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A CHAT WITH SENATOR WARK.

Ottawa Lady Writes of an Interesting Call

WHICH SHE MADE ON OUR VENERABLE FELLOW CITIZEN.

Great Admiration for the Aged Legislator.

Special correspondence to the Herald)
Ottawa, May 4.—I have discovered good and sufficient reasons—yes, two most excellent reasons for the existence of the Canadian senate.

Does this innocent statement call forth a protest from my radical readers who have long urged the abolition of this "useless parliamentary body?" Very well, I too, am a "protester," but there are times and seasons for making protest and this is neither the time nor the season. My good friends in the senate must not imagine that I could advance only two, were I stating reasons admitting of argument for the continued existence of the Upper House. For the purpose of this story my reasons are "a woman's reasons," as indeed why should they not be? Hence they admit of no argument and are unanswerable—in short they are better than logical reasons, they are individuals—a woman and a man.

The first is the wife of the speaker of the Senate, the second that truly grand old man whose worth as legislator for sixty, and as a man for one hundred years received such hearty and affectionate recognition from his colleagues in the Senate, and from the prime minister and members of the Commons regardless of party, on Thursday last.

Senator Wark of Fredericton

The impressive ceremony of presenting to this, the world's oldest legislator, an oil painting of himself and an address, has already been described in every newspaper in Canada. 'Tis of the man himself as I saw him only yesterday that I wish to write.

Not infrequently, from childhood until now have I been chided for lack of reverence. And in regard to either feeling or displaying a single reverential emotion towards rank, or birth, or wealth, or fame, or any "mere greatness of the world's bestowings," I certainly have deserved and shall continue to deserve every such rebuke. Yet I cannot remember a time when I did not reverently regard two things—old age and genius, perhaps I would rather say talent and ability. Not old age in itself, not the mere fact of having existed more than the allotted span of life. Rather has my shrine been the gentleness, the sweetness, the patience and the rare tenderness of the very old men and women I have been fortunate enough to know. Who can fail to admire the

"Beautiful quiet of old men
Who live in memories of mighty deeds
Done in the past, that every day recedes
A little farther from the young's world's ken."

So it was not because Senator Wark had celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth on the 19th of February last that I gladly accepted the cordial invitation of his devoted daughter and only child to visit her father.

"Come in the morning or in the evening," Miss Wark had said, "father will be glad to see you at any time. He doesn't go out often while the Senate is not in session, and he likes to talk with people."

It was evening when, with a friend, I called to see this unusual man the evening of whose life has had such a radiant and

Long Lingering Sunset.

As I took his cordially extended hand, seating myself close beside his chair (for his hearing is not very good) I was not

long in realizing that there was a man worth coming many miles to see. So impressed was I at once by the almost boyish modesty yet quiet dignity, by the gentleness and the strength of both the words and the manner of this man who has not only lived long but well, that I forgot the questions I had intended to ask. As we talked, there came to my mind snatches of a poem recently written by one of America's best poets to celebrate the birthday of an aged and honored friend.

"Youth may not wear the crown of perfectness,
But when our sun of life towards the west
Returns in honor of the evening hour
With glories manifest,

Yet going slowly, with deceduous power;
When we have found the guerdon of the quest
And know all we once guessed,
Then life itself binds on our whitening brows

Its royal silver crown of consummation."
Surely this is what life has done for Senator Wark! And this "royal silver crown of consummation," seemed to apply so well to the whitening brows of the man beside me in whose presence one felt a majesty of worth better than all

all kindly crowns of gold could confer. I recalled my thoughts and said something to Senator Wark about my pleasure in meeting him being just as great as tho' he wore a real crown of gold and jewels instead of the political one with which

My Imagination Had Crowned Him.

"Indeed I'm not so sure of that," said my hero with a merry twinkle in his kindly, clear eyes. "I'm thinking if I were a king perhaps you would want to kiss me before you went away." "Then to prove that I mean what I say I shall kiss you, not once but twice before I go," I replied.

Then Senator Wark spoke of the number of British monarchs in whose reign he has lived and how young King Edward seems to him. I ventured to express the hope which I very sincerely felt, that he (the Senator) would yet see several years of King Edward's reign. "No, I do not wish to live much longer. My daughter is very fond of me, so is my niece who lives with us, but I would only be a trouble if I stayed here too long—I would not wish to be a burden. Yes, my eyesight is pretty good. Are you trying to read with my spectacles? I'm afraid they're a bit too old for you." This with a boyish laugh, as I picked up the glasses lying upon the Bible at the Senator's head.

After a few minutes farther conversation I rose to go. "Good boys go to bed early, and as Sir Wilfrid says, you must have been a good little boy a hundred years ago, it is time for me to leave you. (I didn't at all want to go.) But first tell me, is it true that you have never been ill? Haven't you had toothache or some sort of a pain in a whole hundred years?"

"You can see for yourself that it's too late for me to experience toothache now for I haven't a tooth left," was the quick reply, with the same bright cheerful humor that had characterized all his conversation.

"My memory is failing too," he went on, "but I think I remember that you made a promise when you first came in. You are not going to forget it, are you?"

I had not forgotten, nor am I sorry to confess that I kept my promise,

Adding an Extra Kiss

in proof of my democracy. And so I left this grand old man, feeling that life was indeed worth while when it places, even though seldom, "its royal silvery crown" upon the aged brows to whom the gods seem almost to have given the gift of eternal youth. Now I can understand that the saying "whom the gods love die young," means that the generous, unselfish and kindly spirit is in truth young at whatever age it may wing its flight beyond earth's ken.

There is just one fact I wish to point out in reference to this man in whose company one may, in an hour, gather inspiration for all time. It is this; I am sure Senator Wark never hated his fellowmen, either as individuals or as nations. It is well to emphasize his temperate habits as an example to youth, but while these may have preserved his body, only a sunny temperament and a big heart that throbbed with kindly thoughts

for all mankind and inspired kindly deeds towards the people with whom he came in contact, could have kept his soul one hundred years young.

"Not in the burning splendor of the noon
Is the day justified;

Nor does the rosiest dawn decide
The measure of the unimagined boon
The hours may earn ere the returning tide.

Only at evening can we ever say
The day's own deeds have justified the day."

I trust that even my radical reader is satisfied that even an Upper House is not entirely useless when it keeps in active public life such men as Senator Wark.

ONLY ONE CURE FOR CATARRH

And it's neither a dopy mixture, a troublesome atomizer or an irritating snuff—it is fragrant healing Catarrh-zone which is recommended by at least twenty thousand physicians in United States and Canada. The balsamic vapor of Catarrh-zone goes at once to the source of disease kills the germs, heals sore spots; it prevents dropping in the throat, keeps the nostrils clear and cures foul breath. Cure is complete and permanent when Catarrh-zone is used. It is as certain as eternity to cure, can't fail. Every complete dollar outfit guaranteed; trial size 25c. Use only Catarrh-zone.

LINCOLN STATUE FUND GONE.

Mysterious Disappearance of \$100,000
Raised Years Ago.

Washington, May 5.—Present agitation for the erection in this city of a monument to Abraham Lincoln has called attention to the fact that nearly forty years ago a similar movement was authorized by Congress, and has caused inquiry as to what has become of the sum, estimated at \$100,000, which was raised by popular subscription but never expended to build the monument.

It was provided that unless the monument was completed in four years subscriptions should be returned.

An imposing certificate in the form of a receipt for subscriptions was engraved and printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and apparently the popular subscriptions were limited to \$1 each, as the words "one dollar" were made a part of the engraving. The receipts were signed by the treasurer of the association, Gen. F. E. Spinner, who at that time was also treasurer of the United States.

If the law was strictly complied with the full amount of \$100,000 must have been subscribed, as the records show that twelve bronze guns were issued to the association under the act approved June 25, 1868. That act provided that no metal guns should be thus appropriated until the voluntary subscriptions amounted to \$100,000.

Take care of the stomach and the health will take care of itself. If people only realized the soundness of that statement the majority might live to a good old age like Moses, "the eye undimmed, the natural force unabated." It is in the stomach that the blood is made. It is from the stomach that nourishment is dispensed to nerve and muscle. If the stomach is "weak" it can't do its whole work for each part of the body. If it is diseased the disease will taint the nourishment which is distributed, and so spread disease throughout the body. It was the realization of the importance of the stomach as the very centre of health and the common source of disease, which led Dr. Pierce to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery." Diseases which originate in the stomach must be cured through the stomach. The soundness of this theory is proved every day by cures of diseased organs, heart, liver, lungs, blood—by the use of the "Discovery" which is solely and singly a medicine for the blood and organs of digestion and nutrition. It is a temperance medicine containing no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant.

BEYOND ALL DESCRIPTION

Was the experience of Mrs. E. V. Carter of Danville, had with rheumatism which resisted everything till Nerviline was tried, and it cured. "The only relief I ever got was from rubbing on Nerviline" writes Mrs. Carter. "It penetrated to the very core of the pain and eased my suffering after a few applications. I have used many rheumatic remedies but none had the soothing, pain subduing power of Nerviline which I recommend highly." Try Nerviline yourself. Good for external use and excellent to rub on. Price 25c.

RUSSIAN MERCHANTS GLOOMY.

Business Being Ruined by War—Optimism
of Army Men Not Shared.

Moscow, May 5.—Commercial circles remain depressed in spite of the optimism of the military element and the press. The head of a commercial concern of high standing in one of the largest Russian trading centres has just given expression to what I believe is the feeling of not a few of his class in Russia. He said:

"I fail to see that this war is worth the candle to Russia. We are told that all will be over except the signing of peace at any time after September or October of this year. The manner in which the military experts propose to bring all this about is not quite clear. There is less explanation than optimistic infatuation, of the kind which prevailed among the predecessors of these experts on the opening of the Russo-Turkish war.

"Some of us are old enough to remember that campaign and what Russia gained by it.

"Vice Admiral Skrydloff, we are told, will work wonders with what remains of the brand-new fleet which cost us so

much. How he is to achieve more than Admiral Makaroff with less at his disposal, passes comprehension.

"Men like myself, whose business is either already ruined or on the road to liquidation, ask whether Manchuria is worth it all. There is not even the excuse that Manchuria is a potential South Africa."

The gentleman in question has been for over thirty years the director of one of the largest Russian import and export houses trading with Eastern Asia. He is now winding up his affairs, and his retirement from the field of Russian commerce means increased difficulty to at least a dozen minor trading houses and loss of employment to scores of officials and men, many of whom have served him and his predecessors thirty and even forty years.

WHEN THE LIVER GETS TORPID.

You want a mild stimulant like Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Bitternut which cure inactive liver, relieve constipation and sick headache at once. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

'Tis better to have loved and known
than never to have known at all.



Miss M. Cartledge gives some helpful advice to young girls. Her letter is but one of thousands which prove that nothing is so helpful to young girls who are just arriving at the period of womanhood as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly, for it is the only medicine I ever tried which cured me. I suffered much from my first menstrual period. I felt so weak and dizzy at times I could not pursue my studies with the usual interest. My thoughts became sluggish, I had headaches, backaches and sinking spells, also pains in the back and lower limbs. In fact, I was sick all over.

"Finally, after many other remedies had been tried, we were advised to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am pleased to say that after taking it only two weeks, a wonderful change for the better took place, and in a short time I was in perfect health. I felt buoyant, full of life, and found all work a pastime. I am indeed glad to tell my experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it made a different girl of me. Yours very truly, Miss M. CARTLEDGE, 533 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga."

At such a time, the grandest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the necessary changes, and is the surest and most reliable cure for woman's ills of every nature. Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write her for free advice. Address, Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Estes, of New York City, says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to you because I believe all young girls ought to know how much good your medicine will do them. I did dress-making for years before I was married, and if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I do not believe I could have stood the strain. There is no other work that is such a strain on the system. Oh, how my back used to ache from the bending over! I would feel as though I would have to scream out from the pain, and the sitting still made me so terribly tired and weak, and my head throbbed like an engine. I never could eat after work, I was so worn out. Then I was irregular, and had such frightful cramps every month they would simply double me up with pain, and I would have to give up working and lie down. But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound changed me into a strong, well woman. Yours very truly, Mrs. MARTHA ESTES, 513 West 125th St., N. Y. City."

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of female troubles cured. Sold by druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutions. Remember every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.