



The
Aristocrat
at San Sebastian



The Bal Taberna Symbolized

SAN SEBASTIAN ENJOYS ITS FIRST CARNIVAL.

For the first time in its history the pretty resort of San Sebastian has had its after Lent carnival. This was got up on a magnificent scale, and attracted to the resort a large crowd of American and English tourists. There were also some beautifully decorated cars from Paris in the quaint procession. San Sebastian is a few miles from Biarritz, but of course on the Spanish side, standing eleven and one-half miles from the frontier. It is a place with a very interesting history, having sustained two sieges. In 1813, when the Anglo-Portuguese army took it from France, it was entirely destroyed.

Our Scotch Corner

Burns' Grandson.
(Exchange.)

One of Burns' familiar songs has a curious personal message for a delightful old gentleman who lives by the green slopes of Camp Hill, in Glasgow. His name, to the world, is James Glencairn Thomson, but his heart owns just as true a kinship as any church register can prove with no less a man than the poet himself. He is, in fact, Robert Burns' only surviving grandson. His grandmother was "golden-locked Anna," for whom Robbie was prepared to flout both "Kirk and State," and to exchange moon, stars and everything for "the sunshine of her eye."

Only recently—and thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. J. K. McDowell, the energetic secretary of the Scottish Football Association—the Government has learnt of Mr. Thomson's existence and claims. Having been for some years in straitened circumstances, he is probably to receive some slight official assistance, though there seem to be difficulties, quite unconnected with Mr. Thomson himself, in the way of a regular civil list pension, says the London Daily Chronicle.

Anyhow, in a long talk with a press representative, the old gentleman left no possible doubt as to the authenticity of his descent. One glance, indeed, was enough. Though once black as a raven's wing, his hair is now white now—for he is already in his 91st year. But about that "frosty pow," there is an unmistakable suggestion of the brow and profile that Nasmyth's portrait has immortalized.

In younger days the likeness was yet more striking. Once, for instance, Mr. Thomson was visiting Burns' own Tarbolton, whilst "Granny" Hey, one of the original "Tarbolton lasses," who remembered the poet in the flesh, was still hostess at the local inn. In a moment "Granny" recognized the newcomer as a genuine "Burns."

Above all, the story that Mr. Thomson had to tell—sitting in the little flat "up two stairs," where he has lived for forty years, and where his mother, Burns' own daughter, died—has a romance about it that will bring him closer to the hearts of those who love Burns than any pedigree could do.

Its circumstances are sad enough. The "golden-locked Anna" of the song was, it seems, niece of the proprietor of the Globe Tavern, at Dumfries. At that time Burns was seeking to drown remorse and disappointment in too many of those "pints of wine" he celebrated so melodiously. Alas, while faithful Jean was away at Mauchline, "golden-locked Anna" proved all too fond.

Finding herself about to become a mother, Anna fled to Leith, and there gave birth to a daughter, Bettie Burns. What became of Anna after that no one knows. It is believed that she died soon after. Anyhow, she fades out of the story—poor, foolish little heart, "golden-locked," "melting form," "hinny lass," and all.

Perhaps the baby, destined to become Mr. Thomson's mother, might have disappeared, too, from the scene had it not been for a noble act on the part of Jean Armour—one that is little celebrated, but deserves to be remembered for ever to her credit. Quietly, without protest, without telling even her father, Jean Armour adopted the little one, rocking it to sleep in the same cradle as her own child, William, who was born only a few days before. From that time forth Bettie was brought up as a member of the Burns household, not the faintest difference being made between her and the others. She grew to woman's estate in the little home in Dumfries. She married at Jean Armour's house, and in Jean Armour's presence.

It is possible that the truest tribute that could be paid alike to the character of Burns himself and to that of Jean Armour is Mr. Thomson's memory of his mother, to whom he was passionately devoted, and of her talks about the poet and his "bonny Jean." "Alas," though she was but six when he died," said Mr. Thomson, "my mother minded Burns well. She minded him taking her by the knee and teaching her to sing, 'Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.' She had a beautiful voice, had my mother, and he and Jean Armour would sing together."

Then my mother minded him coming home from Brown in the last days, when he was dying. She never forgot the sight of him sitting huddled up in the cart, his face buried in his hands. The next thing she minded was his funeral.

eral. She was at the graveside with the rest. "Always," the old man went on, "my mother taught me to love and be proud of my grandfather. Jean Armour had taught her the same. Ye ken he was a very lovable man; and if he did wrong, the lasses were partly to blame. Never an unkind word did Jean Armour speak to my mother. She taught her to read Scripture, and every New Year's Day Jean Armour would open the 'big ha' Bible' and choose a text haphazard for the year. My mother, like Jean Armour, became a very religious woman, and to us eight children she was the model of what a mother should be. She had my grandfather's poetic spirit in her, but she could not express it save in singing his songs."

"She had a terrible struggle to make both ends meet at Langside, where I was born, and at Pollockshaws, where we lived afterwards. My father was a weaver, and for some years a soldier, and courted my mother when he was stationed at Dumfries. Afterwards he went back to weaving. He was a good father to us in many ways, but sometimes stern, and I mind well what happy Sundays we used to spend all alone with my mother, when he was out seeing an old soldier friend of his. Then she used to blossom out, and tell us all sorts of stories and sing to us. But it must have been a hard time for her. I used to greet sometimes when there were humps in my porridge, but she used to say, 'You'd better eat it, Jamie; there's naething else the day!'"

Such were some of Mr. Thomson's memories of the two noble women whose heroism illumines the sorry tale of Bettie Burns' birth even more, perhaps, than Burns' own lyric ecstasies. It may be noted that they who suffered more of Robbie's faults than any other there not seem an impertinence about the strictures of little prating moralists! When he had finished, Mr. Thomson showed some precious portraits and other treasures, lovingly preserved in the pretty parlor or "ben."

One was a portrait of his mother—Bettie Burns herself. It was an oil painting by John Kelsie Hunter, and showed, in an old-fashioned mob-cap, an exceedingly pretty woman with Robbie's own dark, lustrous eyes, full of intelligence and character and humor, but with a firmness of purpose about the slightly pursed mouth that Robbie lacked. Can this have been an inheritance from "golden-locked Anna"? One fears not! Bettie lived, anyhow, to be 84, and a fine old lady she must have been. There were other keepsakes, too—a scrap of Robbie's manuscripts, in familiar, bold, clear, characteristic handwriting, pictures of scenes from his poems, given to Mr. Thomson by friends, old editions, engravings, and what not.

It is not only, however, as a repository of memories that Mr. Thomson has

proved himself a worthy grandson of Robbie Burns. In his own personality he is a grandson of whom any poet might be proud—full of racy humor and enthusiasm, and one who "keenly feels the friendly glow." So far as the "softer flame" is concerned, he has never married, having spent his whole life in touching devotion to his mother, whom he kept, and with whom he lived in this very house until her death.

Since then he has stayed on alone, "contented with little and canty with mair," a well-known Glasgow figure, respected by all who meet him. Though failing eyesight forbids him to follow his old mile a day and jump on a tram while it is going, and he is a great player of bowls. He confessed, indeed, that throughout the winter he has been "just wearying for a game." Till lately, too, Mr. Thomson could sing a good song, and "Duncan Gray" from him on a "Burns night" was always a great event. Though the only surviving grandson, Mr. Thomson is not, of course, the only grandchild. Three granddaughters still survive—Mrs. Brown, of Dumfries (a natural daughter of Robert Burns, jun.), and Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Annie Beckett Burns, of Cheltenham, daughter of James Glencairn Burns.

Did You Get Up Tired?

At this season of the year tiredness fastens itself upon the healthy and the strong. If not feeling well you should build up, get more blood into your veins, increase your energy and nerve energy. What you need is that re-builder and tonic, Ferrozone, which contains the strengthening elements your system needs. Ferrozone makes flesh, nerve and muscle; gives you appetite, abundant energy, buoyant spirits—in short, it restores your health and gives you all at all druggists. Get Ferrozone to-day.

Counsel and Client.

The ethics of the difference between the professional opinion of a paid advocate and the honest conviction of a learned man were set forth by a well-known English barrister who died recently. It was a case of murder, and the client and counsel were closeted together. "Smith," said the barrister, "of course I know you didn't murder the man, but as a matter of fact, did you do it with the butt end of a revolver or with a stick?" "Sir," said Smith, "I swear I am innocent." "I know that perfectly well, but you must tell me. For if you did it with a revolver, I shall say, 'produce the revolver.' The client, paused and scratched his head meditatively. "It was the butt end of a revolver, sir." "That's right!" said the counsel. "I think I can get you off now." —The Argonaut.

Little United States

Tea Yet

Washington.—The account of a visit to the tea farm of Dr. Shepard, near Summerville, N. C., recently published in The Sun, recalls the fact that it is just fifty years since the United States Government began the attempt to introduce tea growing in this country.

Probably no project of the kind—that is, no agricultural project—has been so long and so persistently fostered with such sparse results. For the first private attempt to introduce tea growing into the United States was made more than a hundred years ago and the experiment has been repeated at intervals ever since.

A French botanist named Michaux has the credit of the first successful planting of tea in this country. It is a peculiarity of the history of American tea that the scene of almost every one of the successive experiments, from Michaux's to Dr. Shepard's, has been South Carolina.

Michaux planted his tea at Middle-Charleston. According to the Department of Agriculture, the next serious attempt was made in 1848 by Dr. Junius Smith, who left an active career in London to try to raise tea near Greenville, S. C.

Dr. Smith's plants got along first rate, even surviving a snow storm of eight inches deep, and the doctor was convinced that we would become as great tea growers as anybody. But unfortunately—certainly for the tea plants—Dr. Smith died in 1852 and his garden went to rack and ruin.

Six years later the Government took hold of the matter to the extent of sending Robert Fortune to China to get seeds, which were distributed free among residents of the Southern States. People were quite taken with the idea of raising their own tea and enthusiastically planted the seeds and successfully cultivated the plants. Some persons even reported that they had made tea, but the interest soon died out.

In 1880 the Government employed John Jackson, who had been a tea planter in India for fourteen years, to carry on experiments in Georgia. The

Government had bought land there on which had tea had been planted by Dr. Jones. For some reason this tea notion seems to appeal especially to doctors, three of the many being pioneers in the movement.

After a while the Government leased 200 acres near Summerville for twenty years and began to import seed and to collect it from the plants in this country which had survived their various ups and downs. But the man who was pushing the movement, Commissioner Le Duc, died before the tea farmers got fairly started.

His successor probably didn't care for tea. At any rate he abandoned the experiments, and the idea had another long period of retirement.

But the tea farm or Pinchur tea gardens of Dr. Shepard have proved that we really can raise tea on a commercial scale in this country if we want to. He had about 100 acres planted. The area in bearing yields about 12,000 pounds of tea a year. One of the gardens has given a record yield of 335 pounds of dried tea to the acre in a single season. The trouble in pushing the raising of tea in the United States doesn't lie in any particular difficulty of cultivation, but because most of the individuals who have raised the plants haven't known how to pick and cure the leaves. The Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin telling them how to do this properly.

In the Southern States the picking begins about the first of May and continues till about the middle of October. Only the bud (called pekoe tip) and the first two or three leaves should be taken.

This is done by pinching off the stem of the shoot just below the last leaf to be plucked. The bushes are generally plucked every ten or fifteen days. The shoots must be watched so that they do not become too tough before plucking.

To cure your own tea all that is necessary is a four-quart double boiler, a large agate lined pan, a large wooden spoon or paddle, and a kneading board or a clean kitchen table. To make black tea take the leaves, spread them very thinly and evenly on a clean table or floor, and let them remain there from twelve to twenty-four hours. During that time they will lose about half their weight by evaporation and will get soft like kid.

About half a pound of this withered leaf is rolled or kneaded for half an hour. At first it must be done lightly, so that the leaves will begin to twist.

Then the rolling becomes more and more violent until all the pressure possible is being applied. This will press out the juice, which is again sopped up by the leaves, which become tightly twisted.

When the rolling has gone on long enough the leaves are formed into a ball

COAL
AND
WOOD
AT
Lowest Prices
THE ROGERS COAL CO. LIMITED

PHONE 1481

THE VERY BEST
ROGERS COAL

S. GILLIES, Pres. GEORGE J. GUY, Mgr.

The Paper on Which "The Times" is Printed is Made by the

Riordon Paper Mills Limited

at Merritton, Near St. Catharines

THEY ALSO MAKE BUILDING PAPER AND ARE THE LARGEST MAKERS OF SULPHITE PULP IN CANADA

Head office, Mark Fisher Building, Montreal, where all correspondence should be addressed.

Try the Little Railway Size Admission Tickets for Church Concerts and Entertainments of all kinds

Nothing So Handy
Numerically Numbered
100 Different Patterns

Nothing So Cheap
Easily Kept Track of
Can't Be Counterfeited

Only \$1.50 Per 1000

And in larger quantities cheaper still.

The TIMES is the only office in the city that supplies this class of tickets, and we print millions of them during the year.

Send in your order. We print them while you wait.

Corner Hughson and King William Streets. Times Printing Company

Job Printing of every description from a three-sheet mammoth poster, plain or in colors, to an address card.

and put in a cool, damp place for from three to six hours to ferment. At the end of this time on breaking open the ball it will be found to have turned a yellowish copper color and the raw odor has become more pronounced and more agreeable.

The ball is broken up and the leaves spread in a large agate pan to a thickness of about half an inch. This is put into the oven, and until the leaves become very crisp to the touch and give off a slight odor of tea. This stage of the process requires the same careful watching that must be given throughout.

Black tea is also cured by withering the leaves in the sun. The process is shorter, and many persons like the flavor of sun cured black tea better than the other. Instead of from twelve to twenty-four hours being required for withering the leaves it can be done in an hour and a half if the sun is hot enough.

Green tea is made from the same leaves as the black, but the withering and fermenting processes are omitted, and the green leaves are put into a double boiler as soon as they are picked—one pound of leaf to a four-quart boiler—and allowed to remain there surrounded by boiling water for from seven to nine minutes.

The cover is lifted occasionally and the leaves stirred. After that the leaves are ready for rolling.

The boiling water in the jacket of the double boiler prevents the tea from oxidizing, and it therefore remains green in color. The rest of the curing is practically the same as with black tea.

The Department of Agriculture has reached the conclusion that the tea plant will grow well where the temperature seldom falls below 24 degrees and never goes below zero. An annual rainfall of 50 inches is necessary, most of it coming during the season for plucking the leaves.

The plant can be grown in home gardens for its ornamental as well as its useful qualities. It makes a really handsome evergreen hedge or border for a garden walk and has very pretty and fragrant blossoms.

The picking and curing of the leaves is something that any intelligent person can do. As 100 plants will yield about 18 pounds of tea a year, a family could have all the tea it wanted from their number of plants and have it absolutely pure, instead of getting Prussian blue, indigo, soapstone and other items thrown in.

The Motor Car in a Great Indian Religious Pageant.

Let us transport ourselves in fancy to Mysore, the potential Native State of Southern India, when devoutly minded Hindus are preparing for the impressive spectacle of the Dassera, the feast of the initiation of all kinds of enterprises, will be the day of the Marathon race, when the runners entering the grounds will of necessity have to run through the village street on their way to the Stadium. In the village hall demonstrations in connection with an Irish anti-consumption crusade will be given

the imposing troupe of royal elephants caparisoned in cloth of gold and purple velvet; we may watch the cavalcade of cavalry and artillery bearing the token emblems; we may listen to the shrill native music while it winds its way along the route bordered with silken streamers and artificial flowers festooned from lines of masts; we may observe His Highness alight from the glittering state elephant and after performing the ceremonial puja or prayer tribute to the banyan tree on which the arms are piled, shoot at the tree with bow and arrow; we may follow his return preceded by the balawallas dressed in green and yellow and carrying lantern-hung lances; we may move in the midst of this chromatic life till we see His Highness again, this time robed in loose flowing saffron silks, receiving barefoot the sword of State at the palace door; we may rub our eyes and wonder if it is the unprogressive Orient—for Western innovation sweeps along in the machine shape of modern motor cars electrically driven, and swathed with jassamine garlands and silk cloths—symbols of their deification—the same as the lordly elephants, the dignified camels and the magnificent horses. The animals, typifying movement as they do, are deified at this festival of the Dassera. Since the motor car with its stored movement has become part of the Maharajah's stable, why should not it be deified along with the other animals?—From "The West in the Orient—Electricity the New Force in Old Lands," by Charles M. Pepper, in the February Scribner.

Rifle and Smooth Bore.

The main difference between a rifle and a smooth-bore gun is that the inner surface of the rifle barrel has one or more spiral grooves cut into it. The object of this is to permit a portion of the material of the bullet or projectile to sink into the grooves. As the projectile is forced out of the barrel these projections into the grooves tend to remain there, thus giving rise to a spinning motion. In fact, it is not only going forward, but is rotating rapidly as it goes. The axis will tend in accordance with the gyroscopic principle—to maintain, without change, its direction. But that is really saying that the projectile will tend to remain in its true course. So this is why a rifled gun shoots straighter than a smooth bore. —From J. F. Springer's "The Gyroscope," in March St. Nicholas.

Improvement.

"I think we ought to go in for the town beautiful. Any improvement that you could recommend?" "I would suggest that you remove the dark panes which have filled the broken pane in your parlor window all winter and substitute a discarded shirt waist or something summery." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

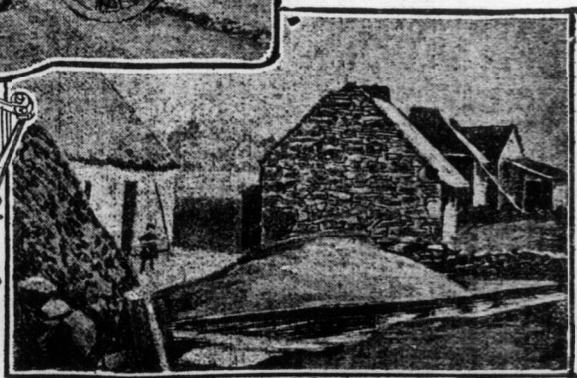
"Was Hamlet insane?" "No doubt at all about it." "You seem positive." "Well, he killed a man, didn't he?" —Pittsburg Post.



An Irish Bally Carriage



Old Woman Bally's Hat



Irish Village at Exposition

IRISH VILLAGE IN GREAT LONDON SHOW.

London.—One of the most interesting features of the Franco-British Exhibition, which opens on May 11, will be a round tower of great solidity, which will mark the site of Bally McClintock, the Irish village.

Under the shadow of this tower, which is modelled on that of Glendalough, Mr. Robert Brown has built a long

village street, with cottages, a soap factory, a ruined church and a hall.

Two hundred bright-eyed Irish colts, with green skirts and cross-over shawls, will form the greater part of the population of the village. They will live in a street of thatched cottages, and will be found working at village industries and serving in the village shop and postoffice, where everything from "a needle to an anchor" will be found on sale.

Of course, there will be a blarney stone, an ancient cross and a holy well—what Irish village could exist without attractions? Nothing but peat will be burned in the village, a whole cargo of that fragrant fuel being now on its way from Ireland.

In "McKinley's cottage" Mr. Brown takes much pride. He found the cottage in which the grandfather of the late American President was born in use as a cowshed, and bought it. Now it is in

the village, pretty much in the condition in which it was when it was inhabited. Over the peat fire an iron pot will hang from the original pot hook.

The great day of the Irish village will be the day of the Marathon race, when the runners entering the grounds will of necessity have to run through the village street on their way to the Stadium. In the village hall demonstrations in connection with an Irish anti-consumption crusade will be given