, and I was nonplussed, as he deliberately opened the paper at the column headed "How to Cook a Partridge."

"Look here Harry," I said sullenly, "you'd better let me do it my own way."

"Then it will dry," he said with conviction. I felt my cheeks redden under the insult.

"Was it dry last time?" I said quietly.

"Dryish," he replied. "Look here, darling you're not too old to learn, you know; let me read you one or two extracts from the recipes of *experienced* cooks. "It should be roasted with a little overcoat of bacon," cooked in layers of pickled white cabbage, fried chalots, a little white wine and enough wa-

ter to cover it," and you must be very careful not to use the *flambeau* until it is *saignant*." But just you read them for yourself, and you'll see how it ought to be done."

"I'll do it my own way," I said, choking back a sob, "or not at all." Here Harry lost his temper as usual.

"But it's so simple," he said, cuttingly; "any idiot could do it."

"Then you can cook it yourself," I replied, as with trembling fingers I untied my apron, "and eat it yourself!"

"Right O!" said Harry, with an unpleasant smile.

"And you'll find the anchovy sauce and the candied peel in the cupboard," I added, "and I haven't any pickled cabbage, but there are plenty of pickled onions, and if I'd known you were going to interfere in the kitchen I'd never have married you." With that I left him, and hurrying up stairs flung myself on the sofa in a passion of tears.

Half-an-hour later, in spite of my grief, I became conscious of a nauseous odour rising from the kitchen, and, drying my eyes, I leant over the banisters and sniffed it gratefully. I also heard muffled ejaculations in Harry's voice, and concluded he was talking to the partridge. Presently there came the smash of crockery and more conversation, and then the back-kitchen door was violently opened, and Harry, apparently, went through into the garden. Next minute I heard him coming up the kitchen stairs, and I whisked back into the room and was deep in a book as he entered. He was very pale.

"Where's the partridge?" I said.

"In the dusthole," he replied fiercely, and then for the first time I saw his hand wrapped up in a handkerchief.

"Oh, darling," I cried, "what have you done?"

"I caught hold of the oven door," he said. "I forgot it was hot."

He smiled wanly, and, as I dressed his burns I knew he was mine one more; the partridge no longer stood between us; we kissed again, with tears, and had the hash after all.—*Punch*.

A reporter of "The London Chronicle," who was not without the sense of irony, wrote of recent automobile races in England: "Motor cars at racing speed sometimes run out of the course, and to prevent the possibility of any loss of valuable lives the ground level of the promenade will be occupied only by representatives of the press."—"New York Tribune."

## DOCTORS AND LAYMEN.

Westminster Gazette.

The various medical congresses which have taken place in the course of the last few months have brought forth an extraordinary crop of articles in the Continental Press on the subject of medical men, their work, their views, their virtues, failings, &c.; also on the inexhaustible subject of their clients. Some of these articles are, of course, sufficiently technical to make them as inaccessible to the average lay reader as if they were written in Sanscrit, or Arabic, or Esperanto. Others—and these mostly written by eminent medical men of wide experience—are distinguished for a lucidity and simplicity rather unusual in the literary output of Continental men of science, the majority of whom regard it as *infra dig.* to write anything so simple and practical that the laymen may profit by its perusal. Professor Dr. Naunym, an eminent German medical man, contributes from his retirement at Baden-Baden a suggestive article to the "Deutsche Revue," in which he discourses on the popular theory expressed in the almost proverbial phrase "People consult a doctor in order to be cured." This, Professor Naunym holds, is not quite exact. People consult a doctor in order to be *helped*. In illustration of this statement a number of instances are given, from among which the following will be found interesting:

It happened not infrequently in my practice (says the writer) that people came to consult me concerning a "serious illness"; most frequently the patient was a young man about to marry. He had a cough, and thought his lungs were affected, or he imagined that he had diabetes, and so on and so on. On examination I found that he did not suffer from such a disease. In such cases there was nothing to cure, but I had *helped* the patient effectually. Take another case. A young girl is tortured by her mother to go into Society; she is to move among people in order to find a husband. But she does not wish to go, feels weak and miserable, and is brought to me for a tonic. On examination I find a kidney disease of long standing. It is too late to attempt a cure, but the girl is *helped*, for she is now left in peace and enjoys her life as she chooses.

At a time when I had practised long enough to be well acquainted with these matters, a medical man who had a large practice in the North, and whom I had known since my student days, asked me to examine him. "But you must promise me beforehand, Professor, to tell me the absolute truth. You must give me your word of honour." "Word of honour? You, as a doctor, ought to know that it is nonsense to

give such a promise." "But I want it. Give me your word of honour to tell me the entire truth." "Don't talk to me about a word of honour. But the truth I will tell you." I examined him, and found that he was suffering from an incurable valvular disease of the heart. To tell him this would have been to pronounce his sentence of death. Therefore I kept my peace as to the result of the diagnosis, but pointed out to him that his heart was "not quite sound," "not quite in working order," and suggested that with care he would be able to go on working for an indefinite time. What was the result? He lived according to my instructions, and went on for some years, but he complained wherever he went that I had told him he was suffering from a serious heart complaint, and since then he was a broken man, thanks to me! He was a doctor and a man of courage, who had looked death in the face in duels and on battlefields. And this is how he failed to face the situation when he knew even half the truth.

As to the dangers to which the medical man is exposed when he takes his duties seriously as "the servant of servants," Professor Naunym relates the following experience: "I had scarcely entered the Berlin Medizinische Klinik as assistant when a case of spotted typhus was brought in; of the assistant medical men of the ward, three took the infection and two died. In the fourth year of my activity I pricked my skin over a dissection, and for four days my life was despaired of, though finally I got off with a slight mutilation. Later on I was for four weeks busy in a district where an epidemic of typhus had broken out. There were some thirty-three medical men occupied with the typhus patients; of these, thirty caught the fever and twenty-seven died. At Dorpat, where I was Professor, it was an understood thing that those practising at the hospital should 'get their typhus.' Later on, at Königsberg, among my own assistants—that is to say, those who had most to do with the care of patients seriously ill—no one expected to escape without catching 'his typhus.' Again, at Strasburg I caught inflammation of the lung from one of my hospital patients, and I just managed to live to tell the tale. All this is nothing exceptional. Among all the friends with whom I worked as a young doctor there is hardly one who has not in the course of his professional life caught some infection or hurt himself permanently in one way or another, and among those who later on became surgeons there is not one who has not lost one or several children through diphtheria brought home by the father."

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It is true that in learning anything you must begin at the bottom—except in swimming.

## THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

By CHARLES DIBDIN.

Jack dances and sings, and is always content,  
 In his vows to his lass he'll fail her;  
 His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent—  
 And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty he readily flies,  
 Where the winds the tired vessel are flinging,  
 Though sunk to the sea-gods, or tossed to the skies.  
 Still Jack is found working and singing.

Longside of an enemy, boldly and brave,  
 He'll with broadside on broadside regale her;  
 Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,  
 So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the  
 bombs,  
 Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,  
 The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,  
 And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering Power while Jack puts his trust,  
 As Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her:  
 Resign'd, still, and manly, since what must be must—  
 And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong, if dangers should  
 press,  
 And rank'd mongst the free list of rovers,  
 Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,  
 And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,  
 Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,  
 He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—  
 And this is a true English sailor.

A. A.

## JOURNALISM UP TO DATE.

Scene—Editorial office of a "progressive" evening paper.

Editor (as Reporter enters): Any news of the murder case?

Reporter (gloomily): None whatever.

Editor: Didn't you see Detective Findlater?

Reporter: Yes; while I was trying to get some information out of him a passer-by pointed out casually that his tie had worked up the back of his neck, and the detective made that an excuse to leave me hastily.

Editor: Do you mean to tell me that you don't see something sensational in that?

Reporter: I don't see anything in it.

Editor: Then you're no good at reporting, young man. Here, Smith, take this down quickly and see that it gets well displayed.

## THE GREAT MURDER CASE.

*"Mysterious Stranger Gives Information to the Police."*

"While our Special Correspondent was in conversation with Detective Findlater this afternoon, a stranger came up and volunteered some important information, the nature of which we are not at present at liberty to disclose. The detective ascertained the truth of the man's statement and at once acted upon it. Further developments will be awaited with interest."

There, young fellow, this is a truthful paper and we want facts, but facts must be put before the public in an intelligent and attractive manner!

[Exit Young Fellow] *Punch.*

## THE AGE OF EDUCATION.

The scrubbing-brush is idle; the pick-axe and the spade

Lie rotten, forgotten—unused of man or maid.

The hands that once were horny will no longer bear the stain

Of toiling and moiling—this is the age of brain;

L. C. C.

Befriends then and sends them to read for a degree?

They're burning for learning,

Their culture-craving hearts

Are turning with yearning.

To pedagogic arts

And the golden stores of knowledge

In a Correspondence College.

Marier Ann's "selected," though her skirts but reach her knees,

To figure, when bigger, among the girl P. T.'s;\*

Before she puts her pigtail up and takes to using "Hinde's,"

Marier will try her fair hand on youthful minds.

Instead of helping Mother with the babies in the slums

She'll hammer at grammar, psychology and sums.

She's burning, etc.

The policeman's son's an ex-P.T., and views, with nose turned up,

Pickpocket, lost locket, and law-defying pup;

The butcher's boy is reading for "Matric," and doesn't care

A button for mutton—his fancies fly elsewhere;

\*Pupil Teachers.

The grocer's lad is busy with his "Inter. Arts," and he's

Forsaken the bacon, the butter and the cheese.

They're turning, etc.

When all the world are graduates at twenty pounds  
a year,  
When biceps and triceps begin to disappear,  
There 'll be a boom in muscle, and the navy's day  
will dawn  
All sunny, when money goes hand in hand with  
brawn.  
And so farewell to Trinity, for soon I hope to find  
Brick-laying more paying than any skill of mind.

I'm turning from learning,  
My money-craving heart  
Is burning with yearning  
To ply the hodman's art,  
And forget the worthless knowledge  
Which I gathered up at College.

—"Punch."

#### SORROW OF IT.

"More trouble," sighed McNutty, putting on his  
coat. "If it ain't one thing it's another."  
"What's the matter now?" queried his good wife.  
"More labor troubles," answered McNutty.  
"Not another lock-out, I hope," said the partner of  
his sorrows.  
"No, it's worse than that," answered the alleged  
head of the house. "The boss has yielded, and I've  
got to go to work again."—"Chicago News."

"They say she is fast."

"Oh, don't put it that way, dear. It is much more  
up-to-date to say that she exceeds the speed limit."  
—"Motorist."

#### SENSE, NON- AND COMMON-

Never leave for to-morrow what your wife can do  
for you to-day.

Any man can make a house, but it takes a woman  
to make a home.

A just man will not speak evil of any one, neither  
will he speak well of all.

When you throw your bread on the waters, don't  
expect it to return as dough.

The widest kind of a difference is between oratory  
and talking common-sense.

It's all right to live according to the laws, but  
don't live like those who make them.

#### "THE CALL OF THE WILD."

Those interested in a place to go hunting this fall  
should write for a copy of "Haunts of Fish and  
Game," a supplication issued by the Grand Trunk  
Railway System telling where all kinds of game  
may be found, list of game laws, descriptive matter  
regarding the several hunting districts, maps, etc.,  
sent free to any address on application to G. T. Bell,  
general passenger and ticket agent, Montreal, Can.

On the occasion of Sarah Bernhardt's last visit to  
this country a well-known critic called on her before  
she had quite finished luncheon. He found her  
surrounded by a fringe of Frenchmen of various  
types, who at frequent intervals carefully intro-  
duced interjections to remind her of their presence.  
She took up the menu and looking down it, said:

"Pumpkin pie—what is that?"

One of the tallest of the Frenchmen rose with  
statued dignity, and shaking a long index finger  
in rhythm with an admonitory voice, exclaimed:

"For Heaven's sake, be careful, madam. It's the  
national cake."

But Sarah took it.

H. L. Horton, one of the oldest members of the  
New York Stock Exchange, was asked one day  
whether he thought that the promise that a certain  
stock would go on a dividend basis was made in  
good faith.

"Did you ever hear about Hiram Wilkins who  
lived over in New Jersey a good many years ago?  
Hiram had been so busy getting rich that he had no  
time to devote himself to ladies and other frivol-  
ities until he reached middle age. Then he began  
paying attention to Sally Perkins, whose father was  
a prudent man and who waited for what he con-  
sidered a reasonable time for Hiram to declare him-  
self. But Hiram seemed content with things as  
they were. So Silas Perkins decided to take mat-  
ters into his own hands.

"Hiram, you've been settin' up with Sally pretty  
considerable. You've taken her to church and to  
picnics and buggy-ridin', and acted as though you  
had the inside track, and nothin's come of it. It  
ain't no way to trifle with a young girl's affections.  
Now I want to know your intentions, as man to  
man."

"Si," returned Hiram, "I'll tell you as man to man,  
and there ain't no cause for you to ruffle your shirt.  
My intentions is honorable—but remote."

## CELEBRITIES AND THEIR NOTEBOOKS.

The habit of carrying notebooks has been and is unquestionably a marked characteristic of most successful men, and it is quite common for men of affairs, lawyers, editors, statesmen, and men of letters to have a system of this kind.

When Sir Walter Scott was driven one day by a friend to look at a ruined castle about which he wished to compose a story or reproduce a legend, his companion observed him to take out a notebook from his pocket and write the separate names of the grasses and wild flowers which grew amid the ruins; and on his friend expressing surprise, Sir Walter said that it was only by such means a writer could be fresh, otherwise in all his stories he would be mentioning the same kind of flowers.

One great secret of the vivid character of the descriptions of Macaulay is the zeal with which he made copious notes in his book concerning the localities where many of the events took place which he has recorded. Locke, Parr, and Gibbon, the historian, always read with notebooks beside them, and the same method was adopted by Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Pope always carried a notebook and never hesitated to jot down anything which struck him in conversation. Emerson's habits in this direction are well known. He was accustomed to jot down his thoughts at all hours and places. The suggestions which came to him from his readings, conversations, and meditations were transferred to the notebook he always carried with him, and when he desired to write an essay he would transcribe all his paragraphs on the proposed subject, drawing a perpendicular line through whatever he had thus copied.

The well-nigh photographic delineations of natural scenery and surroundings in the works of William Black are undoubtedly attributable to the fact that they are painstaking and actual transcriptions penned in his notebook at the moment under all sorts of circumstances.

To be possessed of a notebook was a confirmed habit of Beethoven, who never went anywhere without his sketch-books. In these books every strain that occurred to him was written down at the moment. He even kept a book by his bedside, so that he might record anything that suggested itself. Abroad or at home it was just the same. When out of doors he made his notes in pencil and traced them in ink on his return to the house. In the sale catalogue of his effects more than fifty such books were included; every one of them covered from beginning to end, often margin as well, closely-written matter.

Odd visiting-cards, the backs of old letters, the pages of his notebook, in fact, anything which came

to his hand, served as a means for Verdi to jot down ideas as they occurred to him.

The great painters adopted the same practice, Leonardo da Vinci always carried a sketch-book in his girdle. When he encountered faces of extraordinary character, or heads, or beards, or hair of unusual appearance, he would follow such throughout the whole day, and in his book he would note down the features, the eyes and mouths, noses and chins, necks and shoulders, and when at home he would combine them to make up such portraits as he wanted. For the sake of his studies he even accompanied criminals to the place of execution, and there he would transfer their facial expressions to his notebook. Hogarth invariably carried a notebook with him, but when without one he would sketch on his finger-nail the face of anyone who particularly impressed him in the street. This method of taking notes largely accounts for the astonishing variety of the countenances in his drawings.

Gainsborough in his morning walks made collections of broken stones, herbs, and fragments of glass. These, together with his detailed written notes, served for his memoranda. Then in his studio he formed a landscape upon the table, expanding these objects into rocks, trees, and water.

Amongst statesmen it is asserted that President Garfield brought the habit of using notebooks to greater perfection than any other eminent politician. In his large memorandum-books there were many hundreds of pages filled with scraps, annotations, picked sentences, incidents, and witticisms from a collection of authors and newspapers representing the best thought in ancient and modern literature. Besides these quotations there were numerous thoughts of his own upon the innumerable things he had read during the course of his prolonged studies. It was this that made him such a formidable antagonist in debate, for by running over his memoranda on any subject he was almost sure to find just the thing he wanted; some ugly fact, perhaps, which his opponents had forgotten, because they had not taken the trouble to preserve it in the cold exactness of black and white. Mr. Gladstone contributed to his notebooks almost everything which was likely to be of service, and the exactitude of their keeping, in addition to the wealth of personal information contained in them, was of great value to Mr. John Morley when he wrote the biography of the illustrious statesman.

On the other hand, the late Lord Salisbury kept very few notes of his doings and sayings, and this is, undoubtedly, partly the reason why such a difficulty is being experienced in producing a really authentic account of his life, which is eagerly awaited by a large section of the community.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S FRIEND.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE SECOND EARL GRANVILLE.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's "Life of Lord Granville," published to-day by Messrs. Longmans, is a highly interesting story of the inner history of the Victorian Era. Lord Granville, who was secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1851, in 1870, and in 1880, and Colonial Secretary in 1868 and 1885, was a member of one of those great aristocratic families that have had so large a part in the government of this country. In one of his speeches in the House of Lords he said:—

"My lords, I had better make a clean breast of it at once; and I am obliged to admit that some of those who went before me had such quivers full of daughters who did not die old maids that I have relations upon this side of the House, relations upon the cross benches, relations upon the opposite side of the House, and I actually had the unparalleled misfortune to have no fewer than three cousins in the Protectionist Administration of my noble friend opposite."

Lord Granville was born in 1815. His grandfather was a friend of Pitt, his father a well-known Ambassador. He himself lived a good deal of his youth abroad, and acquired a cosmopolitanism that is not usually associated with Eton and Oxford. He entered Parliament when he was twenty-two; he held office before he was twenty-five. He was behind the scenes of high politics for over half a century.

He was the colleague of Melbourne, Clarendon, John Russell, Palmerston, Gladstone, Bright, and Chamberlain. He was the intimate friend of Lord Canning, and the confidant of Queen Victoria. He was, moreover, a diplomatist, a wit, always a peace-maker, not perhaps an Imperialist in the modern sense, but at all times a cultured English gentleman, happy in his family, happy in his work, happy in his friends.

It is obviously impossible to attempt to even enumerate the great events in which Lord Granville was concerned. All one can do is to refer to one or two of the personalities with whom he was connected during his long career of governing England, and holding the Liberal party together.

## INFORMATION REQUIRED.

We remember hearing a story of a fellow who roused a venerable doctor about twelve o'clock one winter's night, and who, on his coming to the door, coolly inquired:—

"Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?"

"No," growled the victim.

"Well, never mind," said the wag; "I thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday."

We thought that rather cool; but the following story of Neil M'Kinnon, a New York wag, surpasses in impudence anything within recollection.

When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" was British Minister in America, he resided in New York and occupied a house in Broadway. Neil one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of rough-riders, while passing the house, noticed that it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Halloa!" said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?"

One of the number remarked that Jackson had a party that evening.

"What!" exclaimed Neil; "Jackson have a party and I not invited? I must see to that!"

So, stepping up to the door, he gave a ring, which soon brought the servant to the door.

"I want to see the British Minister," said Neil.

"You must call some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of whist and must not be disturbed."

"Don't talk to me that way," said M'Kinnon, "but go directly and tell the British Minister that I must see him immediately on special business."

The servant obeyed, and delivered his message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "what can be your business at this time of night which is so very urgent?"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson."

"The British Minister?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir, I have a party."

"A large party, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, a large party."

"Playing cards, I understand?"

"Yes, sir, playing cards."

"Oh, well," said Neil, "as I was passing, I merely called to inquire what's trumps!"



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## SOME OF JEROMES' IDLE IDEAS.

Among other good things in Jerome K. Jerome's "Idle Ideas of 1905" is the following story of the late Corney Grain:

He had been engaged to give his entertainment at a country house. The lady was a *nouvelle riche* of snobbish instincts. She left instructions that Corney Grain when he arrived was to dine with the servants. The butler, who knew better, apologized; but Corney was a man not easily disconcerted. He dined well, and after dinner rose and addressed the assembled company. "Well, now, my good friends," said Corney, "if we have all finished, and if you are all agreeable, I shall be pleased to present to you my little show." The servants cheered. The piano was dispensed with. Corney contrived to amuse his audience very well for half an hour without it. At ten o'clock came down a message: Would Mr. Corney Grain come up into the drawing-room. Corney went. The company in the drawing-room were waiting, seated. "We are ready, Mr. Grain," remarked the hostess. "Ready for what?" demanded Corney. "For your entertainment," answered the hostess. "But I have given it already," explained Corney; "and my engagement was for one performance only." "Given it! Where? When?" "An hour ago, downstairs." "But this is nonsense," exclaimed the hostess. "It seemed to me somewhat unusual," Corney replied; "but it has always been my privilege to dine with the company

I am asked to entertain. I took it you had arranged a little treat for the servants." And Corney left to catch his train.

The story of the golfing parson who could not keep from swearing when the balls went wrong is another good one:

"Golf and the ministry don't seem to go together," his friend told him. "Take my advice before it's too late, and give it up, Tammias." A few months later Tammias met his friend again. "You were right, Jamie," cried the parson cheerily. "They didna run well in harness, golf and the meenistry. I ha'e followed your advice; I ha'e gi'en it oop." "Then what are ye doing with that sack of clubs?" inquired Jamie. "What am I doing with them?" repeated the puzzled Tammias. "Why, I am going to play golf with them." A light broke upon him. "Great Heavens, man!" he continued, "ye didna think 'twas the golf I'd gi'en oop?"

## TWO MORE ON "THE CLOTH."

An English divine tells how (apropos to the threatened revival of the crinoline) when he was a small boy, in the 'sixties, and the crinoline was at its biggest, a friendly vicar who had looked in for tea and croquet with his big sisters' remarked to him, "I saw you at church on Sunday, Bobbie, sitting between your sisters, and you looked like a ratafia in a soufflée!"



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## GUANAJUATO

Mines were the principal source of wealth of the ancient monarchs of Mexico. They supplied the gold and silver that made Spain the greatest Empire in the world. This District, which produced over **\$1,500,000,000**, included the world famous

## LA LUZ MINES

Operations ceased on these properties because the great flow of water could not be handled by the primitive methods of the Mexicans.

La Luz Tunnel is being driven to make them the greatest producers of precious metals in the world. La Luz Mines produced over **\$300,000,000 in 23 Years.**

LA LUZ in Mexico, and Calumet & Hecla in Michigan, both have been mints. Calumet & Hecla still is; La Luz is being restored as a mint. Calumet & Hecla distributed \$91,350,000 in the last 34 years, and has ore blocked out to continue the production for 20 years. The stock of this Company started at \$1.00 per share, has been as high as \$800 and is now about \$650 a share.

LA LUZ Mining and Tunnel Company has combined under its ownership most of the great mines of La Luz District, which produced so enormously above an average depth of less than 700 feet. Humboldt says these mines should pay profits to a depth of more than 6,400 feet. The Company holds 69 properties and is opening up the rich veins at depth by the tunnel which will make them produce more than in the past. La Luz-Guanajuato Mines supplied the mints for centuries and will soon be doing it again.

REMEMBER! the value of many mines is based on their proximity to rich mines, but La Luz Mines are among the richest mines in the world, and the value of all other mining properties in La Luz District is based on their nearness to La Luz. When you invest in La Luz you put your money in the best property in the world.

La Luz Mining and Tunnel Company is driving a double track tunnel, not merely to open up and drain one mine, but its operations will cover an entire district. La Luz-Guanajuato District is historical and famous throughout the world, and the following statements are matters of record:—

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**This is about \$34.00 a Minute**

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*One La Luz mine produced \$140,000,000 in 23 years.*

*Calumet and Hecla distributed \$91,350,000 in 34 years.*

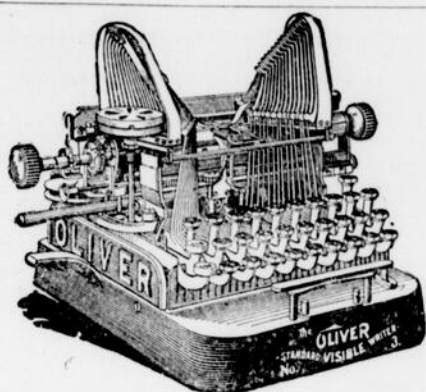
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The books of account relating to Estates and Trusts are always open for inspection by those who are directly interested

**THE CORPORATION TRUST COMPANY**

183 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

**Wire Rigging,**

**. . Chain . .**

**. . Anchors . .**

**R. Sullivan David**

Manufacturers' Agent  
 210 St. James St.  
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CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

**NEW YORK CENTRAL**

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Trains leave Windsor Station as follows:  
**7 50 A.M.** daily except Sunday } For all Adirondack Mountain points,  
**7 30 P.M.** daily } Malone, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Albany, New York, and all points south.  
**7 50 a.m.** except Sunday } Local train for  
**10 20 a.m.** except Sunday } Chateaugay,  
**9 15 a.m.** Sunday only } Beauharnois,  
**2 00 p.m.** except Sunday } St. Timothee  
**5 10 p.m.** except Sunday } and Valleyfield  
**6 10 p.m.** except Sunday }  
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H. J. HEBERT, City Ticket Agent. F. E. BARBOUR, General Agent.

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#### SUMMER SAILINGS FROM MONTREAL

|          |   |           |                     |           |
|----------|---|-----------|---------------------|-----------|
| TUNISIAN | - | 20th Oct. | VIRGINIAN (Turbine) | 10th Nov. |
| PARISIAN | - | 27th "    | TUNISIAN            | 17th "    |
| BAVARIAN | - | 3rd Nov.  |                     |           |

#### CHRISTMAS SAILINGS.

|          |   |               |              |
|----------|---|---------------|--------------|
|          |   | From St. John | From Halifax |
| BAVARIAN | - | 9th Dec.      | 11th Dec.    |
| TUNISIAN | - | 16th Dec.     | 18th Dec.    |

FOR RATES and FURTHER INFORMATION Apply to  
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REÇU LE

5 DEC 1974

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