

WITH THE MEDIATORS AT NIAGARA FALLS



Don Algara R. de Terreros, former Mexican chargé d'affaires at Washington and one of the Mexican interpreters photographed outside the Clifton Hotel. Don Algara is the big man wearing the cap. When he left Washington he took up quarters in Toronto.

LITERARY FOLKS

Locke Back From Egypt With New Novel

NOTABLES OF ENGLAND

Author of Much Praised Work Proves Clever Young Venetian Artist—Shaw In a Tent, Chesterton Keeps Bees

(Times Special Correspondence) London, May 19.—William J. Locke who has been lost to London for several months, is expected back here next week, and will have the, to him, not uncommon, but, one may guess, always agreeable experience, of finding his latest novel well up among the "best sellers". There is, in fact, official authority for stating that "The Fortunate Youth" has sold even better than did "Stella Maris," and the latter, of course, was one of its author's biggest hits. Locke is in Venice at present on his way back from Egypt, where he and Mrs. Locke have spent several months. It would not be surprising if he had found a new plot there, but the land of the Pharaohs will not, I understand, figure in his next novel, which was planned and begun some time before he left England, and is now nearly finished. He has not found a name for it yet, by the way, at least not one that satisfies him. Meanwhile it is interesting to be told this morning by John

Lane, who has published all Locke's novels, that the two that have over-topped all the rest in sales have been the two that most of us love the best, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," and "The Beloved Vagabond." Lord Redesdale, the eminent traveler and ex-diplomatist, than whom there are few better judges, declared to a friend of the writer's, the other day, in the course of a talk on current literature, that he never had read a better historical novel than "The Shadow of Power," first book of a newcomer in the literary world, who has since followed it with another story of almost equal merit, recently published under the title of "The Fifth Trumpet." It is not of ten that you find one set of critics enthusiastic over work which a man has done in one branch of art while another set are equally keen on his performance in another, but that is what has happened to Paul Bertram, whose real name, by the by, is Paul Gutschler. Under the latter, he has been giving a private view of oil paintings and water-colors at Walker's Galleries in Bond street, and the critics have been saying exceedingly nice and well merited things about these works, most of which represent Italian scenes. Gutschler himself is an Italian, having been born in Venice, and he makes his home in Rome where he is at the present moment, but in his thirty-seven or eight years he has contrived to do quite a lot of traveling. As a youth he lived for several years in Madeira, and there it was that he learned English in which he writes with as much ease as Conrad himself. This young painter-novelist's name, by the way, suggests a Dutch extraction and both of his two novels deal with the struggle of the Netherlands against the power of Rome. Doubtless it is for this reason that neither has been published in their author's own country, where, as yet he is known only through his work with the brush.

G. K. Chesterton is so well pleased with the success of his dramatic trifle, "Magic" ("Patty's First Play," as Bernard Shaw wittily called it) which ran for 150 nights at the Little Theatre here, that he is hard at work on another which probably will be called, "The Blue Bag." Big G. K. C., who has forsaken London for some time, so far as living goes, and now holds forth at Beaconsfield, has lately, I hear, taken to keeping bees (like Maeterlinck), and though stung daily by the disturbed populations of his hives, who apparently object to paradox, seems rather to like it than otherwise. Of late, by the way, quite an epidemic of simple-living seems to have seized the literary world here, another victim being George Bernard Shaw, whose use of the tabooed word "bloody" in his latest play still is the subject of discussion here, is living in a tent on the rugged Yorkshire coast, with sandals on his feet and, they say, honey in his beard. The fact that the good people of Flay have mistaken him for an Arab sheik has not discomfited him in the least. Israel Zangwill, of course, for some time has been home at Far End, in Sussex, and another popular author, declaring that he is suffering from over-work (though over-production probably is his actual ailment) has taken enthusiastically to a clay cottage and hobnailed boots on the Yorkshire downs, and is producing poultry and eggs in exciting instalments. Rudyard Kipling, as an orator, is coming on. Not long ago he did quite a lot of "spell-binding" in connection with

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a by-election in the neighborhood of Burwash, and he recently gave a delightful address on "Some Aspects of Travel" before the members of the Royal Geographical Society. Now it is announced that he will be one of the speakers for the League of British Covenanters, or Ulster Leaguers, in a series of meetings that that organization is holding during the present month. Kipling, who is a firm supporter of Sir Edward Carson, has not a bit of use for Home Rule, will speak at Tonbridge Wells on May 26th.

Are ghosts great liars? This question was raised by W. B. Yeats, the famous Celtic poet, in an address to the London Spiritualistic Alliance this week, and he answered it in the negative, mindful, no doubt, of the fact that the inhabitants of the spirit world have ever before them the example of the late George Washington. "Liars cannot be so much more numerous in the next world than in this world," said Yeats, who was referring to the innumerable cases of false information given through mediums, all of which could not be due to lying spirits, he said. In one case, he added, a character out of a novel made psychic

raps at a table and produced psychic effects external to the medium. Ghosts may be hypnotized by the medium, or by practically any one, Yeats declared. A Countess of Sligo, he mentioned, dismissed her stable boy because, seeing his late master, the earl, walking near the house, he told the ghost to go away and haunt a lighthouse. The Countess dismissed the boy for telling the spirit to haunt such an inclement spot, because a ghost had to go wherever it was told. Telepathy, Yeats went on, was of no importance in four-fifths of the facts once the investigator accepted materialization. Ghosts assumed "dream-shapes," according to the desires within them. An old man in the west of Ireland told him of a ghost which had informed him that it was miserable because it was stark naked. The ghost suggested that the man should give a suit in the spirit's name to a beggar in the streets. The man did so, and when the ghost again appeared it was wearing the selfsame clothes.

FIRST NEWSPAPER IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE

The first newspaper printed in the English language, with its old-English type and its quaint account of events in foreign countries, was a pamphlet issued in 1621. Its title, "Corrant or Newses from Italie, Germanie, France, and other places," is as curious as its contents. For many years it had been supposed that no copy of the Corrant was in existence, but recently a copy of this interesting document was discovered, and a photograph of one page of it is reproduced in the June Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Miss Dorothy Dickson of Chicago is out to break the world's tango record of 25,000 miles in a year, made by a New York girl. She has tangued, according to her meter, almost 9,000 miles since the beginning of this year.

NEW ARMY MACHINE GUN.

A new weapon has been provided for the United States army which is far more efficient than any heretofore adopted. It was invented and is used by the French military authorities, and already nearly a hundred have been purchased by the United States. The new gun, which is described in the June Popular Mechanics Magazine, weighs but thirty-five pounds, and can easily be carried by a soldier. Two men are required to

operate it, both of whom lie flat on the ground, presenting a small mark to the enemy. One man feeds the cartridges into the breach of the gun in clips of twenty-five each, while the other aims the weapon and directs the firing mechanism. The gun will fire separate shots or will operate automatically, in which case 800 shots a minute may be fired. At long range a third soldier ascends the range by the use of binoculars, and reports the effect of the bullets.

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writes: "For years I was troubled with the stomach, and have always been of a nervous temperament. The death of my husband was a great shock to me, and a few months later I was prostrated by nervous trouble. Locomotor ataxia developed later, and I was in a bad condition. "I took treatment from different doctors, but did not gain until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. When I had used five boxes I was so fully restored that I was like a different person. I am sure that the Nerve Food is a good medicine, and have told many people about the remarkable way in which it has restored my health." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 80 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50. All dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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