

THE MYSTERY OF JIU-JITSU.

Man Who Taught Togo's Sailors is in Toronto.

He Explains to a Reporter of The News the Wonders of the Art of Subduing Recalcitrant Human Beings—Only Weighs 145 Pounds but Can Tackle an Enemy of 200.

Professor Yamagata, who once taught the mysterious and gentle jiu-jitsu to the sailors of Admiral Togo, is in Toronto. He only weighs 145 pounds, but can handle with ease an opponent whose fighting weight is 200. He is now professor of the wonderful Japanese science at Harvard University. That the aforesaid jiu-jitsu is perhaps the most convincing argument in use at the present day was amply demonstrated to a News reporter by Yamagata in his room at the Grand Union.

LOOKED HARMLESS, BUT—

The Harvard specialist is a tiny little man; looked peaceful and harmless as the reporter accosted him on his hobby. With much fragmentary English he declared that he did not well understand our language; that his interpreter, Captain De Malchin, was not in at present. Captain De Malchin is a Russian. So far as is known these two easterners have not come to blows during their travels; neither have they quarrelled over the war—ever since the big naval duel in Korean Straits.

Would the reporter go upstairs? Innocently, not knowing what the little Jap's dark intentions might be, the writer followed him up.

JIU-JITSU VERY OLD.

At first there were a few harmless questions answered under great difficulty by the Professor, who, in spite of his natty American clothes, wore a look of mystification in his slanting little deep-brown eyes.

He informed the visitor very politely that he had been born in some place far out of Tokyo, that he had learned the jiu-jitsu in the Tokio gymnasiums; that on one of Admiral Togo's ships—name unrecalled—he had instructed officers in the sacred science of breaking bones, etc., afterwards he had given Tokio policemen lessons in how to arrest men, with the least possible resistance; had emigrated to America some six years ago, where he had first established a "gym" in New York, was now instructor in Harvard, teaching the foot-ball and rowing fends how to break arms and other things.

But all this while the Professor was obviously uneasy. He was yearning to make himself understood. Yes jiu-jitsu had been practised in Japan perhaps 2,000 years ago; it was now universal in both army and navy; in fact, the science of warfare depended on a wholesale practice of jiu-jitsu.

HOW JIU-JITSU WORKS.

Then the Professor undertook to show the reporter precisely what jiu-jitsu is.

"Will you please stand up?" he said.

"Try to hit me."

Before the Jap's nose was reached he had the reporter's right arm tied in a knot. After this gentle preliminary he put the visitor through the numerous intricacies of this gentle art.

"Dis way de police arrest a man," he said, giving the reporter a swift hoist in his back.

"Dis way—" something else, a way to choke a man off by a little thumb pressure on a jugular, after which there was a coughing match.

"Dis way—" again he showed the vulnerable spots in the arm; how to break an arm; how to trip an opponent and land him as helpless as a bag of sand on his back.

"Dis way—" positively there was no end to the ways in which this uncomfortable little Jap could truss and tangle a man, throw him overboard, carry him away—all as quick as the proverbial greased lightning.

"And suppose a man is chawing your ear," he said, gently—at which he explored with his thumb the tender spot between the ear which with a little pressure makes a man's mouth fly open in spasmodic lock-jaw.

"How much do you weigh, Professor?" gasped the reporter, after the exhibition was over.

He answered gently 145 lbs., that he was about a middle-sized Jap, and that he could handle with great ease a man weighing 200 lbs. All of which was most respectfully believed.

After this the Professor exhibited his "kimono," the hard-woven, loose-ties as thick as horse blankets, which are an essential part of a jiu-jitsuist's programme when he wants to get a collar-and-elbow hold on his antagonist.

THE BAND OF RONINS.

A Gory Story to Prove the Loyalty of Japanese Servants.

The other day I found amid a great wealth of old theological material, now dead, a curious little book printed in Tokyo in 1892 called "The Story of the Forty-seven Ronins" and purchased it at once for the love of the covers. The Ronins seemed to have been the servants of some noble of Japan who had been killed at the hands of another Japanese lord, and it had become their duty as faithful servants to kill their master's enemy. The way they went about it was the story.

Of course the party of the second part was not anxious to be killed and took every precaution. The forty-seven, knowing what he would do, took to drink and dissipation. They apparently gave up all purpose of revenge. They were often seen drunk on the streets of Tokyo or playing at blindman's buff with geisha girls. Some of them even quarrelled with their wives and divorced them. The noble lord, hearing through his spies what the Ronins were doing, settled down into fancied security and heaved a sigh of relief. This was what the Ronins wanted. When a spy reported to them this state of affairs, they immediately prepared for action. One night they broke into the noble lord's palace, killed his guards and servants and appeared before him in his own apartments. Prostrating themselves, they said:

"We would beg your honorable lordship to commit harakiri."

When the honorable one could not see his way clear to this course, they killed him, took his head to their former master's tomb and offered it to him, with their regards.

But the shogun's officers of the law, hearing what had been done, now appeared on the scene and informed the forty-seven Ronins that, the law having been violated by the tumult, they were requested to commit harakiri. The forty-seven, seeing the justice of the request, immediately disemboweled themselves and so honorably died. The tombs of these noble and faithful men at once became renowned and were visited by many pilgrims. One man who had insulted some of the Ronins while they were drunk and dissolute, seeing now the true state of the case, appeared at the tomb and disemboweled himself as a mark of his sorrow at his mistake and of his respect for their memories.

The writer of the story tells of a visit to the graves of the Ronins. Incidentally he mentions that just before his arrival there another Japanese, as a testimony to the faithfulness of these disinterested and noble servants, had been disemboweling himself at the graves, and the scene of his death struggles and the blood on the soil were pointed out by admiring natives.

This story shows something of the character of the loyal Japanese. Will they die for their country and die for their emperor?

With pleasure.—Minneapolis Tribune.

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Rules to Follow in Conversation.

Railery is the finest part of conversation, but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart, just as when an expensive fashion cometh up those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for railery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding, on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art angling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side and then carrying all before him. The French, from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Railery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid, nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.—Dean Swift.

Contrasted With Men.

One advantage about a pet dog is that he never smiles sardonically when a girl hits her thumb instead of the tack when she's hanging a picture.—Baltimore American.

A DREADFUL PEST.

The Cape Sable Horsety of the Lower Florida Swamps.

A dreadful pest of the lower Florida swamps is the Cape Sable horsety. Specimens measure an inch and a quarter in length. Their bite draws blood like the thrust of a knife. Imagine a swarm of them darting around one like so many humming birds! Fortunately they are not, at least early in the season, particularly inclined to attack man. The only domestic animal that can live in this country is the mule, and even his tough hide requires a flyproof stable for his protection and a suit of armor when outdoors. One day I engaged a mule and tipcart to save several miles of weary lugging along the strip of prairie before we struck off into the interior to visit a great rookery. When the guide brought the animal, it presented a truly remarkable appearance, clad in a suit of burlap that would have afforded complete protection, save that the legs of the "trousers" had been slit down, as the animal could hardly have been induced to put them on. So the flaps hung dangling about the legs, the ears projected above, and the calm eyes gazed out through the loopholes, surveying the swarm of flies and the stranger. We left him tied to a palm tree for the day. At dusk when we returned the legs of the poor beast were dripping with blood, and he was fairly frantic with pain. We had a stormy experience in harnessing him, having to be very spry to avoid being killed by the flying hoofs.

Men have been known to lose by perspiration 5,000 grains an hour.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

SOLDIERS TO LEAVE.

R. C. R. Men Will Depart from Toronto About July 1st.

Must Leave Wives and Families Behind for the Present.

Toronto News.—The non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry stationed at Stanley Barracks, yesterday received orders from Ottawa to proceed to Halifax, where they will form part of the force being organized to take over the defences from the Imperial troops there. It is expected that the company will leave Toronto about July 1st.

While the order was not unexpected it has caused considerable dissatisfaction among the regular infantrymen at the barracks. A large percentage of them are married, and the instructions are that their wives and children are to be left in Toronto for the present, as there is no accommodation for them at Halifax. Some of the men assert that they were enlisted as recruits for the school, and they had a right to expect to be stationed here permanently except, of course, in time of war.

Another drawback connected with the removal of the company from Toronto is that the opportunities afforded at Stanley Barracks for the training of militia infantry officers will be greatly lessened. The depot was originally established for militia officers.

It is understood that the sergeant instructors and the regular infantry officers will remain in Toronto. It is also the intention of the government to try to recruit another company for the barracks, but it was with great difficulty that sufficient recruits were secured to bring the present company to a strength of 100 men.

ELEPHANT PUT TO DEATH.

Beast Had Gone Mad And So Was Condemned.

Buffalo, May 31.—Prince, a gigantic trick elephant, was put to death today in the Yammerhawl quarry. The beast had shown signs of madness, and his owners decided to kill him. It took one hundred men, with block and tackle, ninety minutes to put the pachyderm out of existence. Stakes were driven into the ground on both sides of the elephant. Hawsers one and a quarter inches thick were fixed to the stakes with block and tackle. The ropes ended in slip nooses, which were placed around the elephant's neck. A gang of 100 men then began to pull on the ropes. Twice the hawsers broke, and the dangerous operation of replacing them had to be undertaken by the trainer. Prince offered no resistance, submitting quietly to the commands of his trainer. The hide was removed, and the carcass given to the Buffalo Historical Society.

LA GRIPPE COMING AGAIN.

The doctors believe another epidemic of Grippe is here, and already many are suffering. The medical men are not afraid of Grippe since Catarrhozone was introduced, and claim that no one will catch this disease who inhales the fragrant healing vapor of Catarrhozone a few times daily. Catarrhozone kills the Grippe germ and prevents it spreading through the system. "Last winter I had an attack of Grippe" writes C. P. Mackinnon of St. John's. "I caught Catarrhozone and got relief in short time. I found Catarrhozone better than anything else and was cured by using it." Catarrhozone prevents colds, Grippe, colds and catarrh. Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

The Widow's Cap.

A very ancient origin, dating back to the time of the old Egyptians, has the widow's cap. The Greeks borrowed from the latter the custom of shaving the head and beard in time of mourning. The Romans copied, but, being a smooth shaven people, had only the head upon which to operate. This, when shaved, they covered with a wig. The women did not necessarily shave their heads, but they were careful to hide their hair beneath a cap. The use of crape upon the arm is a naval and military emblem of bereavement, come down to us from days of chivalry, when ladies fair bound scarfs upon the arms of their champions as they went to test their skill and courage in the tournament.

Right Doing.

One's rightful work is often walled by fear of what others will say about it. This may be even more a barrier to the work than the fear of not doing the work at all. It takes courage to do what we believe we ought to do when we think we shall be criticised or misunderstood or scorned. But the real calamity lies in not doing what we ought. Of this it is well to have so strong a fear that we shall have courage to face whatever others may say of our right doing.

Easy Language to Learn.

Mr. George Wyndham, M. P., in his Glasgow address as rector of the university alluded to the story that the Scots who founded the kingdom of Dalriada killed all the men and women who were Picts and spoke their non-Aryan language. "I know that only five words of the Pictish tongue remain," he said. "In an examination which allowed to candidates a free choice from all languages I should select the Pictish language. It can be mastered in one minute."

time will find that this can only be done safely through the whips and not at all unless some really good reason can be given for absence.—London Times.

BARGAINS For First 3 Days in June

We want to turn the month of June into the biggest month business of the season. Three times a week during June will offer special lines of seasonable goods at reduced prices. If you want to save money keep posted of what we will advertise.

End of this Week's Bargains.

In going over our Hat stock we find several dozen Men's Hats that are odd sizes, one to 3 of a style, shape and color, Hats that generally sell \$1.25 to \$2. the whole lot of these "lonelies" are on sale at 59c, until Saturday, June 3. See them in our window.

Men's Colored Dress Shirts 39c.

Another lot of 75c. to \$1 Colored Shirts will be on sale at 39c for the 3 days. Get your supply now.

Big Sale of Boys' Suits.

We have about 75 Little Boys' Suits, to fit "tots" from 1½ to 5 years old. in a good variety of styles, one to 4 of a kind, we offer the lot at your choice for \$1.45 per suit, regular values \$2 to \$2.95. Bring the boys with you, as we can't exchange at this low price.

Men's Linen Collars 4 for 25c. Until Saturday, June 3, 10 p. m., we will sell 4 good Linen Collars, any shape or size for 25c.

Big Values in Footwear.

Our shoe Manager has gone over his department and has found several lines of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots and Oxfords that are "lonelies," one to 3 pairs of a line, others are odd sizes. The bulk is on sale Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. Come in and look over our Shoe values.

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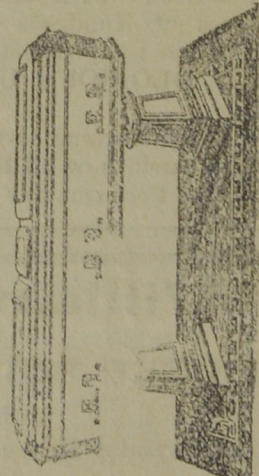
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