

GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE

Of Scene in the British House When the Balfour Government Met Defeat on Division.

The following graphic account of the recent division in the British House in which the Balfour Government was defeated, is taken from the Westminster Gazette: "There had been rumors in the lobby during the afternoon that something portentous would happen, but the government seemed curiously unaware of their impending doom. There was, indeed, nothing to show that the government had not got their usual majority when Mr. Walter Long wound up the debate on the Land Commission with a fervent declaration of the good intentions of the government. 'T. P.' kept the debate going for another quarter of an hour, and then it first began to dawn on the chief whip that the division would be critical. There was however, no escape from the division, and at three minutes to twelve the bells began to tinkle. The secret had been well kept, and only a few Ministerialists knew that the government was likely to be defeated. And so the division on the reduction of the vote for the Land Commission proceeded quietly, there being nothing to show that the orderly trooping of members into the voting lobby would have a startling result.

"But it was obvious that the division would be a close one, and as members returned to their seats a buzz of excited comment rose. It was at first a long low murmur, like the noise of distant breakers, and those who heard it recognized the omen, for never except in an affair of life and death does this strange excited murmur of voices fill the House. It grew louder and louder as the Opposition benches filled, and triumph from a little group of Liberals hurrying in from the lobby. Another moment, and Sir Thomas Esmond, the Irish whips, were seen to enter the House, surrounded by a triumphant guard of Liberal and Irish members, shouting at the tops of their voices. The Irish whips walked straight up to the table, the government tellers lagging behind, and when the wiggled clerk handed them the slip of paper on which the division was recorded, the scene baffled description. Every man on the Opposition benches sprang to his feet and shouted 'Resign! Resign!' The Irish members actually jumped on to their seats and waved their hats and clapped their hands amid a babel of sounds. They streamed on to the floor of the house, the gigantic figure of the tallest Irishman in the House, almost in the centre, dancing like a dervish. 'You will want your trams over Westminster bridge now!' shouted someone.

"It was sometime before the numbers of the division could be read out at the table, where Sir Thomas Esmond, a trifle pale and Captain Donelan, flushed with pride, stood on the right facing the chairman, where the tellers of a Conservative Government have stood on all important occasions for the last twenty years.

At the left of the table stood Sir A. Asquith-Hood, his fingers mechanically groping for the little slip of paper on which the figures of a division are written for the winning teller. He seemed fairly to bristle with anger, possibly with his own party, but Lord Valentia, his colleague, set a pose of studied indifference.

In that clamorous, swaying crowd, which looked as if it might descend on the Government benches and sweep its silent, melancholy occupants away, Sir Thomas Esmond stood, immovable, impassive, like a sentinel at the table. On the Treasury bench

sat a few scared and scattered Ministerialists, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Gerald Balfour and Sir Edward Carson looking straight in front of them as if the avalanche of human figures opposite might fall on them. The rows of startled, angry faces behind began to give tongue as the clamor continued, hurling defiance at the Opposition. And then, as suddenly as it had begun the thunder of applause and the hail of sharp retort died away, and the thin, clear voice of Sir Thomas Esmond was heard saying: 'Ayes to the right one hundred and ninety-nine; Noes to the left one hundred and ninety-six.'

And now the uproar began again, with cries of 'Balfour! Balfour!' to rise to a full pitch as the tall figure of the Prime Minister strode in from behind the Speaker's Chair, his face flushed but defiant. His own side gave him a hearty greeting, to which he bowed as he took his seat, and in another moment 'C-B.' was on his feet asking what the Government intended to do.

Before Mr. Balfour could rise Mr. Redmond was up and in a hoarse voice (hoarse from shouting) poured forth a torrent of scathing words hot and fierce at the Prime Minister. 'Is he going to swallow this humiliation?' asked Mr. Redmond, pointing at Mr. Balfour. 'After all the humiliations of the last two years, is he still going to keep office for a few more miserable months?'

"Oh, oh!" shrieked the Tories. Mr. Redmond swung round to the Liberal benches, and bade them use every means in their power to prevent such an outrage on the Constitution as the Prime Minister's clinging to power.

"The hon. gentleman," said Mr. Balfour, his voice slightly tremulous, "seems to me to have greatly excited himself." (Loud Opposition laughter, in which Mr. Redmond joined). "I am not conscious of these humiliations," added Mr. Balfour. "Naked but unashamed!" shouted a witty Nationalist. Mr. Balfour flushed, and turning to his own side, "I have always said," he remarked, "that unless it is possible for me to carry on the business of the country with dignity I should not continue to do so."

The Opposition fairly yelled with laughter. "Dignity" was not a happy word, Mr. Balfour then proceeded to argue that other Governments had suffered defeat in Votes of Supply and had reversed the decision. This was the course he intended to carry out, reminding the Opposition that in a few hours' time they would have ample opportunity of discovering, on the Vote of Censure, whether the government still possessed the confidence of the House. Mr. Balfour decided not to pronounce his final decision without further consideration until Monday, but it was plain that he intended to cling tenaciously to power, for his last word was that one adverse vote in Supply was no reason for resignation.

Mr. Redmond immediately suggested an adjournment till Monday, maintaining that it would be a farce if the business of the country carried on pending of the country were carried on pending Mr. Balfour's decision. Mr. Asquith also protested that the House could not meet for the discussion of business today but as it is impossible to divide the House after twelve midnight the question could not be put to a division, and the Opposition had to be content with another burst of cheers and laughter.

LIGHTNING IN STRANGE PLAYS.

Many Suffering Injurious Effects.

Stroke is Even Known to Have Amputated a Limb as in Case of a Boy at Cracow.

Many persons have been killed by lightning, but many more have suffered strange and injurious effects from it after recovering from the shock.

A stroke of lightning has even amputated a limb, as in the case of a boy at Cracow, Poland, as recorded by the medical profession. The boy's right knee was stiff from disease, and when riding in a field during a violent storm a loud peal of thunder made the horse run away, throwing the child to the ground. When the boy recovered his senses he found that his right leg was missing, having been cut through at the knee, leaving a perfectly round end below the patella or kneecap. There were signs of burning about the body, from all of which he recovered. Some few days afterward the missing leg was found near where he had been thrown by the horse.

Dr. Camby of Paris gives the case of a woman who had two children killed by lightning in her presence. She herself was rendered unconscious for four days and after regaining her senses she found herself paralyzed and numb on the left side of her body. She fully recovered in three weeks. Two years afterward in a thunderstorm she had a similar attack, although there was no visible lightning. Three years later under similar circumstances she again had a like attack.

Dr. MacDonald of England reports a woman of seventy-eight years of

age who some forty-two years previously while ironing a cap with an Indian iron was stunned by a strong flash of lightning and fell back into a chair. On recovering consciousness she found that the cap, which she had left on the table some distance from the iron, had been transformed into cinders. Her clothing was not burned, nor were there any marks on the skin. After the stroke she felt a creeping sensation and numbness, especially in the arm that had been next to the table.

She declared that as a consequence she could predict when the atmosphere was highly charged with electricity, as the numbness increased on these occasions. She also said that shortly before and during a thunderstorm she always became nauseated. It seems that in this case the nerves of the arm reaching to the base of the brain had continued abnormally sensitive.

Dr. Adamson of North Borneo relates the following case: The person struck by lightning was seated at dinner when the flash came, and he felt what seemed to be a terrific blow on the left knee, as if he had been hit by something round. He fell off his chair unconscious and remembered nothing more until awakening to find himself unable to get up and to be burning specks on the floor and around him.

The patient was put to bed, when the lady showed the following condition: Both legs were swollen and

green in appearance, this latter condition passing off in a short time; from the knee to the toes in the left leg the skin in some places was torn away and in others it was raised in blisters; from the middle of the thigh to the ankle of the right leg the condition was the same as in the left leg. The patient stated that he felt as if he had no legs at all.

Sensation was completely lost, and the feet felt very cold. There was great pain in the muscles of the legs. The general shock was considerable, and brought deafness, with ringing in the ears. He made a rapid recovery after the application of hot-water bottles and massage to the soles of the feet and soothing applications to the burns.

Two cases of lightning stroke with burns and unconsciousness have been recorded by Dr. Cook and Dr. Boulting, both of which recovered. One of these patients saw "the clouds opening" and a "sheet of fire falling," as he stated. He heard a deafening thunder clap and felt stunned for some minutes, but had no sensation of pain. He discovered that his trousers were on fire and that his steel buckles had been torn from his legs. He saw the other man lying senseless on the ground and apparently dead. He had lost all feeling in the legs and tumbled down when he tried to walk. His boots were "in ribbons" and fell off when he moved. He felt "as though he had been blown from a cannon."

The other man remembered nothing of the accident, and he neither felt nor saw anything at the time he was struck. When he became slightly conscious he complained of having pain, as from a red hot iron, which was "travelling up his legs." The whole of one side was burned. He recovered in three weeks, while the other man recovered in three or four days.

Captain Berne reports lightning striking four men in a tent in the Transvaal. They all suffered from severe shock and some were severely burned. He specially draws attention to the peculiar odor from such cases, which, he says, is very marked. It is not the smell of burnt clothing or charred flesh, but a small like diluted sulphuric acid.

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A case where there was lassitude and lack of strength is told by Mr. David Brown, of post-office box No. 30, Beeton, Ont. "About a year ago my health commenced to fail. My hands and feet seemed always cold. I felt worn out and exhausted, weak as a little child. My face twitched. My limbs and arms commenced to lose their sense of feeling and finally my left side was perfectly numb. All my color left. My appetite ran down. Ferrozene was the first to give me any help. I improved with it very quickly. It toned up the blood and started circulation, so that the numbness gradually disappeared. My condition was perfectly cured by Ferrozene and I have been well ever since. (Signed.) David Brown."

Special notice.—To get satisfactory results, be sure you get Ferrozene only. Fifty cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50 at all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

LEATHER PRICES SCAR.

An Advance of Twenty Per Cent. in Ten Days.

Toronto, Aug. 1.—There is a rather peculiar situation in the leather business in Canada at the present time, and in the past ten days prices have advanced quite twenty per cent. Quebec tanners notified the trade in Toronto Saturday that they had cancelled all quotations.

There has been no formal meeting of the tanners' section of the board of trade, yet, but it is expected that the tanners here will have to make a new schedule of prices. The present situation has arisen, it is said, from the large purchases of hides and leather for the Japanese government in the United States. Hides come into Canada duty free, and the withdrawal of stocks from the United States market has affected the tanners on this side. It is possible that the advance will affect the price of boots and shoes, and may also advance prices of harness in Canada.

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BIRD'S PROFINITY.

Shocked Even the Police and Betrayed Sailors.

Boston Herald.—Betrayed by the shrill cries and shocking profanity of five big green Brazilian parrots of which they were trying to dispose, two Greek sailors, who gave the names of Demetrius Langlos and Andre Catsari, were arrested on Kneeland street, yesterday afternoon by Patrolmen Gallagher and Higgins of station four, and locked up on a charge of violating the Sunday law.

The parrots, who attracted the attention of the officers by shooting "cheese it, the cop," "Back, back to the woods," "Up, and away, or you'll get pinched," and many other unprintable things, declined to give their right names to the officer in charge, so he just booked them as five green ones.

When found by the officers the sailors carried between them three ponderous cages, in which the five gay birds were making the air hideous with their shrill shouts and strange speeches. The officers decided that the men were trying to sell their green-coated friends for a few paltry dollars, so they took the "jacksies" in tow and gave them and the birds a lodging for the night.

Lieut. Ritter had a tough time trying to talk with the sailors, for they had just arrived and knew little of the English language. The birds were set upon the floor back of the lieutenant's desk and food was provided for them, but the edibles did not stop their mouths, for they talked and screamed constantly. They were proficient in one language, known the world over, but it was not pleasing to hear them talk it on the Sabbath day, and if they had been men they also would have been in court today charged with quite a serious offence. All through the night they jabbered away at the lieutenant at the desk and scolded the policemen and others who came into the station house.

It is expected the sailors will find no trouble in disposing of their birds today, when they will probably need the money to defray the expenses of the court proceedings. At any rate the policemen at station four sincerely hope that the five parrots, will not be left upon their hands very long, for they can make more real trouble in a station house than twice as many intoxicated and hysterical prisoners. But they are dangerous for another reason. While they were provided with a liberal supply of corn and other food yesterday, they seemed to delight in trying to devour any and everything within reach of their elastic necks, which they protruded from their cages in the attempt to cat the chairs and the fingers of those who near them.

STRAP FOR HER HUSBAND.

Magistrate Who Made Punishment Fit The Crime.

New York, Aug. 1.—Because John Baker, No. 52 Central Place, Orange, N. J., lost his courage yesterday when his wife had been given permission by Magistrate Bray in the Police Court to whip him with as hard a leather strap as she said he had beaten her, a crowd in the court room were disappointed.

"Take off your coat, John, and I promise not to hit harder than you hit me," said Mrs. Baker.

"Yes, take off your coat," repeated the magistrate.

The crowd smiled expectantly as Baker began to fumble with his coat. When it was apparent that he did not have the courage to stand the punishment, the smile grew into a derisive laugh at his expense.

"I'm afraid she'll hurt me," begged the man.

Bringing with her a heavy leather strap, Mrs. Baker told the magistrate that she wished to make a charge of assault against her husband, John Baker, who, she said, had beaten her with a strap of the back. Baker said that he had merely "lightly tapped" her. According to his statement she had taken a letter from his pocket, and the blow was his method of punishing her.

"I'd just like to hit you on the back with this strap as hard as you hit me, if you call it a mere tap," interrupted Mrs. Baker.

"Would you be willing to be hit by her as hard as you hit your wife," asked the magistrate.

"Why, certainly," said Baker.

"All right, here is your strap, Mrs. Baker," commanded the magistrate. "Now you give your husband what he gave you. But, remember, no more."

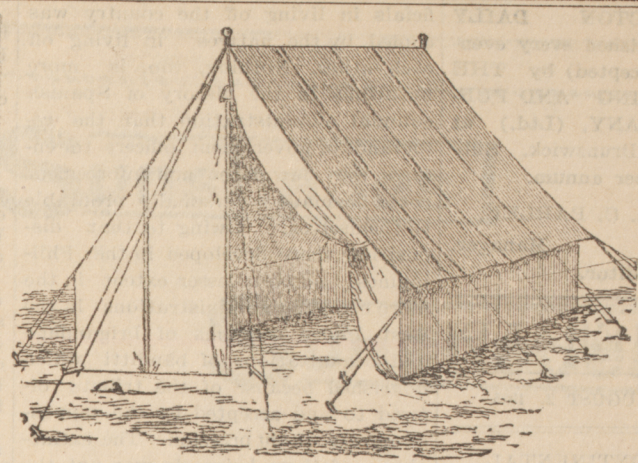
Baker seized the strap eagerly, but found her husband unwilling to make good his boast. Consequently, Magistrate Bray determined to adjourn the case pending Baker's good behavior.

A SURVEYOR LOST.

The Party Searching For Him Asks For Assistance.

Port Arthur, Aug. 1.—T. Deschene, a Grand Trunk Pacific surveyor, who with a party of twelve men was to run a preliminary survey for the main line north of Lake Sturgeon, is lost in the wilds here. The water courses are his only guides. He had scarcely reached the scene of his labors. He left camp in a canoe with two men last Tuesday to seek portage en route north. They found it, and he directed his men to return via the portage and await him at the landing. His rifle was heard shortly afterwards, but he has not since been seen. The entire party has searched for him since, and word has been sent to civilization for assistance.

Lots of young girls who believe they are in love would be disillusioned if they could see the subjects of their adoration try to carve a chicken.



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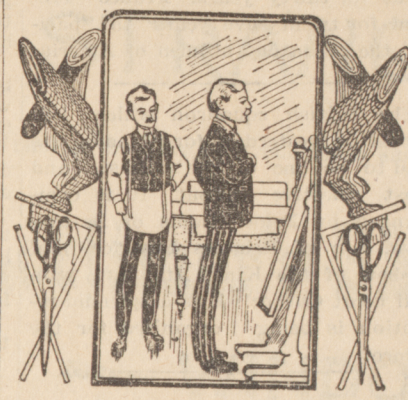
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