LOST FOR HALF CENTURY

VESSEL SENT IN SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Strange Story of the Investigator — She Has Been Found and is Seaworthy.

A story of the greatest interest is told by The London Daily Telegraph concerning the reappearance of the long-lost H. M. S. Investigator. "In the autumn of 1851 her Majesty's ship Investigator was frozen in the ice in 'The Bay of God's Mercy,' in the far north, while endeavoring to find traces of Sir John Franklin and his courageous companions," says The Telegraph. "Now all the memories of those anxious, heroic times have been once more revived by the report that whalers have found the abandoned ship, and hope it may be possible to free her from the ice-grip after the lapse of fifty-six years. Our New York correspondent has suggested that the old man-of-war may even be sufficiently sound to be navigated across the Atlantic to her old home country.

PACKED IN THE FROZEN NORTH.

"Packed away in the frozen north, she has been practically in a refrigerator, maintaining her youth and the stout heart of her venerable timbers, while in less frigid zones the world has been getting older and older; sails have been superseded by steam; wood has been replaced by steel; the old salt of Captain Marryat's novels has had to make way for the modern sailor-mechanic. In the lore of the sea everything has changed since her Majesty's ship Investigator began her long rest in the ice. If she is really rescued she will be the Rip Van Winkle of the world's fleets. She will need to be refitted, of course, at some Canadian or other British port on the other side of the Atlantic, and then, under sail, with the White Ensign and the Union Jack battling with the breeze, she should make her furrow once more across the water to her long-lost home.

"Practically all who sailed in her have gone, though Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton, who was the mate of the companion ship Assistance, is still alive to tell the story of the struggle with the elements over fifty years ago. The Investigator was commanded by one of the heroes of Arctic exploration — the late Vice-Admiral Sir Robert John Le Mesurier McClure, who was born at Wexford fifteen months after the battle of Trafalgar.

IN SEARCH OF FRANKLIN.

"In 1848 he was offered and accepted an appointment as first lieutenant in her Majesty's ship Investigator — the Rip Van Winkle of the British fleet. She had been purchased from the merchant service, and was about to leave England to make the first of many efforts to pierce the veil which hid from the world's view all traces of Sir John Franklin and his companions. England at the moment was in a fever of nervous excitement; all eyes were on the pathetic but courageous figure of Lady Franklin, hoping against hope and prepared to risk her all on the faint chance of rescuing her husband and his daring party from death, or at least finding some traces of them. Sir James Clark Ross was the captain of her Majesty's ship Investigator. This officer, his first lieutenant and Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, one of his most daring assistants, have all passed away. The Investigator, in company with the Enterprise, went out by way of Lancaster Sound, and wintered at Leopold Island, near the northeast point of North Devon. The two ships made a fruitless search, and in the following year came back.

LAST VOYAGE TO THE NORTH.

"By this time the Government and the whole nation were in a condition of reckless determination to solve the mystery; it had to be solved. Plans for a renewed effort were immediately settled. Captain Collinson was given the command, with the Enterprise as the senior officer's ship, and McClure, who had shown himself well fitted for the post by his resourcefulness and energy, was given the command of the companion vessel, the old Investigator. The expedition also included the Assistance, in which Admiral Hamilton served, and the Resolute; but the latter ships had a more or less independent commission, under Captain Austin; they were to search the Barrow Strait. Our concern is with McClure, and the Investigator and Enterprise. The vessels sailed from Plymouth on January 20, 1850, and since that eventful day no one in England has cast eyes on the former little man-of-war—she is only of 500 or 600 tons displacement.

BAY OF GOD'S MERCY.

"Ultimately the Investigator was forced into what proved to be half a century's banishment in an inlet on the northern shore of Banks' Land. McClure had been so buffeted about that he accepted this fate with some amount of satisfaction, because his lot might have been worse. In the feeling of relief he named the inlet 'the Bay of God's Mercy,' and there the Investigator has lain, absolutely frozen up, undergoing a process of refrigeration for upwards of half a century.

"From September, 1851, until the following summer the frozen-up ship was McClure's headquarters. At last the situation began to assume a grave aspect. Food was running short, and the crew were suffering from illness. There was no prospect of relief. McClure at length decided that he had no course but to abandon the little vessel to her fate, and seek safety for himself and his companions, if such were to be found anywhere in these silent wilds.

THE CREW RESCUED.

"He had come to this determination when Lieutenant Bedford Pim appeared on the scene by chance. He had come across from the Resolute, which by this time had got into Melville Sound. McClure found all his doubts come to life once more. His hopes were centred on waiting to save the Investigator, and he thought of getting stores from the Resolute, and seeing the incident out to a finish. Before coming to a final decision, he went across to the Resolute, where he conferred with Captain Kellett. By this time the illness among his men had increased, and he had no alternative but to leave the Investigator to her fate, and convey his men across the ice to the Resolute.

"Thus it came about that the Investigator was left in the ice pack, while her captain and crew took passage in the Resolute. They were afterwards transferred to the North Star, and reached England on September 28, 1854, after an absence of four years and eight months. It was an eventful voyage, and now the home-coming of the Investigator, after half a century, will prove an appropriate sequel to the discovery of the Northwest Passage."

HOW KINK-KILLERS ARE KILLED.

The Dreadful Fate Which Some of Them Undergo.

Those amongst the assassins of the late King of Portugal and his son who fell victims to the sabres and bullets of the soldiery and police were lucky. For even in these hummanitarian days the lot of the regicide, when caught, is not usually a very enviable one. To be hanged is the least he can expect.

Perpetual solitary imprisonment is a far more dreadful fate. It drove Bresci, the assassin of King Humbert of Italy, to suicide; and it has transformed Luchini, who murdered the Empress of Austria, into a hopeless imbecile.

Amongst the plotters implicated in the murder of the late Shah of Persia, one was tortured to death in prison, while another was incased in wet plaster-of-paris, which, on setting, slowly crushed the life out of him. Three of the assasins of a previous Shah were boiled alive in huge copper cauldrons.

So late as the year 1831, the two Mavromichaelis, who slew Count Capo d'Istria, the first president of Greece, were immured with close brick walls, built round them up to their chins, and supplied with salled food (but no drink) until they died.

Damiens, who attempted the life of King Louis XV., was first barbarously tortured, and then torn to pieces by wild horses. This awful punishment was publicly carried out in one of the principal squares of Paris no longer ago than March 28th, 1757. Ravailac, who assassinated Henry IV. of France, suffered a similar fate.

The murder of Selim III. of Turkey was publicly impaled, lingering five and a half days in dreadful torment. Those who did to death his immediate successor, Mustapha IV., were tortured and starved on alternate days, and deprived of sleep by night, until death came to their relief.

THE WAY WITH HER.

There's just no use in talking,
When a woman starts to cry
She can have most any bauble
That a pile of gold can buy,
If she desired the ocean
And it melted into tears
Some chap would try to scoop it up
If it took a million years!

Make a noise like a dollar bill and the world will give you the glad hand.

A woman seldom laughs at a man's jokes unless she has an axe to grind.

That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened.
Take *Scott's Emulsion.*
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00

IN THE REALMS OF ANTIQUITY.

(By A. Banker.)

To those to whom the mighty past presents greater attractions than the less refined and classic utilitarianism of the present day, Athens, the cradle of æsthetic architecture, and the birthplace of chaste and graceful statuary and ornate design, far surpasses any other capital of Europe in interest and in real fascination. Here the visitor is in the midst of the sublimest creations of man which the world has ever seen —not massive and vast, as the stupendous pyramids of Egypt; not gorgeously embellished with all manner of precious stones and overlaid with solid gold as Solomon's temple at Jerusalem; not even decorated with elaborate mosaics as some of the old Roman masterpieces of structural art, but erections of the supremest and the most exquisite refinement and elegance of design.

First ascending to the summit of the Acropolis, a conical hill near the centre of the city, the visitor is at once transferred into the realms of antiquity. Here the picturesque minature temple, the Erechtheum, with its portico of the Caryatides, known the world over, and when imitated in modern buildings giving a distinctive grace and artistic charm; here the handsome temple of Victory; and here, its superb and lofty marble columns towering upwards and standing in bold relief against the wonderful azure of the Grecian sky, the magnificent temple of Minerva, doubtless—with possibly the one exception of the great temple of Diana of the Ephesians—the sublimest specimen of the purest classic art ever erected on this earth. But alas! the descendants of those vulgar barbarians who stripped the Pyramids of their marble casing to build their palaces, with an equal savage vandalism directed their cannon against this priceless monument of the past, and unhappily achieved the disgrace of irretrivably damaging it, the cruel rents made by their projectiles still bearing witness to their lasting dishonor.

And at various points in the city are other fine relics of Grecian art; the splendid Temple of Theseus, still happily in perfect repair, built immediately after the great victory of Marathon, which it commemorates; the Temple of the winds; the amphitheatre, the names of the stallholders inscribed on the marble seats still legible; with many another noteworthy and handsome erection. But to some, surpassing them all in interest, is the Areopagus, or Mar's Hill. For on this rock-pulpit at the foot of the Acropolis the great Apostle to the Gentiles preached. Christ crucified, shewing the old Greeks the folly of worshipping an "unknown God," and convincing many of them that by suffering that ignominious death He, the Redeemer, was bearing the punishment due by us in our stead. And that Atonement still avails for all who will.

BABY'S TEETHING TIME IS A TROUBLOUS TIME

When baby is teething the whole household is upset. The tender little gums are inflamed and swollen, the poor little child suffers and often cries day and night, wearing the mother out and keeping the rest of the family on edge. In the homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used there is no such worry. The Tablets allay the inflammation, sooth the irritation and bring the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. S. Williams, St. Joseph, Ont., says: "My first baby suffered terribly when cutting her teeth and the doctor could do nothing for her. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they did her so much good that I cannot say enough in their favor. You may be sure that I always keep the Tablets in the house now." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. per box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOUSE RENT IN PERU.

A Traveller's Experience With Too Many Landlords.

In a village on the upper Maranon, in Peru, Mr. C. R. Enock stayed for some weeks in a thatched adobe house on the bank of the river. In "The Andes and the Amazon" he recalls certain amusing facts regarding his stay.

I hired the place, writes Mr. Enock, at the not exorbitant rental of twenty cents per week, which amount I handed to the owner on receiving the key. I had just had it well swept out, my baggage installed and travelling cot put up, and was enjoying full possession of the premises, when a wrathful senora appeared and asked my servant by what right I was there.

It transpired that she laid claim to the ownership of the place, saying that the person to whom I paid the rent was an impositor, who had absolutely no right to the house at all.

Weary, at length, of the voluble arguments of the woman, who went back into the remote history of the village to prove her claim, I hit upon the simple method of getting rid of her by paying her the amount of the rent, the disputed twenty cents, in full; but I took the precaution to obtain a receipt this time.

The dame having departed, I again lay back in my cot, and was just falling into a siesta when more wrathful voices aroused me. Behold! three other women and a man were laying claim to the house and its rent, and were only prevented from entering by the knowledge that the patron was asleep within as my men informed them, and sleep is much respected among these people.

This was really too much, and I sent my boy for the Gobernador. After much sifting of evidence, it appeared that the last claimants, the man and his three cousins, held probably the most likely right to title; and to get rid of the whole affair, I again produced a twenty-cent coin, and deposited it temporarily in the keeping of the Gobernador, until such time as a judicial decision on his part should be arrived at.

This particular house afforded me yet another incident. Wishing to encourage habits of cleanliness and decency among my men, I had, upon leaving, given orders that the place should be thoroughly swept out and cleared of the litter of departure of my men and baggage, and went on ahead. When the arriero and my servant joined me I inquired if my instructions had been carried out, and saw by their answers that such had not been the case. Forthwith I ordered a right-about-turn, and the village was shortly astonished at our re-arrival. I set the men to work, and had the place left in thorough order, whilst the villagers crowded round wonderingly.

"Know," I said, grandiloquently, "that an Englishman always leaves a house cleaner when he goes away than when he entered it.'

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Let us know the size of any roof you are thinking of covering and we will make you an interesting offer.

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WHAT SAVED THE MISSIONARIES

Had to Make Soap in Order to Stay in Madagascar.

The introduction of Christianity into heathen countries has been more or less closely connected with trade and the arts of civilization. The government has often been keenly alive to the advantage of science but hostile to religious teaching. Such was the case in Madagascar fifty years ago, as is told in the pages of Rev. W. E. Cousin's book, "Madagascar of To-day."

Queen Ranavalona was beginning to feel uneasy about the growing influence of foreign ideas, and wished to get rid of the missionaries. She sent some officers to carry her message. The missionaries were gathered together to meet the queen's messengers, and were told that they had been a long time in the country and had taught much, but that it was now time for them to think of returning to their native land.

The missionaires, alarmed at this message, answered that they had only begun to teach some of the elements of knowledge, and that much remained to be imparted. They mentioned sundry branches of education, among which were the Greek and Hebrew languages, which had already been partially taught to some.

The messengers returned to the queen, and soon came back with this answer: "The queen does not care much for Greek and Hebrew. Can you teach something more useful? Can you, for example, teach how to make soap?'

This was an awkward question to address to theologians, but after a moment's pause Mr. Griffiths turned to Mr. Cameron and asked him whether he could answer it.

"Give me a week," said Mr. Cameron, and the week was given. At its close the queen's messengers again met the missionaries, and Mr. Cameron was able to present to them a bar of tolerably good white soap, made entirely from materials found in the country. This was an eminently satisfactory answer, and the manufacture of soap was forthwith introduced, and is still continued to the present day, although no one would now venture to call the soap "white."

As a result of making this bar of soap the mission gained a respite of about five years, during which time the queen still tolerated the presence and teaching of the missionaries for the sake of the material advantages derived from the work of the artisans; and it was during these years that the first churches were formed, and the Christian religion began to take deep root among the people.

BEST SUBSTITUTE.

"Tommy Tuff!' cried the teacher, severely, "why did you chalk your name on this new desk?"

"I had ter," replied Tommy. "I ain't got no penknife ter carve it wid."

Earning money is one thing and acquiring it is quite another.

The man with a boil on the back of his neck derives no pleasure from scanning the heavens for airships.

PEN SKETCH OF EMPRESS

INFORMATION ABOUT CHINA'S GREAT LEADER.

The Dowager Empress is a Physical Wreck, But Retains Brightness of Mind.

To-day the Dowager Empress of China is a physical wreck, but her mind retains "not only its wonted subtlety, but sprightliness" which she still puts into her much-admired elegies.

The Dowager Empress is descended in unbroken succession from the founder of the oldest Manchu family known to genealogists. Her features were always characteristically Tartar. Her beauty is a tradition to-day, but authentic accounts of it show that in her youth the Empress Dowager was tall, black-haired, large-eyed, finely formed. Such traits made her available as a third-class wife for the son of heaven, a distinction she shared with eighty other women of about her own age. Tsi Hsu became the mother of a fine boy and thus earned promotion to the status of a more or less lawful wife. The reigning Empress failed to present her lord with a son. His Majesty died, the son of Tsi Hsu was the only available heir, a regency undertook the government, and at last, by a flat defiance of tradition that set all Chinese experience at naught, Tsi Hsu herself undertook to rule the country.

SPANKED SON OF HEAVEN.

She has done it ever since. She had married her meek little son to a meeker girl of twelve. But when her own power seemed assured, the source of all of it, her son, died suddenly. In the emergency she set up Kwang-Hsu, then three years old. Tsi Hsu had to snatch the tiny creature from his sleep and hurry with him into the Council-chamber.

Every time the nominal Sovereign outgrew his docility he was soundly spanked. To this very day, it is hinted, he is liable to corporal punishment whenever the state of her Imperial Majesty's health warrants so much exertion. Indeed, the wife of the son of heaven is said to have been slapped into meekness by the Empress Dowager, whose authority both in and out of the domestic circle has always been based upon the theory that to spare the rod is to spoil the dynasty.

ROUGED EVERY MORNING

Tsi Hsu has always been extremely vain of the good looks to which her rise to power would seem originally to have been due. The cosmetical facilities of her palace to-day afford an outlet for the beautifying energies of no less than nine young ladies of the imperial suite. Her Majesty is roughed every morning regularly after breakfast until her cheeks flame delicately against the creamy composition with which the rest of her face has been coated. A huge mirror is then rolled to the couch upon which the source of all power in China reclines. Tsi Hsu studies the effect of the labors of her young ladies so critically that it is said to be necessary occasionally to rouge her twice or thrice before the technique of the operation quite realizes the imperial ideal. The monotony is made less tedious by song, the narration of court gossip, and not infrequent application of her Majesty's rattan cane to sensitive surfaces.

The pencilling of the eyebrows and eyelashes has had to be abandoned, if we may trust French sources of information, owing to the growing weakness of the old lady's sight. But the lips continue to be carmined. The slightly stubborn growth of hair on chin and upper lip is dealt with after the fashion of those western artists who obliterate black eyes by the application of heavy paint.

LONG FINGER-NAILS.

No attack of illness could be too severe to justify the slightest omission of cosmetical dealil by the several ladies concerned with the Empress Dowager's toilet. Though Tsi Hsu be so ill that her day must be spent in bed, she is rouged, pencilled and massaged on the flat of her back. She emerges from her toilet looking "perfectly natural." Her appearance, even in the severe stage of the recent paralytic spell, was that of the "blooming matron" in "an autumnal glory of enchanting womanhood." To a critical western eye, the complexion of Tsi Hsu would seem "greenish." But that coloration renders a feminine cuticle all the more seductive to the Manchu eye, Tsi Hsu being Manchu herself to the tips of her extremely long finger-nails. Her Majesty wears peculiarly-contrived gloves in bed, not, as has been inferred, for the beautification of her supple, delicate hands, but for the preservation of that unparalleled length to which her finger-nails have attained. The nails will break at times, the phenomenon portending, in her Majesty's opinion, a calamity to the country.—Current Literature.

"Bridget," said the mistress of the house, "some of the bed-linen is missing. Was any of it left on the line?" "Mother," cried her little daughter, "I know where it is. Father's got it." "What do you mean, child?" "I heard some of the neighbors say this morning that they saw father last night with three sheets in the wind!"

A man never borrows the scales of justice for the purpose of weighing the shortcomings of his neighbor.