CALIFORNIA AND OHIO

LINKED TOGETHER BY THE

EASTERN CONSOLIDATED OIL CO.

19,696 acres in Santa Barbara and Kern Counties, California.

1,063 acres of proven Oil Lands in Wood, Mercer and Van Wert Counties, Ohio.

The largest and richest oil holdings controlled by any company on the Pacific coast, in the rich fields of Santa Barbara and Kern River, California, linked to the richest and most productive oil lands in Ohio form a unity of interests in the Eastern Consolidated Oil Co. that represents a tremendous power in the financial world today. The richest and the safest oil investment now before the public. 85 oil wells on proven oil lands!

$100 INVESTED NOW PAYS $24 A Year, In Dividends at 2% Monthly

2% MONTHLY

on the Investment Now!

MONEY earns money, and in no investment does it receive better wages than when working for the EASTERN CONSOLIDATED OIL CO. Have the courage of your convictions—seize the opportunity that leads to success. Lay the

Foundations of a Fortune

by buying Eastern Consolidated Oil Stock at 25c a share (par value $1.00), and reap the benefits of successive rises to par.

FACTS are stubborn things. No one can argue away the existence of the 85 producing oil wells of the EASTERN CONSOLIDATED OIL CO. nor talk over 20,000 acres of rich oil holdings off the maps of California and Ohio!

Story OF A Modest Investment AND AN Income.

Suppose, as an illustration, that you invest $1,000 in Eastern Consolidated Oil this week at 25c a share (par value $1.00). Your $1,000

Buys 4,000 Shares.

Someone is going to buy those shares within the next few weeks. That is certain, because the allotment of 25c stock will probably be exhausted within 30 days. It might as well be you, and let the timid investor lose the opportunity. But $1,000 invested now pays $240 a year with the stock at 25c. When the

Price Goes to 50c

your $1,000 will be worth exactly $2,000, and your dividends after the rise will amount to $480 a year.

This much we see from present development. With 85 oil wells and an

INCREASED PRODUCTION OF OIL.

the price of 50c a share is already more than warranted. But the Eastern Consolidated Oil Co. has favorable locations for AT LEAST 150 MORE OIL WELLS on its Ohio holdings alone. What is more, these additional wells are being drilled now, this spring; and, as every acre held in Ohio is proven oil land, the additional wells will undoubtedly produce oil as richly as the wells now in operation. Then when the company's rich holdings in California are taken into consideration, it is easy to see that

Another Advance

will soon follow. Development has begun on the Kern River property, and on the Santa Barbara tract. The time is ripe for action. Local conditions are coming into shape. Before the summer is over the company will be selling oil from Kern River, and a new Oil Eldorado will be opened in Santa Barbara.

The Stock at Par.

That's where the price will undoubtedly be before the close of the present year.

Then what becomes of our $1,000 investment? That amount put in THIS week will be equivalent, when the price reaches par,

$1,000 to Pay $960 a Year

to 16,000 shares at 25c a share. As the Eastern Consolidated Oil Co. pays 2 per cent MONTHLY ON THE INVESTMENT, it will then pay you dividends at the rate of 2 per cent monthly on $4,000—that is, $960 a year.

Now, $960 as an annual income is not a fortune, but remember, you only have $1,000 capital invested. A savings bank would have paid you a beggarly $40 a year!

No need to point the moral.

85 Wells Now

RECORD-BREAKING CHARGE OF EXPLOSIVE.

THE last well to "come in" on the EASTERN CONSOLIDATED OIL CO.'S Ohio holdings was "No. 13 West," on the Clark farm in Wood County. The well was put down 1,500 feet, and then Superintendent Ranger decided to "shoot" it with

1,000 QUARTS OF NITROGLYCERINE

The result was a miniature earthquake. Oil spouted 200 feet high and continued to flow for 20 minutes. The new well is richly productive.

Canadian investors are fully alive to the merit of the Eastern Consolidated Oil Co.'s stock as an investment. Many thousands of dollars have been sent in dividends to Canadian stockholders. Many of the old stockholders are doubling their holdings in anticipation of the rise.

Price for a Short Time

25c. A Share.

Par Value $1.00.

We never handle a stock we cannot fully recommend. A member of this firm has personally investigated the claims of the EASTERN CONSOLIDATED OIL CO., and he is perfectly satisfied that the company is abundantly able to keep all its promises.

C. B. HEYDON & CO.,

Confederation Life Building, Room 40, Corner Yonge and Richmond Sts., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

IN OHIO ALONE

85 OIL WELLS With Favorable Locations.

For at Least 150 More.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS AT THE CORONATION

Maj.-Gen. O'Grady-Haly Summoned to Consult With Lord Minto on the Matter.

London, March 22.—It is stated that there will be 2,500 colonial troops in London for the coronation. Practically every colony will be represented.

Ottawa, March 22.—Major-General O'Grady-Haly was yesterday summoned to consult with the governor-general in regard to the military contingent to be sent to the coronation ceremonies. It is understood that the contingent will ge constituted on the lines of that which attended Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee in 1897. This was under the command of Col. Lord Aylmer, and consisted of 202 of all ranks, composed as follows: Officer in command, 1; cavalry officers, non-commissioned officers and men, 51; artillery, 28; infantry, 77; other officers selected, 20; Northwest Mounted Police, 25. The department of militia is overwhelmed with applications from officers and men who are anxious to serve on the contingent.

THE PEOPLE'S BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Gratifying Reports Received at the Ninth General Annual Meeting.

A report of the ninth general annual meeting of The Peoples Building and Loan Association of London will be found in another column, and is well worth a careful perusal. Those who are fortunate enough to be shareholders of "The Peoples" have every reason to feel gratified with the condition of the association's affairs, as revealed in the annual reports. Today it is stronger than ever before in its history. Year by year, from the time of its inception up to the present, its growth has been steady and substantial, and it is now in the proud position of being able to say that it possesses $13 security for every $1 liability to the public, whereas most companies have only $1 60 security for every $1 liability. The Peoples Building and Loan Association was the first national association in Canada to mature installment stock. The plans enable the workingman to secure a home; and in a country which we are proud to term "a nation of homes," the importance of this cannot be too forcibly emphasized. During the year debentures to the extent of $23,100 have been issued, bearing interest at from 3¾ to 4½ per cent, according to the length of time of the debenture. As these debentures are a first charge on the assets of the association, and at the present time represent about $25 of security for each dollar of debenture liability, they form a desirable channel for investment to those who would prefer to take a lower rate of interest than is paid on permanent stock. The reserve fund has been increased by $4,000, so that this fund now stands at $12,000, or equal to about 10 per cent of the amount paid up on permanent stock, and in addition thereto there is standing to the credit of the contingent account $809 93. On the whole, the showing made by "The Peoples" during the year has been excellent, and one calculated to strengthen the confidence, which has been manifested by the public in this efficiently managed concern.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT CHANGES EVERY DAY

176-178 Dundas Street, London, Saturday, March 22, 1902.

WOODS' FAIR

Easter Cards.

A large and choice stock of the season's most artistic productions. Prices range from **2c up.**

Have you heard about the latest novel, "I. Rasksole and Daughter," by Arnold Bennet? We have it for **75c.**

Candy Department.
From 2 to 4 p.m. Monday.

Peanut Crisp, ½-lb for 5c
Fresh Peanut Taffy, full of whole nuts, ½-lb for 7c
Oranges and Lemons, each 1c
Fine Large Oranges and Lemons, 4 for 5c

Belt Buckles, 5c.

Pretty Belt Buckles and Clasps, regular 40c and 50c, Monday, each 5c
See our Children's Bonnets and Hats, in silk and organdie

Music.

Here is a list of Music at 5c a copy, regularly sold at 15c and 25c:

Ma Sweetest Girl (song).
A Little Blonde (song).
The Beautiful Human Fly (song).
Because I Love Thee So (song).
Darling Little Yum-Yum (song).
Story of the Ould Counthrie (song).
Lady Slavey (Lancers).
If I Were Really a King (song).
Half a King (two-step).

Basement News for the Housekeeper.

Hardware.

Vinegar Taps, Monday 10c
Wire Pinchers, Monday 25c
Good Hammers, Monday 10c
Hatchets, Monday 20c
Screwdrivers, Monday 10c
Steel Steak Pounder and Ice-Pick, combined, Monday .. 10c
Stovelid Lifters, coiled wire handle, Monday 5c
Tack Pullers, Monday 5c

Glassware at 10c Each.

Lare Size Spoon Holders.
Sugar Bowls.
Pickle Dishes.
Gelatine Dishes.
Bonbon Dishes.
Mustard Glasses.
Vinegar Bottles.
Cheese Plates.
Berry Dishes.
Lamp Bowls, in green and white.
Custard Cups.

Tinware.

Large Wash Basins, Monday 10c
Flour Sifters, Monday 10c
Colanders, Monday 10c
3-quart Tin Pails, with cover 10c
12-quart Tin Pails, Monday .. 15c
Nutmeg Graters, Monday 5c
Funnels, Monday 5c
Pudding Dishes, Monday 5c
Cake Tins, Monday 5c
Tin Cups, Monday, 3 for 5c
Toast Racks, Monday 5c

China.

Pretty China Egg Cups, gold band design, Monday, dozen 20c
Fancy Cups and Saucers, regular 15c, Monday 10c

Carpet Beaters.

New Style Carpet Beaters, coiled spring, copper wire, Monday 15c
Plain Copper Wire Carpet Beaters, Monday 10c

Come and Hear the Music.

WOODS' FAIR.

HOW A WOMAN VIEWS WOMAN

A Snapshot Study With a Valuable Lesson Attached.

Women Trust to Men's Chivalry to Avoid Criticism of Their Little Shortcomings.

I called on Eunice yesterday. Eunice is, by the way, a strong, capable woman, with great executive ability, who conducts admirably a large and successful business.

Her apartment was filled with flowers.

"They come once a week," I remarked. "Observe my Sherlock Holmes deductions. They are sent by a man, of course. Women send fifty cents' worth of carnations, not lilies, and roses, and violets and such. It looks suspicious."

"Bosh!" said Eunice, straightening herself up. "It means this: Last year I was able, in a business way, to do some small favor for a florist; since then he has sent me, once a week during the winter, a superb box of flowers. I have never seen him in the interval. His permanent order is carried out by his clerks. Do you see those books yonder? They were the beautiful and delicate expression of another man's appreciation of a slight service.

"This last week I have put myself to considerable trouble," she continued, "to aid three women, two of whom are in business. It was no small service, for it meant hundreds of dollars in their pockets. Not one of them has even said 'Thank you.' Women! Don't talk to me about women!"

"Why, Eunice! They're—they're your sisters," I said weakly.

"That is just the reason I get so ashamed of them," she answered fiercely. "Here we are, always insisting that men shall put us upon a pedestal and worship us, and then we spend our time in scrambling down it. Never were truer words written than

"Oh, wasteful woman! She who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapened Paradise!"

"This very day I went to my dressmaker's to learn that a woman, presumably in good circumstances, well born and supposed to be well bred, had used my name to carry off a model waist, on which she made no deposit and for which she has not yet paid. She will probably boast of it to her men friends and they will laugh and draw certain mental conclusions."

"But we really are better and purer and nobler and all that," I insisted vaguely.

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted Eunice. "Now here's the balance. On this side we will put the large, bold, blaring, made-much-of sins of men. On this side we will put all the petty meannesses, the miserable makeshift dishonesties, the small treacheries of women. Which weighs the heavier?"

"I will not have my own sex so traduced," I contested, hotly. "We are, the worst of us, what men have made us."

"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways," she said, cynically. "How about men being what women have made them? I am not speaking of greedy, rapacious birds of prey. I am talking of the women who claim the respect of men as their due, and who yet do not hesitate to destroy every ideal a man may have about them by the exhibition of the most unlovely and selfish characteristics. Men, through friction with the world, acquire a self-discipline, a self-control, a good nature, that carefully reared, sheltered women are often singularly deficient in."

"Now that we are talking confidentially, I'll tell you the truth. Women are always showing a streak of 'yellow' in their compositions that men are at pains to conceal. I am going to add to the world's store of axioms this truism: That to attempt to gain your ends through an appeal to the emotions is 'yellow.'

"Now, woman has ever regarded hysteria as her highest privilege and most cherished possession. It has stood her in good stead on too many occasions to be lightly abandoned. It has won too many victories for an apparent lost cause. She has used the power of pathos too often not to know its worth. Now confess, my dear, is it quite square, does it not display a 'yellow streak' to use a weapon with which men cannot cope?"

"But has not the weaker side the right to use any weapon against the strong?" I argued, immorally.

"The weaker! Why should she take that position? Man must, has always given woman anything she demanded. She has unnecessarily entrenched herself in weakness and played the slave. What is the mere power of physical strength beside the power that woman might wield, has wielded?"

"She has demanded some things she has never got—the ballot, for instance."

"She never has asked it as a compact body. Do you suppose that if all women desired the ballot it would not be theirs? She inevitably and always can set her own price, and he inevitably and always cannot 'choose but pay.'"

"I think it's horrid for women to talk about women," I said virtuously.

"In the abstract, you mean. It is by that dictum that they have escaped a feminine censorship of their morals and manners. They trust to man's chivalry on the other hand, and so hope to escape criticism."

Russia's Religious Census.

[London Standard.]

Some further figures have been published of results obtained at Russia's first census of four years ago. They relate to the subject, especially interesting at the present time, of the distribution of religious beliefs in the empire. Taking the sum total as one hundred and twenty-five millions and a half—that is, excluding Finland—something under 70 per cent are entered as of the Orthodox faith, nearly 10 per cent are Roman Catholics and 4½ per cent are Jews. Mohammedans count nearly 10 per cent of the total. Protestants number nearly 3 per cent, and various recognized Christian sects make up the sum. Considering that under the heading of orthodox are entered the schismatics of the state church who left the fold in the days of the Patriarch Nikon, and were unable to rejoin, as they desired, a few years ago, because of the finding of incorruptible remains at Chenrigov did not inspire them with the belief they hoped for, and that enormous numbers of all kinds of sectaries undoubtedly entered themselves as orthodox in order to escape possible unpleasant consequences, the figures are a revelation as to the state of the Russian Greek Church at the present day. Making allowance for all these considerations, it is not too much to say that in all probability not much over one-half the total population of the empire of Russia belongs to the Russian Greek Church.

Thousands of well-meaning men deprive themselves of needed nourishing, force-giving food by trying to economize. They stand at a lunch-counter and hastily swallow a sandwich and a glass of milk, to economize time and money; when they owe it to themselves and to their highest well-being, to go to a good restaurant or hotel, to take time enough to eat a nutritious, properly cooked, and properly served meal, and give the stomach time to begin the process of assimilation before resuming work.

To win success one must be able to fix his mind absolutely upon what he is doing, and to apply himself rigidly to the task.

GEORGE ADE'S MODERN FABLES

The Sickly Dream and How It Was Doctored Up.

What Resulted from the Encounter of the Rag-Time Artist with the Literary Man.

One Day a pure white Soul that made Sonnets by Hand was sitting in his Apartment embroidering a Canto. He had all the Curtains drawn and was sitting beside a shaded Candle, waiting for the Muse to keep her Appointment. He wore an Azure Dressing-Gown. Occasionally he wept, drying his Eyes on a Salmon Pink Handkerhief bordered with Yellow Morning Glories. Anyone could tell by looking at him that he was a delicate Organism and had been raised a Pet.

Presently he put his Left Hand to his Brow and began to indite with a pearl-handled Pen on Red Paper. Then there was a ring at the Bell.

"Oh, Fudge!" said the Author. "That distressing Sound! And just when I was beginning to generate Ethereal Vapor. Hereafter I shall order the vulgar Tradespeople to deliver all Marshmallows at the Servants' Entrance."

He began to write again, reviving himself at the end of each Word by means of Smelling Salts. He did not see the Artist standing in the Doorway.

The Artist was a muscular Person with an Ashen Complexion and a Suit that was not large enough to show the entire Pattern. He carried a Bludgeon with a Horse's Head on it. In order to attract the Attention of Mr. Swinburne, he whistled through his Teeth, whereupon the Author jumped over the Table and fell among the Rugs, faintly calling, "Mother! Mother!"

"Cut it out," exclaimed the Artist. "What's matter?" Huh?"

"Oh, how you startled me!" said the Author, sitting up among the Rugs. "Just as you came in I was writing about the Fays and the Elfins. I was in the deep Greenwood, the velvet Sward kissing my wan Cheek and the Leaves whispering overhead."

"I see," said the Artist. "A Dark Change from an Interior to a Wood Set. That's all right if you can do it quick. Who did you say you were doing it for—the Fays?"

"I mentioned the Fays and Elfins," said the Author.

"I've heard of the Fays," said the Artist. "They're out on the Orpheum Circuit now. But the Elfins—no. What kind of a Turn do they do?"

"Ah, the Elfins," said the author. "They dance in the Moonlight and skip from Tree to Tree."

"Acrobatic stuff with Light Effects, eh? Well, you're on a couple of Mackerels. I never see any Benders that could get away with a Talking Act. You want to give your piece to somebody that can Boost you. You write a good, gingery Skit for me and Miss Fromage, and we'll put your Name on a Three-Sheet in Letters big enough to scare a Horse."

"I gather from the somewhat technical Character of your Conversation, my dear Sir, that you are associated with the Drama," said the Author.

"Is it a Kid?" asked the Artist. "Wuzn't you ever in Front? Don't you look at the Pictures in the Windows? I'm Rank, of Rank and Fromage. Miss Fromage is the other half of this Season, and if you Seen her a block off you'd say: 'Is it or ain't it Ethel Barrymore?' We've just closed with McGoohan's Boisterous Burlesquers. We was so strong that we killed the rest of the Bill, so we got the Blue Envelope. Now they're using all our Business, including the Gag about the Custard Pie."

"To what am I indebted for the Honor of this Visit?" asked the Author.

"I heard that you was a Litry Mug, and I'm around here to see you about a Sketch for me and Miss Fromage. The one I've got now is all right, but in it I've got to eat eight hard boiled Eggs, and, with four shows a Day, that's asking too much of an Artist. This sketch was wrote for us by the Man that handles the Transfer Baggage at Bucyrus. He fixed it up while we was waitin' for a Train. I've been using it since 1882, and it goes just as strong as ever, but I like to get new Stuff once in a while. So I want you to fake up something that'll kill right in their Seats. Here's the Scenario: My Wife's a Society Girl and I'm supposed to be a Dead Swell that'll come to take her to a Masquerade. With that to work on, all you need do is to fix in the Talk."

"I have recently prepared a One-Act Play, but I am not sure that it will meet your Requirements," said the Author. "It is called 'The Language of Flowers.' There are three Characters in the Play—a young Shepherd named Ethelbert, the Lady Gwendolen and a Waiting Maid."

"We couldn't carry three People," said the Artist. "You'd better use a Dummy instead of the Hired Girl. I do an awful funny Wrassle with a Dummy. Go ahead and slip me the plot."

"Is is an idyllic Thing," said the Author. "Ethelbert is in love with Gwendolen, but he is not certain that his Love is reciprocated. So he sends her the Flowers. The Waiting Maid brings them into the Bower, where Lady Gwendolen is seated, and with them a Scroll of Verses from Ethelbert. The Lady Gwendolen unrolls the Scroll and reads:

'Traced in the Veins of the Petals
Are the Lines I fain would speak,
And breathing low in the perfumed leaves
Is the Name ——'"

"Hold on!" said the Artist. "That's a Cinch. Have a Stage-Hand come on with the Flowers. Lottie says, 'I know who sent these,' and so on and so on, and his Nobs gets off. Then her alone with the big armload of Hollyhawks, that I'm supposed to be sendin' her—savvy? She says, 'Well, there's no three ways about it, I've got this Gazabe dead to Rights.' She goes on to talk about Me, leading up to her song, 'John L. Will Be Our Champion Once Again.'

"Bing! the Door Bell rings. Then me on quick, see? I've thought out a Make Up that's sure to get a Holler the Minute I come on. I wear a pair of Pants made out of Tin Foil, a Fur Coat with Lace around the Bottom, and on my Head I wear a Coal Scuttle with some Sleigh Bells fastened to it. As I come down Stage I make some Crack about just escapin' from a Business College. When I see the Doll I go over and slap her on the Back, pull out a Sprinklin' Can and water the Flowers. You'll have to fix me up a Line to introduce the Sprinkler. As soon as she sees me she gets stuck, so she hands me one of the Flowers. I say, 'Ah, a night blooming Pazizum!' Then I take a Salt Cellar out of my Vest and shake some Salt on the Fower and eat it. I done that with a Piece called 'A Boiled Dinner,' and it always went big. When she sees me eat the Flower that makes her Sore, understand? She comes at me with a right hand Pass. I fall over a Chair and do a Head Spin. You fix up a strong Line for me just as I go over the Chair. Then—What's the matter, Cull? Here, Bud, open your Eyes!"

The Author had fallen in a Heap on the Antique Writing Desk.

"Hully Chee!" exclaimed the Artist. "He's Croaked!"

MORAL—A Classic is never Safe except in the Church Parlor.

NEARLY FATAL

A Well-Known Lady in Markham, Ontario, Suffers So Severely With Dyspepsia as To Be Completely Prostrated.

Mrs. Tefft, wife of Mr. R. C. Tefft, vice-president of the East York Agricultural Society, who resides at Markham, Ont., was a helpless and almost hopeless victim of the most aggravated form of Dyspepsia.

Her sufferings were continual, but were much more severe on some days than on others.

So greatly did the complaint increase that at last she was obliged to take to her bed and remain there unable to get up or go around at all.

For six weeks she lay in almost constant agony and distress. The pain she endured during that time was beyond description.

The family physician attended her but could do nothing to make ner better.

Finally through the advice of some friends Mrs. Tefft began a treatment of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

She received marked benefit immediately and continued the treatment. Gradually her health came back as the pain went away till in a short time she was able to go about her regular duties as well as ever.

Mr. Tefft in a testimonial letter, which his gratitude for his wife's recovery prompted him to write, says:

"All through my wife's very severe illness Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets were the only medicine that ever did her any good.

"They cured her completely and restored her to good health and strength, and that after she was nearly dead with the pain and sickness of Dyspepsia."

A remedy that can effect such a satisfactory cure of such an extreme case can surely be depended upon to cure less advanced cases.

If you have Heartburn, Bloating, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache or any symptom of any kind of any Stomach Trouble you may be sure that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will help you to get well again.

They have cured so many that now it can be safely said that there is no case of Stomach Trouble that they will not cure.

Political Points.

Mr. G. F. Marter is out with an address to the electors of North Toronto, seeking re-election to the legislature as an independent.

The evening Telegram says: "It is not unlikely that Andrew Pattullo, M.P.P., North Oxford, will be given a seat in the Ontario cabinet as minister without portfolio before the Ross' government goes to the country."

At Montreal on Friday A. E. Brunet was committed to stand trial on two charges—committing electoral frauds and interfering with the administration of justice. He was admited to bail in $2,000. Brunet was accused of personation in the Federal election in St. James' division.

One of the happiest effects of knowing that others have confidence in us is the tendency it has to strengthen belief in our own ability.

THE CANADA LIFE

Interesting Facts Brought Out in the Fifty-Fifth Annual Report.

The 55th annual report of the Canada Life Assurance Company, which is printed elsewhere in this edition, will be read with more than ordinary interest. The feature of the annual meeting was the announcement of Senator Cox that the policy liabilities of the Canada Life Assurance Company are now valued on an interest basis of 3½ per cent for all business prior to 1900, and 3 per cent for policies issued since then, thus putting the company on the most stringent valuation basis of all those organized on this continent. The number of applications received for assurances was 3,871, for $8,467,243. The number of policies issued was 3,659, representing assurances of $7,761,131. As compared with the previous year, there was an increase of 1,579 in the number of policies issued, and of $2,397,996 in amount. The total assurances now in force amount to $84,404,972, being an increase of $3,365,891 for the year. The death claims paid during the year amounted to $1,133,098, an increase of only $50,730 60 over those paid in 1900, and the amount was again well within that expected. The total assets on Dec. 31, 1901, as shown by the balance sheet, amounted to $24,504,790 48, being an increase of $1,856,586 40 over the previous year. It is perhaps not too much to say that the year 1901 was the most successful in the company's long record of 55 years. To crown all, the completion of the transition to the new and stronger basis of reserve, now announced, must be a cause of great satisfaction to all interested in the continued prosperity of the company.

FATHER WALSH FINED

The Stratford Assault Case in the Police Court—The Priest Pleaded Guilty.

Stratford, March 22.—Father Walsh, who a week ago was charged with assaulting a couple of young ladies on the street, appeared before Police Magistrate O'Loane this morning, and pleaded guilty, through his solicitor, Mr. J. J. Coughlin, who explained that the reverend gentleman, before coming to Stratford, was engaged in what is knowing as "slumming" work in London, England, and the knowledge he there gained of the evils resulting to young people from being out late at night on the streets deeply impressed him, and influenced his after life. He was under the impression that the young ladies assaulted were members of his congregation, and that one of them had been complained of to him by her mother.

The magistrate imposed the maximum penalty in each case, $40 and costs, all told.

G. T. R. PLACES A $600,000 ORDER.

Montreal, March 22.—An order has been given by Mr. C. M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, for twenty-five locomotives (passenger and freight), one hundred coal cars and three hundred flat cars, at a cost of about $600,000. This work will be spread over the shops at Montreal and Stratford, but the bulk will go to Montreal. This is not to meet any special need of the moment, but simply for the purpose of keeping up the equipment to the normal point.

The Death Record.

San Jose, Cal., March 22.—Mrs. Mary L. Pulsifer Ames, a botanist of world-wide fame, and whose name is an honored one in the royal botanical directory of Austria, is dead.

Cobourg, March 22.—Dorald Smith, proprietor of the Columbia and Baltimore Hotels, was found dead in his bed yesterday morning. Mr. Smith was about the day before, and appeared to be enjoying good health. He was about 55 years of age, and married, but had no family.

Seattle, Wash., March 22.—Dr. F. H. Thompson, one of the most widely-known physicians in the United States service, is dead here of typhoid fever. He was a Canadian, and his family live in Toronto.

Livingston, Mont., March 22.—George Alderson, a veteran newspaper man, of the state, fell dead at his desk. He had been in ill health for some time.

Telegraphic Briefs.

Sir William Macdonald has made a gift of $20,000 to the library fund of McGill University.

The United States is prepared to retaliate on Germany by excluding her wines and malt liquors from the country.

A number of residences on Park avenue, New, York, undermined by the rapid teransit tunnel excavations, sank into the earth.

Several bridges in New Brunswick and a lot of lumber have been swept away by the floods. One woman was drowned in York county.

The organization of a local telephone company at Belleville, Ont., had its effect on the Bell Telephone Company, and they offered the town better rates.

The steamer Tunisian sailed on Thursday from Liverpool for Halifax and St. John, N. B., with 88 cabin, 300 intermediate and 740 steerage passengers.

HUNDREDS WANT TO GO.

Toronto, March 22.—The desire of the school mistresses of Ontario to teach the Boer children is not a whit behind that of Ontario men to fight in South Africa. Hon. Mr. Harcourt, minister of education, who is selecting eight teachers from Toronto and Western Ontario to proceed to the concentration camps and teach the Boers children, said that he had received hundreds of applications from teachers of the province and could in fourteen days secure 200 teachers of the very best standing eager to go to South Africa.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned, in relinquishing control of the Office Restaurant, on Richmond street, desires to return thanks to his friends and those at large for the liberal patronage extended to him, and to solicit on behalf of the new owner, Mr. W. J. Wright, a continuance of the public favor to generously accorded him during the long term of years. Yours respectfully, David Sare. 38u

If it is asthma, bronchitis, croup, or any such trouble, use Vapo-Cresolene. All Druggists.