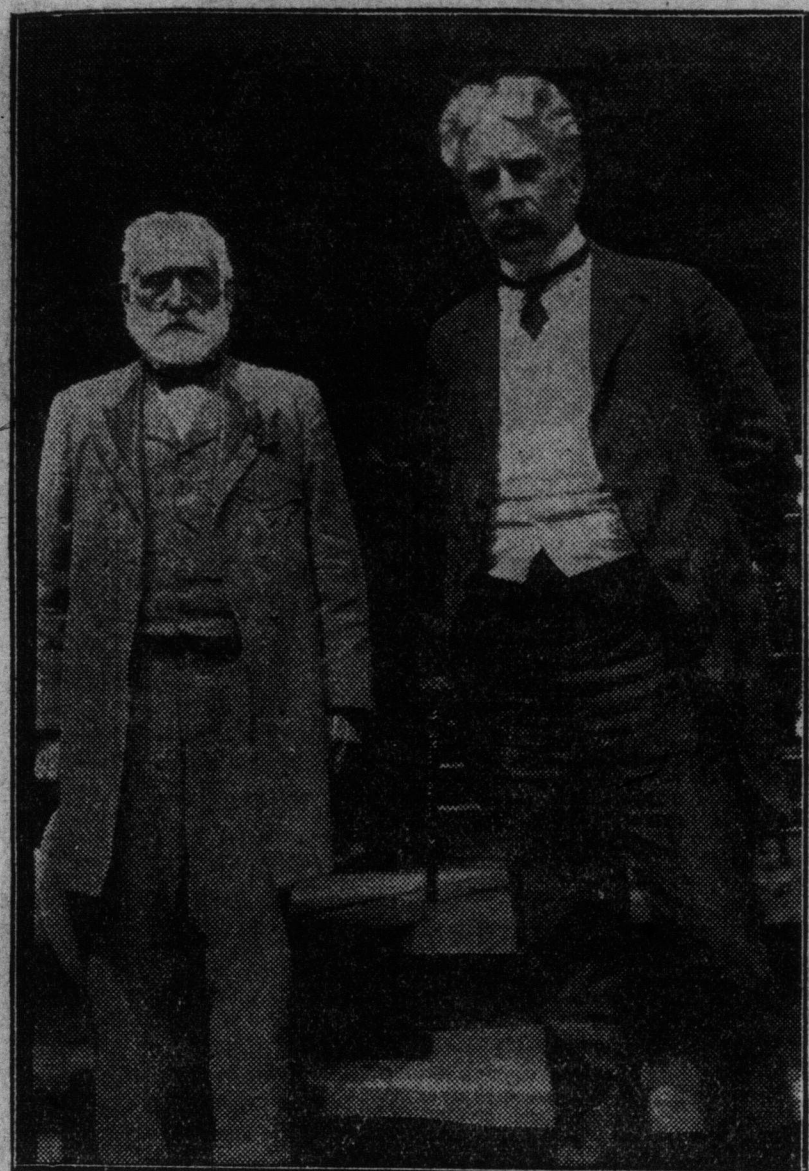


THE OLD AND THE NEW



R. L. Borden photographed with Ex-Premier Sir Mackenzie Bowell at the Conservative picnic at Trenton.

Odd Things in Ontario's Life

Udney All Ago.
Talking about weddings reminds one that 10th-street will soon be the scene of another diaphanous of harmony when early in June one of our most popular convivialists among the young men will enter the matrimonial state, joined in the bonds of sempiternal love. Don't see why all our wedding parties be performed the one year, leaves us no



Udney Chaps Take Courage.
amusement for another five years, for weddings in Udney are far from being a large public affair as they were in the past. Plan of hall at T. W. Smith's jewelry store. Full particulars, see posters and programs—Port Dover Maple Leaf.

There Were Some Mosquitoes.
Ole Read, the well-known American author, was in town last week with Dr. Fisher of Sharon, Pa., and visited the French River. Both gentlemen



Wasn't Looking for Big Game.
men were delighted with their trip and expressed great pleasure at the genial qualities and friendliness of the residents of this section and were taken by surprise with the calibre and range of the mosquitoes, but promised to return in August when the insect pests had ceased from troubling. Ople was asked if he struck any mosquitoes and answered that he had not, being unfamiliar with the game laws here—North Bay Dispatch.

The United States is like an enormously rich country overrun by a horde of robber barons, and very inadequately policed by the central government and by certain local vigilance societies. The cheap magazines find in this situation an unexampled opportunity. In writing historical and economic studies which have all the fascination of a detective story, they at the same time help to organize and reinforce the movement for what may be called in the widest sense of the word a more efficient national police. The opponents of the movement have nicknamed it "muckraking," and it is probable enough that some of the clamor for reform has been either dishonest or insincerely sensational. But these accusations cannot lie for a moment against the best of the cheap magazines. Their work has been no less sincere than efficient, and they have been an incalculable force for good.—William Archer in The London Fortnightly Review.

WIRELESS TELEPHONES TO CONVEY MESSAGES FROM MINE TO SURFACE

Entombed Men Enabled to Carry on Conversation With Outside World Thru New Invention.

LONDON, July 2.—Half the terrors of mining accidents will probably be done away with by the use of the wireless telephone of A. J. Sharmar.

An entombed miner buried some hundreds of feet in the bowels of the earth can carry on a conversation with a rescue party above with perfect ease with Mr. Sharmar's instruments. The apparatus is so simple that no skill whatever is required to work it, and it is light and portable.

Subterranean caves at Chislehurst, which form tortuous passages deep under the earth, were an ideal spot for testing the new instrument. After climbing up the slippery sides of the hill over the caves to a convenient spot, one of the instruments were erected by fixing the camera-like apparatus on a light tripod stand and connecting it by two wires to iron pegs which were plunged into the earth.

Leaving Mr. Sharmar to speak above the ground with the instrument fixed there others entered the caves. After following some 200 yards along the subterranean passage with the aid of oil lanterns a similar instrument was fixed up in the darkness. A signal was given and Mr. Sharmar at once began to carry on a conversation from above the earth with the wireless instruments. The spoken words were clearer and crisper than with an ordinary telephone, and a conversation was carried on without the slightest hitch for some minutes. By the use of a key attached to the instruments Morse messages were also exchanged by wireless telegraphy.

The principle of Mr. Sharmar's instrument is to utilize the earth for transmitting electric waves just as sound waves are transmitted thru the air. The telephone is made to actuate an "impulse coil," which sends electric impulses thru the earth, which reach the iron pegs of the receiving instrument.

A similar telephone there picks up the electric waves and reconverts them into sounds.

At Summer Resorts

ORCHARD BEACH.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Halmer have arrived at the beach to open up their new cottage.

Mr. Mackenzie and family have taken out of Mrs. Wilkison's cottages. Mr. Brimston and family, Newmarket, are settled in their cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Teitner, are amongst the guests at "Idle Wild." The Misses Bogart, Toronto, are spending a few days with their aunt, Miss Fisher.

Miss Marjorie Howard is a guest at Mrs. Richard Howard's.

Miss Allen, Toronto, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Howard.

Mr. J. Robertson and family, Newmarket, are once more in their cottage.

Mr. Berton MacBride spent the week end with his mother at "Manitoba Lodge."

Miss Marion Rennie has arrived to spend the summer months with her mother.

Miss Ainsley Macmichael is spending a few days with Miss Marjorie MacBride.

Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Coulter, have taken Col. Loyd's cottage "Ottawa."

Mrs. and Mrs. F. H. Ross and family of Toronto are occupying the same cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Russell motored out to their cottage on Saturday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Lewis Howard, Toronto, arrived last week at their cottage.

Mr. Jack Murphy has arrived from Washington to spend his holidays at the "White House."

Mr. Jas. Strachan's family moved out to "Edgemere" last week.

Miss Margaret Howard, arrived at "Echo-cottage" last week.

EASTBOURNE.

Dr. and Mrs. John Caven, Bloomsbury street last week end with Mr. and Mrs. David Caven.

Miss Bertram is spending the summer at T. Bradshaw's cottage.

Mrs. T. Bertram of Spadina Road is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. T. Bradshaw.

Mrs. Jas. A. Crocker of Galveston, Texas, and the Misses Crocker, have taken up residence here for the summer. Mr. Crocker is expected early in July.

Mrs. Thompson and family of Galveston, Texas, arrived at Eastbourne on Tuesday and will be at "Wolford Lodge" for the summer. Dr. Thompson will come later, about the end of July.

ORILLIA.

Owing to the logs which were coming thru the Narrows preventing the steamer from landing at Atherley, many tourists were disappointed last Tuesday, on which date a moon-light around the lake, finishing with a strawberry social was to have taken place in the grounds at "Orchard Point Inn."

Those registered at "Orchard Point Inn" this week are: Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gundy, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Rolph, Toronto, Messrs. A. A. Farnsworth, W. C. George, R. C. Dunbar, Orillia, Mrs. J. H. Francis and Master Gordon Francis, Thornhill.

Guests at Birchmere, Mr. and Mrs. Berts, Miss Dupont, Miss J. Dupont, Miss B. Mantering, Mrs. Gerald, Mrs. Charles Gerald.

The family of Dr. Ogden Jones are again occupying their pretty little cottage on Couchiching Point.

Those staying at Simcoe Lodge this week are: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Davidson and son Roy, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. C. Brooke of Toronto and Mr. and Mrs. D. Dockstader of Welland, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jarvis, of Orillia, of Toronto are summering at Mona Cottage.

Married in St. Michael's Cathedral.
In St. Michael's Cathedral on June 29 Rev. Father Whalen performed the ceremony which united in marriage John J. Hannon, Jarvis-street, to Miss Pearl Riggs, 349 Wilton-avenue. The bride was Miss Hannon, sister of the bridegroom, while Patrick Hannon acted as best man. The happy couple went to Muskoka on their wedding tour.

Traveling Dresses Cleaned
Your traveling dress may be soiled by dust of the train, by the smoke of the car, or by the dust of the street. We can render unnecessary the expense of buying a new one by our French dry cleaning process.

"My Valet"

This is the Address:

30 Adelaide St. W.

Brockton Epigrams



We are looking to the public to make the \$3.50 shoe go. We have shaved profits to the narrowest margin. It is up to you to take advantage of this and make the "Brockton" a success in Toronto. It has made good elsewhere.

The Brockton is made in all sizes and fractions thereof, and in lasts of all designs. It is made on the celebrated Goodyear welt. The "Brockton" is an American-designed shoe, it comes in all designs and in the different popular leathers. It is the shoe for the particular man, young or old or young-old. Only one price, \$3.50.

Brockton Shoe Co., Limited
119 YONGE STREET
Just North of Adelaide East Side.

AS THE NEWCOMER SCOT SEES CANADA

James Wallace Gibb Contributes Two More Letters To Glasgow Paper Based on the Strictest Fact.

James Wallace Gibb has had two separate and distinct copy-writing spasm since he sat in unrelenting and ink-splashing judgment on the Canadian character. Of course the estimation of female value was his specialty so we do not wonder at his pronounced opinion of two or three weeks ago, but the man actually has the consummate gall to size up the Canadian workman generally in the following terms: "The national characteristic, the determination to do nothing that is not absolutely imperative." Sounds like the description of the inmates of a penitentiary. And incarceration in such an institution is none too severe treatment for reckless writers who undertake to vilify what is too large for their finite minds to comprehend.

Some Conspicuous Ruins.
Here's a story by way of "diversification" in the Canadian West. A large number of British immigrants, millarily known as "remittance men," i. e. whilst they take up holdings and plant for their future, they are actually a bevy of immigrant women to "come over" and help make things look nice here to rescue poor "remittance men" from the "remittance man's" fate. The next instalment of his observations, which, he assures us, are founded on the strictest "fact," pointed out a few of the ruins in which Canada unfortunately for herself, and to the great inconvenience of British immigrants, differs from the Old Country.

Our Liquor Laws.
The "Indian List" is the cause for much satire on James' part, and is also the excuse for the display of much ingenuity in getting forth an explanation for the term applied to the list. And there is no justification for his jest, since he admits himself that the institution of the list has made drunkenness far less frequent here than in the old land. "Over-indulgence," says he, "is far less noticeable here than at home, and not only at week ends, but throughout the week. I honestly admit that I have seen far more men under the influence of drink in one hour than I have seen in six weeks. And the age bar is much higher and more rigidly adhered to. No minor is allowed to enter licensed premises and no woman is served with liquor either to drink or to carry out."

Halfhearted Compliment to the Ladies.
We think that already the good seeds of Canadian citizenship have been planted in James Wallace. Nothing less surely could explain his compliment to the ladies, halfhearted as it is. To them he ascribes the credit for most of the temperance activity prevailing in this province. In his own

ada a few weeks ago and at this early date regards himself as fully competent to size up the Canadian character. Of course the estimation of female value was his specialty so we do not wonder at his pronounced opinion of two or three weeks ago, but the man actually has the consummate gall to size up the Canadian workman generally in the following terms: "The national characteristic, the determination to do nothing that is not absolutely imperative." Sounds like the description of the inmates of a penitentiary. And incarceration in such an institution is none too severe treatment for reckless writers who undertake to vilify what is too large for their finite minds to comprehend.

Where is James Wallace Located?
Now, where on earth, can James Wallace Gibb be located. He's discovered so many things out of the ordinary, has rubbed shoulders with a multitude of such curious folk that, if they be all creatures of his imagination, and this alas! we are strongly inclined to suspect, we faint would make a pilgrimage to this neighborhood of freaks. Here's another of his latest "discoveries." "Feminine, of course."

On the Funeral Day of King Edward.
"On the funeral day of King Edward," he says, "was a united public service in the largest church of the little town from which I write I was minded to enter the church, but was momentarily deterred by the visage of the caretaker, a Canadian dame, very representative of that superior order of creation. She noticed my hesitation. 'Come right on in,' she commanded, ice in her eyes, pepper and mustard in her tone; 'you may as well dirty and muss up the place as them others—and your boots is clean. Tell you what it is, the King don't want to be buried every day, or somebody'd be kickin'.'"

Looks as if it were just as well that women should, as James claims they do, undertake to boss things here. The men, evidently, are none too well qualified. "In that service," says James Wallace, "it was significant that women in the assemblage far outnumbered the men."

On the whole, James Wallace Gibb considers that Canada is in sad need of regeneration. But he is not discouraged and he invokes folk at home who are contemplating a trip here not to feel far-seeing. "Canada," and its regeneration," he declares, "and its generation is in your hands."

It's just as well, tho, that he gives them such a timely piece of advice and warning: "Be prepared to meet trouble." And it will be as well for those who obtain entrance to the country to settle down to nothing else if they swallow all the fool yarns that are mailed home by writers like James Wallace Gibb, who, evidently, have regard to no consideration save that of padding up copy to fill the greatest space.

At Hamilton the non-union teamsters in the employ of a railway cartage company are talking against striking for a ten-hour day—at present they work twelve hours. The report further states: "The men have no grievance about wages, as only a few weeks ago the company raised them from \$48 to \$46 per month."

Men who do not know enough to organize for their protection deserve to work 12 hours a day and for about 12 cents an hour. While the organized street laborers and hod carriers work eight hours a day and receive 25 and 30 cents an hour.

IN LABOR CIRCLES

BY SAM LANDERS.

At a recent meeting presided over by Mrs. W. R. Trotter the league decided that as there were no union-made ties made on sold in Canada, they would get as near to it as possible and decided to buy goods and make ties and sell them to union men and utilize the profits for league propaganda. They are also arranging a moonlight "get-together" excursion for union men and their wives.

Among the prominent members of the league are Mrs. A. W. Puttee, Mrs. Ada Muir, editor of The Voice's woman's column, Mrs. Hoof and others.

More Women's Aid.

There is to be open soon in New York a retail shop handling only articles of women's wear with the union label. The New York Federation of Women's Clubs have favored the support of their members for the label of the Ladies' Garment Workers. The women students of the colleges have manifested a lively interest and the women students of the University of Wisconsin have taken a label pledge.

At Baltimore, Md., at the present time there is a case going on before the courts in which the oaths of private detectives are being pitted against union mechanics, strikers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway.

The detectives swear they wormed their way into the confidence of the union men and discovered a plot to dynamite the B. & O. shops and railroad bridges. On the other hand, the union men under arrest depose that the scheme was proposed by the detectives in the guise as union men and sympathizers, and in spite of their being denounced by Seventh Vice-President Walter Ames of the International Association of Machinists, they—three men into the trap by threats and cajolment.

The case is almost similar to a recent case in Toronto, where two shipster detectives— and threatened a man to rob a Yonge-street furrier and then had him intercepted in the act, thereby claiming a clever piece of detective work, but the jury discharged the prisoner.

It is not so long ago since a machinist striker of the Santa Fe Railway arrived in Toronto at the Labor Temple, a fugitive from justice, as a result of the acts of one of these fake detectives trying to induce him to put emery dust in the oil cups of a locomotive, and when he demurred put it in himself and charged the young man with it, and he, knowing it would be difficult to combat direct evidence, even the fake, rather slipped out.

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