

BIG TIME IN CHICAGO.

HOW THEY CELEBRATED THE COLUMBIAN ANNIVERSARY.

Special Illustrations Secured in Advance of the Events—The Ball and Those Who Were There—Grand View of Chauncey Depew's Great Speech.

Chicago has had a Columbian celebration this week, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and the readers of PROGRESS can get a good idea of it from the accompanying illustrations, if they have sufficiently vivid imaginations. In the case of the Columbian groups heretofore given, there has been a chance to get together a comprehensive account of what they were about, and the readers have known nearly as much about the matter as the editor himself. That has been

It is just like Chicago to do something of the kind.

See what a festive scene it is, and how they are all enjoying themselves. The charming young lady exhibiting her spine in the foreground is supposed to be the beautiful Miss Wabash listening to a discussion on the tariff and the tin-plate industry between Mr. Leafard, the popular pork pocker and Mr. Latharn, the well known lumber dealer. The former has his hand behind him as if to assure himself that his trusty shooter is in his hip pocket in case of an emergency. Miss Wabash is dressed in a Nile green silk, cut décolleté and worn on train, with black passementerie trimming and diamond ornaments. It will be observed that the artist has omitted to delineate the feet of any of the ladies. He is wise, if he wants to get out of Chicago alive.

Beyond her, in the background, is the fair debutante, Miss Snorter, showing her partner how Corbett guards with his left, while to her right a young man with his

March forward resolved to move onward to Washington Park if they perish in the attempt. What appears to be a cyclone is raging around the further side of them, while near at hand the citizens gather to see these brave men keep step to the music of the band. Two of the citizens are so enthusiastic that they are waving their hats in the air. The nearest of these appears to be picking the pocket of the aged policeman in front of him, while the more distant shouter excites our sympathy from the fact that he is perfectly bald-headed and may catch cold. There is another man, in the foreground, who looks as though he would like to wave his hat if he thought it would stand the process.

The view "At the Grand Central" gives a good idea of the hotel and its guests. The knock-kneed sport with his hands in his pockets is determined that nobody shall rob him, while the gentleman with the Loch Lomond hat whose back is to us is searching his pockets to see if he has enough to buy a drink under the Chicago

would like for the benefit of the public to tell how I was cured, but people will think that I am only anxious to get my name in the paper. You know how some people view these things."

"But we want to know all about this case. Your name has already been published, and some people are unkind enough to hint that your case is not genuine, and that no such a man as Sam Murray exists."

"Well, if they do they say what is not true," said Sam, his blue eyes kindling savagely. "I have the documents to prove everything I say. The doctors gave me up. Everybody gave me up for dead. Now, I do not look like a dead man, do I? Ask anybody in Gravenhurst or any of the trainmen on the Northern railway system if they know me, and they will all vouch for what I say."

"Well, the public would like to hear your story right from your own lips."

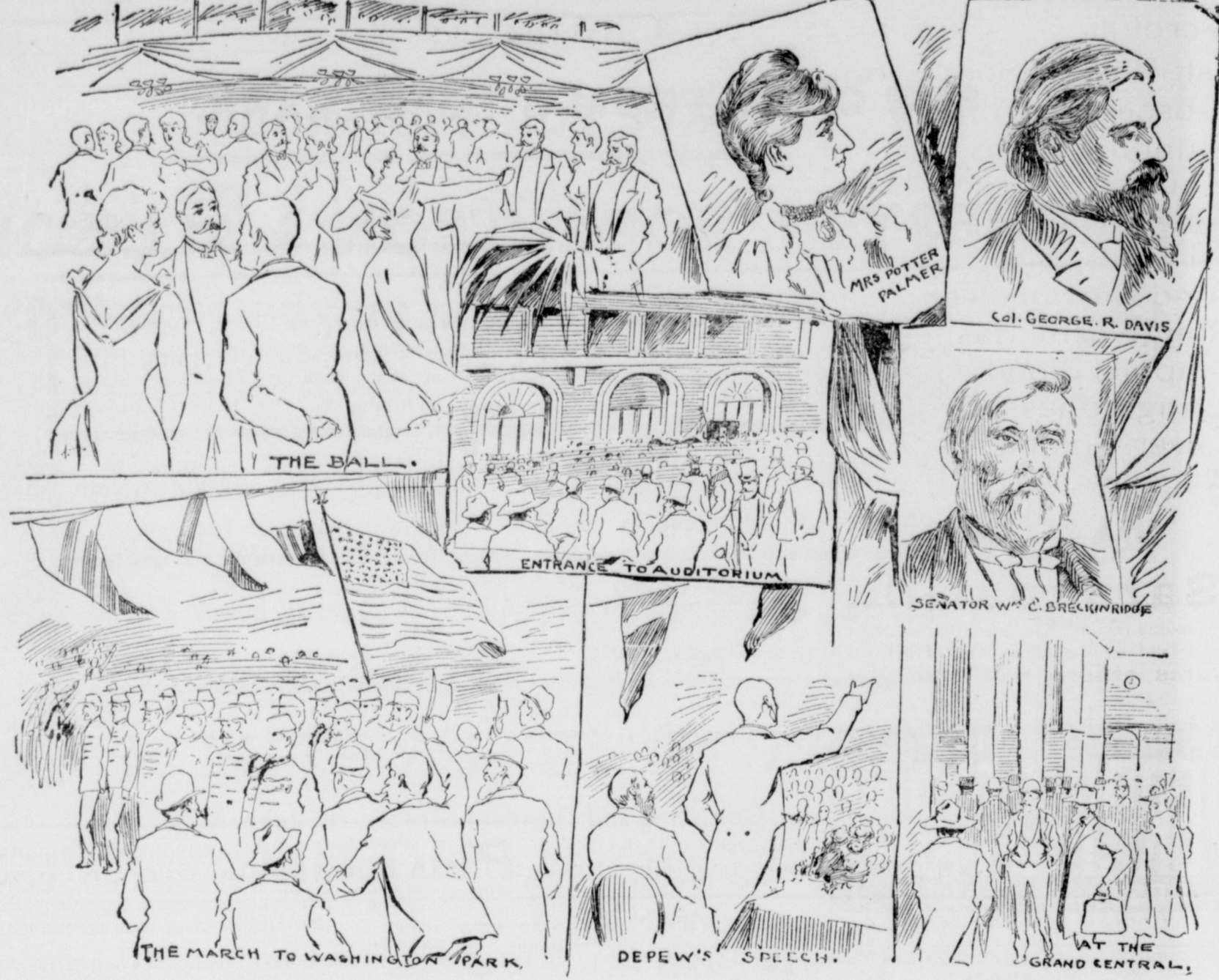
"I'll tell you then, and you can publish it if you wish. About six years ago I came to Gravenhurst. My brother and I worked in a mill for some time. Then Mr. Torrey, the local manager of the Grand Trunk, got me a job as brakeman. After working at that for some time my fingers were caught while coupling cars and I lost these fingers (holding up a hand from which three fingers were missing). This was on Sept. 17, 1890. When I got this hand crushed gangrene set in and the flesh began to mortify. I went to the Toronto General Hospital and the doctors there took me before some two hundred students and lectured to them about my hand. They used a lot of big words and told me to come back in a week or so and then the line of "demarcation" between the dead and the living flesh of my hand would be better defined. I did not go back but had the fingers taken off, but it took the hand five months to heal. Some of the poison must have got into my system, as I never felt as well after that, I felt miserable. I was braking for some time on the Meaford mail and then went on the Muskoka mixed, and later on I was changed to the train that runs between Gravenhurst and North Bay. I lost flesh, and some thought I was going into consumption. I went down from about 200 to 140 pounds. My back troubled me and I had a strange feeling about the small of the back and between my shoulder blades. I often felt a strange feeling of dizziness in my head. On the evening of June 19th last year I was walking down street with a lady after getting back from a run to North Bay. I did not feel very well that day. All of a sudden I fell as if I had been shot. I was carried into Dr. Cornell's. I had no power of my lower limbs. The doctor said that I was suffering from paralysis. He told me to take great care of myself. A few days later while rowing on the lake I took another spell. This time it was my arms that gave out. They took me ashore and I revived some. After that the spells came on with great frequency. My back was constantly bothering me, and I seemed to lose the power of my limbs. My body began to come out in sores, pimples and boils. The doctors said that my blood was diseased, and that I was as good as a dead man. For months I could not sleep on my back or sides, I had to lie on my face. My limbs were so swollen that I did not wear boots for nearly two years. I belonged to the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and to the insurance branch of the Grand Trunk railway, and received sick benefits. The Grand Trunk had a number of doctors to look into my case. I was sent to Toronto a number of times at the expense of the Grand Trunk to consult specialists. At last four doctors gave sworn certificates that I could never recover so as to work on a train again. The Grand Trunk paid me half my life insurance on account of total disability. One day a little book was thrown into my door. My wife picked it up and read it to me. The book was called "Kidney Talk," and it said that diseased kidneys were the cause of a great many diseases that were ascribed to the liver and other organs. Diseased kidneys poisoned the blood, and the blood poisons the remainder of the system. As my back had been troubling me for a long time, it struck me that my kidneys must be affected. I had tried doctors' medicines and all the patent medicines in the market, but got no relief. It dawned on me that the pain and sore feeling in my back told of diseased kidneys, also that it was the poison from the kidneys in my blood that caused the eruptions on my body and poisoning my brain and nerves gave me the fainting and paralytic spells. The book said the kidneys were the sewers that cleaned the blood of impurities thrown off from the system. I thought I would try the pills called Dodd's Kidney Pills anyway, to see if my kidneys were affected, and in this way my constitution was being undermined. We got a box of the pills from Dr. Cornell's drug store, and I had only taken a few of them when I began to feel better. When I had taken about a dozen boxes I felt as well as I ever did. People were so surprised to see me on my pins again that they would hardly believe it. The newspaper here got a hold of my story and they published it as a marvellous cure. It is. I had not taken these pills I would have been in my grave long before this. I am sure hundreds of people are dying every year of disease brought on by diseased kidneys."

"But Mr. Murray this is your story. Have you any proof beyond this? Have you these doctors' certificates?"

"Yes, at my house. You can see Mr. Torrey, the station master here. He paid my disability claim for the Grand Trunk. Come down to my place and I will show you the certificates."

Upon arriving at Murray's house he got the doctor's certificates. One is from a prominent physician who is a member of parliament. It said that Murray's blood was poisoned, and that he would never recover.

"I said that I received my total disability claim from the Grand Trunk Railway. I am also a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. The supreme authorities



Chicago's Columbian Celebration Oct. 19, 20, and 21

because the show was in New York, and the enterprising papers of that city gave the details in advance. This week it is in Chicago, and the New York papers are so busy blowing their own horns and so jealous of the city of Mess Beel and Big Feet, that they do not even say there is to be a show. They will have something about it after it happens, and when it will be too late to be of use as an advertisement; but the tenth page of PROGRESS must go to press before that time, and there is no room for the cut on any other page, unless editorials and Joys and Woos paragraphs are omitted. Under these circumstances the only thing to be done is to give the reader some pointers as to what the engravings are supposed to depict.

The first view is entitled "The Ball," and it will be recognized as such at a glance. The artist has been very fortunate in getting a picture of it in advance, and his remarkable good luck in this and the other instances can only be accounted for on the supposition that there have been rehearsals of it and other parts of the show.

hair parted in the middle is squeezing his girl's hand, and looks as though he would like to hug her if there were not so many looking. In the centre of the room, or the skating rink, or whatever it may be, the elephantine hand of a wild western dude is seen around the waist of a Chicago belle, who waltzes bewitchingly to the strains of "Ta-ra-ra Boom de Ay," by the German band in the gallery. To the extreme right are seen some gentlemen who, judging from their chin whiskers and easy-going air seem to have come from somewhere down east in the land of prohibition whiskey. One of them has his hand in his trousers pocket, possibly under the apprehension that somebody will steal his bunch of keys and corkscrew, or perhaps because he wants to conceal the fact that he couldn't find any white kids to fit him.

The three portraits in the upper right hand corner show specimens of the beauty, wealth and fashion of Chicago. Mrs. Potter Palmer was at the ball and probably danced with Senator Breckinridge and Col. Davis.

The "Entrance to the Auditorium" speaks for itself better than anybody can describe it. The same may be said of "The March to Washington Park." There is a look of stern determination on the bronzed faces of the warriors, as they

Columbian tariff at the bar. The old granger with the carpet bag will have his curiosity fully satisfied a little later. The bunco man will catch him.

The masterpiece of the set is entitled "Depew's Speech" and is a triumph of pictorial art. It is not every artist who can give a picture of a speech in advance, though it is easy enough for the newspapers to have it in type ahead of time. The rear elevation of the great Chauncey M. is impressive in itself and one can almost imagine he hears a pin drop in the profound silence of the auditors. Chauncey appears to have been torturing himself with oysters, and the shells are piled up on the table beside him. It is, of course, understood that this is a rehearsal, such as some people say our own and only Silas is accustomed to have prior to his orations. The most interested man in this instance is the gentleman sitting down, who is probably the boss of the show and is anxious to see how the orator is likely to suit. The figures in the distance may be only wooden men, or possibly reporters who have been asked to give free advance notices in return for tickets to the dinner.

The illustrations, as a whole, whole that there is nothing dusty about Chicago when it undertakes to have a show of its own.

THE MURRAY CASE.

GRAVENHURST HAS A GENUINE SENSATION.

The Strange Story of a Brakeman—Given Up for Lost—The Townspeople Excited—Interview With the Mayor.

(From Our Own Reporter.)

GRAVENHURST, Sept. 29.—The great fire that swept this town into ashes a few years ago did not create more of a sensation than the case of Sam Murray. A short sketch of the affair was given in The Mail on September 23, being copied from the local paper. The following day this letter was received at The Mail office.

DEAR SIR,—In this morning's Mail there appears a lengthy article purporting to be copied from a Gravenhurst paper, in which one Sam Murray is said to have been snatched from the jaws of death through the wonderful merits of a quack medicine called Dodd's Kidney Pills.

I have been for years a regular reader of The Mail, and often noted your announcement "If you see it in The Mail it's so." I would like to ask does Sam Murray exist in the flesh or is he a myth existing only in the fertile imagination of some patent medicine man who would not hesitate at no statement to carry out his designs of gulling the public.

In the interest of truth and science some member of your staff should personally investigate this case, and either prove it true or else stamp it as a fraud and a falsehood.

Yours, etc.,

M. D.

Such a letter could not go unchallenged, and to prove the truth of falsehood of the story as suggested a member of the Mail staff was detailed to go to Gravenhurst and find out if such a man as Sam Murray lived there and to thoroughly investigate his case.

In accordance with these instructions I arrived here this afternoon. The finger of autumn has already touched nature in this great summer resort. The trees are turning many colors and the rocks are looking bleak and uninviting. The wharves are deserted except for a stray hunter or two with guns going north to chase the unoffending partridge, for the new game law will not permit deer shooting till November. The saw mills are still running, and the dripping logs are rapidly being chewed up by the circular saw into piles of golden colored lumber. The streets of the town are rather deserted, for it is the off-season between the rush of the summer tourists and the hunters and hardy lumbermen who start north into the great pine forests in a few weeks. In order to get a clue to Sam Murray I first found the mayor of the town, Mr. J. J. McNeill. Mr. McNeill is a middle-aged man, with a brown beard and a very pleasant manner. He has an air of business about him, and combines the push and energy of the lumbermen with the savor faire of the man of the world. He has political aspirations, if what they say is true, and a few years from now may see him sitting in some of our halls of legislation.

THE MAYOR OF GRAVENHURST.

"Do you know if a man called Sam Murray lives in Gravenhurst?" he was asked.

"Yes, I guess you will find Sam Murray up there painting the Town hall. Murray is the man everybody is talking about, so I guess he's the man you want."

"Who is this Murray. Do you know anything about him?" Well, Murray has been living here six or seven years with his family. He worked in a mill for a time and then went to work on the Northern Railway. He was rather unfortunate as a brakeman, for he lost a portion of his hand. One night in summer he fell down

on the sidewalk here for dead. He revived, and the same thing happened several times. Then he was laid up and we all thought he was going to die. We expected him to die every minute. One night I remember Mr. James Anderson and I called to see now he was getting along. The doctor was in at the time, and as we stood at his bedside the doctor said that "Sam was done up," and there was not much prospect of his ever recovering, that it was only a question of a few weeks at most."

"Did the doctor say what was the matter with him?"

"He called it some strange name, and when he said Sam's prospects were so slim, we felt rather sorry for his family. The general opinion was that he could only live a short time, as his case was considered incurable."

"Do you know what cured him?"

"Some kind of pills I believe. All I know is that he is all right again, working at the town hall, painting it. You had better go and see himself. Anybody in town will tell you about his case."

SAM MURRAY'S STORY.

Sam Murray was found busy painting at the town hall. He is a young man about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, with bright blue grey eyes, brown hair, and over the middle height. He is apparently in the best of health and spirits, and does not look at all like a man who only a few short months ago was covered with sores, his limbs paralyzed, and his case given up as hopeless. He is as active and his skin and eyes as clear as those of an athlete in training. He was shown the extract from the Gravenhurst Banner published in The Mail, and was asked if he was the man referred to. He said: "Yes, I am the Sam Murray referred to, but I don't like to have my name put in the paper. I

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are now considering my case. They have sworn certificates from the doctors to say that I will never recover. I have, however, sent the following letter to the Grand Secretary of the Brotherhood at Galesburg, Ill. Here it is:

A copy of the letter was produced, and it reads as follows:

To the Grand Secretary of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Galesburg, Ill., BROTHERS,—Although my claim for total disability has been duly passed and allowed, and up to within a short time I had fully expected to have to depend entirely on it for the sustenance of my family, I am now more than pleased to inform you, that so far as bodily health is concerned, I feel that it is fully regained, and consider myself in honor bound by the ties of brotherhood to submit my case conscientiously regardless of beneficiary considerations. Up to a few days ago, although noting gradual improvement, I could not realize that any more than temporary relief was being obtained and lived in dread of a relapse to the old condition. Some time ago I was induced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I did so with visible benefit from the start and I fully believe has resulted in permanent restoration—although the doctors caution me against again taking up train work. In connection with this statement I would respectfully ask you to take into consideration the fact that for two years I have been unable to work and am at present not only without money but considerably embarrassed on account of living expenses during my sickness. Any consideration therefore that I am entitled to or benefit that you may see fit to extend at the present time will not only be thankfully received but en-

able me to accept employment by which I sustain my family and for which I am thankful to say I feel competent.

Yours, fraternally,

SAM MURRAY.

"Where did you get these pills you speak of?"

"I got them at Dr. Cornell's drug store. They are called Dodd's Kidney Pills and they are worth their weight in gold. They are made in Toronto. Let me see, I'll give you the address," pulling a little book out of his pocket. "This book is Kidney Talk. I always carry a couple of copies to give to my friends. This little book save my life and I prize it next to my Bible. Everybody should read this book. The medicine is made by Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., Toronto. You should call the pills and tell them about my case. I have recommended the pills to my friends and those who have tried them tell me they give good results. But you had better see Dr. Cornell, Mr. Torrey, and some other people in Gravenhurst. Don't take my word for it."

Time will not permit this to be done for this issue so they will be interviewed tomorrow.

Carlyle smoked often and complained much of dyspepsia. A friend once ventured to suggest that his smoking might, perhaps, injure and depress him. "Yes," Carlyle said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left of smoking and was very miserable; so I took to it again, and was very miserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be miserable than go without."—Argonaut.