

The Japanese Spirit.

In war the moral outweighs the material as three to one: so said Napoleon, who was not in danger of laying too much stress on the spiritual side of life. The important thing is not the weapons with which men fight, or their numbers, but the spirit which moves them. The present war presents an extraordinary contrast between the two nationalities which face each other. The Russian character we know fairly well. It displays stubborn and enduring bravery, remarkable and exemplary patience, a stolid self-possession, a rather dog-like fidelity and loyalty. Its weak point is lack of fire and resourcefulness. A certain enterprise, of an intellectual rather than emotional nature, sometimes shows itself, but in general the Russians have been sluggish in war, and not able to adapt themselves quickly to new conditions. To these characteristics the Japanese offer a profoundly interesting comparison. Their fierce yet calculated impetuosity already has been shown to the world. They have other military peculiarities which have not yet asserted themselves, but which may be illustrated from the war of 1894-95.

Dauntless courage and self-devotion are the virtues of good soldiers of all races and all periods. The Japanese least of all would desire to represent the exceptionally fortunate torpedo officers, who not only got into Port Arthur harbor, but actually got out unscathed, as brave as other men. British torpedo officers, and doubtless those of other navies, deliberately look upon boat raids into harbors as forlorn hopes, from which no man really expects to return. The best they hope for is to get in, destroy a ship or two, and swim ashore and surrender when their boat is destroyed. To drown beside a wrecked battleship of the enemy would be high success. To adopt in cold blood a branch of the profession which holds out such grim prizes is in itself a species of heroism. The Japanese officers share in this common self-devotion. They share fully, as is proved by their logged work at Weihai-wei in February, 1895. Some men were scalded to death, some were frozen to death, in unsuccessful attacks; yet they tried again. Admiral Ito gave the order with a heavy heart. Commander Mochihara, the chief of the flotilla, to quote a popular history of the war, "told his men that there was hardly any chance of escaping, and death was almost certain; it was better to remove all unnecessary articles, a hand-lamp being sufficient, no signals except port and starboard being required for such a desperate enterprise. 'Our boats and our bodies are the enemy's.' He accordingly sent away all the naval records, signal sheets, and written orders. But there was not the slightest trepidation; all the men were overjoyed at the dangerous duty on which they were detached."

The really significant characteristic of the Japanese, however, is not this high courage. It is rather the sympathetic backing which it receives from the entire people. Beside the soldier or sailor are comrades who applaud his valor; behind him is a nation which follows him with passionate interest. The narrative to which reference has been made is filled with portraits by Japanese artists of men who did well in the war, the private who laid down his life to blow in a gate, the torpedo officers who dashed into the dark harbor, the sub-lieutenant who was killed in a hazardous piece of scouting, the cavalry soldier, who mortally wounded himself, put his wounded captain on his own horse and took him out of danger. We may guess that Japanese artists are now at work on the features of Takano-uchi, the commander of the Hayatori, and Ishikawa, commander of the Asagiri, and that soon every cooie in the Empire will know their faces and will revere them. We read today of Red Cross funds being raised by the Japanese. In 1894 the poor stunted themselves to contribute their mite for the good of the soldiers at the front.

Their sympathy rose to heroism on occasion. At the first fight in Korea a bugler died gallantly, blowing the calls after he was mortally wounded. It was suggested that presents be given to the family of this lad, who became one of the popular heroes of the war. The bereaved father answered: "It is the lot of all men to die. My son had to die sometime. Instead of falling asleep in a corner of this miserable hovel, unmourned, save by a few relatives, he has fallen on the field of honor and received the encomiums of a multitude of his superiors. Hence his mother and I cannot look upon this as a mournful occasion. We rejoice that our son has been loyal to Japan, even to the point of shedding his blood in defence of her honor." There is a stately ring in the story of the death of Major-General Otera, who was killed at Weihai-wei. Word was sent to his family that he had "died a glorious death." His aged mother remarked that her son had fallen in the discharge of his duty, and she

regretted that he was not permitted to live longer, and be of more service to his sovereign. Honor to the fallen came from comrades as well as from friends at home. Machida and Take-no-Uchi, junior cavalry officers, persistently scouted along the Taidong River, gained valuable information and finally were killed. A month later the army passed by the place where their party had been overwhelmed. Tablets were erected to the memory of the seven men who had been slain, and the soldiers presented arms. And the historians dwell lovingly on the "fine death"—as Mistress Quickly styled it—of Major Hanaoka, who fell gloriously at Port Arthur, whose dying words were exemplary, and whose brother officers mourned that he had not been spared to see Peking—the goal of Japanese ambition.

The point of honor is pushed to what seems to us an excessive point. In the early Korean campaign an advanced guard got into difficulties through transport troubles, the Korean coolies having bolted. The commander was so chagrined that he committed suicide. In the Port Arthur fighting the captain of one of the companies detailed to capture a certain fort had been suffering from dysentery. On the day of the assault he dragged himself to the field. He broke down, however, within a hundred yards of the fort, and was forced to lie down while his men rushed on. He could not forgive himself for this. A week after the battle he escaped from the hospital, went to the spot where he had succumbed, and killed himself with his sword. He gave his reason in a letter which he wrote: "It was here that disease compelled me to halt and suffer my men to attack the fort without me. Never can I wipe out the disgrace while I live. To vindicate my honor, I die here, and leave this letter to speak for me." Better a rash death than an ignoble life; a point of view which breeds good soldiers.

It is this romantic blending of self-sacrifice, honor, and patriotism, with fiery and reckless courage, which constitutes the special peculiarity and charm of the Japanese military character. Such men are hard to beat. It will be a spectacle of stern but fascinating interest to see this flaming zeal, governed by cool and wary calculation, thrown against the stubborn and solid immobility of the Russian. Feudal devotion and smokeless powder—such are the elements of the war.—Toronto News.

The Retort Courteous.

When Governor William H. Taft, who will succeed Mr. Root as Secretary of War, was a young man in Cincinnati, he was accosted one day, while driving on the outskirts of the city, by a pedestrian, who wanted to know how to get to a certain village.

"You go," said Mr. Taft, "down this road and then you turn to the left, and afterward—but I am going in that direction myself. Will you get in and let me drive you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said the stranger. "Poor company is better than none."

He climbed up and took his seat. He was tall and thin, with a very gruff, rude manner. Young Taft tried to entertain him, tried to get him to talk, but he would say little. Once he drew out a well filled case, selected a cigar, and returned the case to his pocket again. He was insufferable.

The young man whipped up his horse, and mile after mile was covered in silence. It was beginning to grow dark.

"How about that road to the left that I was to take?" exclaimed the stranger suddenly. "Ain't we come to it yet?"

"Oh, we passed it six miles back," said Taft.

"Why didn't you tell me?" answered the stranger.

"Because I didn't want to lose your society. Poor company, you know, is better than none," said the young man.

"Abide With Me."

The story of how the beautiful hymn "Abide With Me," came into being is recalled by the efforts which are being made to complete the building of the Lower Brixham Church which was begun thirty years ago in memory of the author of the hymn, the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. The first vicar of the Church, Mr. Lyte for twenty years labored among the fishermen of the little fishing port, refusing all preferment, and at the age of fifty-four he found himself doomed to die of consumption. In sorrow at having to leave his work unfinished he prayed that it might be granted him to write something which would live to the glory of God when he was dead. His prayer was granted, and he wrote "Abide With Me" on the last evening that he ever spent at Brixham, after preaching to his flock for the last time, and as the sun was setting over the ships in the harbour. Next morning he started for the Riviera, and died there a month later.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.

Following the Pace.

Parker ate a hearty breakfast, as was his habit. He comfortably caught the eighteen train, and read the morning paper all the way to the city. The New York Sun narrates the chronicle of his day.

When he arrived at the office he placed his foot on the radiator, and read the few letters which had come in the morning mail. Then he dictated replies, and domineered over the office boy, who walked twenty miles a day, but was sometimes slow about it.

Parker had a substantial luncheon. Afterward he signed the letters which he had dictated in the morning.

He spent the rest of the afternoon waiting for half past four. At that hour he took a last look at himself in the mirror, caught the five o'clock train back to his suburban home.

He wearily dragged himself up the steps. His waiting wife opened the door for him. "Tired?" she asked sympathetically.

Parker silently acquiesced. He was snuffing surreptitiously to find out what there was for his dinner. "A wfully," he said aloud.

Mrs. Parker solicitously helped him with his overcoat. "You shouldn't work so hard," she remonstrated. "You will break down."

Parker resignedly shrugged his shoulders. "We have to follow the pace," he remarked with simple pathos. "Is dinner ready?" he continued, anxiously advancing upon the dining-room. He sniffed again. "Lamb stew?" he asked, with sudden conviction. "It seems to me—"

"No, no!" his wife hastily replied. "Roast duck."

"Ah!" murmured Parker, with hopefulness, but guardedly. The duck might be overdone. The duck was perfect, and when he had disposed of his portion, he looked across the table at his wife. "And what have you been up to all day?" he asked, good naturedly.

"Oh, I took up the rugs up stairs and beat them and got them down again," she said. "And I washed and ironed the muslin draperies downstairs; I didn't dare trust them to Mary. And I did the mending, and—O Petie, there's a closet door up stairs that just won't open! Do you think—would you mind, dear,—if you don't feel too tired—"

"Well, all right," said Parker indulgently. "Just wait till I finish my cigar, and I'll see what I can do with it."

THE GLOBE'S WAR NEWS.

From Special Correspondents in the Field.

The Russo-Japan conflict has commenced in earnest, and that part of the world is now the centre of interest.

It is clear that our readers may be kept in the closest touch with the situation we have made special arrangements whereby they can have The Weekly Globe for the year 1904 on specially liberal terms.

The Globe, with its usual enterprise, has made arrangements with the London Times whereby it is able to publish simultaneously the reports sent direct from the scene of action. The Times, London, England, has established its reputation as being the greatest and most reliable news-gatherer in the world, and our readers can have full benefit of its excellent staff of correspondents by reading The Daily or The Weekly Globe.

The Globe has the exclusive control of this service in Canada, and these reports will not appear in their original form in any other Canadian publication.

A summarized report with every item of interest will be especially written for The Weekly Globe, enabling readers to gain a thorough knowledge of the situation without the trouble of reading columns of contradictory and confusing reports.

The Weekly Globe, with its illustrated section and many interesting features, is now one of the cleanest and brightest newspapers in America, and we are pleased to be able to announce that the arrangement just completed will enable subscribers to secure it for this year at a special price.

Only a little while ago Lord Roberts, mindful of the Queen's chocolate on Christmas for soldiers in South Africa, gave the timely hint that tobacco was more profitable for a soldier's use than sweetmeats. And now the Lancet pronounces tobacco as a thing which would do the men good and not evil during the days in the field. The Iron Duke's officers were "directed to advise their men strongly against it," but "the soldiers and volunteers of to-day grumble only when their 'smokers' fail them. Says that medical authority: The pipe eases the way to sleep when bodily fatigue and mental restlessness prevent." In conclusion the Lancet says: "We are inclined to believe that, used with moderation, tobacco is of value second only to food itself when long privations and exertions have to be endured." Thus is the noxious weed vindicated.

Another "Nature" Book.

"Wild Brutes I Have Saw," by Bridget Seton-Clancy. This charming group of essays (says the reviewer of the Milwaukee Sentinel) has about it the odor of the backwoods to a remarkable degree.

The author explains, in the preface, that

her early life was spent in the wilds of Northern Minnesota, where she associated almost entirely with wild animals. She says: "Many times I used to set under a tree for hours to a time, watching for to get a shot at a rabbit. I could shoot good with a rifle, and have often saw men who were worse shots than I be. When the other girls were watching their time going to district school, I would be walking through the woods, watching the wild beasts playing in the trees and on the grass, and learning something every minute. I seen lots of funny incidents, which I will try to mention in this here book."

He was the gray haired proprietor of a country store, "the village emporium," he called it, though it was weatherboarded and whitewashed and "hiproofed." Summer sojourners said they could never find anything there that they wanted, but the proprietor's pride was that he was never quite "out" of anything. His method of keeping up his reputation in this line as discovered by an importunate sojourner was, to say the least original. It chanced that this sojourner wanted theatricals and wanted them at once. Yes, the proprietor of the "village emporium" had a pair of No. 8's; but, after rummaging among various shelves and boxes: "It's the only pair o' that size I've got, young man, and I don't like to get out o' anything that way. Couldn't ye put off the show tel next week? I'll be goin' tu town then and can lay in another pair or two." Upon being assured that delay was impossible and he could have double the price of the boots if he would only part with them, "It's a temptation," he said, shaking his bushy head, "but a man must stand by his principles, young feller, if he means to make his mark in the world." And the boots were returned to their box.

One of Senator Depew's stories is about a young man, a native of Peckskill, who just after being ordained returned thither in order that he might take charge of the morning service in the Episcopal Church. The young clergyman was exceedingly nervous and got through the service with difficulty. After the service he said to the deacons: "I was pretty nervous, yet I flatter myself that I managed to pull through without a mistake."

"Well, I'd admit that you did first rate," replied the deacon. "In fact, I'll say that the service couldn't have been better done; but," he added dryly, "this is the first time I have ever known the evening service to be given in the morning."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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Reliable men to sell for "Canada's Greatest Nurseries" largest and best assortment of stock; liberal terms to workers; pay weekly; outfit free; exclusive territory.
STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR TRANSFER SHED.
Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Transfer Shed," will be received up to and including

FRIDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904, for the construction of a Transfer Shed at Moncton, N. B.

Plans and specification may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer at Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 18th February, 1904.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR DOUBLE TRACKING.
Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Double Tracking," will be received up to and including

MONDAY, THE 14TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904, for the work in connection with Double Tracking between Bedford Bridge and Windsor Junction.

Plans and specification may be seen at the office of the Station Master at Bedford, N. S., and at the Chief Engineer's office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 17th February, 1904.

Butter Paper, printed and unprinted in one and two pound wrappers, at this office

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
The old reliable remedy for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. It works the quickest of cures annually. Cures without a Dismal, as it does not blister.



Complete Cure for Bone Spavin.
Russell, Manitoba, Jan. 20, 1903.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Gentlemen: I had to treat a young horse of mine four years ago which had a Bone Spavin and got kicked on the same leg and was very badly swollen; so bad that I had to bathe it in warm water, then applied Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had Typhoid Fever the same winter and only gave the Kendall's Spavin Cure half a chance, and it only took one and a half bottles to cure his leg with very little treatment, and it did so completely that you would never know that he had a spavin; he never has gone lame since.
Very truly yours, GEO. S. HARRIS.
Such endorsements as the above are a guarantee of merit. Price \$1.50 per bottle. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

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At most reasonable prices, what I am offering the public. Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line. A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

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Connell Street, Woodstock

THE COLD WEATHER Is Yet to Come.

If you want a new
HEATER
—OR—
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to replace the old one, call in. We have a full line of each.
Have you seen the new STEEL KOOT-ENAY RANGE with Hot Closet? Start in the new year with a good Stove; one that will be easy on the wood pile, and no more burnt bread in the swill pail.

at **SEMPLER'S CASH HARDWARE,**
East Florenceville.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY.

Tender for Straightening Main Line at Curtis Creek—6,146 feet of line; also for connection between Main Line and Hillsborough River Bridge at Charlottetown, P. E. I.,—2,323 feet of line.

Separate Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Line at Curtis Creek" or "Tender for Connection to Hillsborough River Bridge," as the case may be, will be received until

TUESDAY, 15TH MARCH, 1904, for the above works.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Resident Engineer at Charlottetown, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Government Railways.
Moncton, N. B., 17th February, 1904.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Money on good real estate mortgage security, on reasonable rates of interest, may be obtained at application to the undersigned at his office opposite the Carlisle Hotel.
LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock.

FOR SALE.

A grist mill, carpenter's work shop adjoining house, two barns, hog house and three acres of land, at Northampton, seven miles below Woodstock, on the east side of the river, situated about two rods from the highway road and about six rods from the river. Apply on premises to HUGH GIBSON, Northampton. Aug. 19-03.

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