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DR. ROUSH'S RACY LETTERS

He Writes to the Whig About His Tour in Norway and Elsewhere.

Costumes Vary to a Considerable Extent in Various Localities---At the Northernmost Town in the World.

Special to the Whig.

One thinks of the peasants of Norway and their picturesque costumes as memories of the past—as belonging to those old tales of romance and hardihood that grace the literature of the early centuries. Of course we expect to find examples of this ancient dress in museums, perhaps, or maybe in the person of certain peasants of to-day, who have been togged out as its sometimes transpires, solely for the tourist's benefit. But while for the most part Norwegians of both sexes have generally donned modern attire, still here and there in both the town and the country one observes those early costumes than which no more picturesque and attractive dress was ever worn. In the brilliant colored bodices of the women, blue, red and yellow predominate, while the skirt made of some darker material is usually bordered by a band of red. The apron is hand made, and with its drawn-work and lace represents an enormous amount of patient toil. The breast piece, generally triangular in shape and set in the front of the bodice, is entirely overlaid with many colored beads which are usually worked into various intricate patterns. The head dress in case of the married women, consists of a kind of fluted cap, the top of which falls down over the back toboggan-like, and ends in a point that sometimes reaches to the waist. The maidens, on the other hand, wear a fez-like cap of red, bordered by gold or silver braid.

How the Costumes Vary.

But while the Norwegian peasant costume is made up of the same general features throughout Norway still, as in the social and domestic usages it varies to a considerable degree with each separate district or locality. This variation in dress, as well as in manners and costumes, though occuring in adjoining "amts" or counties, is easily explained when we recall the topography of the country, for as we have already noted, Norway is a land of tremendous chasms, fjords and mountain ranges, and communication between the different valleys thus hemmed in is always difficult and sometimes impossible. Because, therefore, of these usual barriers the several communities have retained in a great measure uninfluenced by their neighbors their own particular local habits of life, manners and dress through centuries of the past down to the present time.

So the causual traveller may notice a blue trimming in Hardanger where a red or yellow is used in Telemarken, or a green bodice here and a red belt there. These slight differences, though sufficient for the expert in local dress lore to identify the locality to which the variation belongs will make but a slight impression on the mind of the foreign visitor, and he comes away with a composite picture of the various styles and a pleasing impression of quaint and charming costumes.

I can recall no more picturesque example of pastoral beauty than these fair haired, blye-eyed, pink and white Norwegian peasant girls. Nor are her urban sisters less attractive in modern boots and stays. In Christiania a stroll down Karl Sohans Gade towards the palace alongside the park when the sun has veiled the city in those soft shadows that mingle the tints of high noon with the subdued hues of morn, one meets, perhaps, more wholesomely beautiful women than he would see elsewhere on any street of similar prominence in all of Europe. Paris and Vienna offer a certain type of feminine beauty, striking 'tis true, but the women of these cosmopolitan Eurppean centres of fashion are as the flaunting poppy compared to the soft petals of a pink and white rose. No cosmetics could duplicate the natural tints that paint the cheeks of a "Norge" maid, no azure of the limped lake could vie in girl is unusually strong and muscular, eye, and no beams from the mellow moon could be softer than her grown of yellow hair. And yet this peasant girl is unusually strfong and muscular, often performing the lion's share of all farm work, and from early morn to dewy eve gleaning as Ruth gleaned in the ancient fields of Boaz.

Farming in Norway.

Farming in Norway always greatly interested me, partly, perhaps because I was reared on a farm and was constantly comparing their unfamiliar methods with those of my boyhood days. To the American farmer, for example, the Norwegian manner of curing hay would see most unusual, for here the meadow, after the mowing, grows into a series of green hedge-like walls, which at first seemed inexplicable. But with a more intimate knowledge of making hay here, I found that every farmer has a plentiful supply of wooden stakes and wire, out of which he erects racks resembling wire fences all over his meadow lands, which serve as supports on which he dries his hay. And so these peasant women string the hay on these wire racks, and the meadow is converted into a series of grass-formed walls about four feet high that divide the field into scores of narrow lanes.

Modern agricultural machinery except in a few isolated districts where there are considerable stretches of level land, is comparatively unknown. The grain is all reaped by hand, and tied into bundles and sfitted on sharp-pointed upright stakes securely driven into the soil. The hay is mowed by hand scythes, and the potatoes cultivated with the hoe.

Wheat bread is only found on the tables of the better classes, but the famous "flat bread" of Norway is the "Vade mecum" of every meal, and is a favorite with all classes of society. This bread is made of rye, barley or oats, and is rolled out into a flat circular wafer with a rolling pin filled with short pegs that leave the surface of the bread stippled with numerous depressions. It is brown in color and baked to a hard crisp consistency. To the unfamiliar palate it tastes like puppy biscuits, but the Norwegians themselves consider it a sort of appetizer to be nibbled at while waiting for the regular meal, or to browse over during the intervals between the courses at the restaurants. It is always found on every table from the summer garden to the Palace hotel, and the sharp click as it breaks from the parent loaf and the crunching sound as it is ground between the consumer's teeth is heard throughout the length and breadth of gastronomic Norway.

Travelling by Night.

But our good ship, the Kong Harold, with her cosmopolitan passengers, collected from the four corners of the earth, has steamed into the harbor of Trondhjem, where she spends several days completing her preparation for the dash to Spitsbergen and the polar ice. We have travelled overland to meet her here and on this trip spent one night in a Norwegian sleeper. The road from Hamar to Trondhjem—that section traversed by night—was of the metre guage type, and the coaches quite narrow in consequence. The entire car was divided into separate sections with a swinging door placed between the compartments. There was no way of fastening this door, so that any passenger who wished to leave the coach merely pushed in order the several doors aside and strode out through each sleeping compartment to the exits placed at the ends of the carriage. There was very little privacy as one could see, about these boudoirs, and one was required to measure his chances of not having his compartment invaded at an inopportune moment by data not always reliable. Personally I began my preliminaries for retiring at a very unfortunate hour. I had no sooner removed my shoes than a middle-aged fat woman began making frequent excursions through my compartment to the one beyond, in which her young son was domiciled. Of course I was compelled to get out of the isle and into the berth to allow her to pass. Then again she waddled back just as I began unfastening my collar, and again I sought the seclusion of my "bunk." I once more resumed my undressing when "Olaf" gave a signal of distress, and again the fat mother came to the rescue—this time almost crushing me as she hastily strode through. And so back and forth she passed all the while the narrow gauge train reeled around sharp curves apparently jumping the track every mile or two, thrashing me first to one side of the car and then to the other, till this never-ending, ever-interrupted preparation for bed grew to be a materialization of the distraught dreams that followed.

I awoke from my restless sleep about six o'clock in the morning, to discover that the train was stalled in a deep rocky cut in the mountains. For half an hour we filled and backed, sometimes gaining a few yards and again loosing ground till finally, by an unusual burst of speed, we reached the top of the pass and rolled into Trondhjem.

Arrival at Trondhjem.

It was Sunday morning when we reached this ancient capital of Norway, and the streets were serenely calm and deserted. There was something unusual and unique in this city of more than 40,000 inhabitants lying almost within the Arctic circle, and as we passed over the cobble-stone pavements the spirit of the north for the first time made its influence felt in no uncertain manner. Even here civilization was for the most part to the south. We realized that we were at the outposts of our familiar world, and there was a note of strange melancholy, a subtle silence that spoke of those stretches of icy desolation which was to be our goal beyond the waters of the Arctic ocean. Then we walked to the cathedral, that really magnificent church that stands on the spot where once stood the first Christian temple in all of Norway, and that has since served as the coronation hall of Norway's Christian kings. Olaf Trygvasson founded the city almost a thousand years ago, and being the first Christian king and in consequence canonized by the pope, was buried where the cathedral now stands. King Olaf gave his life fighting for his new religion, and the church erected over his grave became in later years a favorite shrine to which the devout made frequent pilgrimages from not only all of Norway, but from most of Eastern Europe as well. But with the reformation the church lost its prestige, and afterward suffered greatly from fire. In the later centuries, however, it recovered its importance, and now rehabilitated and restored, it stands as the greatest cathedral in this latitude in the whole world. In the church yard that surrounds it we read on the tombstones many a name that figured prominently in Norway's martial glory, and the graves now nestling among beautiful rose beds and carnations spoke impressively of the ultimate destiny of all mankind.

Beginning of the Arctic Cruise.

It was midnight when the Kong Harald, amid a shower of fireworks, steamed away from the dock and into the fjord.

I glanced at the passenger list and read the names of three French counts, one viscount, a famous French painter, a German composer, and a noted English physician, besides several well-known scientists and writers. In all more than a score of nationalities were represented, and as many callings included in the personnel of this semi-professional polar party.

On our way to the North Cape we stopped at the Island of Turge with its mountain of Torghatten pierced by a natural tunnel four hundred feet high, through which a superb vista of sea and land is disclosed at the farther end. We also sailed under the ice of Bird Rock, where a shot from the ship's brass cannon had the effect of putting to flight millions of sea birds that literally darkened the sky as they circled about over our heads.

At Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, we called for our supply of fresh water, then headed for the North Cape, that tremendous desolate rock that juts into the forbidding Arctic ocean and marks the most northerly point of Europe. For a few hours only we anchored in a sheltered cove beneath this frowning precipice, while in our motor boats many of us went ashore and climbed to the highest point of this famous cape. The wind was terrific, hats were lost, and it was only possible to proceed along the high plateau-like top during the lulls in the wild wind's flight. When the gale blew hardest we were compelled to drop to the ground and lie low in order to avoid being swept over the terrific cliff into the angry ocean below. Finally we gained the shelter of the shed erected by Emperor William on the point of the cape, and held securely in place by numerous iron cables that passed over the building and into the rocks beneath. Here, battered and bruised, we presented a sorry spectacle. But after a short rest we again made our way back to the ship. Reaching the top of the cliff, beneath which the Kong Harald rode at anchor, I paused before descending and gazed out over the deep. Our ship looked like a vanquished sea bird, desperately clinging to the sheltering rocks. Our consort, the Neptune, stood further out, and arose and sank with the incoming swell of the heaving sea. Beyond, and to the north, the lashing Arctic, terrible in the weird, strange glow of midnight, stretched portentously to the pole. Another hour and our ship, now resting for the fray, would be fighting her way through these savage waves to the realm of Aurora, and the icy abode of Aegir and Ran.

—SIGEL ROUSH.

Montreal is asking the right to establish and operate or lease one or more underground tramway lines, to be operated by electricity or other motive power, and the right to regulate the operation of auto bus lines.

Dunfermline, Scotland, the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie, will erect a statue to him in recognition of his many benefactions.

It's easier for a young man to write a satisfactory love letter dur-

TAKE TOO BIG CHANCES

Why is it that men and women will never learn that overwork and nervous strain will certainly ruin health. Every day the papers tell of the dreadful results of overtaxing one's strength, yet the others keep right on without profiting by the lesson.

Henry Jacobs, of Ninth avenue, N. Y., went through this experience and now writes in a letter: "I was in bad health for two years, very nervous and weak, no appetite, could not sleep well and had no ambition or energy. I was getting worse all the time.

"But since I began taking Vinol there is a wonderful difference. I have gained fourteen pounds in less than two months, have a splendid appetite and can enjoy my meals. My nerves are strong, and I sleep soundly. I simply feel fine now, which shows what Vinol did for me."

Our delicious cod liver and iron remedy, Vinol, will do as much for all other run-down, worn-out people, if they will only give it a chance. There is no risk for we give back the money if Vinol fails to satisfy you. Mahood's drug store, Kingston, Ont.

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When Lips Are Pallid and the Gums Lose Their Color.

You Can Make the Blood Rich and Red by Using

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

If you find yourself easily tired, lacking in vigor and energy, unable to properly digest the food you eat and generally out of sorts, look in the mirror and carefully examine the lips, gums and eyelids. If color is lacking you may be sure that you are anaemic—that your blood is thin, weak and watery.

It would be a mistake, under these circumstances, to use purging medicines, what you need is more blood—richer blood—and you can increase the amount of rich, red blood in the body by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Not in any miraculous way does this treatment work, but just as naturally as do any of the laws of nature. It supplies to the body the elements which go to the formation of new, rich blood. These are found in condensed and easily assimilated form in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and therefore do not bother even the weakest stomach.

It will take a little patience and perseverance to thoroughly restore the system, but by noting your increase of weight and the return of color to your faded complexion you will be convinced that the lost vigor and vitality is being restored to your system.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

AN OPERA COSTUME WITH HUGE AIGRETTE IN THE HAIR.

Though aigrettes are rather under the ban in America, in Paris they are as fashionable as ever, and evening coiffure ornaments with uptsanding aigrettes are immensely fashionable—following the mode set by a French actress whose thousand dollar aigrette was the talk of the town. The white aigrette hair ornament pictured here is part of an elaborate opera costume, the trailing gown being of apple green satin veiled with a tunic of gold gauze, onwhich is a band of silver embroidery veiled with pink chiffon. The gold gauze tunic is brocaded with a patern of pink roses, and the gloves to be worn with this costume are of apple green with embroideries in gold.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS

Crash Some of these Days.

Brantford Expositor.

Quebec nationalists will insist on making dismissals, and Premier Borden it is said will have his first mutiny to quell when parliament reassembles. It will simply prove a case of the nationalists showing their hands.

They Deserved Defeat.

London Advertiser.

The conservatives have swept Prince Edward Island, only two liberals surviving in an assembly of thirty-nine members. A timely promise of a car ferry to maintain an all-the-year-round service between the mainland and the island was a trump card, but the so-called liberal organization deserved to be soundly threshed for its refusal to grant the ballot. The spectacle of open voting in the year 1912 is something to blush for.

Sir James Will Object.

Stratford Beacon.

London has voted in favor of the commission form of government, but whether it will get it or not is another thing. Last year Sir James Whitney gave the deputation that waited upon him from the union of municipalities a very short answer, and refused to submit a bill to allow cities to adopt it. He told this deputation that he would positively refuse to allow any municipality to adopt such a form of government. As he sees the doctrines of Henry George hidden away in optional reduction of taxation on improvements he probably sees some other goblin behind government by commission.

A Conscientious Actress.

Stratford Beacon.

The world at large is not prone to give especial credit to the people of the theatrical world for conscientious scruples, but there have been always individual representatives of the stage who stood for all that was highest in the art. With such names as Emma Abbott and Mary Anderson may now be classed that of Margaret Anglin, the clever Canadian actress and daughter of a one-time speaker of our house of commons. Miss Anglin left the management of Lieber & Co. because she could not bring herself to accept a role which would portray her as a sinful, murderous woman, the "heroine" of a gross, sordid, squalid story. Such clever women of the stage as Margaret Anglin do not need to descend to a role, and such a role would be a descent for a woman like Margaret Anglin. It was a role hopelessly beyond her power or art to elevate, so she wisely declined to have anything to do with it.

Telephones in Great Britain.

Canadian Courier.

On December 31st, 1911, the telephone service of the United Kingdom will become, like the telegraph service of that country, a government monopoly.

By 1891 practically all the business was in the hands of the National Telephone Co., Ltd. On 1896 the government took over the operation of all the trunk lines connecting one town with another, paying tht company upwards of $2,233,723. The latter has since continued to operate the local lines, but will transfer all its business to the post office at the end of the present year.

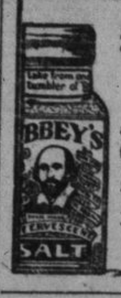
There are approximately 644,000 telephones in the United Kingdom, but it is estimated that if the system were used in the same ratio to population as in the United States, the number would be nearly 3,000,000. Judging from the history of the telegraph service, it is expected that the transfer of the telephones to the government will result in a great extension of the system.

Society Killed the Man.

Belleville Ontario.

Trouble has descended upon Booth Tarkington, the novelist. For about two years Booth has been drunk and his wife concluded that too much of this was a nuisance, and so, she has separated from Booth and has rented a house in Indianapolis for herself and daughter. The famous novelist will not have to bother himself about providing for her, because she inherited from her father a little over $1,000,000, and she can pay her own bills. Booth was faithful to his marital vows and there is no woman in the case, but he would drink, and after a prolonged spree of some two years, Mrs. Tarkington gave up trying to reform him and will allow him to go to the dogs in his own way. All this comes about from too early success. As long as Booth struggled along in poverty, he was a model of deportment, but his books became popular and he was invited to so many banquets, dinners and the like that he contracted a love for the flowing bowl that literally carried him off his feet. He was a prince of good fellows, so much so that he went by the name of "The Gentleman from Indiana," which was the title of one of his popular books.

A man doesn't appreciate common sense in a woman unless he is married to her.



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