

LETTER.

ature of Heredit- Curse.

SUS LABOR.

RAILWAY STRIKE BOOKLYN.

On both sides—Dis- Labor Organizations— Delegate Streets Tribune — All Labor should be.

den e, Letter No. 1,157.

July 21.—The other thinking on hereditary sun through families, per generation — like among our animal s of blood that never riorate or die, but r and more powerful ng years. One of the ures of the hereditary t is seldom entailed one descendant at a may be a half dozen rls in the family, but one is the curse trans-

to this strain of thought account of the death mwall, who ended his last week, a wretched Metropolitan hotel, man who was granted urtunity of a life, not one man in a million ted the curse; he was ter of his evil days there second years.

So he ran his course n the line of our old here is nothing older or the Aspinwalls. They claims to nobility back olution, as our English to those that came over n the Conqueror. The old firm of Howland and Aspinwall were seen on and whose names were or honor and probity in long men wherever civi-

known. They were the wners in the old Black- which carried the bulk of nation for nearly forty n year or six weeks, was a speedy passage between and New York. When the wall died, who in part th Howland, had had the d of his family's fortune d a property valued at ns of dollars, which was ed among his heirs, the or of Lloyd Aspinwall, r his share nearly three thousand dollars. Being of and speculative turn he m-ly in upon New York, with his son inherited a for- quarter of a million of t. It did not take long for y to find out that he was rator of the family curse- ing Lloyd Aspinwall made s of his relatives a burden, developing some new dev- gambling houses, and fac- fortune was soon exhausted, ous actress, receiving thou- dollars. Reduced to beg- d avoided by the associates rmer evil life, he was sub- to the bitterness of the most verty, and when he had all the depots of misery an- nation died, leaving him a of a million, can be pling- life of the wretched dissipation effort was made to save him n vain. At last he forged other's name for a large sum, dly pride alone saved him tates prison. Soon every dol- s gone and he was reduced to dition of a beggar, and last this poor, drayed, misera- d a pauper, at the Metro- hotel.

oked over the list of Mr. Vis- four hundred, and I discovered no family in that unaccounta- had escaped. The Astors and belts, and hundreds of others the world exists have their n our common destiny. Just went we are brought to a str by the struggle between d capital, a curse that like host of them up will never s. A fight that need hardly ter its final utterance, tell the ent day.

the more labor and capital stand to one in a battle that must be la nature. Thousands of who are landed together by s and secret stems have cut usual work and have made demands, the penalty of refusal n the present standpoint being. A. A. present, as of labor des- to a resistor of the New York Sun that if the company at- pts to run a car the station on s drives, the car will be killed t that they are determined to s, many as will control the mpany to grant the demands, d but a strike will ensue, and s independent s with a popula- n of a million people, and s now of the five great boroughs, the mpany the more recent city of New York with a population in excess of two millions, spoken at the second and city in the world.

Today we meet Sabbath at the 8th of July in the year of 1899, and 1899 has been selected as the ay when labor puts forth its s, determined to stand or fall. Within the last few weeks, trusts have been d, and thousands of millions and capital stocks embraced at every corner of the city in a vior, but against this great con- lation of capital stocks, labor- cism and determined some a res- ments, many for the show that which the Assessor has seen Hines on the wall of his, how many of these were taken when in their ark weighed in the balance and found want.

There are rights and wrongs on both sides. Capital looks for security of its accumulations and later for its safety of home and life. It is a struggle that has been going on since the commencement of time, and now, when all trusts are assuming a definite form, labor, the most gigantic of them all, cries for a halt. For labor stands as the representative of the Almighty—It is the ex-

tor. It takes the crude materials that the Almighty has given to the children of men and fashions them into the millions of created things that exalt life and make it endurable.

On the other hand capital holds forth the rewards which labor wants, and here is the point where labor and capital should join hands, as each is absolutely necessary to the existence of the other.

War between them is to be deplored, peace and unity is forever to be desired. Disturbance and chaos, ruin and misery are the only possible results.

On this quiet Sabbath morning thousands of men are landed together—each party for what they deem the security of their rights and the order for the maintenance of order and of law. The police force of the greater New York will certainly not far from five thousand men, at the back of them are military organizations aggregating many thousands more, and all of these can be relied on in the time of danger for the enforcement of peace and justice.

Opposed to them are the labor organizations, whose existence is held intact by labor disturbers, men who have no special calling but that of disturbers of the city's peace. They travel from district to district preaching the rights of labor and the wrongs of capital. They are the paid satraps of labor's worst enemies, and their employment depends on war, not peace. The wider the strike and the greater the suffering of the laboring man, the greater the reward of these men in our civilization.

The master workman and the walking delegate are the real beneficiaries of labor disturbances. They are the secret conspirators of Wall Street and the individuals that profit most by the ruin and suffering of the laboring man. The rise or fall of the price of the stocks on the elevated or surface roads means to these harpists millions of dollars. What care they for human life and what care they for human happiness? Labor is the pawn which so enters them success and wealth. We have had strikes before, strikes involving thousands of lives and millions of capital, but never before in all our labor troubles. Last year, when publicly announced that they would order their way to success.

The men at present in charge of the strike will not endorse the declaration of labor disturbances. They are the secret conspirators of Wall Street and the individuals that profit most by the ruin and suffering of the laboring man. The rise or fall of the price of the stocks on the elevated or surface roads means to these harpists millions of dollars. What care they for human life and what care they for human happiness? Labor is the pawn which so enters them success and wealth. We have had strikes before, strikes involving thousands of lives and millions of capital, but never before in all our labor troubles. Last year, when publicly announced that they would order their way to success.

The strike commences in violence, and men are torn from the streets in the presence of police. Cars are torn from the track and travel obstructed or rendered impossible, and this while the police, from Manhattan are hurrying to their posts. From the manner in which the strikers commence the conflict it is evident that many lives will be sacrificed before we reach the end. It is better so, and let it be settled after such fashion that while our courts exist for our protection, that the peaceful citizen shall not be disturbed in his right by a mob of rioters who violate the law. If they are wronged, the courts are open to them, and if the courts assist them, the right to quit work and abandon their job, but there shall be no number any other laboring man who seeks by force to stop part himself and family. But experience in the past assures us that the strike will be a failure. In a few weeks, those now most active in promoting disturbance will be down on their knees, kindly begging for a respite. In the hour of their power they show a little mercy. For other men in such work and they cannot possibly expect any mercy for the soldiers when the police are raised and it is too late to say that these are thousands who will die in a moment. Sunday, the 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1899, and the sun- day of that date, 1899, will be low down to the grave.

My second story is of the side of labor. It has been told to me by an old man, I have never known the man, when work was not too busy for him to support. But I have never known this time when it was necessary for me to ask the old man's assistance.

The old man's name is John, and he is a laborer. He tells me that he has been in the city for many years, and he has seen many things. He tells me that he has seen many things, and he tells me that he has seen many things.

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SLEEPLESSNESS.

Like the other wants of the body, the necessity of sleep is imperative.

Sleep is necessary to repair the system and make it fit for action.

In olden times those who were condemned to death by being denied sleep, soon became raving maniacs.

The practical conclusion is that Sleeplessness is inevitably destructive to body and mind.

There are thousands of people all over this land who are tossing on sleepless pillows night after night, or who pace the bedroom floor, with nerves untinged, and to whose eye sleep will not come, to whom Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer the blessing of sound refreshing slumber.

They renew the worn out nervous issues and restore the equilibrium of the deranged nerve centres, then "nature's sweet restorer" comes, and sleep is peaceful as a babe's.

Those, too, who sleep in a kind of way, but whose rest is broken

into by fearful dreams, nightmares, sinking and smothering sensations, who wake in the morning as tired and unrefreshed as when they went to bed, can have their old, peaceful, undisturbed, refreshing sleep back again by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

To be able to lie down at night and in a few minutes fall asleep—to know no dream or waking until morning—then to bound out of bed full of vigor, freshness, and good spirits, ready for each and every duty that the day may demand—that seems a good deal to expect as the result of using any remedy, but it is just what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been doing and can do for nervous, irritable, run-down, weak, sleepless men and women.

Mr. Chas. Fitch, a well-known resident of Mount Forest, Ont., says:

"Until I commenced using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Yeoman's drug store last

November, I was very excitable. The slightest trouble set me trembling all over, and it would be a long time before I could calm myself. My heart often beat so fast that I felt as if I would smother, and my nervous system was so completely unstrung that I could hardly sleep at all. Some nights I got no sleep whatever, and I can assure you it is a bad state to be in, as I went to my work feeling weak and nervous.

"I have taken two boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they have relieved every one of my troubles. My heart is all right; I sleep well and go to my work strong and refreshed. They have restored my nervous system to health and vigor, and I appreciate the remarkable good they have done me more than I can tell you."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.75. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont.

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS.

OUTWITTING ROTHSCHILD.

The Scheme a Shrewd Dealer Worked on the Astute Banker.

An amusing story, told in the "Memoirs of an Old Collector," makes clear the risks in trade to which an unscrupulous dealer in antiquities will resort in order to get a large sum for his wares. The two parties were Alessandro Castellani, the clever dealer, and Baron Adolph Rothschild of Paris.

Castellani had managed to get hold of a superb enameled ewer, together with the dish on which it stood. He knew that Baron Adolph had a fancy for objects of this kind, but he also knew that no Rothschild was ever so carried away by his fancy as to pay more than was reasonable for anything that pleased him. Castellani, who in trade was what Machiavelli was in politics, devised a bit of strategy.

The baron, on arriving in Rome, visited Castellani's shop and was shown the best things the dealer had, except the enameled dish and ewer. When everything else had been inspected, Castellani drew from a hidden cupboard the dish, but not the ewer. The baron was so pleased with the dish that he agreed to buy the lot of which it was a part, for one of the custom of the shop was not to sell a rare specimen apart from the group of which it formed the principal object. The baron paid heavily for the whole, lamenting that there was no ewer to stand on the dish, and departed for Florence.

There he was visited by an agent who told him of an old lady who wished to sell several beautiful majolica pieces. He visited her house in the country and was disappointed, as the majolica lady, seemingly elaginated, left the room to order refreshments, and the baron saw through the open door of a bedroom a ewer covered by a glass shade on which rested a wreath of immortelles.

When the lady returned, the baron asked permission to examine the ewer. It was brought out, and the baron saw that the enamel was of the same work as that of the dish he had bought, but he wished to be certain that the foot of the ewer would fit into the hollow of the dish. He inquired the price of the ewer and was told by the lady that it was not for sale, as it was the only souvenir she possessed of her husband.

The baron went back to his rooms, had the dish unpacked and found that the foot of the ewer fitted it perfectly. The next day the baron sent the agent to offer the old lady a princely sum for the ewer. He brought back a refusal to sell. But at last the widow's scruples were overcome. Castellani, with his Italian cunning, had persuaded the whole affair, the agent who called and the old lady who was unacquainted were his aids in making the baron pay a much larger sum than he would have given had ewer and dish been sold together. The Italian shopman's scheme had taken in the Jewish banker, reputed one of the most astute of business men.

APES AS CASHIERS.

Siamese Merchants Employ Them to Detect Spurious Coins.

In that far-off, dried up little oriental country, quite near China, you know, there are large quantities of counterfeit coin in circulation, and the counterfeiters of Siam must be most proficient, for we hear that it is the hardest thing in the world to detect the bad from the good money.

The merchants are often deceived and frequently swindled. The smartest men they could employ were deceived, too, for the bad money was such a wonderful imitation that the closest scrutiny often failed to find the difference between a good and a bad piece.

In this dilemma some Siamese merchants called to their help some one who was always thought not so good as a man—a monkey. And these "apes of Siam" proved such a success at their new avocation that the custom of employing them for the purpose of detecting bad money has become universal. The ape cashier of Siam holds his situation without a rival.

He has a peculiar method of testing coin. Every piece is handed to him, and he picks up each bit of money, one at a time, and meditatively puts it into his mouth, tasting it with grave deliberation. If the coin is good, he declares the fact plainly. He takes it from his mouth and carefully places it in its proper receptacle beside him. He has pronounced judgment, and every one is satisfied that the judgment is correct.

But if the coin is bad the cashier makes known his verdict in an equally unmistakable manner. He throws it violently from his mouth to the floor, shaking his head with as much disgust as the merchant himself might feel at being imposed upon. With loud clattering and angry postures, he makes known his displeasure at being presented with a bad piece of money. The merchant himself could not express it better.

Now, how does a monkey know what a man cannot tell? Ah, that is his secret. He never reveals it.—Siam Independent.

Only Natural.

"Why did you laugh when I fell down?" "Most natural thing in the world." "How so?" "Having lost your center of gravity, you naturally became a center of humor."

There is a village in England built upon an enormous boulder of chalk. This boulder is half a mile long and must have been carried eastward a distance of 25 miles by some great iceberg.

A Teplitz old lady of 99 committed suicide by holding her head down in a tub of water because she did not want to live to be 100 years old.

Miller's Woom Powders for fallow skin; old or young.

THE MARS PUZZLE.

Tesla, the electrician, declares he can signal to Mars. Any one can do the same thing.—Kansas City Journal.

Tesla says that he can signal to Mars. He can signal at it, no doubt, but can he get any returns?—Indianapolis News.

Tesla says he can signal to Mars. Tesla must be kept very busy inventing his remarkable statements.—Washington Post.

In spite of the claim that we may soon be able to communicate with Mars by means of the wireless telegraph, the question arises: How are we going to teach the inhabitants the Morse alphabet?—Cleveland Leader.

Nikola Tesla says he discovered wireless telegraphy years ago, but didn't think it worth mentioning. Nikola having mentioned everything likely to be invented in the future will not be caught in the same fix again.—Chicago News.

LAW POINTS.

A debtor must seek his creditor to pay him unless the creditor be out of the state.

The intention in attaching and not the more physical attachment is the test of a fixture.

A deed of trust on a stock of goods to be thereafter bought creates no lien as to third parties.

A partner has no individual assignable interest in the firm assets until the firm debts are paid.

Where no time is stipulated for the duration of a partnership either partner may terminate it at his election without being liable to the other for breach of contract.—Recent Decisions Highest Courts.

Hard on the Doctor.

The late Dr. Nedley was one of the last of the midcentury Irish wits. The stories told by and about him are innumerable. One he used to tell against himself apposed of his own medical officership of the Dublin metropolitan police. One Sunday afternoon a crowd was standing outside a public house before the psychological moment arrived. Dr. Nedley approached, was recognized by some of the crowd, which opened out to let him pass, one of them remarking: "Let the doctor pass, boys. Sure he has kilt more polli than all the Invincibles put together."—Westminster Gazette.

Doing It.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the gun'or told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."—London Fun.

Frontenac Cafe—Fruits, confectionery.

MEN LACKING STRENGTH.

There are honest and dishonest doctors. There are enlightened and old fogy doctors, but the one who is both enlightened and honest will tell you that lost strength can be regained by the proper and judicious use of the pure galvanic current of electricity.

Old Fogies Use Drugs.

Only dishonest and old fogy doctors use drugs for weaknesses of men, because those who are both conscientious and enlightened know that medicines only stimulate. I use electricity and cure 93 per cent. I have made a life's study of all weaknesses of men, young and old, which result from youthful indiscretions or later excesses. I say to you, as man and physician, that electricity is the only true and rational treatment for such. I am the inventor of the famous

Dr. Sanden Electric Belt,

with attachment for men. I invented it to fill the demand for a home self treatment, and it embodies the best element of all electrical appliances known to science. It weighs about 3 ounces, and is worn around the body while you are asleep at night. Currents instantly felt. Over 6,000 cures during 1898.

Free Book and Consultation.

Drop in at my office to-day, if possible, and take a look at the belt. I shall be pleased to discuss your case free, or, if at a distance, write for my free book, "Three Classes of Men," which explains all. Sent in plain, sealed envelope. I answer all letters personally.

DR. D. SANDEN, 132 St. James Street, Montreal. 160 Yonge Street, Toronto.

OFFICE HOURS 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.



Cures Coughs. Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE. 25c.—Or same price as inferior imitations. THE HARVEY MEDICINE Co., Montreal.