

Tom Groves In England

He Pays a Visit of Inspection to several Big Gun Boats and Gives a Few Impressions—A Delightful Picnic

Halifax, Eng., Aug. 16, 1907.
To the Editor of The Planet:
I am having a whirlwind of a time. I am doing the heavy, and the pace is swift. At the present time I am not envying Rockefeller or Carnegie. I have nothing to do but to study out my own pleasure, and you can depend upon it that I am flying high with money in my pocket, all I want to eat and drink, and am living among the most hospitable people, to my fancy, to be found anywhere. I think the North of England people hold the Blue Ribbon. I spent a week in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and of all the towns that I have visited, it is the most interesting in the matter of the character of its people, and their free and easy style of living. I was there on a Saturday night, and for blocks the streets and sidewalks were jammed with people. The pit men and their wives come in from the surrounding districts—and you talk about the hotels doing business! It's a depression all the time. I never saw the equal.

Well, Mr. Editor, I got a treat in Newcastle which very few men can get unless they are in with the local push. I had the honor of inspecting the latest type of battleships, now under construction at Harbottle-on-Tyne. It is called the *Lord Nelson*. Now, Mr. Editor, when I tell you I was the guest on the battleship of none other than the head inspector of the guns, you will have some idea of the importance of a Canadian in England. The inspector I speak of is responsible for the guns from start to finish. He is in the employ of the Government, and all of the guns have to be accepted by him. Perhaps you may wonder how I got on the good side of my influential friend. This gentleman and his family are very great friends of my sister, Mrs. Hill.

I have not the time at my disposal to give an account of my two hours' visit, but you will have that waiting in another installment. I may say that the guns in position and finished at the time of my visit were the two big fellows fore and aft. The guns on one side were also finished. I also had the pleasure of being introduced to the head inspector of the submerged torpedo department. King Edward himself could not have been more courteous or obliging in the matter of explanations. The one thought which was ringing in my ears during my visit to this battleship was, that this country was perfectly safe upon this point. I am prouder of the Royal Navy to-day than I have ever been in my life, and the thought brings vividly to my mind the famous words of Lord Blandford, "We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money, too."

Another surprise was in store for me from the same gentleman of the battleship. We went to Harbottle-on-Tyne, and inspected the torpedo boat destroyer *Ghoulra*. She is almost ready for her trial. You have no doubt read in the press lately of H. M. Torpedo Boat Destroyer *Cossack*, making forty miles an hour. The *Ghoulra* is the same type of boat, only built by a different contractor.

But I must pass on. Newcastle is a pretty place, and there seems to be lots of work for its inhabitants.

I saw the big Atlantic liner the *Mauritania* of the Cunard line, one of the biggest ships in the world, getting her finishing touches put on. I have seen very little drunkenness, but they tell me it is a great place to get a jug, and many ways and means of getting liquor during prohibited hours. Any man who can show a railway ticket which has been used that day can get his drop. Another land office business is situated three miles out of Newcastle—Gosforth Park. You talk about hitlers, autos and cars, and men walking out, it was a surprise to me. There are no questions asked, and you can get all you can pay for in the drinking line.

I went from Newcastle to Hartlepool for a short visit and then pushed on to Darlington. I landed in the latter place on a Saturday, and met a man who served his apprenticeship with me. So Saturday night I was an invited guest to take a trip on Sunday to Whitley Bay, on the sea coast. There were thirty-five in the party, and such a bunch! It was their annual outing. When we arrived at the station Sunday morning, a saloon carriage was ready with four tables in the centre. We had just got nicely started on the run, when two men started to unpack some boxes. There was any kind of liquor you might desire, whiskey, gin, bottled beer, and stout. Also cigars. I asked how they got this stuff on board. They said that it was delivered Saturday night at the station. Well, we had an hour and a half of that style. Of course we had seltzer, but I am not saying this to make you think I am drinking seltzer, but I did go after the choice cigars, and commenced to wonder what would come next.

We arrived at Tynemouth all O.K. The program was, to walk a mile and a half with three stopping places. I am mentioning this to show you how the travellers get their beer. The first hotel we came to we found two policemen standing outside. We went to the door and knocked, and a man answered, asking us where we were from. If we had a railway ticket, and if we were travellers. You go in and get all you want at these places. They are crowded with hundreds of men travelling on bicycles and other wheels. Well, we landed at our destination, and a beautiful dinner, well served, was waiting for us. We were a jolly crowd when we got home that night, after the experiences of our splendid outing.

At present I am at Halifax, and Sourby Bridge, which are famous for their carpet factories and other manufacturing concerns. It is a grand sight to see the mill girls leaving work.

They turn out of the factories walking two together. I must have seen about eighty walking arm in arm. They all wear a neat eel and a little shawl over their shoulders. They are a jolly crowd, but you ought to see them in the evenings. Some of them are pretty as pictures.

I left for Blackpool in the morning. Trusting that you are well, and with best wishes for good old Chatham, I am,

Yours sincerely,
TOM GROVES.

Behind the Choir Curtain

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

There had been an immense amount of irreverence in the choir before the new soprano came. The tenor and the alto and the bass and the old soprano had flirted from the opening anthem to the benediction, and as they were hidden from the congregation by a green baize curtain there had been no scandal, although certain members of the session had complained of weird sounds that had seemed to echo from the organ loft and die in the steeple.

With the advent of the new soprano, however, came a different state of affairs. Both the tenor and the bass fell in love with her at sight, and the alto, being forty and fat and fair, submitted comfortably to the new singer's conquest and smiled on her in a way unprecedented in choir history, where the green baize monster is supposed to rage rampant.

The new soprano was not irreverent, and hence it came about that romance was succeeded by religion, and the tenor and the bass paid strict attention to the responses and to the sermon and bent their heads during prayers, although so earnest were the soprano's meditations that the bass was constrained now and then to glance at her and after intercepting the tenor's ardent observation would again seem wrapped in his devotions.

At the time of the opening prayer the sun came through the rose window. A white dove spread his wings against the stained glass background, and as the soprano stood up for her solo he seemed to hover over her head, and her shining hair made a golden halo.

"Oh, she's too good to be true," the bass told the tenor as they went home together one Sunday in May.

"She is perfect," the tenor declared fervently. "We are a lot of sinners, and she has come among us like a little saint to make us ashamed of ourselves."

It was discovered after three weeks that the bass had given up smoking.



THEY HAD TEA AND MUFFINS.

In five weeks the tenor signed the pledge, and in six the alto stopped bleaching her hair and came to choir practice with her head tied up in a veil to hide the inevitable discrepancies as to color.

"She's a dear little thing," she confided to the bass. "She's poor and takes care of her mother."

"I'll take care of them both," the bass declared ardently. "If she will let me."

The tenor having made the same statement, the alto carried the news to the soprano.

"They are both in love with you, my dear," she whispered one Sunday morning when the green curtain had been drawn and the congregation had settled down comfortably to hear the sermon.

"I'd rather not talk about such things in church if you don't mind," the soprano said gently, and the alto agreed hastily and gave her earnest attention to the preacher.

"But tell me one thing," the tenor said to the alto confidentially at choir practice, "how are we going to ask her? Her mother walks home with her after all the services, and she hasn't asked us to call, and she won't talk about secular things in church and there you are?"

"Is love a secular thing?" the alto questioned sentimentally.

"She says it is," the tenor stated, "but I think it is divine."

Things came to something of a climax when the soprano's mother was taken sick.

"Now is your chance," said the alto, all in a flutter, as she leaned toward the tenor.

But the bass was already begging the privilege.

"I had hoped you might let me," the tenor said as he stumbled over two chairs to get to her.

"Why not both of you?" said the soprano. "It's on your way home, and you will be company for each other the rest of the way."

"Oh, the aggravation of her!"

grained the tenor as he went to get his hat, and the bass said things to himself in a dark corner.

The soprano invited them in, and they found her mother sitting up in a big chair, and they had tea and muffins served by the music hands of the soprano, who seemed more desirable than ever in this setting of domesticity.

"We might as well meet it like men," the bass told the tenor as they went home afterward. "We both love her, and if we are ever going to get a chance to ask her one of us will have to stay away next Sunday night, and the other one can take her home."

"Well," the tenor agreed, "but how shall we decide who will take her?"

"I'll toss a nickel," said the bass. "Heads I win." And he forthwith flipped one, and it turned up tails.

"Just my luck," said the bass gloomily. "But if you have the good looks I have the brains, and I shall know how to plead my case when the time comes."

The tenor was jubilant.

"I shall have first chance," he said. When he talked to the alto on Sunday morning the bass was not sanguine. "The tenor is young and handsome, and I won't be it."

The alto comforted him.

"If I had the choosing I should pick you out," she said, and something in her voice made the bass turn and look at her. She had on her new summer hat, and her hair was prettily brown where it had grown out, and there was about her an effect of youth and freshness that belied her forty years, and that made the bass, with his weight of forty-five, feel old.

"You are always my good friend," he said and squeezed her hand ever so slightly as he rose to sing a duet with the tenor.

In the solo part the tenor's voice rang out with such a note of triumph that the soprano caught her breath as she heard it. It was as if he sang, "I love, love, love!" and yet the words were sacred. Within the breast of the little soprano something new stirred, something that was touched with the breath of divinity, so that it seemed no sacrifice for her to think of it in church.

"How beautifully he sings!" she said to the alto, and the alto agreed, "Yes, indeed, but her eyes were on the bass, who now took up the strain."

When the tenor sat down, the soprano whispered in the shelter of the curtain, "How beautifully you sang!"

And the tenor said, "I sang to you," and between them flashed a glance that made the bass groan, and he murmured to the alto: "The game is up. I have lost. They are talking love in church."

"It's as good a place as any," said the alto. "There's nothing hot so sweet in life as love's young dream." She wiped her eyes as she said it, and the bass found himself asking,

"Do you really think that young love is as steadfast as the love of old friends?"

"Have you just found that out, Billy?" the alto questioned.

"You have helped me to find it out," said the bass and squeezed her hand under the hymn book.

And under the hymn book of the soprano the hands of the two young lovers met.

"The beautiful part is that you told me in church," said the soprano, with her blue eyes lighted with divine fire.

"Yes, that is the beautiful part," said the tenor as, regardless of the alto and the bass, he kissed her beneath the green baize curtain.

A Plea For Enlisting.

No man who will look carefully into the work of the army or of the navy can fail to realize that a career in either branch of our military service is one to which any man may give himself with the fullest devotion and with the highest ideals. Americans, as a rule, know little about the actual work of either of these services, and few realize that when a man enters the service of the army or of the navy, whether as officer or enlisted man, he enters a great school, a school in which is taught not only the discipline of self-restraint, of cleanliness, of devotion to duty, but in which are taught also the elements of an education. An enlisted man who enters a regiment of the army, barely able to read and write, comes out, if he be a man of ambition and industry, at the end of three years in possession of the fundamentals of an English education. His officer stands to him not only in the relation of a teacher and a friend. There is no career open to an American boy, unless it be that of a teacher, which offers a larger opportunity than that of the army or navy officer to minister to the service of men.—President H. S. Pritchett in Atlantic.

The Size of the Sea Horse.

The popular mistaken idea as to the size of the sea horse is a constant source of amusement to the guards at the aquarium. According to them, visitors, after looking at the big sea cow and peering into the tank where the turtles lead a placid life, next begin to hunt around among the inhabitants of the big floor tanks to find the sea horse. They crowd all the placards and carefully reinspect all the occupants of the big tanks; then, failing to discover any immense fish which closely resembles a horse, they turn to a guard as a last resort. When they are directed to one of the smaller tanks upstairs and when they learn that this supposed monster of the deep never attains a size of more than ten inches they are amazed enough. The specimens of the sea horse at the aquarium are much below the maximum size, and when seen clinging by their tails to the sides of the tanks, the objects in the tank look more like little chessmen than anything else.—New York Sun.

SUPPORT NEW SULTAN

Mulai Hafiz Would Satisfy French Demands.

Tangier May Be Imperilled — Withdrawal of Troops Would Leave Raisuli Unopposed—Cruiser and Torpedo Boat Sent to Morocco—Will Place France in Delicate Position—Protect Europeans.

Paris, Aug. 30.—A despatch to The Matin from Casablanca confirms the report that Mulai Hafiz, the newly proclaimed Sultan of Morocco, had issued a proclamation at Masagan, pointing out that the policy of Sultan Abdul Aziz had been ruinous to Morocco, and stating that he proposed to satisfy the French demands and enter into good relations with France and the other powers. The proclamation is regarded as being of the greatest importance, as it implies that Mulai Hafiz has the support of all the principal tribes of the southern part of Morocco.

The Tangier correspondent of The Matin telegraphs that special couriers have arrived at Tangier from Fez, bearing orders from Sultan Abdul Aziz to the Moroccan War Minister, Cabbas, to immediately send two caisses, with troops, to join Gen. El Merani and go with them to Fez. If the order is carried out, the correspondent adds, Tangier will be depleted of troops, and be at the mercy of Raisuli, who is described as being much encouraged by his victory over Gen. El Merani.

The French Government yesterday ordered the armored cruiser *Dessix* to proceed to Tangier from Toulon, with instructions to protect the European population of that port.

The torpedo-boat destroyer *Dart* has also been ordered to sail for Morocco.

The Temps raised the point that if Mulai Hafiz proves to be friendly, France enters on a most delicate situation, as by the terms of the Algerian conference she is bound to respect and maintain the authority of the legal Sultan, who, for the most, is Abdul Aziz. The Temps remarks:

"What will come to pass if it is to his rival that we shall owe the pacification of Morocco? The utmost tact is essential in handling the problem."

The Temps adds that the Moroccan question has been singularly simplified since the German army, which has no intention of menacing either the integrity of the country or the commercial liberty of the powers, has occurred in German opinion in surprising in its rapidity. The paper then suggests that "negotiations ought to be opened in order that certain problems interesting to Germany shall receive solutions satisfactory to that country."

Bookmakers Fined.

Fort Erie, Aug. 30.—Eight bookmakers from Buffalo, accused of violating section 228 of the Criminal Code, by keeping a common gambling house at the Fort Erie track, were convicted by Magistrate Rathbun of Fort Erie yesterday morning. They were fined \$100 each, without costs, or three months in jail.

Chief of Police Kays gave evidence as to having bet \$2 and Magistrate Rathbun declared that the arrangements made the location of the stool a "place," as spoken of in the law.

An appeal will likely be taken.

War on White Slave Traffic.

Washington, Aug. 30.—A systematic effort is to be made by the bureau of immigration to put an end to what is popularly known as "the white slave traffic," which has been conducted especially in cities on the Atlantic seaboard for a long time.

The method with which this is accomplished is so well devised that the victims of the importers practically invariably avoid detection by reason of the thorough coaching they receive prior to embarking.

Rossland Miners Protest.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 30.—Rossland Miners' Union has sent a strong deputation to Premier McBride to take action against the Crow's Nest Coal Co. for alleged violation of its charter requiring sufficient and continuous supply of coke for smelters and mines in Yale and Kootenay districts.

The present shortage is due to the shipment this year of twenty-seven thousand five hundred tons of coke to United States smelters.

Two Boys Suicide at Sea.

New York, Aug. 30.—Two suicides, both boys, occurred from the steamer *Patricia*, which arrived yesterday from Hamburg, Boulogne and Plymouth. Baruch Jaffo, a teenage passenger, aged 18, jumped overboard on Aug. 18, and Heinrich Henke, aged 18, a member of the crew, jumped into the sea two days ago. Neither body was recovered.

Kills Sister.

Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 30.—Thos. Lavelle, a prominent hotelkeeper of Girardville, shot and instantly killed his sister, Mary White, while sleeping, early yesterday, and then fatally wounded himself. He is probably insane.

To Prevent Accidents.

Cobalt, Aug. 30.—At the inquest into the death of Alex. Groulx, killed by a stone during a blasting, the jury recommended the local authorities to take steps to minimize the possibility of accidents in the use of explosives.

Lynched Negro.

Columbus, Miss., Aug. 30.—A mob lynched John Lipsey, a negro, who, it was said, criminally assaulted Mrs. Ed. Windham at her home near Pickensville, Ala. Mrs. Windham is in a critical condition.

Settlement For British Columbia.

London, Aug. 30.—The Salvation Army have arranged with the British Columbia Government for the selection of a settlement for 1,000 persons in 1908.

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. For cough—ever from a cold or whooping cough—always heal, soothe, and ease the irritated throat tubes. Don't blindly suppress it with a suppressing poison. It's strange how soon this finally comes about. For twenty years Dr. Shoop has constantly warned people not to take cold medicines or prescriptions containing Opium, Chloroform, or similar poisons. And now a little late though—Congress says "Put on the label, if poisons are in your Cough Mixture." Good! Very good! Hereafter for this very reason, mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must have been on the label. And if it's not only safe, but is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance, but particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the labels with yours, and note the difference. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure

"AL" DEALERS

THE BUNGALOW ERIEAU

RATES:—

\$1.50 Per Day, \$7 and \$8 Per Week

Special Rates For Families.

Meal Tickets will be issued as usual.

Better service than ever before, no expense is spared to provide for the comfort and pleasure of the guests.

ADDRESS

E. J. BUZZARD,

Proprietor.

1000 ISLANDS, Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.

TORONTO-MONTREAL LINE.

3.00 p.m.—Steamers leave Toronto daily for Charlotte (Rochester), 1000 Islands and Montreal.

HAMILTON-MONTREAL LINE.

6.30 p.m.—Leave Toronto Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for Bay of Quinte, Kingston, Belleville, Montreal and intermediate ports.

For tickets and berth reservation apply to

W. E. RISPIN or E. FREMLIN,

Agents R. & O. N. Co., Chatham, Ont.

H. Foster Chaffee, A.G.P.A., Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC NORTHWEST

ROUND-TRIP EXCURSIONS FOR HOMESEEKERS LEAVE

SEPTEMBER 10 AND 24

OCTOBER - 8 AND 22

60-DAY RETURN RATES FROM NEAREST C.P.R. STATION.

Winnipeg.....\$32.50

Saskatoon.....35.00

Prince Albert.....38.50

North Battleford.....39.00

Regina.....40.00

Calgary.....40.50

Edmonton.....41.50

Stettin.....42.50

Comfortable berths in tourist sleepers at moderate rates.

Free Copies of Homeseekers' Pamphlet, giving rates to other points, and

Full information at Chatham Office, E. Fremlin, City Ticket Office, cor. King and Fifth Streets; or write C. B. Foster, D.P.A., C.P.R., Toronto.

TORONTO EXHIBITION

Special Rates and Trains

FROM CHATHAM

TORONTO AND RETURN

\$3.80 DAILY

Special Excursion Days

AUG. 27th AND SEPT. 2

Tickets Good To Return until Sept. 10

Ask Agents for full copy of OFFICIAL PROGRAMME and TIME TABLE, giving full details of special train service.

LABOR DAY

Return Tickets to all stations at SINGLE FARE

Good going Aug. 31, Sept. 1 and 2

Return limit Sept. 3

ON SALE AT ALL C.P.R. CITY AND STATION TICKET OFFICES

Tickets and full information may be obtained from Mr. E. Fremlin, City Agent, Cor. King and Fifth Sts., or write C. B. Foster, D. P. A., C. P. R., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WEST

No. 3—Daily 12.15 a.m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and all points West and South.

No. 5—Daily 1.15 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and all points West and South.

EAST

No. 4—Daily 7.5 a.m. for London, Woodstock, Galt, Toronto, Montreal and all points North East and West.

No. 6—Daily 1.15 p.m. for London, Woodstock, Galt, Toronto, Montreal and all points North East and West.

No. 10—(Daily Except Sunday) 6.5 a.m. for London, Woodstock, Galt, Toronto and all points North and East.

GRAND TRUNK

Mail train, 8.37 a.m., daily except Sunday.

Mixed, 12.40 p.m., daily except Sunday.

Express, 2 p.m., daily.

International Limited, 5.18 p.m., daily.

Express, 9 p.m., daily except Sunday.

WEST BOUND—

Accord, 8.30 a.m., daily except Sunday.

Express, 12.52 p.m., daily.

Mail, 4.19 p.m., daily except Sunday.

International Limited, 9.24 p.m., daily.

Mixed, 2.30 p.m.

PERE MARQUETTE

Leaves Chatham for—

Blenheim and Rond Eau, 6.45 a.m.

South and P. M. West, 8.20 a.m.

M. C. R. West, 9.05 a.m., P. M. East.

Blenheim and Rond Eau, 10.30 a.m.

South and P. M. West, 5.15 p.m.

South and P. M. East, 6.15.

Arrive at Chatham from—

Rond Eau and Blenheim, 8.55 a.m.

East, 9.35 a.m.

West, 10.25 a.m.