TRULY A GOOD OLD AGE.

BAZILLE SURPRENENT IS ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN YEARS OLD.

He Is a Native of St. Constant, in the Province of Quebec, and Lives at Little Falls, Minnesota—Events of Long Ago He Still Remembers—He Recently Danced a Jig in Good Style.

There lives in Little Falls, Minnesota, a man who was born a year before the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States. At the time of his birth George III. was on the throne of England, and Louis XVI. on that of France. Pius VI. was Pope, and six popes have filled St. Peter's chair since that time. It was seven years after Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown and one year before the memorable meeting of the French states-general at Versailles. It was the year of the revolt of the Austrian Netherlands. When Bazille Surprenent was born Canada had a population of 180,000; it has now over 5,000,000. Two years after his birth Canada was granted an elective legislature, and 79 years after was welded into one nation by the Act of Confederation. This man was five years old at the epoch of the Reign of Terror, eleven years old when Washington died, in the same year which saw Napoleon first consul of France. He was 33 years old when Napoleon died, and in his lifetime France has had ten different governments.

The life of this man must be of interest, and it is given as told by himself.

Bazille Surprenent was born in St. Constant, in Quebec province, in March, 1788. His father and mother lived on a farm, and Bazille grew up a farmer. He was the second child of his parents and had three brothers and four sisters, all of whom are now dead. His parents were

LARGE, STRONG PEOPLE.

The father died at the age of 98, the mother at 91.

Surprenent worked on his father's farm in summer and in the woods in the winter. He remembers a time when provisions ran low, and the men had to subsist on horse meat, which he says did not agree with him. So working, the years went on till 1812, the time of the second and last war between Great Britain and the United States. Bazille was enrolled among the Canadian contingent of British soldiers, but owing to a goitre in the throat was rejected and went back to his life on the farm and in the woods.

In 1823 he was married at St. Chrysostome to Francoise Bisaillon, who died eleven years after the marriage. She left him two children—a little girl who died in infancy, and a son, named Theophile. The boy grew up, followed the carpenter's trade, went to New York and was lost sight of by his father some time before 1841. Surprenent never married again, and says that during his widower's existence of 61 years he has never cared to.

In 1836 Surprenent was drafted to serve against Papineau's followers. He was enrolled, but one day he escaped to the woods not wishing to fight his countrymen. He hid in a hollow tree and was undiscovered. Towards evening he reached the river, crossed the St. Lawrence on a log, and escaped to the United States, and stayed there till the troubles were over. He remembers Papineau well, and describes him as a handsome man. He also recalled Lafontaine, Dorion, and other celebrated political leaders of those times.

HE LEFT CANADA

for ever about 1841, and went to Chicago, then an enterprising frontier city. From there he went to Wisconsin, then to Minnesota, then to Kansas, where he lived for many years, then to St. Paul, then to Crookston, Minn., where he lived for 12 years, and ended his wanderings in Little Falls in January, 1894, since which time he has been an inmate of St. Gabriel's Convent in that town.

During the civil war in the States he was for a third time drafted but his friends informing the officials that he was too old, the incredulous officials sent to Canada for information, and found him far beyond the maximum. He considers himself lucky in this regard, as he never had a hankering to kill people, though he has had many fights in his time.

One in particular, which occurred in the lumbering district near Ottawa something like 80 years ago, he related in a vivid way. A lumberboss refused to give up a "cant-dog" belonging to the old man, then a lusty young fellow. He shut his fist and showed how he had knocked the boss down seven times before he got the implement. He thought he could lick a good many ordinary men even now. In Canadian woods seventy and eighty years ago, when the men were idle, they passed the time committing prayers to memory. The old man recited a prayer which he had learned in the Canadian woods long ago. It took ten minutes for delivery, and shows how good his memory is.

Surprenent is 5 feet in height and weighs about 90 pounds. He says he weighed 198 pounds when he was 40 years old; he must have looked exceedingly corpulent. He has bright, shrewed blue eyes, and does not wear glasses.

HE THREADS A NEEDLE

with ease, and exhibits with great pride his slippers, whereon in the last few days he has sewn, and neatly, a patch. His hand is remarkably steady, no tremor being perceptible. He has five teeth left, and says he eats "everything," and that he is as "tough as a mule." He has but once been seriously ill, and that was in Chicago many years ago. A slight touch of rheumatism bothers him now and then, and he has become a little deaf in the last four or five years. His memory is weaker for recent events than for those of years agone. He has always a good appetite, and sleeps well.

He has become weaker by half in the last 10 years than he was before. He is temperate, drinking a glass of beer once in a great while, and has never used tobacco.

Surprenent can neither read nor write, but is full of shrewdness, however, and his long sojourn in the world has given him an immense fund of valuable experience. With the vivacity peculiar to his race, he never tires of relating scenes of his life, and breaks out in laughter as hearty as that of a young man. He is happy at the convent, where he expects to end his long life.

He frequently walks to and from the city to the convent, a distance of a mile each way, without fatigue. One of the sisters told him, laughingly, that if he went out too much she would have to tie him up. He said that in that case he would chew the cord off. The convent and hospital are in the same building, and there is a chapel on the ground floor.

As an example of his activity, it may be mentioned that at an entertainment given by the orphan children not long ago the old gentleman danced a jig in good style. He is proud of the fact that he shaves himself, and that he makes his own neckties. His head is covered with hair, scarcely gray. Such is the record of this simple old man, whose life spans a century, during whose existence momentous and world-embracing events have occurred, and who is now upheld by faith, waiting for the time when he shall enter the valley of the shadow.

THE CURSE OF THE ROMANOFFS.

Baron von Humboldt's Prophecy Regarding Nicholas of Russia.

James Russell Lowell used to tell this story to intimate friends. It was told him by John Lothrop Motley:

"In 1853, just before the Crimean war commenced, the venerable Baron von Humboldt came to London on a very important confidential mission. He called upon Lord Palmerston and said; 'I know a war is imminent between England and her allies on the one hand and Russia. If you will temporize, make diplomatic delays, do anything to gain time for a year or two, there will not need to be a war.' 'Why?' Palmerston asked. 'Because Nicholas of Russia will die within two years. The fatal curse of the Romanoffs is on him. Do you not know that a great seeress told Peter the Great that no male member of the Romanoffs would ever live to see his 65th year?' 'But Nicholas is not yet 50,' Palmerston answered. 'I wish to save an immense flow of human blood,' said old Humboldt solemnly. 'I know that the Czar will die within two years.' Lord Palmerston was greatly impressed with Baron Humboldt's statements. But he could not hold his own hand then. France, in view of Louis Napoleon's ready recognition, by Palmerston, and all Europe followed his lead, was then ready to take the field. So

THE CRIMEAN WAR

had to go on. But Nicholas of Russia died within four months of the two years' limit given him by Von Humboldt." Leaving the prophecy out of the question, it is a fancy of history that the Russian Czars have all died before 65. Alexander III.'s grandfather, the half insane Czar Paul, and the four heads of the Romanoffs before Nicholas all died before 50, and of the same disease that has been so deadly to Alexander III. Alexander I, at one time Napoleon's great ally, then his enemy, who so aided in the downfall of the French empire, died when he was 48, of "monomania, bordering on insanity," says history. Metternich, the great Austrian Premier of that date, bluntly declares that he was insane. The Grand Duke Constantine, who was really entitled to the Russian throne, waived his right in favor of Alexander I. He had sense enough to be aware that he was not mentally fit to rule such an empire as Russia. He died in his 52nd year of what would now be called cerebo-spinal meningitis. The Grand Duke Michael was killed in his 48th year by a fall from his horse while in a fit. He had shown signs of madness so often that it was a question whether it was safe for him to be at large. So goes the long but never changing record of the Romanoffs for two centuries.

Alexander the III. was personally a most kindly man and remarkably free from the grosser vices. He drank a little red with sometimes, but no strong liquors, and he abhorred drunkenness, as did his father before him.

A BLOODY SHAM BATTLE.

No Sham About this One—Number of Soldiers Sent to the Hospital for Repairs.

A Saratoga, Pa., despatch says:—The Sixth Regiment broke the monotony of the camp the other morning with its thrilling sham battle, which developed into a conflict that equalled a college football match in roughness, and which sent a number of soldiers to the hospital for repairs. Between the First and Second Battalions there has been the greatest rivalry, which it is believed is to a great extent geographical and political. Consequently, when the sham battle was arranged, orders were issued that there should be no violence, and that when a stronger number surrounded a weaker command the latter should surrender.

But the best laid plans of men and mice are wont to fail, the poet said, and in the heat of the combat the rules were disregarded. The men clubbed and charged each other around the field in the liveliest fashion, cut hands, bloody noses, and bruised bodies being as thick as huckleberries in a piece of pie. It was practically a fight between Chester and Delaware counties on the one side, and Bucks and Montgomery on the other; or, as some of the boys put it, the Quay crowd on one side and the Gilkeson crowd on the other, although the political sentiment did not extend to the officers.

Things Girls Should Learn.

How to arrange the parlor or library.

"To say "No," and mean it, or "Yes," and stick to it.

To dress for comfort and health as well as appearance.

How to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

To make the sleeping room the neatest room in the house.

How to cultivate flowers and keep the kitchen garden.

APPEARANCE OF HOLMES.

AN INTERVIEWER SAYS HE IS NOT WHAT HE LOOKS.

The Murderer's Voice and Face Create a Favorable Impression, But His Conversation Contains Many Inconsistencies.

Holmes, the supposed murderer, was visited in his cell in Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, and studied by a reporter last week. First, no man ever looked at Holmes and said: "That man is a murderer," unless he knew his record. Every man has said: "He is a gentleman born and bred." Even knowing his record, they have added: "Impossible! He could not have committed these crimes." After talking with him they have been still more convinced of his innocence. Yet there the record stands, unproved in parts, it is true, but with almost enough admitted to commend him to the hangman's noose.

In him Lombroso would fail to find an abnormity that would support his theory of the born criminal. He is of medium build, perhaps a few pounds too heavy for a man of his height, which is 5 feet 7 inches, but not enough to notice. His shoulders are normal, though slightly stooped. This stooping has come since he was first put in prison last November accused of the murder of Benjamin F. Pietzel, with whom he had conspired to swindle the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company out of $10,000. He was erect then and had a more manly bearing. His hands and feet are small. The skin on the hands is soft to the touch. It bears no evidence of the laborious life which Holmes says finally convinced him that it was easier to live by crime than by honest labor.

IT IS IN THE HEAD

that students of criminals look for the signs of the criminal. Holmes's head was made to fit. That is to say, it is properly proportioned, just such a head in size as belongs to such a body as his. The top and back are properly rounded. The face is inclined to be a trifle thin. The cheek bones are visible, though they are not prominent. The ears are properly set. They are small. The nose is a generous one, though not too large. There is just the suspicion of the Roman nose about it. The chin is rounded. Now it is covered by a beard an inch and a half or so long, which Holmes has permitted to grow since he was arrested. He was smooth shaven save for a moustache at the time of his arrest.

This moustache is heavy and is well kept. There is a trace of sadness about it. The eyebrows, like the moustache, are heavy, but not heavy enough to be put in the bushy class. His hair is brown. He parts it on the right side, and at the part near the forehead there is a bald spot. Other than this the head is completely covered, and there is no sign of coming baldness.

There is a very slight peculiarity about the eyes when they are first looked into. At first glance they give the impression of a cast in each, but that impression quickly vanishes, and while the visitor is with him does not return; but out of his cell and out of his sight, in thinking over how the man looked, the impression returns very strongly. It is certain that there is no cast in either eye, and what ever it is that gives the impression cannot be described. In color the eyes are a very dark blue and are kindly—at times languorous. They are not shifty. They look at you steadily as an owl's eyes and are as

MILD AND GENTLE

as nature ever gave to a man. When Holmes speaks the eyes speak, too. They light up. They go far toward convincing the listener that the truth is being told.

The voice itself is fascinating. It is low, and impresses one with confidence in the speaker. There are two ways of describing this feature of the great criminal. His lawyer says: "The voice is gentle and kindly. He speaks in even tone and looks you straight in the eyes."

Superintendent Perkins, of Moyamensing prison, who has had charge of Holmes since his arrival in Philadelphia from Boston, where he was arrested, says:

"He's got the oiliest slickest voice on earth. Slick? Why, that hardly describes it. Why he'd make you believe black was white or green or anything else you wanted to call it."

Be this as it may Holmes' voice to the visitor is pleasant and his manner of speaking is particularly so. The language chosen is refined, as, apparently, is the man himself. There is the evidence of a fine education and of natural conversational abilities. But above all there is an air of truthfulness and innocence that cannot be dismissed.

When he says in response to inquiries about the buried skeletons found in the Chicago slaughter house "Certainly they are there," you are impressed with the idea that no crime was committed when they were placed there. And you believe him when he adds "when I was a young doctor I occasionally had need of a skeleton and I found it cost a great deal of money to procure them. I saw there was money in the business and I procured bodies and went into it. Why shouldn't they find skeletons? I told the authorities they would before they started to search." You believe him also when he says, "Yes, they'll probably find some bodies too. I've been in

THIS INSURANCE SCHEME

a long time. I remember once when I got three or four bodies to substitute and I didn't use them. I buried these. I got them legitimately.

The fact is the power of his voice, manner, and eyes is such that you cannot disbelieve the man until you are out of his presence and begin to think of the absurdity of some of his propositions, for in almost every conversation he lets slip something that cannot be true. The description of the officials who have had dealings with him since his arrest will fit right here. That is:

"He is the most consummate liar since the days of Ananias, and he could give the ancient liar cards and spades and beat him out at that."

When Holmes was first approached by the reporter he sat on a stool in his cell. His head was covered with a black skull cap. He has worn it ever since he has been in gaol, and with the beard, it gave him the appearance of a professional man and a student, even though his only shirt was an undershirt, and that was surmounted by a clean white collar. He was in his shirt sleeves. His clothing all showed signs of wear. When he looked up there was an air of assurance and confidence about him, an air that at once dispelled suspicion. He was open, frank, and candid.

REV. L. W. SHOWERS

Gives His Experience With Organic Heart Disease—The Dread Malady on the Increase.

For many years my greatest enemy has been organic heart disease. From an uneasiness about the heart, with palpitation more or less severe, it had developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering, and choking sensations. Dull pain with a peculiar warm feeling were ever present near the heart. I have tried many physicians and taken numberless remedies with very little benefit. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised in the Kittanning, Pa., papers, I purchased a bottle and began its use, receiving almost instant relief. I have now taken several bottles of the remedy and can speak most highly in its favor. The choking, abnormal beating, thumping and palpitation have almost entirely disappeared. The remedy is certainly a wonder-worker, for my case was chronic. Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Information on Sale.

Miss Fussey (hurrying into doctor's office)—Doctor, look at this. Why are these wrinkles coming around my eyes?

Doctor (busily)—Because you are getting old. Two dollars, please.

Another Hamilton Citizen Cured of Rheumatism in Three Days.

Mr. I. McFarlane, 256 Wellington street, Hamilton: "For many weeks I suffered intense pain from rheumatism—was so bad that I could not attend to business. I procured South American Rheumatic Cure on the recommendation of my druggist and was completely cured in three or four days by the use of this remedy only. It is the best remedy I ever saw."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A Neighborly Woman.

Mrs. Brickrow—Has that there family what's just moved in nex door got anyways settled?

Daughter—I seen 'em eatin' at a reg'lar set table. Guess they must have their groceries unpacked.

Mrs. Brickrow—Well, see what we are out of, an' I'll run in an' get acquainted.

CURES CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

Strong and Unreserved Testimony of the Curative Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Actions speak louder than words. Mr. John MacInnis of Washabuck Bridge, N. S., made use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and says: "I used the medicine according to directions and found it to be a wonderful cure for catarrhal deafness. I can hear as good as ever. You will find 60 cents enclosed for which please send me another bottle. After recommending the catarrhal cure to my neighbor, she seeing the wonderful good it has done me, wants a bottle, so you will please send a bottle and blower to her also."

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church St., Toronto.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Like All the Rest.

Prof. Longhair—Well, my young friend, you wished to know what theosophy was, and I wrote you a full and complete explanation. Did you receive it?

Truth Seeker—Yes, sir; I have it in my pocket. I was just looking for you.

Prof. Longhair—Ah!

Truth Seeker—Yes, I wished to ask if you would not kindly explain the explanation.

COUNT DE DORY.

A Well-known Denmark Nobleman Makes a Statement Which Will Prove of Great Interest and Value to Many.

Under date of September 1st, 1894, Count de Dory writes as follows from Neepawa, Man.:—"I have been ailing constantly for six or seven years with severe kidney and bladder trouble. I have doctored during all this time with physicians in different countries without any relief. During my travels I was induced to try South American Kidney Cure, from which remedy I received instant relief. I most heartily endorse this remedy, as I do not think it has an equal." South American Kidney Cure invariably gives relief within x hours after first dose is taken.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Plenty of Subjects.

De Reader—What? You never read novels? Don't even know the names of the popular works of the day? What do you find to talk about when in the society of young ladies?

De Ribbon—Plenty of things. I'm in an importing house—dry-goods, mostly.

Might be Worse.

Winks—What makes you look so blue?

Jinks—I have six daughters, none of them married, or likely to be.

Winks—And you are blue over it? You are the most ungrateful mortal that ever breathed. I have six daughters, all married, all have children, and I've got to support the whole crowd.

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at at the idea. But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. 25c.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED.

A Great Advance in Medical Science.

A Discovery Which This Painful Disease Cannot Resist—Mr. B. Blasdell, of Paris, Ont., Relates His Experience With the Cure.

Paris, Ont., Review.

Rheumatism has long baffled the medical profession. Medicine for external and internal use has been produced, plasters tried, electricity experimented with, hot and cold baths and a thousand other things tried, but without avail. Rheumatism still held the fort, making the life of its victims one of misery and pain. The first real step toward conquering rheumatism was made when the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was discovered, and since that time thousands have testified to their wonderful efficacy in this, as well as in other troubles, the origin of which may be traced to the blood.

Among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Blasdell of this town, who is known not only to all our citizens but to residents of this section, and he is as highly esteemed as he is widely known. To the editor of the Review Mr. Blasdell recently said: "I have reason to speak in terms of the warmest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they not only saved me a big doctor's bill but have restored me to health, which was impaired by rheumatism and neuralgia. These troubles were, I think, the after effects of an attack of measles. After the latter trouble had disappeared I felt an awful pain in my head, neck, and down my back. I tried a number of remedies, but without effect. I was then advised by Mrs. Horning, of Copetown, who had been cured of paralysis by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to give them a trial. I followed her advice, and after using a box or two I began to feel much better, and with their continued use I constantly improved in health, and am now feeling better than I have done before in ten years. I am satisfied that but for the timely use of Pink Pills I would to-day have been a physical wreck, living a life of constant pain, and I cannot speak too highly of their curative powers, or recommend them too strongly to other sufferers. I cheerfully give permission to publish my statement in the hope that some other sufferer may read and profit by it."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomoter ataxia, sciatica rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post-paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Plimsoll's Mark.

The next time you get near one of the big ocean greyhounds, or, in fact, any of the ocean-going craft, look along her side just above the water line, and about the center you will see a peculiar mark which looks as though it might have been made by an inebriated cobra. This is known as "Plimsoll's mark." Load a ship so that this is below water, and if she sinks you can collect no insurance. It is the danger mark. It is an outcome of marine insurance, and the regulation has undoubtedly saved many million dollars' worth of property and many lives. Weighted below it a vessel is loggy and unbuoyant. In a storm she could not ride the waves easily and would be likely to founder. The Plimsoll mark is simply a bisected circle. To the left of it are the private Lloyd measurements and marks. In England these are regarded very closely; in the United States they are more lax.

A Charitable Spirit.

Awkward Spouse—I see our set is to have a grand charity ball. Did you ever dance for charity?

Pretty Wife—Of course. Don't you remember how I used to take pity on you and dance with you when we first met?

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.