

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30,

MINDFUL OF THE POOR.

VALUABLE REQUESTS TO HALIFAX INSTITUTIONS.

The Money Was made in the City and Will Stay there—The St. Andrews Society is Very Wealthy—The Nova Scotia Game Laws Are Being Rigorously Enforced.

HALIFAX, Nov. 28.—This is a city of charities, some of them founded by benevolent, public-spirited, and sometimes wealthy men and women who have gone to their reward, and others growing from small beginnings prompted by kindly hearts who had not much money at their disposal, but who gave good work and much faith. These have been maintained by the regular gifts of generous hearted people, and by the occasional benefactions of a line of good men who thus left behind them monuments more enduring than marble. Almost every christian charity finds a place in Halifax, and many of our noblest buildings are devoted to the alleviation of human misery, the mitigation of the sad lot of the blind, the deaf, the aged, or the otherwise helpless.

The latest benefactor of Halifax charities is Mrs. Caroline M. Lawson, the wife of Professor George Lawson. She died six years ago, and now that her husband follows her to the land of eternal rest, it is found that she had bequeathed half of her estate to be paid on his death to five charities. These are:

The Halifax protestant orphan's home.
The Halifax protestant industrial school.
The Halifax home for the aged.

The Halifax association of improving the condition of the poor.

The foreign mission committee of the presbyterian church in Canada.

Under Mrs. Lawson's will each of these institutions have already received \$8,826.91. Rev. L. H. Jordan, of Toronto, who was his sister's sole executor, on Saturday wrote cheques paying out to each an equal share of the estate of \$4,134.65. The benevolent spirit which prompted so kind a bequest by Mrs. Lawson cannot be too warmly commended, and the institutions receiving the needed help are to be congratulated on the promptitude with which Mr. Jordan has made the payments. Some delay might have been possible, but in this case, ten days after the funeral of Professor Lawson, the charitable societies have their money.

The estate, so much of which has now gone to do so good a work, was made in the dry good business in this city by William Jordan, whose establishment was in the British Woolen hall, in the palmy days of Granville street. The residue of the estate of Mrs. Lawson was bequeathed to the unborn infant child of Rev. L. H. Jordan.

The North British society tomorrow night will celebrate the festival of St. Andrew in a real old time loyal and enthusiastic manner. This old society is one of the wealthiest in the country. Its funds long ago had swelled past the \$20,000 mark. The interest of this money, as well as the dues from members, is devoted to the alleviation of poverty among Scotsmen and their descendants. To many an individual, and to numerous families, has the quiet assistance rendered by the North British society been a God-send. There is a snap about the dinners of the North British society which is apparent to a somewhat lesser extent in the gathering of the charitable Irish society, and which is almost entirely lacking in the corresponding organization of the Englishmen. This is a characteristic which is said to hold good of the three nationalities the world over. The Scot is clannish. Scottish blood, at least, is thicker than water.

The North British has lately assumed an even more rigorous type of life than for some years past. Among the evidences of this new life are, the more largely attended meetings of the society, and the more lively gatherings held. A pipe has been specially imported from Scotland, for the exclusive use of the society at a substantial guarantee of pay for six months' at least. Pipe-Major Manson comes up to expectation in his piping and he is a champion Scottish dancer. The North British will get their money's worth out of him. They would not be good Scotsmen if they did not. They have also just imported a new silk banner. It would be quite safe to speak in the past tense, and say that St. Andrew's dinner "last night" was the best for many years, but to be very sure about it the prediction merely is made, that President A. Stephen Vice-President J. J. Stewart, and the members and guests, will make the dinner tomorrow night a memorable one in the happy recollection of all who shall be present.

We to the man who falls into the hands of the Nova Scotia game society. The "hunter" who snares moose, or otherwise breaks the game laws of this province, seems to be almost sure to pay the penalty. The uttermost farthing will be exacted from him by Stipendiary Griffin in fines, if he is caught. It is right that such should

be the case. Some time ago a man was fined \$100 for a misdemeanor of this kind, of which he was convicted, and last week four men each contributed \$50 for snaring moose, half the fine going to the funds of the game society. The men were William Webber, Alexander Webber, William Day, George Myers. The game society has the moral support of the community in its efforts to capture and punish violators of the game laws, and especially those who snare moose.

Halifax is becoming a more orderly day on Sunday than ever before. The police have not half the work on that day they had to perform some time ago. To their firmness and that of Stipendiary Fielding is due in great measure this pleasing change. The "drunks" who file into the prisoner's box Monday morning before his honor and mainly those who have been caged on Saturday night are comparatively few. It does not pay to be captured on Sunday in fact it does not pay on any day. But the Sunday drunk has to contribute just twice as much to the city exchequer as does the week-day trespasser. The tariff for the poor wretch who offends from Monday to Saturday is \$2, which if he comes in on the sacred day, the penalty is \$4. When people find out that they will have to pay for their wrong-doing it becomes like many another thing which they cannot afford—and they do without it.

HALIFAX, November 28.—Probably all hotels are more or less afflicted by the "respectable loafer." The Halifax hotel has such spacious corridors, and reading and writing rooms, that it is more of a temptation perhaps than some others. The clerks at this hotel, and the hospitable proprietors, gave one of these "tony" loafers a lesson the other day he will not soon forget. He had long been noticed to use all the facilities of the hotel with the assurance of a high-priced guest—consumed stationery and everything else he could lay his hands on. One day he capped the climax by asking one of the clerks for a half dozen blank cards. The request was refused. Then a "cheeky" complaint was made to Mr. Hesselein. That was just what the proprietor wanted, and mine host gave the respectable (and well-to-do) loafer a sizing up that he will not soon forget.

IT IS A GREAT LIGHT.

Equal in Power to Two Hundred and Fifty Millions of Candles.

In the lamp-house of the government lighthouse station at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, is housed the most wonderful light in the world. The light itself stands fifteen feet high, the face of its bulb's eye is 9 feet across and its lenses are as much as four inches thick. It is capable of flashing a ray of light equivalent to the power of 250,000,000 candles, and the distance from which it can be seen on clear nights is practically limited only by the curvature of the earth. The flash will have the intensity and blinding glare of a stroke of lightning.

That part of the light which revolves weighs fifteen tons and so exquisite is the mechanism by which it is moved that the pressure of fingers will turn it. A child could control the machinery, and the motive power which propels it is a single bit of clockwork incased in a box two feet square.

The light consists of two conclave discs about eight and one-half feet in diameter. These discs are placed about a foot apart, and in position look like tremendous double convex magnifying lenses, so large that they could not be cast in two single pieces, and had to be built up in segments, and the whole strung together on a great iron skeleton. And this, in point of fact, is precisely the case.

Back to back the lenses inclose a hollow interior, into which is thrust a powerful electric light. This light of itself is about 7,000 candle power. When its light is projected through these huge magnifying prisms, its power is intensified more than 35,000 times.

It is altogether beyond the human imagination to grasp the possible effect of 250,000,000 candles, which is the illuminating power of this new lighthouse wonder. At the present time the finest oil lamp which ingenuity has been able to devise may be seen on a clear night some thirty-five or forty miles at sea. The new light may be seen at a point 120 miles away.—Spare Moments.

KIDNEY TROUBLE.

The Bane of Millions of Lives Can be Cured.

The diseases that we so dread do not come upon us at one step. They are a matter of growth. The sad news is only too common of friends who have died of Bright's disease, diabetes and kindred complaints. It is known that in the system of thousands exist the seeds that in a short time will develop into these dread maladies. Disease of the kidneys in its mildest form never stands still. The warning is worth heeding that efforts should be promptly taken to eradicate the slightest symptoms of kidney disease, and in South American Kidney Cure is found a sure and safe remedy for every form of kidney trouble. Whether chronic, incipient or in some of the distressing phases so well known, it proves an efficient, and what is pleasing to know, a ready, and quick Cure.

WITH THE SIX HUNDRED.

THE STORY OF A SURVIVOR OF THE BALAKLAVA FIGHT.

He Was One of the Famous Light Brigade that Rode into the Valley of Death—Some of His Recollections of the Struggle in the Crimea.

Capt. Thomas Morley still lives and he lives in Washington. Who is he? A man who has dared death as few men have. He has survived war, famine, and wreck. He is a survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade, Libby prison, and the Ford's Theatre disaster.

Thomas Morley enlisted in the Seventeenth Lancers, famed in British military history as the "Death or Glory Lancers," at Dublin, Ireland, on June 30, 1849. He was born in the parish of St. Mary's, county of Nottingham, England, in 1830, and at the age of eighteen left his home to enlist in the Seventeenth Lancers, then stationed in Ireland. He continued with this famous regiment till December, 1854. These facts were taken out of his regimental account book by a reporter for the Times this morning. His name also appears on the roll of the Balaklava Commemoration Society.

Following is a copy of a letter to Capt. Morley from Lord Tredegar, who commanded the Seventeenth Lancers at the battle of Inkerman, fought between the English and Russians on November 5, 1854:

"Tredegar Park, Newport, England, April 6, 1889—Morley: I remember quite well that on the field of Inkerman you asked permission to fall out to go and try and bring in Cornet Cleveland, who had been seriously wounded a short time previously. I gave you permission, and you went, with two other men, and brought Cornet Cleveland into camp. I also know that you displayed great gallantry in the light cavalry charge of Balaklava. Yours, sincerely, Tredegar."

Morley is the wearer of the Queen's "Death or Glory" medal, inscribed: "Sebastopol, Inkerman, Balaklava, Alma." He also wears the Sultan's medal for gallant service in the Crimean war.

The Times reporter called on Capt. Morley at his home, 230 First street Southwest, this morning. He bears his age as easily as his honors and his scars. He speaks with a decided English accent. He stands 5 feet 8 inches, is deep and broad chested, erect, and wears a long white beard and moustache, while his hair is scarcely tinged with gray. He has a direct, blue-gray eye, and aquiline nose, and a firm jaw. The reporter found him a willing talker, and in fighting his battle over this is what he said of the famous charge of the Light Brigade.

"I recall the fearful charge of the Light Brigade as though it occurred but yesterday. The Light Dragoons, the Eighth Royal Irish Hussars, the Eleventh Prince Albert's Own Hussars, the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, and the Seventeenth 'Death or Glory' Lancers. In the engagement I was corporal, and later sergeant. I was at the end of the line on the right flank of the second squadron of my regiment."

"We went in with 145 men, and at roll call after the fight only forty-five answered. The strength of the brigade was 670, and of these only 195 answered 'Here!' when their names were told off. Every man had blood on him, with the exception of our commanding officer, Lord Cardigan. Though his clothes were cut and torn, yet I do not think that he received a wound, and I am quite certain that he was the only man who escaped unhurt."

"I received a slash over the head from the sword of a Russian officer, and a wound in the right hand. During the morning of the 25th of October we were stationed in the South Valley, close to the Heavy Brigade. We witnessed their engagement with the Russians, but we were not ordered to participate in it."

"The attack of the Russians on this brigade was unexpected. It came while the English soldiers were at breakfast, and while some were watering their horses, but they rallied, and after some tangled fighting, charged the enemy, who were scattered by the courage and discipline of the men and the greater weight of their horses, the Russian horses being very light. It was a thrilling engagement, but the list of fatalities was not long."

"The order came for the Light Brigade to go into the North Valley, and after some manoeuvring we entered it. It is a little valley about 500 yards wide at its narrowest and with a slight declivity toward a Russian battery which obstructed it at the lower end about one mile away. The main body of the Russian forces lay behind this. The Causeway Heights were on our right, and the Fidioukine Heights on our left. Along these elevations there were plenty of Russian batteries."

"The men of my regiment did not know of the arrival of the orders to move. None of them knew what our destinations was to be, though no one would have believed that we would have been ordered to charge



sleeves is perfect. It is also much in vogue for lining flaring capes, the fashionable sailor collar, reverses etc., and no matter how closely gowns are packed for travelling they keep their shape beautifully if lined with the light and uncrushable Sponge Crépon. White, slate and FAST black.

For Sale by all Dry Goods Dealers.

"Now, I call that a Stunning Gown."

Of course it is; all dresses interlined with the new improved stiffening.

Sponge Crépon

are remarkable for their chic. The skirts hang just right and never become limp nor sag in the seams, and the set of the



Manchester, Robertson & Allison,
St. John, N. B.

AGENTS FOR THE

Manufacturers

IN THE

Maritime Provinces.

through that valley, fringed and blocked by guns.

"The brigade struck a good trot, and Lord Cardigan headed it straight down the valley. I saw Capt. Nolan, our regimental commander who had brought the moving order from Lord Raglan to Lord Cardigan, waving his sword toward the latter and indicating that it was the batteries on the right which had been intended in the order. Capt. Winter, my troop leader, saw this, too, and understood the signal, and ordered 'Second squadron, three right,' and we obeyed."

"Just then Nolan was killed by a fragment of shell. Then Corporal Nunnerly, who is also a survivor and is still living at Ormskirk, Liverpool, shouted, 'Three left, forward!' In obedience to this order, we went to the left and headed straight down the valley, every foot of which is now such historic ground. Just as this movement was executed a shell dropped in the midst of our troop, and a dozen men went to their eternal home."

"The shock of the explosion felled my horse, but he arose without dismounting me, and onward down the valley we rode."

"We had then proceeded but a few hundred yards, but the batteries were opening on us, and the roar of guns as they belched death and destruction was deafening. Men were dropping all around by this time, and although the gaps in the ranks were promptly closed, yet there was so much noise and smoke and confusion that nobody really could tell what was going on or where we were going."

"Capt. Winter, our troop leader, fell next and close after him Capt. Webb fell, mortally wounded. This left our troop with out a commissioned officer, but we rushed on with the rest of the brigade. The guns on the heights were doing good work against us, but being at the disadvantage of having to shoot down hill, they were not nearly so effective as the batteries directly ahead, which raked us with terrific effect, for the Russians were good gunners."

"At the very instant that we came upon these guns a volley was discharged with horrible result, but in a moment more we dashed against and through the guns, driving the men before us, but receiving a good deal of light from straggling groups of gunners. In the din and confusion, while I was looking for an officer of my regiment, I came across Lieut. Jarvis of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, for the uniforms of the Thirteenth and Seventeenth were very similar—blue uniforms and white facings—and I called his attention to Lord Cardigan and his white-legged horse a little distance off, but Lieut. Jarvis, who was one of the bravest of men, said:

"'Never mind, let us take this gun.' It was the nearest to us, and the Russians were already driving off with it. Jarvis shot one of the horses and slashed away at the gunners. It was in this way that we got the gun, and this was the only gun captured in that memorable engagement."

"We did not get far away with the captured piece before the Cossacks rallied and came at us full tilt. They were armed with lances about twelve feet long. We managed to get through them, but a body of them chased me into a number of Russian cavalry, and after struggling through them I was viciously set upon by a Russian officer. My lance had been shot away, but with my sword I saved my skull. He made a drive at me which cut half way through my sword and would have cleft my skull but for the heavy dress cap which I wore. I cut him across the face."

"Then the fighting became confused and promiscuous. I could see a small body of our troops driving a brigade of Russians before them. Half a mile beyond the guns the Russian Hussars turned and made at us."

"A regiment of lancers with flags flying were coming down that valley, and I thought that they were French lancers about

enforce us, but on closer approach their long gray coats showed them to be Jopokine Lancers. They fired at us. We were then between two fires. The Hussars were coming from one direction, and the Jopokine Lancers from another."

"I rode back and rallied our troop, or what was left of it, and we cut our way through the Russian cavalry. After this we passed a body of infantry, and they fired it to us. A number of our men went down in this retreat. The guns which we had passed had in the mean time been manned, and we had to go through them a second time. This was not accomplished without a loss. After passing we struck down the valley, not following our track in coming up. Our regiment was the last to come in, and the skeletons of the regiments which had gone down the valley were on parade, and Lord Cardigan had concluded his famous speech."

"The ride up the valley occupied, I should say, about five minutes, and the time spent in fighting behind the guns amounted to about twenty. Nolan had understood the order, as was proved by Winter's command, 'three right.' It was very easy for Cardigan to lay the blame on him, knowing that he was dead."

"The battle of Inkerman followed ten days after. As Balaklava was within the Russian lines, and as the Russians fell back in the spring, I walked over the ground where the fighting of the Light Brigade had been done. The Russians had not buried our dead, but had merely thrown dirt over them, and the rains and storms of winter had washed a number of bodies out, and many of these were gathered up and sent back to England."

"The Commemoration society, of which I am a member, holds an annual banquet. At present, I think, there are about seventy survivors of the Light Brigade. There are a large number of survivors of the 10,000 general troops that were around Balaklava, but membership in the Balaklava Commemoration society is restricted to those who rode in the charge of the Light Brigade. The relics of the fight which I have, shall, at my death, be bequeathed to the National Museum."—Washington Times.

THE PAIN LEFT QUICKLY.

Rheumatism of Seven Years' Standing Cured in a Few Days.

I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to bed for months at a time, unable to turn myself. I have been treated by many physicians in this part of the country, none of whom benefited me. I had no faith in rheumatic cures advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, Owen Sound. At the time I was suffering agonizing pain, but inside of two weeks after I took the first dose the pain left me. I continued until I took three bottles, and I consider I am completely cured. (S. Reid)

J. D. McLeod, Leith P. O., Ont.

Heathen God Factory in England.

There has been discovered in Birmingham, in the very center of Christian England, a factory where idols are made for heathen nations. Many attempts to obtain admission to the factory have been made, but a strict watch is kept upon outsiders anxious to pry into the secret chambers where the heathen gods are made, and reporters especially are prevented from entering the works.

Idols of all kinds are turned out, representing the gods of all heathen nations, from Tokio to Timbuctoo. The export trade to heathen countries is a fairly large one, although more gods are sent out to foreign dealers in curios in the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus, Colombo, etc., for sale to unsuspecting travelers anxious to take home some mementos of their stay abroad.

The price of gods varies greatly. You may get a Birmingham-made one in a London curiosity shop for half a crown, or you may run up the pretty bill of \$100 for

an especially ugly one, 'stolen,' according to the dealer, "by a sailor during the Chinese war." In the Cairo bazaar, however, the price of a first-class god of this kind may run up from \$100 to anything. A traveler says that there is a little difficulty in detecting a god of native make from one of Birmingham manufacture. The first generally displays some slight irregularity of change of design, due to the native working by hand, while the Birmingham god was correct in form. The trade in idols is kept such a close secret that it is difficult to estimate the output, but there is no doubt the trade is a fairly large one, and that some enterprising Birmingham men do very well in the business.—Boston Transcript.

Catarrah and Hay Fever Relieved in Ten to Sixty Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sold by druggists.

A Famous Dog Traveler.

"Owney," the postal clerk's famous dog, who has traveled all over the United States asiled last week on a trip around the world from Tacoma. Early in July "Owney" came to Alaska. Returning, he inspected the China steamer lying at the dock, and seemed much interested in it. This led to Assistant Postmaster Stocking's making arrangements for him to go around the world. He will go to Hong Kong on the Northern Pacific steamer Victoria as the guest of Captain Panton. There Captain Panton will put him aboard a Pacific and Oriental English mail steamer bound for London, via India and Suez. "Owney" will thence be sent to New York and back to Tacoma. "Owney" is now 15 years old. He started traveling from Albany, N. Y., many years ago. A postal clerk took a fancy to him and put about his neck a tag bearing the inscription: "Be kind to 'Owney.'"

Ever since he has been traveling with the postal clerks. He is now fat, lazy, and will probably die of overfeeding, for the clerks vie with each other in taking good care of him.

About his neck and attached to a large ring which goes with him are a hundred tags bearing names of various towns he has visited. A bushel of them have been sent to Washington, the ring being unloaded every little while.—Portland Oregonian.

Running the Gauntlet.

Running the gauntlet as a military punishment was, it is said, originated by Gustavus Adolphus to punish thieves in his army. It was borrowed by the English from the Germans, who copied it from Gustavus and being employed in the British regiments in America, was readily taken up by the Indian tribes.

The Art of Dyeing

has been so thoroughly mastered at UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works that his work is always satisfactory. There are more articles to be dyed and thus renewed and ready for use again than the people have any idea of.

Are there any in your house? Think for a moment and you will find there are.

Send them to UNGAR'S. He makes the old new.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

25-34 Waterloo St.

66-70 Barrington St.

St. John, N. B.

Halifax, N. S.