

SOME OF THE VIVID SCENES IN THE EARTHQUAKE STRICKEN SECTIONS OF ITALY AND SICILY.



SOLDIERS CARRYING INJURED AND KILLED FROM RUINS



SEARCHING THE RUINS OF THEIR HOMES FOR VALUABLES.

THE KING'S CIGARS

THEY ARE NO CABBAGE LEAVES YOU BET.

They Cost About \$3.50 Per Smoke—Where They Are Grown in Cuba—Royalty's Luxuries.

Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, smoked once a day—from the time he rose in the morning until he retired at night, says the Boston Post. His royal wife didn't like it, and his beautiful young daughter sometimes had to leave his presence. So when she became England's sovereign, and, in 1841, became the mother of little Albert Edward, she pointed to the lad one day and said: "There's a boy who shall never smoke."

A month or so ago the man who was once the Queen's little boy ordered from a tobacco company 3,000 cigars that cost eight to the pound, and are warranted to burn two hours and a half in any climate. The bill was over \$2,000—each cigar costing about fourteen shillings.

Such are the uncertainties of fulfillment even of royal mother's plans. At the same time the king sent along an order for 1,000 cigars for his nephew, the emperor of Germany. The British monarch is always generous in his gifts, but for the Kaiser's cigars he paid only six shillings apiece.

William II, of Germany, being normally a bundle of nerves, smokes a cigar that lacks a little of being half as large as that of his uncle's best brand. Any time that you happen to be ninety miles southeast of Havana you can look about you and see the country that produces not only the king's cigars, but the tobacco that goes into the smoking material consumed in all the royal palaces of Europe, except that of the Sultan of Turkey. The surrounding country is known as the Vuelta Abajo district. Contrary to general belief, this territory from which tobacco for royalty comes is not small. Many a man bites off the end of a wrapper that grew next hill to the king's fourteen shilling cigar. The difference is that Edward VII's smokes are all made of the largest, finest leaves, while the ordinary man's cigars are put together from what is left.

Growing tobacco for royalty is a delicate business. Once in the ground it immediately requires much water. Each plant is daily carefully sprinkled. In three weeks it is time to transplant. Those that haven't shown up well are thrown away and the others are put in the ground three feet apart.

Then begins the difficult task of forcing into the leaves the ingredients that, when burned, make the monarchs feel at peace with all the world.

MAKE A CHANGE.

A New Back For An Old One—How it is Done in Kingston.

The back aches at times with a dull feeling making you worry and restless, sharp pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, it is agony to bend, stoop or lift. The rubbing of liniments or application of plasters does no good in these cases. They do not reach the cause. To get rid of these symptoms and exchange the back for a new and stronger one follow the example of this Kingston citizen.

John Halligan of 245 Brook St., Kingston, Ont., says: "A dull, heavy pain would catch me across the small of the back and extend around my sides. If I would stoop for any length of time I would find much difficulty in straightening myself up. There seemed to be a weakness in the kidney region and I would take cold very often which would invariably set in. I had tried a number of remedies but found little or no relief from their use. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills through an advertisement, and procuring a box at Mahood's Pharmacy, I began their use. The one box of Booth's Kidney Pills took the pain away from my back entirely. I am better and stronger generally and can conscientiously recommend Booth's Kidney Pills. Sold by dealers. Price 50c. The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont., sole Canadian agents."

whether they are or not. Potash is needed to supply part of the aroma and the flavor. Of this substance each plant is fed with all it wants. But the tobacco plant is also an enormous consumer of nitrogen, and, therefore, cotton-seed meal, bone meal and dried blood are frequently mixed with the earth. Many a Cuban cow has come to the block without knowing that the tom goes on. In a little while the leaves nearest the ground begin to turn yellow. That's a sign that they are ripe. When a planter who is raising tobacco for a plain Bill Jones sees a yellow leaf or two at the bottom of the stalk he cuts down the whole plant. But in raising tobacco for kings and czars and emperors only the leaf that is yellow is picked, and the others are permitted to remain until they, too, are ripe.

The next step is curing. First, the leaf must hang in the sun just so long. While it is hanging in the sun it must not touch any other leaf. Then, with other leaves, it must be tied in a bundle. And by the time it has had some more sunshine, and is ready to begin the process known as fermentation, it has lost 85 per cent. of its weight. It has become the boiled-down sweetness of the tobacco plant.

COLORED LIGHTS.

Striking Effects Produced in Electric Signs.

New York Sun. Besides the electric signs that are made to glow steadily there are now to be seen many others automatically operated, which by means of a contrivance of switches, disappear and reappear at regular intervals. One minute you see the sign glowing brightly and the next moment it goes out, and in the next it glows again, so to keep on disappearing and re-appearing indefinitely.

Many of these signs are made simply to cut off and to light again regularly in this manner, but there are others that are more complicated in arrangement and more elaborate in display. Thus in one big electric sign that was for some time familiar in the theatre district of the city while the lettering was put out and re-lighted in the usual manner there were produced in the same way other lighting effects, including the shooting across the sign diagonally, of zigzag lines of red light, like bright streaks of lightning.

By means of electric bulbs set in a line forming regularly undulating curves around the border of a sign, with a switch attachment, there is made the semblance of a serpent, or undulating line of light traveling around the sign. The sign itself, the lettering may show with a fixed light, but that undulating line of light is constantly running around the border of the sign.

Some of these border signs are made with a switch attachment on the lettering of the sign also, and such signs may have attached to them other devices similarly operated. Here, for example, is a long, narrow sign, set vertically, projecting from the face of a building, a sign whose border lights are set in switches of various colors, as red and green and white, while above the top of the sign rise branches of yellow bulbs. The name on the sign may be dark, and then you see the sign glowing with light of alternating colors chasing around the sign's border, and then you see the name come out, and then rising swiftly in those branches of bulbs at the top, there spreads into a sunburst, the sign repeating these operations rapidly.

Figures formed of electric lights, these figures changing every minute and so indicating the hour, have for some time been seen, thus used to give an added attraction for an advertising sign, and now there are made automatically operated electric signs in which words and sentences are spelled out in letters formed of electric lights almost as fast as one would read them on the printed page. A big sign of this sort shows the name and business of the advertiser



SOLDIERS AND NATIVES AT WORK AMONG THE RUINS.



HOSPITAL IN A STABLE.

in fixed white letters, while placed upon the sign as an adornment, this also in fixed lights, there is a great flower, with its petals and leaves and stems in bulbs of their several colors, the reading matter displayed on this sign coming out in electric letters in a line below the name.

How many words can be got into a line in the space at command depends of course on the length of the words, but though a line may hold but two or three words the new lines follow the old so rapidly that you don't see the connection; you read the whole announcement practically continuously.

Such are some of the many electric signs to be found along the much travelled streets of the city, but others equally if not even more remarkable may be seen along or near the city's waterfront from the bordering rivers. Coming across the North River from Jersey after nightfall one could scarcely fail to note one great electric sign displayed on a building on Manhattan Island, this being a sign in fixed electric lights forming the letters of a single word, the letters being forty or fifty feet, or perhaps more than that, in height. And the traveller will see some other big electric signs, including at least one big sign of the regular type, and there also he should look backward at the shore he is leaving behind he would see some notable signs on the Jersey side.

He would note the giant clock with its electrically illuminated hands; and he would see great electric signs marking the various railroad terminals, these in fixed lights; and there also he would see one of the most notable of all the electric signs to be seen hereabouts, this being a sign of the automatically disappearing and reappearing kind, spelling the name of a transatlantic steaming line.

Never having seen or heard of this sign, the observer might see springing out of the darkness on the Jersey shore a light and he might wonder what that could mean; but he wouldn't have to wonder long; for in a moment, to his added surprise, another

electric letter of the same dimensions and close to and in line with the first would come into view, and so in quick succession would come others until together they set forth a word.

And then 200 feet away along the waterfront and at the same level another great single letter would glow, to be followed in quick succession by others, as in the first case, until another word had been formed; and then 200 feet still further along letters and finally another word would appear in like manner. And then presently they all disappear at once; and then, beginning as before with a single letter, they all reappear.

The three words show on the ends of as many pier sheds, the intervening broad spaces marking the waters of the slips between; and altogether they make what is at once one of the simplest and most striking of all the electric signs around New York.

Get This Healer To-Day. You can't get along without having some good healing remedy in the house. The one to choose, always, is Wade's Ointment. It heals everything. It stops inflammation, prevents formation of pus, and is a specific for a variety of skin affections that ordinary ointments do not reach. Cures Eczema, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Cold Sores, Chapped Hands, Erysipelas, Piles, etc. In big boxes 25c. at Wade's Drug Store.

Our electric skate grinder will do work to please you. Halliday Electric Co.

DISEASE COMES IN BLOOD.

To Cure Common Ailments Blood Must Be Made Rich.

Nearly all the diseases that afflict mankind are caused by bad blood, weak watery blood poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the cause of headaches and backaches, lumbago and rheumatism, dizziness and indigestion, neuralgia and other nerve troubles, and the disfiguring skin diseases like eczema and salt rheum that show how impure the blood actually is. It is no use trying a different medicine for each disease because they all spring from one cause—bad blood. To cure any of these diseases you must get right down to the root of trouble in the blood. That is just what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They make new rich blood. That is why they cure these diseases when common medicines fail. Mr. Henry Baker, Chipman, N.B., says: "About a year ago I was so weak and miserable that I thought I would not live to see spring again. I could neither work, eat nor sleep. My blood was in a terrible condition. My entire body broke out with pimples and small boils that would itch and pain and caused me great trouble. I went to the doctor and tried several medicines but to no effect. I was almost in despair when one day a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to try them and took altogether eight boxes. By the time I had finished them I was like a different man. They not only purified and enriched my blood, but built up my whole system and I have not had a pimple on my flesh nor a sick day since."

To enrich the blood you must get the genuine Pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Housekeeping is the most backward industry in the world," said Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, of Cornell University, speaking at Guelph. Would it be improved if the women entered politics? When a self-made man makes a fool of himself he robs some woman of the job.

POLISHED ROGUES.

Lightning-Like Quickness of Thought Saved a Man.

In his "Comic Side of Crime" Harry Furniss tells an interesting story in the January Strand of how lightning-like quickness of thought once saved a rogue from arrest. Monsieur Claude, chief of the Paris police, was ordered on one occasion to arrest an escaped prisoner who had defrauded the government. At the time Paris was wild over the songs of Pierre Jean de Bernage, which were heard everywhere though the poet himself was little known. In his hunt after the convict Claude entered the famous Closier des Lilas, where he found his man surrounded by a swarm of pretty girls, the bewitching dances of the Latin quarter. The escaped prisoner saw him and turned pale. Quick as lightning, however, he put his lips to the lips of the girl nearest to him and whispered, "It is Bernage." In a moment all the beauties surrounded Claude, hemming him in. They bowed to him and embraced him, and threw bouquets of flowers over him. The music stopped, the dancers joined the throng, and with one voice cried, "Vive Bernage! Vive Bernage!" The delight at finding their song-writing hero in their midst intoxicated them, and poor Claude was powerless. He was so embarrassed by their embraces, and the flowers and compliments showered on him, that he could neither move nor speak, and the convict managed to escape before the clever trick was discovered.

Rev. Newman Smythe, D.D., in a remarkable article on "Modernism," in the February Scribner, says that "From such modernism we who are Protestants have much to learn; and adds, "Because Christianity is true, it is no illusion to dream this dream of all the Modernists, Roman, Anglican, Protestant, that he it soon or late, the One Holy Catholic church throughout the world shall become visible among men."

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them. And often the stranger isn't taken in.



GUADIA SHISHAM, ABOU ABDOU, MRS. SHISHAM, MRS. ABDOU, MISS ABDOU. PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE S.S. PHILADELPHIA WHO SAW THE RUINS OF MESSINA.

New York, Jan. 16.—First eyewitnesses of the devastation caused by the earthquake in Italy have arrived in America, passengers on the Philadelphia, of the American line, and were seen by a reporter at Quarantine, having embarked at Cherbourg. They were Guadia Shisham, thirty years old, and his wife, and Abou Abdou, twenty-eight years old, and his wife, mother and sister, Syrians, who have been home for a year and whose business interests are in this country and Canada. Mr. Shisham, who for seven years has been an importer at No. 91 Washington street, is on his honeymoon, having married two months ago in his native country. Abou Abdou has a similar business in Montreal, Canada.

"We had been having fearful weather in the Mediterranean," said Mr. Shisham; "worse than I had ever seen before, and I have travelled the route many times. Now, I believe it was the result of the earthquake, although we knew nothing until entering the Straits of Messina, that morning. We saw that something had happened, as the shores on each side from a distance looked strangely unfamiliar, and we also saw that Capt. Galletti, commander of the Equateur, was talking excitedly with the officers. When we ran to the bridge to learn of the cause of the shore change we were told that there had evidently been an earthquake, as from no other cause could such disaster be sought. "It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, with the weather then clear and bright, that we first came into view of ruined Messina. Such a terrible sight I shall never forget. The city was a tumbled mass of stone and brick, the ruins looking from our position, scarcely a mile away, as if they had existed for ages."