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The Purity Brand guarantees—
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FAMOUS WOMEN SPIES DURING CIVIL WAR

Pauline Cushman and Belle Boyd Were Most Noted

One Union, Other a Rebel—Both Captured and Sentenced to Be Hanged, But Both Escaped the Rope

All of the interest and discussion now rife concerning Joan of Arc, her deeds and her sainthood, bring to mind that recently was commemorated the anniversary of two of our most famous war heroes Pauline Cushman and Belle Boyd, says the Springfield Union.

On June 10, 1833 Pauline K. Cushman, the daring Union spy, was born in New Orleans, La. Her father was a Spanish refugee, who soon after her death moved to Michigan where he became an Indian trader. She became an actress and attracted a deal of attention in Louisville, in March 1863, by drinking a public toast to Jeff Davis at a mutual supper party. Having thus made herself conspicuous as an open rebel sympathizer, she proceeded to engage herself in a maze of tortuous intrigue in the service of the Union. The measure of her usefulness to the gray of the Cumberland can hardly be exaggerated, for her minute familiarity with the roads and passes of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi made her invaluable as a guide. She was captured in the rebel lines, in disguise by General Braxton Bragg, in May, 1863 and sentenced to be hanged as a spy. Left to herself overnight, locked in a miserable little shanty with the promise that she should die at sunrise, her joy may be imagined at hearing the thunderous entrance into the little town of Shelbyville of a column of Federal cavalry. The Confederate forces made no stand but decamped precipitately leaving their prisoner to be released by the Union men, and the rebels were no doubt secretly relieved at not having to carry out the extreme penalty upon a woman, dangerous, capable and annoying though she had proved herself.

As for Miss Boyd, she was born in 1843, which would make her hardly 21 years of age when she was captured in 1863, by the Federal forces, after many times frustrating their best-laid plans and hampering their movements in numerous ways. At this time she was sentenced to be shot, but avoided the death penalty by aiding Union officers, Lieut. Harding.

The condition of the commencing of her sentence was that she should leave the country. She went to England and was there married to her protector, whose heart she had won during the dramatic scene of her capture and trial. She had been captured several times before, but had managed, through her resource and ingenuity to escape and continue her service for the Confederacy. She was married twice after the death of her first husband, and was for many years on the stage, playing at first good parts in repertoire and then starring in a dramatization of her own career, in which she played with great success throughout the country from 1870 to 1891. Bourcault's play of Belle Lamar is also modelled from her experiences as a secret agent. In 1888 she married for the last time. Her husband was Nathaniel High, of Toledo, Ohio. She died in Kibbourn, Wis., on June 11, 1909, just 67 years old and one day after the birth of her famous opponent, who was 10 years older.

In searching for the facts about these two women whose names have come down to us a dozen or more half-forgotten names and incidents of feminine pluck, audacity and ingenuity were brought to light in the dusty, musty documents, records of war, pictorial histories and old-fashioned compilations of anecdotes that had to be gone through.

There was a gifted and energetic Canadian woman, the author of Nurse and Spy, a Spanish Girl, Loretta Valesquez, a Confederate sympathizer, and many others, some with personal reputations not quite spotless and all famous in their time, and responsible for reams and volumes of writing—autobiographical, biographical, apocryphal and frankly fictitious.

In this connection it may be recalled that Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, in the preface to his recently published Special Messenger made a rather tart disclaimer of having taken as the prototype of his heroine the "notorious Belle Boyd." There have appeared in several reviews some slighting remarks to the effect that the adventure, disguise, love affairs, personality, beauty, etc., of his Special Messenger were exaggerated far beyond all bounds of possibility, and moreover, that no woman of the youthful age of this heroine would have been employed to carry out or competent to conduct the important and hazardous enterprise that she succeeded in performing.

But, in spite of his unwillingness to let his heroine be considered as drawn too faithfully after any one historic personage, Mr. Chambers should be grateful for the corroborative testimony as to the youth and general attractiveness as to these wo-

To Be DYSPEPTIC Is To Be MISERABLE.

Dyspepsia is the prevailing malady of civilized life. It is largely due to excess in eating, over-exercising, too free indulgence in stimulants and over-taxing the stomach with indigestible food, eating too rapidly without chewing the food sufficiently, indulging in hot biscuits, pastry, pickles, confectionery, etc.

Burdock Blood Bitters has an established reputation, extending over thirty-four years, as a positive cure for dyspepsia in all its forms, and from all diseases arising from it.

For sale by all dealers.
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

man warriors furnish. Pauline Cushman was about 29 when her most famous feats were performed and Miss Boyd was scarcely 21 when captured and sentenced to death—both quite young enough to have wrought deadly havoc, as did the novelists' Celia Westcott with their eyes as well as with their brains and hands. Both these young women, too affected masculine attire, their skill being due, perhaps to their training on the stage, though it is uncertain if Belle Boyd was an actress before her exploits as a secret agent.

To be remembered in the same breath with these romantic figures is an incident of a pathetically tragic nature that occurred only a short time ago, closing the career of one who was probably the last survivor of this remarkable group of women. Her most conspicuous service in the Union army is said to have been the leading of a force of Union cavalry to the hiding place of Gen. John H. Morton, the Confederate leader. In the ensuing fight the general was killed. This took place in Greenville, East Tennessee, Sept. 4, 1863, making an end of a guerrilla chieftain whose fame and dare-devil exploits were rivaled only by Mosby and J. E. B. Stuart.

THE PUMICE STATE

Whole of Nebraska Overlaid With This Volcanic Substance

"The name Pumice State might fairly be given to Nebraska," said Harry F. Williams, of Omaha, Neb., who was seen at The National last night. "Practically the entire state is overlaid by natural deposits of this substance, in all stages of consolidation, from fairly solid rock to mud."

"Most of all the pumice produced in the United States comes from Nebraska. It is a volcanic product," continued Mr. Williams, who is interested in the pumice industry, "and its presence in such large quantities in Nebraska and some adjoining states is evidence of former volcanic activity in that region. It is produced by the rapid expansion of gases in lava, due to sudden release of pressure, which either forces a light, porous rock, or may completely shatter the lava into dust, in which state it may be transported great distances by wind and deposited in drifts."

"In the western part of Nebraska there are impure masses of it, probably deposited in this way, 100 feet or more in depth. The pumice of Nebraska is about 84.29 per cent. of the pumice or the volcanic ash used in the United States is made in polishing powder or incorporated in abrasive soaps."—Washington Herald.

ENTIRELY

He—A woman likes to be treated like a child.

She—She does as long as that treatment means humoring, but when it means ignoring, that's a different matter.

Frost cranberry pie sometimes, instead of using an upper crust, and see if you don't like the difference.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



WHITE MUJIK TURBAN FOR A DEBUTANTE

On the young girl nothing is more charming than one of these snowy turbans which rest far down over the sunny hair. This turban is not made of white fox, as so many of these hats are, but of something far more delicate—snow—white bird plumes. The white gulls wings poised across the front of the turban accentuate the effect of lightness and grace which is expressed by the whole model.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrill.

(Continued.)

Death, the frenzy of the universe abandoned to this devastating storm—yes, even God Himself—all were forgotten in her mental processes as she concentrated all her being on her hatred of this man, her fellow passenger. She clung there, saving her life to hate him; she hoped to be spared some fatal outcome of the voyage that she might go on hating this creature, John Ghent.

The man's strong face had grown white and hard. His eyes harbored fires no longer merely smoldering. The deep red scar on his chin burned crimson in the fading light—a sinister emblematism of all that coursed in his blood.

He clutched the basket as he might have clutched a Haines, and tightened his powerful grip in a mood that knew no ways of mercy. With all his heart he wished that Judith Haines had been a man, delivered thus to his company to fight out the feud with naked hands, in all this fury of the elements and in all this isolation of the heavens.

Meantime, the cyclone had abated nothing of its rage, and the darkness of descending night, intensified by clouds of tawny blackness, had closed upon the wild balloon. Like a creature bred for the outer atmosphere, and bred in strength and love of life, the gas-ship struggled with the storm that had so suddenly engulfed them.

It seemed to dodge the whirlwind's vicious lunges; it spun on its axis with the will of the tortured air. It rose at times, and was sucked and driven downward as a tadpole goes down in the water. It gave itself utterly to the whims of the crosscurrents of wind and dust, which it was engulfed, yet its trend was ever to rise and rise above the earth.

The roar of nature's frenzy was undiminished. The storm and the balloon were traveling with incredible velocity. Below, the earth was invisible. Had it vanished into stellar space its apparent desolation could have been no more complete. Utter blackness claimed all the universe at the end of half an hour.

On opposite sides of the tilting car two human beings continued to cling with a hatred greater than that the raging storm between them.

CHAPTER IV.

All night the balloon rode aloft upon the sea of agitated air, hurled onward with the storm. All night the two antagonized beings clung close to opposite sides of the basket, wrapped in the utter blackness of the universe.

If the cyclonic quality of the wind-current somewhat abated in the early hours

ITEM WELCOMED BY MANY MEN

This treatment is said to have acquired a wonderful reputation throughout the East, owing to its peculiar propensity to fortify the nerve force and generate health and a consequent personal magnetism, so essential to the happiness of every normal human being. It is claimed to be a blessing to those who are physically impaired, gloomy, despondent, nervous and who have trembling of the limbs, dizziness, heart palpitation, cold hands and feet, insomnia, fear without cause, timidity in venturing and general inability to act rationally, as others do. Also of vast benefit to writers, professional men, office workers and the victims of society's late hours and over-indulgence in wines, liquors, etc.

By preparing the treatment at home secretly, no one need know of another's trouble, while the ingredients are much used in filling various prescriptions, so that even the purchase of them separately need occasion no trepidity.

If the reader decides to try it, get three ounces of ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound, and one ounce compound fluid balsam; mix and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence carded and one ounce tincture Aconitine compound (not caradon), mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one at night.

This contains no opiates whatever and may also be used by women who suffer with their nerves with absolute certainty of prompt and lasting benefits.



SAUCE

At Lunch Time

Make a point of trying H.P. Sauce, you will be delighted with the new and delicious flavour—quite distinct from ordinary sauces.

H.P. is on the dining tables of all the principal hotels and restaurants in this district—but not in this district alone, it is enjoyed all over the world.

No well regulated home is complete without it—it's useful in so many ways.

faint sense of exultation. The altitude would kill him first! She would like to see him perish before her very eyes! After that what matter how soon she might be doomed to follow?

Perhaps some telepathic hint of what was in her mind was vouchsafed to the man. A grim smile played momentarily upon his features, rendering his expression more sinister than before. He, too, had suddenly comprehended that he and Judith were helpless, and, like the woman, he cared for one thing only—to outlive the being of his hatred, perchance for one brief second.

He gave up all thought of a possible valve that might be pulled to lower the drifting balloon. He concentrated all his efforts on the one thought of surviving, retaining his senses, and standing erect till Judith should topple at his feet.

It became a duel of will that vacillated, faded, and returned again to the conflict as the thin air starved them to nullity, Judith filling her aching lungs in a stubborn, mad desire to outlive John Ghent, flung with her here by the Fates in a realm that was neither earth nor heaven. Ghent was exercising a human power to regain his grasp on consciousness. Already the bag above him had become a hideous presence—formless, indefinite and terrible. Like some monster created for slavery and become a master, the thing seemed possessed of animation, sentient power, and diabolical cruelty. He felt as if its weight rested solely on his head, even while it lifted relentlessly upward into the straying wisps of atmosphere.

Judith was staring at him now with fixed, lack-lustre eyes that could scarcely focus on his countenance. He swam in a haze before her vision. Already he seemed to be mocking as she felt herself slipping from reason.

The red sky beyond him seemed to receive its tinge from the scar upon his chin—the one thing still clearly discerned. She heard the voice of her mother, praying for strength to smite the house of Ghent. She felt her knees giving way, as if their substance had melted. With one tremendous summoning of her strength, she resisted the impulse to wilt upon the floor—and beheld John Ghent go down.

He appeared to crumple slowly, and as one whose limbs had softened like putty. Then he lay on his back, propped in a half-sitting posture by the wall of the car, his eyes wide open, his scarred chin buried in his chest.

Judith, stricken down in that second, staggered once, then fell with her head upon one of her arms, and knew no more. Her hand instinctively reached for the rope that went under the bag, was held out straight and taut by the weight of her body—and this cord was attached to the valve.

(To be Continued.)

CANADIAN NEWS NOTES

Toronto, Dec. 22.—(Special)—Charged with conspiracy to defraud E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd., by agreeing to disclose certain information relative to the manufacture of yeast and other goods, two former employees of the firm, Owen Morrison and Allan Gibbons, were found not guilty in criminal sessions today.

Montreal, Dec. 22.—(Special)—A cable received from Port Said today stated that H. B. Ames, M. P., for St. Antoine, was lying ill in the hospital there suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. Ames was on his way home from Sydney, Australia, where he attended the congress of chambers of commerce of the empire as one of the representatives of the Montreal board of trade. At the conclusion of the congress he travelled extensively over Australia and New Zealand and intended to pay a brief visit to Europe before returning to Canada.

North Bay, Ont., Dec. 22.—Two section men named Morin and Cornish were arrested by provincial constables last night for the murder of W. J. Dyson, N. & O. Railway night operator at Redwater. The prisoners were brought to North Bay on a special train this morning together with the body of Dyson.

Cornish's story of the tragedy is that he had words with Dyson over orders given by the latter to unload a car of coal. The quarrel resulted in a fight and Dyson threw Cornish on the floor and was pounding him when Morin rushed in with a heavy club and struck Dyson repeatedly over the head until he rolled over on the floor unconscious and bleeding.

Dyson must have craved to see his key in an endeavor to ward his chief of his condition, but his brain failed to respond to the call and death came before he could report the tragedy.

Chatham, Ont., Dec. 22.—(Special)—Fritz Diehl, alias Capman, the famous crook, convicted a few days ago for the Tilbury valve switching case, was sentenced this afternoon to ten years in Kingston penitentiary. He is now sixty-four years of age, and it will likely mean life. He has served terms in Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania and Tennessee state prisons for diamond robberies.

Winnipeg, Dec. 22.—(Special)—Local option carried in eighteen municipalities in Manitoba today and was defeated in twenty.

When cooking peas—It may be useful to the cook to know that French cooks add a teaspoonful of sugar to each quart of water in which peas, marrow, and other green vegetables are cooked.

Dress Goods Remnants At Half Price

This great offering consists of Tweeds, Serges, Panamas, Venetians, Cashmeres, Poplins and Striped Suitings in ends from one to seven yards, will make very suitable Christmas gifts.

We have had our profit so are willing to sacrifice these remnants in order to clean up our stock.

I. Chester Brown

32 and 36 King Square.

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OPENED



FURNITURE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SMALL AND USEFUL PIECES

Chairs, Tables, Cabinets,
Smokers' Cabinets.

CALL AND SEE THEM

A. O. SKINNER

58 King Street

BISSELL'S
CARPET
SWEEPERS

COULDN'T TAKE

THE WINDOW

In a French village a citizen had upon his land apart of an old building containing two very beautiful windows. He was in debt and embarrassed and eagerly closed with the offer of a rich archaeologist, who bought them. Thereupon the government inspector, hearing of the bargain, arrived just in time to stop the sale.

sons from dislodging the windows. "You cannot," he said to the villager, "sell antiquities, my man." "But, excellency, I have used the money and paid my creditors." The villager was in despair, but the official was untouched. "That's all right," he said, "the money is safe; the windows are no longer yours. But the buyer can't move a stone of them. He can, however, come with a campstool and sit down and look at his property as much as he likes."

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



PESSIMISTIC

Said grumbling Ned: "Though skates and sled
From Santa may be nice,
I'd like to bet that he'll forget
To bring the snow and ice."

Find Sunny Sam.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down, in dress.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Brown

on
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25c