

FACTS ABOUT WRITING.

NO MAN CAN SUCCEED IN WHOLLY DISGUISED HIS HAND.

The Opinion of an English Expert in regard to the Characteristics of Penmanship—Why Forgery is Found Out—Some Specimen Cases.

"It is impossible for a man to disguise his handwriting. He may, for a line or two, drop all his characteristics; but if he goes on, the favourite turns and twists will come in."

So said Mr. J. W. Ralls, of Liverpool, Eng., a well known expert in handwriting, of whose profession this proposition is necessarily the first principle.

"Many people don't believe in our art of science," Mr. Ralls continued, "in the course of a chat with a representative of Cassell's Saturday Journal, 'and in courts of justice all sorts of tricks are played on us. I know of an instance where, to deceive an expert engaged in a case, a letter very cleverly written upon old, yellow-looking paper was handed in with a number of genuine letters that had grown yellow by age."

The expert, without submitting the new document to a proper examination, pronounced it to be genuine, though it had only been written half an hour before, during the adjournment of the court. Now, I never give an opinion offhand. I must compare, noting discrepancies as well as similarities."

"You don't expect to find exactly the same characteristics? A man never signs his name twice in precisely the same way, does he?" asked our representative.

"Exactly alike? No. The most conclusive proof of a signature being a forgery is its exact similarity to one that is known to be genuine. Then you are sure it has been traced. Sometimes comparison is very difficult, since you cannot get any handwriting of the person suspected. In a case I had, a gentleman from a solicitor's office went into a beerhouse and asked the barmaid, upon whom suspicion rested, to kindly write a telegram for him, saying his hands were numb with the cold; and in this way we obtained a specimen of the ladies' writing. In another case a house was taken at a weekly rent from a landlady, for the purpose of getting the woman's signature."

"I suppose you are often consulted about anonymous letters?"

"Oh, continually: and I have found that in this connection women are infinitely worse in their language than men. The outside public can form no idea of how many anonymous letters are written. I once had one sent me by an Army gentleman from Bombay. In it a coffin was drawn, and a sergeant was suspected. The words used were all printed, which makes my work very difficult. But by an oversight—there is always some slip—the address on the envelope was written, and by that means I was able to fasten the thing on the proper person."

"I had a very remarkable case of anonymous letter writing. A young man lived with two maiden ladies. He was an excellent lodger in every respect—indeed, he acted as their banker occasionally. After living in their house for twelve months, he fell in love with a niece of ladies, to whom he became engaged. About this time he received an anonymous postcard, written in very affectionate terms, and signed 'Fanny'."

"He showed this communication to his landladies, and asked them what he should do about it. They said, 'It is a joke of one of your companions. Take no notice of it.' Anonymous letters of a disgraceful character were afterwards sent to the young man's office, to his friends and to his young lady, whose father broke off the engagement, and banished him from his house."

"Meanwhile, he had shown the letters—except such as were very offensive—to his landladies, and when the engagement was broken off they wrote to the young lady's father, saying they were sure a mistake had been made, and, in fact, giving him a certificate of character. The fathers' suspicions being aroused, he communicated with me, and I reported that I believed the anonymous letters were written by the author of the exculpatory letter. We then concocted a plot."

"In one of the rooms of the ladies' house was a writing-case. We took away a number of envelopes, and substituted for them envelopes of the same character, in which a minute mark had been made. Shortly afterwards some of the anonymous letters—which turned up at the rate of four or five a day—came in these marked envelopes. A registered letter was then sent, to get the signature of one of the ladies, who was supposed to be unable to write owing to an injury to her hand. She, however, signed the form."

"The upshot was that 'Fanny' was proved to be a myth, and it was found that the landladies wrote the scandalous letters because they did not wish to lose their lodger. Both of the women were tried and sentenced."

"I was sent for not long ago from a college where there are some five or six hundred scholars. On a yellow-glazed wall, in a certain part of the building, were written some libellous words about a master's wife. We tried to photograph the writing, but it was utterly impossible to do so, and we could not even take a tracing of it. So I sketched it as accurately as possible."

"I then had submitted to me the register of students, on examining which I was able to suggest that a particular young man was the author of the libel. He was taxed with having written on the wall, and within twenty-four hours he made an abject apology."

"In another case the guilty person was discovered largely owing to the dot over an I. A relieving officer, on getting returned to him relief tickets from a tradespeople, converted the dash in the pence space into the upward stroke of a capital S, afterwards adding IX. He necessarily had these tickets in bundles, and in making the alteration he rapidly blotted them and turned them over. But on the back of one of the forms there was a small spot, the result of missing the dot over an i on the ticket which faced it—a small thing, but quite sufficient to show that the 'six' had been added after the tickets had been received from the tradesmen."

"A policeman was suspended on suspicion of having written certain letters. I wanted a specimen of his handwriting, and I was shown his application for re-instate-

ment. I noticed that all the capital I's were dotted—a peculiarity also present in the anonymous communications. I never met this characteristic in any other instance."

"A case which shows how the most obvious precautions are overlooked by evil doers was a will forgery. On my evidence the guilty person was brought from Oregon, ten thousand miles away, and, curiously enough, just as he was on the very point of being elected a magistrate. In that case, however, the signature of the testator and those of his witnesses were all forged, one of the men actually being dead at the time he was supposed to have signed his name. The first thing that made me suspect that the will was a forgery was that the principal signature occupied much less space than the ordinary and genuine signature of the testator."

"What are the qualifications necessary for success in your business?"

"Very many. I have a strong opinion that no expert is qualified unless he is familiar with the general characteristics of the handwritings of European peoples. In several cases which I have had, a great deal has depended on this. In one instance where a man was accused, I was engaged for the defence, and without knowing anything about the circumstances, I had to give my opinion. I said that the forgery had been written by a German, or someone accustomed to write the German hand. My view was confirmed by the fact that the jury said they had been trying the wrong man, and that he who had benefited by the forgery was a German."

"What are these characteristics?"

"They could be shown, but hardly explained. Swedes and Norwegians, though they may be familiar with the English hand, cling to their own way; their writing presents a marked peculiarity. The German writing is singularly angular, and leaves its impression on the English hand."

[Cassell's Journal.]

NUMBERS AND DISTANCES.

How to Realize Them by Comparison with Familiar Objects.

It is very difficult for the mind to conceive of distances and numbers of which it has no experience, says a recent writer. The great distances of the stars seldom really get themselves grasped, because we cannot imagine numbers going much beyond millions. A million itself is a quantity that does not come under daily observation. When you are told that a million little girls holding hands would reach from Land's End to John O'Groats, and a bit over, it makes even a Sunday-school procession seem small. A million halfpennies laid edge to edge would reach across London from Hammer-smith to Woolwich.

The best way to realize great distances is to measure them by speed of light. A ray of light travels at about the rate of 185,000 miles in a second. For all earthly purposes this is practically instantaneous; but come to apply it to distances beyond our earth, and there are some remarkable results.

The 92,000,000 of miles which divide us from the sun are traversed by the sunbeams in about 8½ min. This is not very surprising. But take Sirius, or the Dog-star, as it is often called. This is the nearest of the fixed stars (distance some twenty billion miles—20 and twelve 0's after it.) and therefore the largest and brightest. Everyone has seen it in the south on winter evenings, looking as the rhyme says, "like a diamond in the sky." The light from this star takes three and a half years to reach the earth. That means that suppose, by some means, Sirius was to burst up, no one on earth would miss it for more than three years. The next time you look at Sirius you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the twinkles of light which you see were shot off three and a half years back, and if you really want to see the Sirius of any particular evening, you must look at it again in three and a half years' time.

Sound travels very much more slowly than light. A pavior with his rammer fifty yards down the street illustrates amply the fact that sound takes a decidedly appreciable time to traverse distance. The speed varies at different states of atmosphere, but with the temperature at zero it is 1,093 ft. in a second.

Now suppose when Sirius burst up, as above mentioned, there was a tremendous explosion, such as could be audible to people on earth—how long would they have to wait after the event to hear the noise? No one then alive would ever hear it, for it would be over three million years coming!

Even from the sun sound would take two years or so to travel.

Now let us take the speed at which sensation travels along the nerves of the human body. Suppose, and this may need a little imagination, that a baby was born with an arm so long that his hand was in the sun. He would not become aware of the fact that his hand was being burnt until he was fifty years old.

Instead of being in the sun his hand were in Sirius, he would be an old dotard of something over eleven million before he felt it burning.

Two More Gold Medals.

It must be gratifying to the manufacturers of "Sunlight" Soap to find their goods so splendidly appreciated in the Canadian market; and it must also be pleasing to them to receive the highest recognition at Canadian Exhibitions for the superior quality of their soap. At the recent Fall Shows held at London and Ottawa, "Sunlight" was awarded a Gold Medal, which brings their gold medal list up to 14. Added to this grand record is the important fact that "Sunlight" is used in Windsor Castle and in the Royal Laundries, and owing to the excellence of their soap, the manufacturers have been specially appointed soap makers to the Queen.

Told in Short Metre.

Reporter—I want to write a sentence to tersely express the idea, that, as a general rule, a man prefers physical to mental beauty in a woman. How shall I do it?

Editor—Just say that a well-turned ankle is better than a well-turned phrase.

For Brain and Nerve Food.

USE HOUSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. O. Worthy, Lancaster, N. H., says: "I have used it in cases requiring brain and nerve food as a result of overwork, attended with exhaustion and loss of strength, with impaired digestion, with good results."

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM NORFOLK COUNTY.

General Debility and Chronic Neuralgia Made Miss Lizzie Bentley's Life Miserable—Her Parents Feared She Was Going Into Consumption—Brought Back From the Brink of the Grave.

(From the Simcoe Reformer.)

Miss Lizzie Bentley is the daughter of Mr. Ira Bentley, of Waterford, a former well-known resident of Simcoe. It is well known that Miss Bentley was long and seriously ill, and it was recently reported that she had fully regained her health and strength. Her case has excited considerable interest in Waterford, and coming to the ears of the Reformer, we felt more than a passing interest in the matter for the reason that a period of nearly three years, there have been from time to time published in our columns, particulars of alleged cures of various serious cases of illness that have been effected through the use of a remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The scenes of these cures have been located in widely scattered portions of the country, it might almost be said of the globe, for some of these stories come from the United States and some from England, to such great distances have the proprietors extended the sphere of their usefulness.

It is of course the common idea that the age of miracles has long passed, and thousands of people who would not relish a classification among "doubting Thomases" and who are quite ready to believe any long story, so that it does not trespass upon their pre-conceived notions, and what old line physicians tell them of the limits and capabilities of the medical pharmacopoeia, as laid down by the schools, hear with a shrug of the shoulder and a smile of incredulity, of cases the evidence of which is of so certain a character that no court or jury in the land would question it. Take one of the best known and striking instances of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We refer to the case of Mr. John Marshall. Could any evidence be clearer or more convincing even to a sceptic. Mr. Marshall is a well known citizen of so large a city as Hamilton. He was paid by the Royal Templars of Temperance the sum of one thousand dollars, that being the sum paid by that institution to its members who are proven to the satisfaction of its physicians to have become permanently incurable. Every fact in connection with the case was investigated by the Hamilton papers and vouched for by them. Not satisfied to take its evidence at second-hand, the Toronto Globe sent a representative to Hamilton.

The result of these investigations was the publication by the Globe of an article in which every claim made by Mr. Marshall and the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was fully conceded, and the "Hamilton Miracle" unreservedly endorsed by the great Canadian newspaper. In a way it reminds us of the story of the great lawyer who attended a prayer meeting. His own views of religion were of the most heterodox character. He went to be amused; he came away with all his preconceived ideas changed. He said: "I heard these men whose word was as good as the Bank of England get upon their feet and tell what religion had done for them, not theoretically, it was their own personal experience of it. Were these men in a wilderness box I would not have the slightest inclination to doubt their word; as a consistent man I was unable to doubt them anywhere else. I had doubted, now I believe."

The man or woman who will give an hour's attention to the evidence that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company have to submit, must, it is able to reason at all, concede that their Pink Pills contain wonderful properties for the amelioration of human ailments. All these reflections are introductory to the case that has come under our notice. Mr. Ira Bentley is widely known in this district, where he has carried on business as a pump and windmill manufacturer for years. He formerly lived in Tilsonburg, afterwards in Simcoe and now resides in the village of Waterford. A representative of the Reformer visited Waterford not long since to interview Mr. Bentley as to his daughter's recovery. For be it understood this journal is a little prone to be carried away by the fair spoken or written words as the rest of humanity, and as we had heard that Miss Bentley's cure was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we were anxious to investigate that we might add our personal testimony, if possible, to the many who have already spoken and written on behalf of this great Canadian remedy. The result of the writer's journey to Waterford was eminently satisfactory. We failed in finding Mr. Bentley at home for he was in Caledonia that day setting up a windmill, but Mrs. and Miss Bentley who were the immediate beneficiaries of the good effects of Pink Pills proved quite able to give full particulars. Mrs. Bentley was apparently enjoying the best of health, and we were more than surprised to be told by her that it was she who first of the family had experimented with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She told us that a couple of years ago she had been grievously attacked by rheumatism, and had after solicitation by some friends sought relief in Pink Pills. The result had been eminently satisfactory as any observer could see. It was, however, to become acquainted with the case of Miss Bentley that we had gone to Waterford. In answer to our enquiries Mrs. Bentley told us that her eldest daughter, Lizzie, was nineteen years of age, that from her infancy she had been a sufferer and that her chances of growing to womanhood had never been considered good. She was early become a victim of acute neuralgia, that for weeks at a time racked her body and made life a burden. She would at times go down to the very brink of the grave; she was in appearance a mere shadow, thin, pale and weak, unable to do anything. After finding how Pink Pills had benefited her mother she too began to use them. No change from sickness to health could have been more rapid.

"You can say," Mrs. Bentley said to us, "she is a well girl, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her and we are willing to tell the whole world that such is the case." Desirous of seeing Miss Bentley herself, we next repaired to the Waterford post office, where she is employed as a telegraph operator. We had known Miss Bentley when she lived in Simcoe. We remembered her pale, delicate face as it was then. One glance at the bright young girl before us, her cheeks aglow with ruddy health,

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was sufficient. The days of miracles were not gone. The happy subject of one stood before us. Her story was a repetition of the one told us by her mother, only with an added depth of thankfulness to the means of her recovery. We came away from our interview with Miss Bentley fully satisfied that we now knew of our own knowledge of at least one marvellous cure to be credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unalloyed specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of lagrippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.



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