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ALWAYS A DIPLOMAT

Even in Youth John Hay Knew How to Avoid Trouble.

In the little river town of Warsaw, Ill. lived two brothers, John and Charlie. The latter, being the younger and weaker, was occasionally tormented and bullied by older companions.

But never more than once. For John Hay, despite his quiet and affectionate nature, was an enemy to be dreaded, and many were the blackened eyes and bleeding noses that caused the bullies to regret their choice of a victim.

One summer morning the two brothers were dressing in their room in the Clay-street house, which stands at the edge of a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi.

In a few minutes determined footsteps were heard approaching the front door of the Clay-street house, and a vigorous knocking brought the mother of the two boys hurrying to the door.

"Mrs. Hay, you've got the meanest boy in the hull town," said a voice, whose tones the boys immediately recognized as those of the Brown boy's mother.

"Where's John?" was her first question, for her eyes had failed to take in the huddled form in the bed.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, "the next time that boy of yours comes home with any tramped-up tale to explain how he got his clothes torn you'd better investigate his story before trying to malign the character of one of your neighbor's children."

London, May 27.—Albert Shannon, a brakeman, was killed in a collision in the Grand Trunk yards this morning. Shannon was in the van of a freight, which had just pulled in from the east, and backed down to the coal chutes.

A business man of Odessa, Mo., found it necessary a few days ago to lay aside his good clothes and put on a dirty, ragged suit and help clean up the machinery in his place of business.

A Washington seamstress left a needle in the back of a dress she completed for a Kansas young lady not long ago and now a particular friend of the family wears his arm in an arnica bandage.—Kansas City Journal.

Many a man has approached "the door of hope" to find that he left his night key in his other pockets.—Springfield (O.) Sun.

MR. EVANS EXPLAINS THINGS AS TO HIMSELF AND RADIALS

In Reply to Reeve Bryans States the Position Taken by County Council.

Editor World: I notice by a recent issue of your paper that the only original John Bryans, reeve of Etobicoke, and your reporter met on the highway in the vicinity of Long Branch some time in the night and immediately proceeded to swap lies.

As to the general question of radial railways, it does not in any way affect the county council, who control no rights. I might say that I think the principle laid down by the premier of Ontario that he alone is capable of judging as to the fairness of the agreements between local municipalities and street railways is not a sound one.

Now, another matter. Mr. Bryans brings up against me in connection with the Mimico Railway extension, I was asked by Mr. Keating, then manager of the Mimico Railway, to go with Mr. Royce to see the council of Etobicoke as to an extension to the western boundaries of that township.

Mr. Keating on what conditions he proposed to extend. He seemed to have no definite ideas on the subject. I then laid down three propositions: First, that no extra charge should be made for the additional half-mile; second, that the franchise should expire at the same time as the present franchise of the Mimico Railway; third, that there should be no diminution in the present services.

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ity to swallow anything in connection with railway matters. The county council made an agreement with the Suburban Railway for running cars on Dundas-street. Not satisfied with this agreement, the Suburban people went to the township and made an agreement. I would advise Mr. Syme to take a day off and read these two agreements. They possibly he will realize the swallowing capacity of the township council of York.

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"A Bachelor's Romance," which the Toronto Press Club produce at the Princess Theatre on June 6, is a striking sample of the art of wholesome playwriting. In this case has been created a drama which tells a pretty interesting story, introduces attractive character drawing, and possesses a backbone of real dramatic moments.

New York—Taking his own life in his hands, David Armstrong of Brooklyn, an athletic looking young man not more than 24 years old, strangled to death a big Newfoundland dog afflicted with the rabies that was about to attack a hundred or more little children who were leaving public school No. 60, 257 North-street and Fourth-avenue, Brooklyn.

Toil disarms temptation. Perspiration proves inspiration. No man can keep his sins to himself. Revenge is sweetest when renounced. Great faith is the secret of great facts. There may be backbone without bigotry.

He has no faith in God who has no hope for himself. The truth forces itself upon us. Destiny is decided not by definitions, but by deeds. No man ever bought fortune by the sale of his friends.—Henry F. Cope in Chicago T. ibune.

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STRANGLES MAD DOG; SAVES LIFE

Brooklyn Young Man Tackles Newfoundland Dog and Kills It.

New York—Taking his own life in his hands, David Armstrong of Brooklyn, an athletic looking young man not more than 24 years old, strangled to death a big Newfoundland dog afflicted with the rabies that was about to attack a hundred or more little children who were leaving public school No. 60, 257 North-street and Fourth-avenue, Brooklyn.

The heroic deed was accomplished apparently with the utmost ease. Armstrong was himself in peril of having the poisonous teeth buried in his arms. But his great strength overpowered the brute and the young man escaped with a slight scratch on one of his hands, inflicted by the animal's feet, with which it clawed at its captor during the death struggle.

It all happened just after the beginning of the noon recess, when the children were coming out of the school gates. Where the dog came from no one knows, but it suddenly appeared among the children, yelping, snarling and snapping at their skirts.

The mad animal heard his shout and turned to meet the attack. The children stood spellbound. Armstrong approached rapidly to within a few yards of the beast. The dog watched him with gleaming eyes and snapping jaws.

Armstrong had distracted the brute's attention from the children, and for the moment they were safe. The dog suddenly bounded toward him. Armstrong knelt down on one knee and waited for the dog to come within reach.

When it did, as quick as a flash the young man caught it by one of the forelegs with one hand, and sank the fingers of the other in its throat. By a dexterous twist he turned the yelping animal on its back. Then he freed the hand that held the dog's leg and brought it up to reinforce the other.

DEFECTIVE WORK COSTLY

Shadowing a Prominent Financier Proved Expensive.

How a city financier was shadowed, even while at his lunch, and what this watching cost were among the facts disclosed in an action in a London court recently. Edwin Williams, private inquiry agent, an ex-city detective, sued Henry Dade, solicitor, for watching a well-known city financier with a view of prosecution. The defence was that the charges were grossly exorbitant.

Mr. Williams said he charged the defendant \$5.25 a day, which included one or two assistants' time. Mr. Dade: One day's work consisting of your going to Gatti's cafe in the Strand, and taking your lunch, from 1 o'clock to 1.45. You charge me \$5.25 for that and \$1.10 for your lunch.

The Plaintiff: Yes; what can you get at Gatti's for \$1.10? (Laughter.) The defendant: You seem to have "done" yourself remarkably well. Solicitors do not get \$5.25 an hour for lunching at their client's expense.

The judge asked if the plaintiff and his men disguised themselves when at work. The plaintiff said they sometimes did. The defendant's case required great delicacy of handling, as he and his men had to lunch near the man being watched, listen to his conversation with a friend, and report to Mr. Dade.

The judge found for the plaintiff for \$18 beyond \$50 already paid, and costs. It is to Smile. "That western tornado destroyed several thriving hamlets."

They went to St. Joseph, in Michigan. Where waves on the beaches all swish-igan. And there they were wed, But now, it is said, They'd not, they both wish, and they wishigan. —Chicago Chronicle.

14 YEARS OLD; SIX FEET TALL

SCHOOL DESKS TOO SMALL

New York—The little girl in the song, who always was in the way, had no reason for complaint as compared with Lena Ober, a "little" girl in real life, fourteen years old and six feet tall, who lives at No. 130 Broome-street.

Lena is not responsible for her own troubles, which brought her into Essex Market Court. She says she can't help being tall, that she doesn't fit into the niches of the world reserved for children of her age, and Magistrate Whitman admitted the truthfulness of her statements. Her chief trouble is that she finds herself in her own way most of the time.

The girl was summoned to court to explain why she did not attend school as is required by the board of education. When her name was called and she walked to the bar every one gasped in astonishment. The girl was as tall as any man in the room, and built proportionately. The magistrate asked her kindly why she did not attend school.

"I am too tall, judge, your honor," she answered in the voice of a child. "The children in the fourth grammar class, in which I would be, are all little, and the desks are so low that there is not room for my legs beneath them. I'd be all doubled up, judge."

"Then, too, the children made fun of me," continued the girl, with a tear note in her voice. The magistrate and court officers had a moment of uncomfortable suspense for fear that the child giantess would have a fit of weeping, but she recovered herself. "They make fun of me because I am so tall, and don't seem to fit in where I belong. They call me 'Shanghai.' That hurts my feelings, so I quit going to school. I can't help being tall."

"Well," said Magistrate Whitman, "I can only advise that you attend school in spite of your troubles. Make the best of your time and try to forget your size, and all will come out right in the end." The magistrate then dismissed the complaint, and the girl will have to live her misfit life until her years catch up with her haunches.

What's the Use? Whenever I am taken sick, And feeling anything but gay, My friends all pat me on the back And say: "How well you look to-day." And I suppose when I'm laid out In sombre shroud and black cravat That they will say: "I did not think That he would look so well as that." —Milwaukee Sentinel.