

SANKEY'S TRIBUTE

To the Late Dwight L. Moody.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT

How Moody and Sankey Became Acquainted for the Great Work.

An article, written by Ira D. Sankey, lifelong friend and co-worker of Mr. Moody, appeared in a recent number of Success. This is what the great gospel singer says:

I consider Dwight L. Moody the most remarkable man of the century—distinguished especially for his devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ and the betterment of the world. His character is marked by great common sense and by the utmost sincerity, his heart by singleness of philanthropic purpose and his life by the tremendous power of achievement. His work has resulted in the conversion of hundreds of thousands of men and women in the two great English speaking nations, England and America, marking him as the greatest religious general of his day. I believe his name will be held in everlasting remembrance by millions of the best people in the world.

The manner in which I made the acquaintance of Mr. Moody may be of interest. For twelve or fifteen years prior to 1870 I had been engaged in Christian work, using my voice in prayer and song in my home church in New Castle, Pa., and all over Pennsylvania and Ohio, when I was sent as a delegate from the Young Men's Christian Association of New Castle to the great convention in Indianapolis in that year. It was announced that Mr. Moody would lead an early Sunday morning prayer meeting in a Baptist church. I had never seen him up till this present time, so I determined to attend the meeting. I arrived rather late and sat down near the door. At my right hand was a minister from my own country, the pastor of the United Presbyterian church. He says to me as I took a seat near him:

"Mr. Sankey, the singing at the meeting has been very poor. When the man who is now praying gets through I wish you would start up something."

Being thus urged by a psalm-singing minister to raise a gospel hymn in a prayer-meeting, I immediately sang the old familiar hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." This was my first song in a Moody meeting. At the conclusion of the service my ministerial friend offered to introduce me to Mr. Moody, and seeing that others were going I joined the procession. The moment I was introduced Mr. Moody asked abruptly: "Where do you live?" "In Pennsylvania," I replied. "Are you married?" "I am." "What business are you in?" "I am a government officer, connected with the internal revenue service," I answered, hardly knowing what his motive could be in subjecting me to such a cross examination. "Well," he said, "you'll have to give that up. I've been looking for you for eight years." I asked him what for, and he wanted me to go with him to Chicago and help him in his Christian work. I told him I didn't think I could do it. He then asked me to join him in prayer in regard to it, and I replied that I would most gladly do so. I presume I prayed one way and he prayed another. However, it only took him six months to pray me out of business.

FOUL BREATH ...FROM CATARRH

Tells of the Decay of the Mucous Lining of the Nose and Throat...

No symptom of catarrh causes more annoyance than foul breath. This offensive odor comes from the ulceration of the membranes and is an indication of the decay which is taking place in the linings of the nose and throat. To the victim of catarrh as well as to his associates this foulness of the breath is disgusting.

To counteract bad breath and to eradicate catarrh from the system no treatment is more successful than Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, the only remedy that can be relied upon to entirely cure chronic catarrh.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is sent direct to the diseased parts by the improved blower which accompanies each box, heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, relieves the pressure which causes headache, stops the decay which causes foul breath, and absolutely cures catarrh and prevents consumption. 25c. a box, blower free, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MODERN WARFARE

A Vivid Account as Told a London Paper.

IT'S SAFE NOWHERE

When a Bullet Strikes a Man It Goes Through and Goes On Its Way.

One of the most vivid accounts of a battlefield under modern conditions reaches the public through the medium of a private letter from one of the war correspondents of the London Daily News:

As regards my own feeling in a fight they are very hard to describe; I know when the thing is all over and I am all right I feel much happier. Any man who has been in a modern fight, where men are being knocked over all round and says he likes it, is a liar. In former days it must have been different. The enemy could be seen, the smoke could be seen, and the rifle had to be reloaded after every shot. At 1,000 yards you were in comparative safety. The infantry after receiving one volley, could charge, knowing that until the enemy had loaded again each man was practically safe. Nowadays, that is all changed. Nothing is seen—no man, no smoke. The only thing seen is the dust thrown up by the bullets like a rain storm on the surface of a lake, the artillery throwing shells, and the shells bursting. In contrast to this in the noise which is infernal; with occasional lulls it sounds as if a million kettle-drums were being played—a constant ta-ra-ra, with the boom, boom, of the big guns and the harsh sound of the pumping of the Maxims, Hotchkiss, Maxim-Nordfeldts and machine guns in general. The discord is appalling, as every gun has a different sound and each shell going through the air hums or whistles, according to its breed. After a time you can tell what is coming, or if it is one of your own, what is going.

The most terrifying of the enemy's guns is a sort of Hotchkiss, which fires about five rounds a time, and throws a one pound shell, which bursts. You are safe nowhere, as a bullet fired at an object at 800 yards which misses, hits and kills at 2,000 or 5,000. It practically means with these rifles that a bullet is never spent until it hits some thing and remains there.

When a bullet strikes you hear nothing; it goes right through a man and probably travels on another 2,000 yards. You hear a grunt or a gurgle, and the man collapses and doubles up; sometimes if hit in the arm or leg he spins round and falls, and probably gets up again, as it is only the shock which knocks him down, and he hardly feels it. At Modder River I went down with three guns of the Eighteenth battery to within 1,300 yards, and saw five men go over, one after the other, but only one killed. The worst thing is a bullet wound in the stomach below the navel, which is mortal. The pain is excruciating, and they howl like a shot hare; it sounds like a child screaming, and is horrible. But you see such a lot of beastly sights and hear such a lot of heart-rending sounds that you become accustomed to it and callous.

Bentley's Liniment cures Whooping Cough.

GERMANY'S NAVAL PROGRAM

When Her New Warships are Complete There Will Be a Stronger Navy Than the French.

BERLIN, Feb. 10.—An American naval officer, now in Berlin, who enjoys exceptional advantages for gathering information regarding the German navy, asserts that the German Government has made all preparations necessary to finish the construction of the new warships by 1908, instead of 1916, as the naval augmentation bill seemingly provides. In 1908, the German navy, according to this officer, will have 37 battleships, varying from 11,000 to 13,000 tons, and 30 large and 40 small armored cruisers thus exceeding in fighting power the navy of France. Before the end of 1905—still, according to the same informant—Germany will be mistress of the North Sea, and her fleet will beat the American over twofold.

Twins Joined Together.

VICTORIA, B. C., Feb. 10.—News by the S.S. Empress of China says: At Saigon an Anamite woman has given birth to twins joined together, after the manner of the famous Siamese twins. The infants were placed on exhibition immediately after their birth, and it is intended to send them to the Paris Exposition.

THE COWARD OF THE WAR.

The man who writes despatches with his false and trait'rous pen,
To frighten all our women and to sadden all our men,
Is the worst and meanest feature of the battle time so far—
He's the chiefest brute and traitor: he's the coward of the war.

Are there not enough of tears when disaster comes again,
Is there not enough of agony and not enough of pain?
Must timid hearts but noble be disfigured with a scar,
By the pencil of the traitor and the coward of the war?

He's done his best to darken the shadow of our pall,
Oh! stand the sneaking scoundrel with his face against the wall,
And when the 'verging bullets send his traitor soul afar,
I hope to see the finish of the coward of the war!

The truth is always bad enough when guns begin to roar,
And many a gallant fellow will see his home no more,
May the native common-sense of the anxious public bar
The stories of the traitor and the coward of the war!

Wednesday, Feb. 7.

THE KHAN.

THE LIFE OF A BIG GUN.

The bigger the gun the shorter its life. Those monsters, the 110 ton guns, cannot be reckoned upon to fire more than eighty full-charge rounds without becoming quite useless. The 67-ton gun can fire 105 rounds, while the six-inch breech-loader is good for 400 or 450 full-charge rounds.

The reason of this is that the terrific heat and corroding effect of the powder wears away the bore at the chamber end, and then the shell does not catch the rifling.

There is nothing for it then but to send the gun to the factory, and have the barrel bored and lined with a new tube.

Eighty shots from a 110-pound gun would be good business in any war. Where the inconvenience arises is in the fact that during peace the men cannot practice as much as desirable. Still, there is a way out of it to a certain extent, for it is found that a half-charge, which is sufficient for practice, wears out a gun only one-fourth as fast as a full charge; and even in a way a three-quarter charge is powerful enough.

Now a 110-ton gun, though it can fire only eighty full charges, can fire 190 three-quarter charges and 320 half-charges.

MONEY SAVERS

The Sovereign a Careful Housekeeper.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Is No Longer the "Rounder" That He Formerly Seemed To Be.

In years gone by the saying in court circles was that the Prussian court was the most saving, but the household of Queen Victoria of England now is undoubtedly the most economically administered in all royalty. The Queen has her own methods of saving, and she has laid up an immense fortune, which is not encroached upon even in case of the marriage of her children and grandchildren, for in such cases Parliament always steps in with great liberality. Since the Prince Consort died the Queen has abolished all court functions which encroach upon her private means. True, there are still a great number of "drawing-rooms," receptions, and functions demanded by state interests and representation, but, being such, the expenses are borne by the state. Her personal entourage is most simple, and strictly confined to the court charges established by law and custom. Not long ago a delegation of London merchants had it represented to the Queen that her long periods of absence from London hurt fashionable business.

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HOWITZER CANNON

A Death Dealing Weapon in War.

SHELLS WEIGH 50 LBS.

An Idea how the Gun is Charged—Each Gun is Drawn by 6 Horses.

The following description of the 5-inch howitzer which is being used in South Africa is taken from the London Graphic:

A deadly modern weapon of war was in action for the first time—doing good work—at the battle of Omdurman. Yet, owing to the fact that muzzle-loading howitzers, weighing from four to ten tons, were used in a former generation, the ordinary British civilian has scarcely comprehended the true meaning of a "5-inch breech-loading howitzer," whose "bore" when parallel is 3 feet 7 inches from the ground.

Unless all "stand clear" when this gun is fired, the recoil, in spite of the "drag shoes," will impolitely knock the loader over. So abominably does the howitzer kick that it positively jumps on its own account backward a distance of five yards, even with "drag shoes"—a brake like those used on wagons—while without "drag shoes" it runs back from twenty-five to thirty yards. When firing at the range of 1800 yards, 50 per cent. of the rounds should drop within a space of twenty-three yards. The weight of a gun and carriage is, roughly speaking, about twelve hundredweight, and it makes good practice up to three thousand yards. At this distance a Lyddite shell last June ground a sham foil to powder, though the walls were three feet thick. Howitzers can fire behind cover better than any other gun, because, being short, they can get a better angle of descent. Their shells weigh fifty pounds and are constructed externally of steel, and filled with Lyddite—a fluid the color of which seems to indicate the presence of picric acid. As soon as an object is hit a terrific backward and forward flashes take place. Those who are unfortunate enough to be within three hundred yards for the forward explosion are nearly certain to be killed, and whosever are within range of the backward flash up to two hundred yards may be congratulated if they escape. The "bore," 49 inches in length and 5 inches in diameter, has three coverings—the "inner tube," "cent. tube" and "jacket."

In order to obtain a faint idea of how a modern howitzer is charged, imagine a large draughtsman made of cordite threaded on to a peccol. This peccol technically would be termed "the core." When three more explosiveshaped like draughtsmen are placed on the top, this is a "full charge." Each howitzer is drawn by six horses, and the same number are harnessed to the ammunition wagon—just as in the case of the artillery, only the latter have their detachment of nine men mounted. The great objection to these death-dealing howitzers in a European war would be the likelihood of the enemy aiming and exploding the ammunition wagon. The normal pace of horse artillery is a gallop, of field artillery a trot, and of howitzer a walk. The latest named gun weighs twelve hundredweight, whereas the other two are only six hundredweight. Howitzers' uniform is the same as field artillery—blue with yellow facings, red stripes on overalls and red collars to coats. Horse artillery are similar, but they have more braid across their tunics.

UNUSED TO THE CLIMATE. A Frenchman Finds Canadian Weather Had a Bad Effect on His Health. ST. Eustache, Que., Feb. 12.—Augustine Dubois landed here from France, a perfect stranger to the weather conditions prevailing in this country. The food also differed from that to which he had been accustomed, and his heart being weak the change had a serious effect upon it. He went to a medical man who did him no good. He went to others with a similar result in each case. "I had to go to Montreal," he says, "to work for the Grand Trunk, and in that city I met a man who was suffering the same thing as myself, but he had started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. He told me they were doing him good. He was kind enough to give me a few of them. I took them. I felt myself much better. I procured a box, and in fifteen days felt like a different man."

Twelve dozen fancy tea pots, come to us in mistake. For ten days we will give one away with every chamber set we sell. W. P. Colwill.

TWO MORE CASES

Of the most exquisite white wear, received Saturday night which we have added to our already fine display.

BUSY

Hundreds of ladies lined our counters since the great sale began and every lady went away satisfied that

MY STORE

Is the white wear store of Charlottetown.

Wednesday is

Embroidery Day

You'll buy embroidery cheap Wednesday.

COME EARLY

The Busiest White Wear Store.

SENTNER, McLEOD & CO'Y

