

SIR WILFRID AT HOME.

Something About the Domestic Life of the Man Who is so Much in the Public Gaze.

Ottawa, Aug. 17.—The Citizen (Con.) says: Always under the calm light of the public gaze in the sense of his official life and his duties to the nation, little is heard about Sir Wilfrid's private life—the domestic life of his home and friends. Ottawa's distinguished citizen lives quietly. He is an exponent of the simple life. His home, up on Laurier Avenue, named so in his honor, is a charming one, but several there are in the city which are more pretentious. Within its walls are furnished considerable entertainment and hospitality, but that is all done quietly and without ostentation.

The premier is devoted to his home fits quiet domestic felicity, it's freedom from the exactions of officialdom. He is a man of unvarying habits. He rises each morning comparatively early—about half-past seven or eight. After breakfast his private secretary, Mr. Boudreau, comes to the library. He has been with the premier many years and is a young man with whose services Sir Wilfrid wouldn't part. He places in his secretary an unwavering confidence and implicit reliance. The two open the morning mail and the premier dictates his correspondence. Were this left until he comes up to his office in the eastern block it wouldn't be reached except after annoying interruptions. Sir Wilfrid's mail is large, but there are other Ministers who get more personal correspondence, but the passing of many of his erstwhile associates of younger days has reduced it quite materially. People who have business with departments have learned the lesson of going to the responsible head. The premier doesn't often encroach upon the authority or prerogative of his Ministers, though any advice he may choose to give is always heeded.

The prime minister comes down town about 10.30 in the morning. A man of democratic tastes he seldom drives. He keeps no coachman. The street cars which almost every minute pass his doors, are good enough for him. Everyone in Ottawa knows Sir Wilfrid. His presence is a commanding one and always attracts attention. Naturally enough he is held in the highest honor and respect. If the car he enters is filled, half a dozen will rise, tip their hats and proffer a seat to the head of the government.

Once in his office, the strenuous day commences. There is a steady stream of visitors or deputations. The latter are received usually after appointments have been made. In the afternoon the callers, perhaps, are not so numerous, and if the House is in session the premier is occupied by council at two and parliament at three o'clock. Of late years he avoids as much as possible the night sessions. Leaving his coadjutors in charge, he goes home to his rest and quiet. When the House isn't in session his day's labor ends about five o'clock. He spends a great deal of his time in his library, and often burns the midnight oil, seldom retiring before that hour. He goes out but little in a social way, and rarely is seen at the theatre. The stage, with its glare and its glamor, its tuneful music and its majestic utterance, has never very particularly attracted him.

The premier is fond of music and few are more talented in that line than his partner in life, but the esthetic side of things possibly appeals to him in a greater degree. He is very fond of art and painting and his home is very beautifully decorated.

Though Sir Wilfrid has said he loves Ottawa and hopes to end his days there, he has a very warm spot in his affections for Athabaskaville—his home before coming to the capital. Thither he will journey in a few days. Other places are more attractive and Sir Wilfrid would be a welcome guest at the summer homes by mountain or sea of many of Canada's leading men. But nine times out of ten he goes to Athabaskaville. He prefers to go home, back to the quaint little French village with its respite from the cares of a busy world, its peace and tranquillity and its restful influences. He has a beautiful place down there and it is kept open most of the year. There are lovely shade trees and a roomy lawn, and once there the premier puts on the conventional summer attire and takes it easy on the lawn or in the garden. He gets all the papers and thus is kept in touch with the outside world.

Sir Wilfrid's arrival in the little village always creates a sort of stir. Still Quebec is proud of its most distinguished son, but particularly so is the place in the midst of which the premier spent so much of his life. The neighbors don't intrude upon him, but en passant they pause come up to the lawn fence or bid good-day. Reading most of the time, resting, breathing in the invigorating ozone of the country, fondling the little ones or enjoying the company of the family circle—thus does the prime minister spend his vacation at Athabaskaville. On Sunday he always goes to church, attends mass and hears a sermon to the faithful from the reverend monsieur le cure. After mass the villagers crowd around to give the glad hand to the distinguished enfant de la paroisse. No barrier of haughty reserve surrounds Sir Wilfrid. It's "Bon jour Baptiste" here, "Comment ça va" there, and there is a general handshaking. Though away from there some years now, the premier, with his faculty for names and faces, remembers affectionately the people with whom he lived and labored in the erstwhile days when his political lot was in the cold shades of opposition. Probably they are the nearest to his heart.

After all is said and done, it is the genial manner, the simple ways, the firm but courteous manner and the possession of the indefinable something that draws people to him and wins their respect, that accounts in large measure for the premier's success as a leader of men and as the head of the government of this northern nation.

A VERY WARLIKE CAT.

Keeps Twenty-four Families in State of Terror.

New York, Aug. 17.—The twenty-fourth family moved into the vacant tenement at No. 112 Broome Street, have been living in terror during the past few days. Their fright became so great that many of them did not dare to leave their rooms for two days, and they named the awful thing that scared them as the "Terror of the Tenement."

The police and other city authorities were appealed to, but were unable to rid the tenement of the hobgoblin. Some say that it is an evil spirit. Others give various descriptions of the fearsome thing. One man is willing to swear that it has claws. Two weeks ago the man had fine red whiskers. A few nights ago he met the "Terror" and lost most of them. He says that the thing clawed them off. This is only one of the many harrowing tales told.

Investigation yesterday proved that the "Terror" is just a cat, black and half grown. A few months ago one of the families moved away from the house and left kitty. She was driven away, but she came back. Then another family moved into the vacant apartment. Kitty refused to leave. The newcomers called upon the janitor, Jacob Schoenberg, to help them

dispossess the cat, which had taken up her abode beneath the washbuds.

Schoenberg got a red hot poker attached to a broomstick. The cat came out, but on the way she seized the janitor by the calf of the right leg, and the man went to the hospital. When the family opened the door again kitty came back. The other tenements in the house became alarmed and kept indoors.

Last Friday night Policeman Halpin was called in to shoot kitty. Officer Schaeffer came with him. Halpin drew his revolver, and, grabbing a broom, succeeded in dislodging the cat, which jumped on him. After untangling himself Halpin remembered something he had to do elsewhere and left.

Later in the evening kitty got hungry and slipped down to the street. She spied the laundry of Hing Sang, where several Chinamen were eating chop suey in a rear room. She smelled the food, and dashed in. The Chinamen fled.

Yesterday morning kitty returned to her place beneath the washbuds, and refused to leave. She is still there. Several families in the house have decided to move.

BOYS, HERE IS A NEW WAY TO SWIM.

In the opinion of many persons, the swimming race is to the strong. As they watch the brown shoulders of the expert swimmer surging through the water, making as much pother as a shovel nosed yacht, the more impressionable exclaim:

"What magnificent muscles he has."

But strength does not win alone. The style of stroke also has something to do with the success of the

swimmer. For example, a new stroke which is said to produce greater speed than any other, has been recently introduced at the New York Athletic Club by Gus Sundstrom, the swimming expert. It is aptly or inaptly according to one's point of view, called the "crawl." The stroke apparently originated in Australia. Its introduction into New York, according to Mr. Sundstrom, came about in this way:

"We have every year in February

in the swimming pool of the New York Athletic Club a match with the Brookline Club of Boston. Last year they beat us four out of six events, so I began to study up on the 'crawl.' I practised in the tank when no one was around, and when I was certain that I could make a second better time in twenty-five yards with it than I had done before, I invited a number of people to come and watch me. I had them time me and I did the distance in 11.3-5 seconds. The world's record is 12.1-5 seconds. Of course, that record doesn't stand, for the timekeepers were not official. Well, I taught some of the swimmers the 'crawl,' and we had something up our sleeves when we met the Brookline men this year. Four of our men had done 12.1-5 seconds or better in practice with the new stroke. When the match came off we won everything. In the two hundred yard relay race we beat the record made by the Brookline team the year before by seven seconds.

It will therefore be seen that the stroke called the "crawl" is inaptly named from the point of view of speed. Judging from Mr. Sundstrom's testimony, the men who use it travel through the water like motor boats. The stroke, if wiggling the feet and paying the water constitute a stroke, certainly suggests crawling, in appearance, and from this point of view it is rightly named.

In the "crawl" the feet are moved backward and forward upon the ankles as hinges, the feet moving alternately and as fast as possible. In the arms circular or continuous movement has been developed. Up to the time of the discovery of the "crawl" the only movements developed for the legs in swimming were the froglike, spasmodic kick and variations. In the "crawl" the legs lie stretched astern, with no movement above the knee and little above the ankle.

The arm movement of the "crawl" is a modification of the well known "trudgeon" or double overarm stroke. Instead, however, of throwing the arms forward out of the water alternately to the full length the arms are crooked until they suggest the plucked wings of a chicken, and dipped smartly almost in front of the face. They are dipped as rapidly as the swimmer can bring them forward from the finish of the stroke and without regard to the movement of the feet. Other arm strokes can also be used with the "crawl" foot movement. Mr. Sundstrom has devised a combination which he calls the "windmill." With the wiggling feet he combines the "trudgeon" swimming on his back. He says he secures even greater speed with this. The value of the "crawl" lies in the fact that it throws the body on top of the water and thus reduces resistance.

The tendency in swimming for speed in this country appears to be toward securing an even, continuous movement, the limbs alternating in such a way that there is no cessation of progress. In Germany swimming seems to have taken the opposite direction. In that country all the limbs are moved simultaneously. Between the violent kick and the simultaneous push with the arms on the one hand, and the body almost loses headway, and must be set in motion again with the next stroke. This method is said to be easier than the continuous movement of the American swimmer, as there is a moment of rest between strokes.

In both countries the aim of the swimmer who desires speed is to get as much of his body out of the water as possible. For the same reason a racing yacht is built with a shallow underbody, in order to reduce the resistance. The overarm strokes, in which the arms are lifted above the water before the swimmer catches the wave for the next stroke, accomplishes this purpose.

THROW MEDICINE TO THE DOGS

At best they are unpleasant, often useless. You have some disease of the nose, throat or lungs. Doctors would call it bronchitis, asthma or catarrh. The common root of these diseases is germ or microbial irritation.—Catarrh is not only destroys disease germs, it does more, it heals the diseased and inflamed tissue. The disease is not only cured, but its return is forever prevented by using Catarrhazone, which is splendid also for colds, coughs and irritable throat. Remember that you inhale Catarrhazone—nature's own cure—use no other but Catarrhazone—it's the best catarrh cure made.

Harvey Combe's Reproof.

Perhaps the neatest reproof to a long winded preacher was that given by Harvey Combe when lord mayor of London to Dr. Parr. As they were coming out of church together Parr was so foolish as to ask the other how he liked his sermon. "Well, doctor, to speak frankly, there were four things in it that I did not like to hear. They were the quarters of the church clock which struck before you had finished."

Easy to Remember.

Hostess—My dear count, you must pardon me, but I have such a very poor memory for names. It's a real affliction. I have forgotten yours. The Count—You should consult a specialist on mental diseases, my dear madam; you really should. My name is Kas-kow-wskich-niffingloski.—London Answers.

A Way Out.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—See here, Maria, the dishes you have put on the table of late have been positively dirty. Something's got to be done about it. Maria—True for ye, ma'am. If ye only had dark colored ones, ma'am they would not show the dirt at all.

Cash and Charges.

Quiziness—Which do you prefer, to sell for cash or charge things? Business—Cash, of course. But if they don't pay promptly, then I prefer charges.

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Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have been cured, trained nurses who have witnessed cures, and physicians who have recognized the virtue in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due. If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience that it will effect a cure. Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhoea, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration, or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Anyway, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice. It's free and always helpful.

MAILS CLOSING.

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties, and United States.
6.30 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.
WAY MAILS—East Side St. John River.
6.30 a.m.—For Keswick, Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays.
West Side St. John River.
6.30 a.m.—For Springhill, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

7.30 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer.—For Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.
8.45 a.m.—St. John, etc. C. P. Railway Stations, East: Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.
10 a.m.—For St. Marys Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.

2 p.m.—For Nashwaaksis and St. Marys Ferry, daily. Nasownorth, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

3.30 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Boiestown, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham and I. C. Railway Stations north and south.
4.30 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West Provinces.

4.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.
4.15 p.m.—British mail via New York, Mondays and Thursdays.

MAILS RECEIVED.

9.10 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia.
From Hamtown, Royal Road, etc.
10.30 a.m.—From Nasownorth and New Maryland. Wednesdays and Saturdays.
11.30 a.m.—From Montreal, Ottawa, North West Provinces, etc., and United States.
12.15 p.m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec.
St. John River via Steamer.—

5 p.m.—From Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.
9.15 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.
8.45 p.m.—From Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

WAY MAILS.

6 p.m.—West Side River St. John.—From Meductic and Way Offices. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

9.15 p.m.—East Side River St. John.—From Woodstock and Way Offices. Tuesdays and Fridays.

5.30 p.m.—From Lower St. Marys. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

4.30 p.m.—From Nashwaaksis and St. Marys Ferry.
7.30 p.m.—From Gibson and Marysville.

10.50 p.m.—From United States. Letters for Registration should be posted half an hour previously.

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