

THEY LOVE THE HORSE.

The Japs Exceed all Other Soldiers in the Affectionate Care of Their Mounts.

The Japanese cavalry was generally criticised at the outbreak of the war because of the poor quality of the horses Japan had been able to secure. Horses were unknown in the old Japan and are practically unused there now. But the Japanese cavalry has done pretty well after all. The soldiers take care of their horses. Writes a field surgeon in the Independent:

"About a week ago I came upon a company of men who were engaged in transporting supplies for the army. The march was beastly, the weather was vile and the roadless country was the worst of all. The horses were tired. Depend upon it, the men were quite as tired as the horses. As soon as they came to a halt I saw a number of these fellows rush with their own canteens in the direction of a little stream of water.

"Why don't you lead your horses to the stream?" I asked one of the horsemen. What he said was simply this: "Why? Why, dear sir, these horses have made many miles over the country where they are too barbarous to have roads. They are tired and we are running to fetch some water for them." And they did run these men, like mad, fetching water, fodder and what little green vegetation there could be found.

"And these men after fetching food and drink for the horses, after comforting them with all kinds of caresses, these tired men turned in and took to cooking beans in iron pots. Ask them why it is when they are so thoroughly tired, while their stomachs are empty and their legs are aching under them, they should take the trouble of cooking dry beans which are not meant for their mouths. In explaining this matter to a friend of mine I heard one of these transport men say: 'You see, sir, green feed—I mean too much of it—is not always good for the horses. Sometimes green feed and a strange climate make a rather rocky combination for the poor horse, and then you know these Chinese beans are not the softest thing that you could bite, and heaven knows these horses of ours have enough trouble without swallowing these beans green and uncooked.'

No sooner are they done with their duties toward their horses than they find these good horsemen of ours rolling themselves up in a blanket and throwing themselves as if they were so many sacks of potatoes down anywhere at the feet of their horses, and pull for all they are worth for the land of sleep. I came upon a soldier the other day. He was trudging along a dusty highway and crying like a child. I laid my hand upon his shoulder and asked him, 'What is the matter? Are you wounded?' Startled at first by the touch of my hand upon his shoulder,

but in a second recognizing that I was nothing more than a surgeon, he shook his head, without saying a word. Then he went on crying as bitterly as ever. Naturally, I questioned him as to the reason for his grief. All the answer I received was a series of sobs, which were more heartrending than the ones that had shaken his body, and, always weeping he struggled on.

"At last he tried to say something but could hardly say a word. His sobs broke even one word into so many pieces that I was obliged to sharpen my wit and senses pretty keenly in order to catch the meaning of what he was trying to say. I fancied that he said something about his horse.

"What about the horse?" I asked. He was overwhelmed once more with his grief, with his tears and with his heartrending sobs. It was very pitiful and the sight of him touched my heart to such an extent that I was voiceless for many a minute. As soon as I regained my breath, with a hard-heartedness that passes all understanding I persisted in saying, 'What did you say was the matter with your horse?'

"D-d-d-dead?" he at last managed to blurt out and once again he was overwhelmed by the storm of tears and sobs that seemed to rend him into a thousand pieces. I do not know why I did not laugh outright. Perhaps his grief was too overwhelming and there is that dignity that always belongs to the expression of sincere human emotion.

"I have seen many a soldier burying a hundred of his dead comrades after a fight. I have never seen such an overwhelming expression of grief as was shown by this lonely fellow who had lost his horse and refused to be comforted."

THE GENTLE SERVANT.

(Saturday Evening Post.)

The wife of a well-known naval officer in Washington recently advertised for a cook. Though the establishment presided over by the officer's wife is in accord with their undisputed social position, yet it is by no means pretentious, for the naval man has no means aside from his salary. Consequently, when one applicant for the position of cook announced to the wife that her price would be \$50 a month, she was told that such wages were out of the question. The cook, not deigning to notice the remark, went on at length to give her superior qualifications, touching especially on her ability to get up smart luncheons and dinners. Again the lady of the house said that she would not pay \$50 for a cook. Seeing that her determination was unalterable, the applicant for the place prepared to take her departure.

As she was nearing the door she remarked patronizingly: "I see! You are trying to live within your income!"

Fuddy—Speaking of Gimlet would you call him a distinguished actor?
Daddy—Considering the quality of his equipment, should say "courageous" would be a better word.

"AND THERE WAS A GREAT CALM."

A Stillness in the Political in Atmosphere of New York --Prophecies as to the Result of the Vote Worthless.

(From the New York Sun, Ind. Rep.)
The poll of votes at the coming election in the State of New York will be toward 1,870,000. That is a number more than 75,000 greater than the aggregate poll in the eleven States of the old Southern Confederacy in 1900, with the single State of Tennessee excepted. It is greater than the combined poll at that election of the six New England States by more than 700,000; is nearly equal to the combined poll of the great Western States of Indiana and Ohio, and more than that of the great Middle States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The poll of the city of New York will be about 650,000. In only five States of the Union besides New York were more votes polled in 1900—Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The poll of the old and great State of Massachusetts in 1900 was not two-thirds as many.

We make these comparisons simply to suggest the valuelessness of the predictions of the poll in the city and State of New York as made by certain newspapers. Whether made on the strength of a so-called "postal-card poll" or on the basis of estimates by campaign committees, they are equally worthless. They are mere guesses.

With a poll of such a magnitude it is always impossible to make anything approaching a precise forecast of the division of the votes. In this canvass all such calculations are peculiarly worthless. With the exception of the revolt among Republicans against Odellism, there is heard comparatively little expression of political feeling. The so-called "apathy" which distinguished the earlier part of the canvass continues up to the last week before election. Political discussion among men in the streets and in the places of their business and social aggregation is less than in any past presidential campaign.

Even the crowds coming from the great political meetings move along quietly. It is evident that these citizens will all vote and that they have made up their minds for whom they will vote, for the registration includes substantially the whole electorate; but they are not talking about their intentions. Never before was there so much reserve on the subject.

It is impossible therefore, to forecast the poll in New York except as concerns its magnitude, and there is no basis on which to found even a guess. The only suggestion of the reserve of which we have spoken as so extraordinary in this campaign seems to be that one way or the other the decision at the polls next Tuesday will be emphatic.

It is not remarkable, then that the "postal-card polls" differ widely in the results of which they are put forward as sure indications. One gives

a Parker plurality of about 140,000 in the city and another of about 180,000. Republican estimates give Parker only half of the higher plurality. The Democratic conjecture is of a Parker plurality in the State of 50,000 and the Republican of a Roosevelt plurality of from 70,000 to 100,000.

There is a stillness in the political atmosphere of this town and this State like the lull before a storm.

THE GHOST OF GLAMIS CASTLE.

The Earl of Strathmore died recently at Bordighera, Italy, where he has been staying at his villa.

The Earl was strangely connected with one of the most weird stories of castle ghosts and secret chambers known in Scottish history.

Within the walls of Glamis Castle, his lordship's Forfarshire seat lies an unsolved mystery.

The castle has a secret chamber, the whereabouts being known only to the ruling Earl and two other persons. In this chamber, according to the country-folk, an uncanny individual is hidden—a creature neither man nor beast.

On the coming of age of the heir-apparent the Glamis Castle secret is communicated to him in a peculiar manner. He, so tradition says, is for the first time introduced into the hidden chamber and there told what no one has yet divulged.

The figure of "a white lady" is also supposed to haunt the avenue, and is said to be the ghost of the only woman who ever discovered the secret, and whose tongue was cut out and feet and hands cut off in order that she should never reveal it.

The one lady who implored the Earl to tell her, the late Lord Strathmore replied, "If you could guess even the nature of this secret you would go down on your knees and thank God that you are ignorant of it."

That some strange mystery has always surrounded the castle is undoubted, and many times curious things have happened in the castle when guests were staying there, and inhabitants of the district, who know the place well, lock their doors before going to bed, hoping thereby to keep the ghosts if ghosts there be from disturbing their slumbers.

One wet afternoon a merry party were playing in the hall, when their host suddenly appeared among them, and said: "I want to ask you all to go to your rooms at once, and to remain there until a bell rings." All hurried anxiously away, and the guests returned, but no one made any remark about the strange request.

The deceased Earl was an officer in the 2nd Life Guards before he succeeded his brother. The present Earl, his successor, also served in the same regiment, and his youngest brother is a distinguished officer in it now.

Dealer—Oh, this is the suit you want to go hunting in. It's just the color of a deer, you know.
Customer—That's something.
Dealer—That's everything. No less than five men who bought suits here were mistaken for deer and shot dead before they had been in the woods twenty-four hours.

DEMAND FOR PIG IRON LARGE.

It is Heavier Now than When the Buying Movement Began—Large Orders Booked.

Pittsburg, Nov. 1.—There is apparently no let-up whatever in the demand for all kinds of pig iron which has characterized the local market for several weeks past. In fact demand is heavier now than at any time since the buying movement started, and some inquiries are in the market involving a very large tonnage of iron. These inquiries come not only from regular buyers of pig iron, but from steel concerns who have their own blast furnaces who are not making enough iron to satisfy their own requirements. Local brokers report that the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., the second largest maker of pig iron in the Pittsburgh district, have made some heavy purchases of pig iron and are in the market for more. The amount bought by the Jones & Laughlin Co. is variously estimated at 20,000 to 30,000 tons, and this is the first time for more than a year that this concern has been a buyer of pig iron.

The most interesting transaction in the pig iron market in the last few days is a sale of about 25,000 tons of standard Bessemer pig iron to the Lackawanna Steel Company, which has large blast furnaces and steel works at Buffalo, N. Y. This iron was bought from the Merchant Blast Furnace Association and is for delivery in November and December. The price is said to have been \$12.75 at the maker's furnace, but neither the buyer nor the seller will confirm this and absolutely refuse to even confirm the sale. It is known positively however, that the Lackawanna Company had an inquiry in the market about a week ago for upwards of 40,000 tons of Bessemer iron, but owing to the heavy advance in prices decided to only buy 25,000 tons.

Brokers report other large inquiries and claim that the heavy sales already made that the output of the blast furnaces in the Pittsburgh and valley districts is all under contract for the balance of this year.

The minimum price of standard Bessemer iron to-day is \$13 at makers' furnace, and some sellers, who have large orders on their books either refuse to quote or else ask \$13.50 to \$14 on board cars at furnace. Predictions are freely made that pig iron will advance several dollars a ton more before the first of the year and from the present activity in the market this is not unlikely.

The better feeling in pig iron is extending to finished lines and finishing mills report a substantial increase in tonnage, with a good deal of business pending. One of the largest structural steel contracts placed in the market for some time was closed here yesterday. This was the awarding to the McClintic-Marshall Construction Company of the contract for building the Wabash freight station in this city at a cost of about \$250,000. About 4,000 tons of steel will be needed in the building, and this will be rolled in the

ALEXANDER'S PALACE.

A Part of it Still Stands in Macedonia.

The massive fragments of an ancient gateway, known to the natives as the palace of Alexander the Great, are still to be seen in Macedonia. G. F. Abbott, the traveller, says: "We alighted at a miserable 'kigan' kept by a swarthy and lanky individual, whom his shrewd face and flattened skull proclaiming a son of South Albania. The peculiar formation of the skull is not due to nature as a hasty craniologist might surmise, but to the midwife. It is said that when a South Albanian is born into the world the midwife slaps him on the back of the head, giving at the same time utterance to the wish that he may live to be a baker or a brigand," the sale of bread and the spilling of blood being the two most lucrative and honorable professions in that country.

INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

The discussion over the influence of books still waxes more or less (and more often less) merrily on. There is something, of course, to be said on both sides, but most of us will stand by one of our sex, Miss Agnes Repplier, in the views set forth in her recently published book of essays, "Compromises." In attacking the seemingly prevalent belief that books have a controlling-in fact, the controlling influence in the lives of our young people, she takes as a text Carlyle's acid sentence: "Not the wretchedest circulating library novel which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of these foolish girls." She answers sternly, "More than this it would be impossible to say, and few of us, I think, would be willing to say as much. The idea is too oppressive to be borne. . . . Personally, I believe that a foolish girl is more influenced by another foolish girl, to say nothing of a foolish boy, than by all the novels on the library shelves." The writer remembers the time, dozens of years ago, when she was a "foolish" girl herself. She was eagerly reading "John Halifax, Gentleman." John was a good boy, he was a noble man and this foolish girl adored him. Yet another foolish girl came along and dared her to take a bite out of a cake of N. P. washing soap. And the first foolish girl did. Now, John would never have taken the dare. It would have been stronger to resist it, especially as the N. P. soap was not good to eat. And this foolish girl, remember, adored John, and knew him like a book. Only once do we read of his allowing himself to swear, and that was when he could not help it; but if he had known this foolish girl, and had been aware that she adored him, perhaps he would have let go of himself again.

Well, we have heard of mothers washing out their little boys' mouths when they have been saying bad words, and we can think of nothing more effective than N. P. soap.—B. J. T., in November "Canadian Magazine."

A PERSONAL FAVOR.

One of the most picturesque figures of the New York Bar was the late Thomas Nolan, a lawyer whose witty retorts furnished subjects for merriment at many a lawyers' gathering. Now, Nolan was at one time counsel for a poor widow who was suing a construction company for the death of her husband. The case had been placed upon the day calendar, but had been frequently postponed, and Mrs. Moriarty, by the time she had made her fifth call, was in an exceedingly disturbed frame of mind; consequently the tones of Nolan's rich brogue were more than usually fervid as he fought against the sixth adjournment.

"I am sorry," said Justice Dugro, "but your opponent has shown me good cause for the adjournment, Mr. Nolan, and the case will therefore go over until tomorrow."

"Very well, sor," said the barrister, sweetly, "but might I ask you personal favor of this court?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure." "Will Your Honor kindly step down to my office, and just tell Mrs. Moriarty that you have adjourned the case?"—"Success."

NO NATIONAL RUSSIAN DRAMA.

It is curious that in a country so overflowing with loyalty, despite the nihilists, very few of the stage performances have any national flavor, but so it is. An American resident of some time in Moscow says that during all his stay there did he see but one play with Russian characters, nor did he hear one stage song appeal to Russian sentiment as the "Bowery Girl" or "Dixie Land" appeal to popular sentiment in the United States.

Greene—In a political campaign do you believe in reading what is said on both sides?
Brown—Sure. I not only read what my party says about itself but also all it has to say against the other party. In that way, you see, I can reach an unbiased judgment.

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