

WANT IN ENGLAND.

Terrible Condition of Destitution in a London Suburb.

A POPULOUS TOWN WITH SCORES OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE STARVING.

How Christmas was Spent at the Centre of British Power and Civilization.

Great Britain is passing through an industrial crisis, and inevitably the workers in the congested cities, who in the best of times have nothing to spare, are now grimly starving. The Christmas season naturally called more particular attention to the wretched condition of parts of the industrial population. The papers that have come under our observation chiefly concern themselves with the distress in West Ham. A few extracts from London journals will give an idea of the conditions that exist there. The London Mail Reporter, who investigated conditions there, among other things said:

"Through the blinding fog that reigned on the riverside and in the miserable streets, hundreds of woe-begone men, chilly in their scanty clothing, walked dully to find warmth. To them Councillor John Jones spoke.

"We are men," he said. "We must enforce our rights—the rights to work and to live right. That is refused us. They preach patience to people with empty stomachs."

"Then spoke Councillor Hayday: 'At Tottenham,' he said, 'starving men rifled a baker's barrow the other day. I don't want you to riot and I don't want you to do the same.

"Why are the police in force after our meetings? And why are all eyes turned on West Ham during a dense fog? Comrades, it would only take a little to turn the scale.

"The men listened quietly and listlessly, but it is never quite possible to know when poverty becomes unmanageable. A gentleman wrote from Brighton offering two berths for two young men at 7s. a week and their food and lodging. In less than an hour there were seventy applicants.

"Some very sad stories are told of the distress. Rents run to about 6s a week for three rooms, and two or three families, for the sake of cheapness, occupy one house—dockers, their wives and children. For a week they have lived on the bread, sugar, tea and rice served out by the relieving officer. They have very little clothing and no fires.

THOUSANDS ARE IDLE.

"There are in the borough 7,000 general laborers, 6,000 dock and wharf laborers, 1,200 coal heavers and porters, 2,000 messengers, 4,000 factory hands, 3,000 unskilled laborers connected with the constructional trades. These supply the bulk of the unemployed. Labor-saving machinery is making the need for dockers less every year. Coal porters can earn good wages sometimes. In the days work they would earn 35 cents at a stretch, and then leave off work for two or three days. Most of the money went in drink."

The last remark indicates that the reporter is thoroughly candid in what he says. There can be no doubt that poverty is perhaps as much the inciter of drunkenness as is produced by it.

A PITIFUL TALE.

The London Express reporter has a similar story:

"Step into Martindale street, a dim, double terrace of two-story maisonettes—three rooms to one family. You see that the blind of a front window is down. That is because curtains have been sold.

"In one of the rooms—a tiny kitchen—the children and their mother sit close to the scanty fire—seven children, the oldest eleven, the youngest eighteen months. For the fire the mother's only boots went to pawn earlier in the day.

"A small piece of bread on the shelf is all that remains. The last food the family had was dry bread and a pot of weak tea at midday. Breakfast was the same. There was nothing for tea. The bit of bread is for breakfast—on Christmas Eve.

"The husband, a decent dock laborer, has earned 7s. in one month. For one month the family has lived on bread and tea, with one small tin of milk for seven children for seven days. Most of the furniture has gone and the beds have no blankets, and no sheets—only a thin coverlet each.

"Do they get jam?" you ask, looking at the children. "Sometimes they get a bit of margarine," says the mother, "it's seldom they see a sight of jam."

"One Sunday they had nothing. Often the children have had no breakfast. Only three times in all those weeks have they had meat, and over three months' rent is due.

BREAD AND MARGARINE.

"In Mary street a woman is trying to hush her baby to sleep and earn sevenpence by sewing two little frocks for a friend. Four other children play round her in the little kitchen. It is the same story of bread and tea, and a tin of milk. The husband is a ship's painter, but trade has been going from bad to worse for three years, and everything is pawned. Only a scrap of bread and a little margarine are left. On the beds there are no blankets and no sheets. Last week the family lived on one-half crown.

"In Cleaver street the baby is five months' old, and there are five other little ones. The mother is washing the only bed-tick, and the flock lies on the bedroom floor, where Tommy shovels it for fun, by way of having a merry Christmas.

"The eldest girl is eleven, and a week or two ago she kept house while mother walked a couple of miles to earn a shilling a day. Result: School Board fine of 5s to pay.

"Not a scrap of food is in the house, as you find, and the father has been six weeks out of work. Since Tuesday morning they have lived on 5s parish relief. All extra clothes pawned, with blankets and sheets and furniture. Children stay in bed while clothes are washed.

"In Devonshire road is the tragedy of an engineer who last worked in September. There are five children, the eldest a girl of nineteen, who went to London every day canvassing for 3s 9d or 4s a week, until a week ago, when the job ceased. The other children are years younger, for three others died of diphtheria. He has walked to Weymouth and back to try for work. He walked to Newark, and got work there until hands were "turned off." He left home many a time at midnight, and walked miles across London to be there before 6 a. m.; but it was all no use. There are five children and nothing to eat."

**GET UP TIRED
WEARY ALL DAY
Never Feel Refreshed—Always
Played Out, Weak, Languid,
Discontented.**

FERROZONE

Will Infuse the Vim and Fire of Youth Into Your Veins.

Quick permanent cure follows Ferrozone. It braces at once, makes you feel like new. You rejoice in new found strength, in vital energy, in power to act, to think, to do. No other medicine on earth so beneficial to the weak, the run-down and nervous.

Mr. George E. Sainsburg, of 179 Queen street, Toronto, was completely rebuilt by Ferrozone, and writes:

"I was subject to spells of dizziness and light feeling in the head. I broke out in cold sweats. My appetite was poor, and I lived in perfect dread of a collapse.

"I improved at once by using Ferrozone.

"It braced up my nerves, gave me a good appetite, strengthened my blood, and made me feel young again. I am now in the best of health, just because I used Ferrozone."

It's a shame to live in a half-dead condition. Ferrozone will vitalize you. It will give you reserve strength, self-control, surplus vigor. It's the most strengthening medicine made; 50c. per box, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers in medicine, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

Males' brains are frequently substituted for calves' brains in Paris restaurants, and are said to make very good eating.

DANGER OF LIVING WITH CONSUMPTIVES.

Is teal danger because of the spurt of affected persons diffuses itself through the air and finds lodgment in the systems of others. If exposed to consumption use fragrant healing Catarrhzone, the most efficient germicide known. No case of catarrh can withstand Catarrhzone, which cures this loathsome disease thoroughly. Cold in the head is cured in a few minutes, and bronchitis, asthma and lung trouble are cured to stay cured if Catarrhzone is employed.

"I don't know any remedy so good for catarrh and bronchitis as Catarrhzone," writes N. T. Eaton, of Knowlton. "It cured me after years of suffering and saved me from consumption." Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

DECIDED BY POKER.

Kansas Legislative Committee Got Into a Snarl Over Apportionment.

AND SETTLED THE DIFFICULTY BY PLAYING FREEZE OUT.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 14.—The Congressional Apportionment act adopted by the Legislature of 1883, which now is in the statute book, was won in a poker game. The word "won" is used advisedly, for it is literally true that a deadlock in the Senate committee of Congressional Reapportionment was broken by a freeze out game of draw poker. There were two bills, and one was put up against the other on the issue of the game. The bill which now is the law won and was made the majority report of the committee. This gave it the advantage and it was adopted by the Senate.

The committee consisted of thirteen members, but for some reason, one did not participate in the deliberations, and so it came that day after day, and week after week the vote between the two bills was a tie. There were seven Senators who were candidates for Congress, and they lived in what afterward became the Second, Third and Fourth Congressional districts. They were W. J. Buchan, of Wyandotte County; E. F. Ware, of Bourbon; E. H. Funston, of Allen; R. W. Blue, of Linn; W. P. Hackney, of Cowley; Harrison Kelley, of Coffey; and Perry Hutchinson, of Marshall. A. P. Riddle, who was Lieut.-Governor, made them all members of the Apportionment Committee, which gave no candidate the advantage, and the other members of the committee stood aside and watched the contest.

The committee met in a room of the Coveland Hotel every afternoon and night. Many bills were brought in, but finally all were rejected except two, and the advocates of each stubbornly fought for the majority report. The thirteenth member might have settled the issue with the stroke of a pen, but he refused to go into the contest and so the deadlock lasted until late in February, when one night Mr. Buchanan proposed that the seven candidates take out an equal number of matches apiece and play poker until one man had frozen out all the others, which would give him the right to select the bill that should be the majority report of the committee.

It has been published that the poker game settled the contention, but that is not exactly true. The game only won for the successful bill the right of way on the Senate calendar. Both were reported and the issue was fought out on the floor of the Senate.

The proposal to submit the question to a game of poker was made by Mr. Buchanan. All were willing except Mr. Funston and Mr. Kelley, who demurred, saying they knew nothing of the game. When they finally consented, and began business, the work of the Heathen Chinese was not a marker to their skill.

"It was a hard game," Mr. Buchanan said. "We soon froze out Blue and Hackney. Hutchinson dropped out by eleven o'clock. This left only four in the game, and it happened that each bill had two champions. Ware and I were for one bill and Kelley and Funston for the other."

This made a "nice little game," and while the four played, Hackney, Blue and Hutchinson looked on. The story of the game soon reached the hotel lobby, and politicians who lived in the house, crowded the room and gazed at the players. At twelve o'clock Funston lost his match and dropped out.

"It is nonsense," he said. "Think of settling the question by cards!"

Saying this he stretched himself on the bed and looked at the ceiling. He continued to grumble until Kelley began to pick up, which encouraged him, and he left the bed to watch the game. The contest ran along. Ware changed his seat and then he and Buchanan began to cross-left Kelley.

"The milking process has set in," observed a by-stander.

Whenever either conspirator would get a good "hand" and catch Kelley "in" the other would raise, and so by repeated raises Kelley was muddled of his matches. Finally at two o'clock Kelley lost his last match, and in a few minutes Ware let Buchanan freeze him out and their bill won.

Mr. Buchanan was late arriving in the Senate Chamber next morning, and Mr. Funston sought to take a short turn on him by offering the other bill as the majority report. But "Bill" Hackney protested, saying that the other bill had fairly won in the poker game and should be

given the right of way. This set the Senators to laughing, and amid much merriment, but after a sharp debate, the Buchanan bill was passed and sent to the House, where it was adopted without change.

While they lost in the poker game Mr. Funston and Mr. Kelley won in their respective Congressional conventions and served in Congress until the populist tidal wave, Mr. Kelley going down in 1890 and Mr. Funston in 1892.

PUNISHED FOR FLIRTING.

Grizzly, Whispering to Female in Next Cage, is Hurlled Into Water Tank.

"Wou! Wo-o-ou!"

Mrs. Pike's Peak Rocky Grizzly opened her eyes warily and looked at her mate, Mrs. P. P. R. Grizzly, the champion beau of the bear dens at the New York Zoological park. The ribald old sinner was standing up against the iron fence rubbing noses with Mrs. Northwest Territory Grizzly, who, with her unhandsome mate, occupies the next den to the north.

There has been a scandal brewing at the park for several weeks, and it has delighted everyone, from the elephant to the crocodiles. No one of the visitors have noticed it, but the keepers have smiled ominously when they have noticed the gay old Mr. Pike's Peak Grizzly making eyes at the mate of his neighbor. The keepers know what happens when such things are done. They know the terrible jealousy of a female bear, and they have been looking for an outbreak for some time.

Mrs. Pike's Peak is more lovely than Mrs. Northwest Territory, but every man knows that because his wife is attractive, that does not blind him to the beauty of other females.

Mrs. Pike's Peak has been sulking for weeks. She has eaten very little, and has lain in a corner of the yard watching her better half's love-making through the iron bars.

While her mate rubbed noses through the fence yesterday afternoon Mrs. Pike's Peak crept toward him. The keepers held their breath, because they knew the psychological moment had arrived. The fascinating Mr. Pike's Peak continued to whisper through the fence. Mrs. Pike's Peak stood up behind him. Mrs. Northwestern Territory edged away blinking. She could see the terrible fire in the eyes of the indignant she-bear.

Quickly, and with the force of a battering-ram, the great arm of Mrs. Pike's Peak landed on the ear of her unsuspecting mate. His great bulk toppled over, rolling like a meal sack on the ground. Then he jumped up, whistling:

"Wou! Wo-o-ou!"

His mate was close at his heels, however, and reined blow upon blow on his offending head, and finally tipped him over bodily into the tank of ice-water. There he stuck his nose out of the water and took in the situation. The female bear stood by ready to biff him another one the minute he came out. There was a long and angry dispute in bear language, from the whines and grunts of which the keepers guessed that the male was supplicating and the female denouncing. Finally Mrs. Pike Peak wheeled around and went to her own corner. Mr. Pike's Peak scrambled out of the water and hustled into the stone cave. He did not come out again all day.

"I guess there won't be any more flirting," said a keeper.

THE SMALL-POX QUESTION

Any intelligent physician will admit that you don't catch smallpox because someone else has it, but because your condition favors it. Low vitality always encourages sickness and at this season especially, everyone should take Ferrozone, which destroys disease germs and makes the system so strong and healthy that sickness can't exist. Ferrozone is a vitalizing tonic that makes rich, red blood, builds up the nerves, cures nervousness and drives away tired, languid feelings. To get strong and keep strong use Ferrozone; it assures health and costs but 50c. at all drug-gists.

Would Have Eaten Comrade.

Waterford, Ireland, Jan. 12.—The steamer Zeno arrived here today with the captain and twelve men of the American steam dredger Texas, which foundered in a storm off the Hebrides. The crew entered the small boats, but one containing the chief officer and 21 men sank immediately and all its occupants were drowned. The survivors drifted for several days before being picked up, and suffered terribly from cold and hunger. They say that just prior to sighting the Zeno they had drawn lots to decide which should be killed to provide food for the rest.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

A HOWL FROM NEWCASTLE.

It is Aimed at the New Brunswick Guides' Association.

The Newcastle Advocate learns that the New Brunswick Guides Association is seeking legislation to prevent anyone from guiding in the province who is not a member of the association. This is merely another exhibition of the rank gall which has characterized the actions of the so-called New Brunswick Guides Association ever since its formation. Such a measure would be a preposterous one for it would deprive all the guides of Northumberland, Gloucester, Restigouche and Victoria Counties of the right to earn a living. The New Brunswick Guides Association consists solely of and exists solely for York County men.

"The New Brunswick Guides' Association was formed in the interests of one section and by the residents of one section viz—Frederickton," said a man prominent in the sporting life of New Brunswick to a reporter of the Advocate. He went on: "The object of the organizers was to make Frederickton the distributing centre representations being made that it was the 'hub' of the big game country of New Brunswick. When the Association was formed it was done in a very quiet way, not a single invitation to join being sent to the guides of Restigouche, Gloucester or Northumberland, with Victoria in the big game counties of the Province.

"While the self-styled New Brunswick Guides Association are inducing legislation to prevent non resident guides who pay the \$30 he asked by the government from guiding in New Brunswick they might go a little further and ask the legislature, to enact a law to compel guides to remain within the country in which they reside. All the members of the Guides Association without, I believe, a single exception, are residents of York county. In the hunting season they spread themselves over Northumberland, Gloucester, Victoria and Restigouche, taking with them all their provisions and help from York County."

The Advocate's informant declared it was about time Northumberland and other counties made a protest. He suggests the advisability of forming a guides association with government supervision, all guides to be registered.

IS YOUR DOCTOR BILL LARGE?

Best way to keep it small is not to call the doctor, but use Nerviline instead. For minor ailments like colds, coughs, chills, cramps, headache and stomach trouble Nerviline is just as good as any doctor. It breaks up a cold in one night, cures soreness in the chest, and for neuralgia, toothache and rheumatism you can't get anything half so good as Nerviline. The fame of Nerviline for cramps, colic and pain in the stomach extends far and wide. Good for everything a liniment can be good for and costs but 25c. for a large bottle.

ATTACKED BY CATAMOUNT.

Drawn from Its Lair by Scent of Cattle Cars.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Jan. 14.—East-bound freight train No. 78 on the Delaware division of the Erie Railroad, was attacked by a catamount from the mountains about two miles east of Mast Hope, where the train had stopped to cool hot journals. The train consisted of beef and live stock and several of the cars contained sheep. Elmer Westfall was the engine driver and Daniel D. Ever conductor, both of Port Jervis.

No sooner had the trains come to a halt than the crew were startled by piercing cries of a wild animal in the woods and a moment later a huge catamount came bounding out of the bushes on to the railroad track and made direct for a car of sheep.

The animal sprang rapidly against the side of car, sniffing and snarling in its vain attempts to get at the live stock. Then it crawled under the tracks, causing great commotion among the frightened sheep, whose bleatings were loud and incessant.

The train crew had no weapons and hastily retreated to their caboose. Jesse Lee, a flagman, had gone back with his flag and when he heard the catamount's cries was momentarily at a standstill whether he should obey the engine driver's calling in of the flag or run in the other direction. The catamount lingered about the train until it was well under way and finally, with a snarl of baffled fury, retreated to its lair.

THE CAUSE OF PILES.

Is invariably constipation, which is quickly remedied by Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Bitternut. Sure relief, and no gripping pains. For a remedy that never fails use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.