

JAPS MAKE WILLS.

And then Enlist for Service in the War.

SOLDIERS GO TO THE FIGHT EXPECTING TO MEET DEATH.

Strange Tales of the Little Brown Fighting Men.

TOLD BY A RETURNED WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Vancouver World.—Mr. Gordon Smith, formerly a member of the staff of the Victoria Colonist, and of late a special war correspondent for the London Morning Post in Manchuria, was a visitor to Vancouver on Friday. Mr. Smith has been commended for the excellence of his work by the publication under whose auspices he visited the scenes of the Russo-Japanese war. He was brimful of stories of many and varied experiences which fell to his lot at Tokio, where, in company with many other correspondents, he chafed under the strict bonds imposed by the Japanese military authorities, at Port Dalny, that magic city reared so strongly and equipped so completely by the Russians, but not wrecked and devastated, in the possession of the Japanese; on the field, but thirty miles away from Port Arthur, where today one of the fiercest struggles of modern warfare is being waged for the possession of the citadel; on the bloody battlefield of Liao Yang, where for ten days the Russian and Japanese armies met in fierce and bloody conflict; or at An Shan Chan where, again, the fierce assault of contending troops was again met, repulsed and renewed. At all these places Mr. Smith was present.

One of the most interesting stories he told was in connection with the capture of Port Dalny. It seems that shortly after the battle of Nan Shan the place was occupied by a videtta or scouting party. All of these, however, retired save one who was left, for some unexplained reason, in a Russian house. Awakening and finding himself alone, he decorated the house with Japanese flags and speedily drew the attention of some Russian soldiers, who had returned to the town, and they proceeded to attack the house. The Jap was equal to the emergency. Having a number of rifles, left behind by his comrades, he fired first from one window, then from another, giving the Russians the idea that a large force occupied the house. They retired before what they considered a superior force and the lone Jap remained in possession of Port Dalny.

One of the strangest, and in its way, most picturesque battles of the entire war was the battle of Telisu. Here the opposing armies fought fiercely until the ammunition on both sides was completely exhausted. They then pressed forward until within literally a stone's throw of each other. Each army gathered the stones from the battlefield and for a time engaged in a battle royal in this novel style of warfare. In the meantime, on the open ground between the armies, a Russian and a Japanese officer, who had advanced beyond their respective commands, met and fought a fierce duel with their swords. The Jap proved victor. The Russian officers saw the Japanese reserve ammunition coming up and urged their men to charge. The regiments did not respond, and one Russian officer who had rushed forward when he saw his regiment halting, placed his sword upon the field and fell upon it, thus committing suicide.

After the battle the Japs took his body and buried it with high honors, hailing him as the "Russian Samurai." The Samurai is a Japanese term, brought down from the feudal days, and signifies a man of the warrior class, who is entitled to carry two swords, or, in a more general way, an especially brave man. The Russian did just as the old Samurai did in their day, for they would commit suicide upon committing the slightest breach of the ironclad rules by which they were governed.

Mr. Smith spoke at some length on the bravery evidenced by the Japanese soldiers. He said that their patriotism was bound with their religion, thus making a twofold force which impelled them sometimes to what seemed foolhardy action.

The national religion of Japan is Shintoism and at the head of the region stands the Emperor. It is for him, as representing the nation, and also for him as representing the

national religion, that the Japanese soldier fights.

The spirit which has so clearly been shown in the present war of the absolute disregard for life on the part of the Japanese is voiced from the very beginning of his career in the army. At the farewell banquets tendered to departing officers as they go to the field of war, the toasts are not in customary language such as "Here's to Fame," or "Here's to victory," but such as "Here's to a glorious death." Ere they enter into the strife they expect death.

This spirit is shown in a marked manner by a Japanese who, at Tokio, remarked to Mr. Smith: "I am in disgrace. My son is coming home from the war."

"Why is he coming home," queried the correspondent.

"He has been wounded and can no longer fight" was the reply.

"But that is honor, not disgrace," rejoined Mr. Smith.

"Alas, no, not in our country," said the old man; "death is the only honorable thing."

Another man named Nogi had a son in the army who was killed at the battle of Nan Shan. He had another son in the army and when he heard of the death of the one he desired that his funeral be delayed until the other one was killed also, that they might be honored together.

A soldier of the first division of Tokio, who had formerly been a policeman of the city, was summoned to take his place in the ranks. At once he ordered a plot in the graveyard, directed that a tombstone to his memory be prepared, made his will, divorced his wife. Then he went to the front having made all preparations for death.

"It is impossible for us to understand the spirit which emulates these soldiers," said Mr. Smith.

The forces which Japan can muster in the field have been at times misunderstood. They have now 350,000 men under arms, but they can, if necessity demands, have 800,000 men enrolled under their flag.

The soldiers have absolute confidence in their officers and they have reason for their confidence. In one battle in which the 34th regiment of the 6th division was engaged the regiment entered the charge with a thousand men. They emerged with only 400 men. Nearly every officer was killed. Colonel Tachibana, the commanding officer, was found dead on the field, with seven wounds on his body and his sword, still grasped in his hand, thrust through the body of a Russian.

The veneration in which the Japanese hold their officers was shown when a funeral was held in Tokio in honor of General Harise, a small fragment of whose flesh had been brought home. Enthusiasm ran wild and one Japanese remarked to Mr. Smith: "The Russians have buried his body over there (pointing). Ah, but he must feel in torment. We will bury him royally one day."

The sentiment in Northern China, Mr. Smith reports to be pro-Russian but it has a commercial spirit behind it.

The ultimate outcome of the war is never doubted by the Japanese. What will be done in case of their victory is somewhat uncertain, but in all probability the entire evacuation of Manchuria will be demanded and the policing of the Siberian railroad by an international force. For sentimental reasons the return of Saghalien to Japan will doubtless be demanded, and either Port Arthur or Port Dalny be made an open port.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD

is very common, but awfully dangerous because it causes deafness and leads to consumption. Cure is as certain to follow the use of Catarrh-zone as day is to follow night. You simply breathe the fragrant healing Catarrh-zone which spreads through the nasal passages, throat and lungs, driving out every vestige of catarrh. "I was cured of chronic catarrh of the nose and throat," writes Ernest M. Wilkinson of Lauretton, "after many years of misery by Catarrh-zone, which is a splendid remedy to free the air passages from mucus. Catarrh-zone relieved quickly and my cure has been permanent." Price \$1 for two months' treatment; trial size 25c.

Elder flower water is a pleasant lotion to apply to the skin.

Sister Ct. Cecelia is a well known and respected lady of St. Joseph Orphan Home, Ottawa, and she unhesitatingly says that "The D & L" Emulsion is a splendid medicine for thin, delicate and growing children.

Month after month a cold sticks, and seems to tear holes in your throat. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balsam? Cough and worry no longer.

Face tea made moderately strong is a good tonic for the hair.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects.

THESE DUPLICATE.

Famous Siamese Twins of Years Ago.

TWO SISTERS AS ONE SEEN IN LONDON.

A Curious Phenomenon.

London Daily Mail.—There have just arrived in London from Liege the Misses Rosa and Josefa Blazek, who are no doubt the most extraordinary examples of human abnormality in existence.

Probably no physiological curiosity of equal interest has been seen in this country since Eng and Chang, the Siamese twins, visited London in 1864 before settling down in a Southern State of America, where they married two sisters, who reared healthy, normal families.

The physical condition of the Misses Blazek differs from that of the late Siamese twins. The bodies of the latter were connected near the chest; in the case of these young women the adhesion occurs for some distance up the side, terminating slightly above the waist. Their heads are not quite on a level, Josefa being somewhat the taller of the two. Although the girls of necessity spend their lives side by side, they cannot look into each other's faces. The most that is possible is a side-long glance that Rosa is enabled to take of her sister.

Physically their actions are interdependent, but mentally the girls have a separate existence. Nor do their tastes, inclinations or temperaments coincide. Consequently they live in a state of constant compromise. The couple—if the plural be permissible—appear very happy and contented, or, as Rosa explained, "We are very much attached to each other in every respect."

FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

The sisters enjoy the usual complement of limbs. They walk with a sprightly, nimble movement, but, of course, four feet are seen in operation, and when the necessity arises for them to lift a heavy article four arms and hands are extended for the purpose.

When a representative of the Daily Mail was admitted to their rooms at the City Hotel, where they are staying, the girls were engaged in unpacking, and the spectacle afforded by four arms attached to one body lifting a heavy trunk was no only extremely quaint, but demonstrated that the sisters are happily in possession of vigorous health.

Born in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, the twins are twenty-six years of age. They speak no language save their native Czech. Mr. Franz Blazek, their father, is a successful farmer. His eldest daughter, who is quite normal, married some years ago and has now four children. Mr. Blazek has also a son, seventeen years of age.

Through Mr. B. Sherek, who acted as interpreter, the remarkable twins explained that this is their first visit to London.

"It is all very wonderful," said Rosa, as she slipped off the chair on which both sisters had seated themselves, and ran to take another view of the ceaseless stream of vehicles. Josefa, who is much the stouter of the two, betrayed by her looks a reluctance to share the restless animation of the more enthusiastic twin, but Rosa's is the dominating character, the stronger mind, and the sister had perforce, if unwilling, to participate in her actions.

NO INFLUENZA—NOR CHAM-PAGNE.

"I am always the victim," said Josefa, smiling. "Some time ago Rosa had influenza, and I, although perfectly well, had to lie in bed for a whole week. And I received none of the champagne and other luxuries that were given to Rosa. Night and day I had to lie there, expecting every moment to catch Rosa's influenza; but, like the other things, she kept it to herself."

"You have no cause to complain," rejoined Rosa, laughing heartily in turn. "We used to eat exactly the same amount of food before I had influenza. Now I eat only half the quantity, but you take your usual share and half of mine as well."

This discussion apparently reminded Josefa that she had left a box of chocolates in her music case, and the four legs began to trip along toward the receptacle, into which four hands tried playfully to delve simultaneously. Rosa, however, secured the prize and shared the dainties equally.

"We have only one taste in common," said Josefa, "and that is for sweets; in dress, for instance, we quite disagree, though, of course, we have to wear the same gown. Three days out of seven we wear my favorite dress, and on the other four days we don those which Rosa prefers. Rosa has the extra day because she is cleverer than I."

Then Rosa told a story of how on a recent visit to Paris they took only one ticket for a railway journey.

PLURAL OR SINGULAR?

"We did not know whether the officials would regard us as one passenger or two passengers. So to test the matter I took one ticket. But the company evidently decided that we were two persons, and they sued 'my better half'—as I call Josefa, because she is the bigger of the two—for her fare. And the Judge decided against her—or us, whichever you prefer."

"In this hotel, also, we rank as two persons, for the reason, I suppose, that, although we are only one body, we have two mouths."

The movements of this human freak were strange to watch. Instinctively one brain seemed to appreciate the line of thought followed by the other. There was no hesitancy in the combined action. "Occasionally," said Rosa, "when we are in doubt as to what direction we wish to take we stop and discuss the matter, thus settling it between us."

Rosa is credited with being the more intelligent half of the whole, and exhibits a remarkably fine sense of humor. She related how they attended a Paris ball dressed as an angel. "A queer angel," she added, "with two heads."

Before bidding the visitor adieu, Rosa and Josefa cleverly performed a violin duet.

MAYOR'S NARROW ESCAPES.

Encounters Life Insurance and Book Agents in One Day.

New York Times.—Mayor McClellan had just entered his private office after luncheon, when a bustling and well-groomed young man entered the door of the Mayor's suite and told Sergt. Kennel that he must have a personal interview with the Mayor at once.

"Can't you tell me the nature of your business or give me your name?" inquired the careful Kennel. "No," said the man; "told the Mayor it is the man he just left at the Hardware Club."

On the strength of this introduction, Kennel conveyed the message to the Mayor, and the visitor was admitted.

"Mr. Mayor," said the stranger, "I have the most important matter to discuss with you—I represent the Life Insurance Company, and want to show you our new policy, the best ever offered—"

"The deuce you do!" exclaimed the Mayor. "You said you had important matters that should be brought to my attention."

"Well, so I have," replied the man. "Isn't it important to you to make adequate provision for your family if anything should happen—"

Sergt. Kennel, summoned from the other room, soon ushered the visitor out. Five minutes later Kennel was confronted by an aged veteran wearing a G. A. R. badge.

"I must see the Mayor," said the new arrival. "I am a veteran, and fought under his father at Antietam and in the Peninsular campaigns. I simply must shake the hand of the son of Gen. McClellan before I die."

Touched by this appeal, Kennel returned to the Mayor's private office and told of the waiting visitor. The Mayor was still ruffled by the life insurance episode, but bade the newcomer enter. He did so with outstretched hand.

"You are the very picture of Little Mac," under whom I fought," said the visitor. "I have travelled far to see you and wish you a brilliant future."

The Mayor was framing a fitting reply when from under his coat the visitor took a book of generous proportions.

"Also," said the visitor, "I would like to have you glance through this sample of —'s works, for which I am canvassing and for which the charge per set is only \$5 down and \$2 a month until \$120 is paid—"

"What, another!" exclaimed the Mayor. Then diplomatically he steered his visitor outside the portals.

Later the Mayor carefully scrutinized the newspaper reporters when they entered, to see if any of them carried samples of lightning rods or automobile attachments as a side line.

AN ORDINARY PILL

Is liable to cause griping pains, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut never gripe or cause any pain whatsoever. The mildest and effective physioque. Sure cure for headache and biliousness. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

RESPONSIVE CHILDREN.

And the Part the Parents Have in Their Training.

"I'd like to preach a sermon on responsive children," said the man who makes chums of his dear ones. "I've always had a notion that pretty nearly all the mean streaks in a boy were caused by something his father had or had not done. If a boy grows up mean and selfish and snarly and full of kinks and trickery I want to know all about his parents before I pass judgment."

"When my boy hit the piano such a thump that he broke two hammers, do you suppose that I came home to find him hiding in the cellar, scared to death of the licking that was coming his way? Not a bit of it. He looked me in the eyes like a little man and confessed his fault and promised to try to think in future. He understood me just as I understand him, and we'll be partners as long as God lets us live."

"I went out to buy his winter outfit. His mother generally does that, and you would have thought we were going to a circus, he was so tickled to be with me. He skipped along the street and whistled and frolicked and told me what he would do when he got big and went to the store with his little boy; and I sort of swelled up as I looked at his brave young face, and hoped that peep's would know that he was my boy."

"He picked out his clothes. He knew what he wanted, and when the clerk had him toggled out in a blue coat with big buttons and stood up in front of the mirror he grinned so you could almost see that smile from the rear."

"And then there were other fixings and a pair of nobby shoes, and, while we were waiting for my charge Boy, enuzzled up to me and said, 'You're awfully good to me papa. There ain't a boy on the street fixed up for winter so good as me. Thank you for being so good.'"

"And he meant it. That came right from the man's heart in the boy's body. And I couldn't talk because I sort of choked up and thought of the many homes that might contain joy and happiness if parents only tried harder to understand their children."

"I've had some pretty good times in my life, but I never got more enjoyment for a small expenditure than on that store trip with my chum."

A SERENELY HAPPY MAN

Is Mr. Thos. McGlashan of North Pelham, who was cured of muscular rheumatism by Nerviline, the most rheumatic remedy in the world. "I suffered all manner of pain for years," he writes, "and Nerviline was the only thing that did me any good. I can heartily recommend Nerviline for all forms of rheumatism; it goes to the very core of the pain and brings lasting relief. Let every sufferer from lame back, aching joints and swelled limbs use Nerviline." It's sure to cure and costs only 25c. for a large bottle.

Grand Trunk Pacific Survey.

Ottawa, Dec. 13.—The transcontinental railway has almost completed arrangements for sending out parties for surveying that part of the railway from Abitibi to Winnipeg. An official announcement to this effect, as well as some details of the arrangements, will be issued in a few days. There will be three districts, manned by three district engineers. In this connection it may be mentioned that the commission is in touch with all the men on the survey from one end of the proposed line to the other. The district engineer reports to the chief engineer and the chief engineer sits at the table with the commission.

For internal and external applications we have found Perry Davis' Painkiller of great value and we can recommend it for colds, rheumatism or wounds and bruises.—Christian Era. Avoid substitutes.

Two Doses Daily Enough.

Hewitt—Briet used to be a big eater, but now he has only two meals a day. Jewett—You know the reason, don't you?

Hewitt—No; what is it? Jewett—The doctor gave him some medicine to take after each meal.—Brooklyn Life.

Lazy old sores, painful and disfiguring, will not linger long after treatment with Weaver's Cerate has been begun. If the cerate smart, reduce it with sweet oil or lard, and cleanse the blood with Weaver's Syrup.