

The Pageant at St. Albans, Eng.;

(Continued From Page Thirteen.)

acted by gentry of Hertfordshire and the people of St. Albans. In that lay the wonder and the fascination of the St. Albans pageant. The first event in the recorded history of England was commemorated in song and procession and tableau on the spot where that event happened on an autumn afternoon 1,562 years ago. Not one episode in the eight that made up the programme had come to pass beyond hailing distance of the pageant ground. The city of Verulamium that the Romans founded and which Nero made one of the two municipia, or free cities, of Britain, wherein every dweller might say: "I am a Roman citizen," once covered this meadow. Not only was the site of the pageant identical with the scene of the events it pictured, but many of the actors in the Lancastrian, Yorkist, and Elizabethan episodes were descendants of men and women who had been participants in the actual events. One of the women entrusted with a minor role could trace her descent back to "Good Duke Humphrey," who in the fifteenth century founded the Divinity School at Oxford. Others still bear the name of Gape, which figures honorably in the long annals of St. Albans, and many a man who bore lance and shield across the smiling meadow was but traversing ground that some ancestor of his had trod in identical array, but in a very different mood, centuries before.

SACRIFICE OF FAIREST MAIDEN. Terrified by the news of Caesar's advance and the route of Cassivelaunus, the Druid priests seek from the maidens looking on at their rites one to be a sacrifice to the angry gods. They select the fairest. Her father and her lover plead for her life in vain. It was one of the very great moments of the pageant when she sank to her knees and breathed a prayer that one day her lover might join her "beyond the rugged gates of death." No sound broke the stillness of the scene save the sweet wailing of the girl, who knelt alone in the circle the priests had made. When her voice died away there was an instant of profound hush among spectators and actors.

Then came an exquisite impromptu, one of those unexpected touches of beauty that sometimes give to great ceremonies a veritable note of ecstasy. A passing bird hovered briefly over the head of the kneeling girl, poured forth its clear, sweet song, and then was seen no more. The advance of the Briton prince's forced superstition alike retired before the advance of Roman culture. Warrior chief and Druid priest were to look into the

I would there were revealed another God,
A God of pity and enduring love,
A God of mercy and of gentleness;
I fain would worship Him—were He but known.

Thus was sounded the opening note in that strain of Christian aspiration which was to thunder in solemn diapason through subsequent episodes. Swiftly the might of Rome rolled over the green plain, the helmet gleaming in the sun, the earth reverberating with the tread of the unconquered legions of Caesar. The Britons made an honorable peace. A primitive social order and ancient superstition alike retired before the advance of Roman culture. Warrior chief and Druid priest were to look into the

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GREAT ARMIES OF MEN AND WOMEN GO UP AND DOWN THE EARTH IN BONDS MORE IRKSOME, IN SUFFERINGS MORE INTENSE, IN SHACKLES MORE SECURE THAN WERE THE IRON MANACLES OF SLAVERY DAYS, AND YET THE "LINCOLN OF EMANCIPATION" FINDS IN THESE LATER DAYS HIS COUNTERPART IN

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

whose mission it is and which mission it fills in freeing thousands from the bondage of dreaded, disgusting, discouraging, distracting catarrh, that cruel, relentless master that is no respecter of persons. How do you know you are in its thrall? Note the symptoms—headache, watery eyes, pains over the eyes, deafness, buzzing in the head, drooping in the throat, offensive breath, dryness in the nostrils—any or all of these symptoms are forerunners of catarrh, and catarrh in the headache stage can be relieved in 10 minutes by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and the sufferer can be saved the suffering that comes with the chronic stage and the distress and maybe fatal results when catarrh takes hold on the lung tissues.

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eyes of thin-lipped proconsuls and find their masters.

TOKENS OF PEACE EXCHANGED.

The skin-clad men tugged at the rope bridles of their shaggy steeds, backing slowly before the men who bore the plumed standards of the senate and people of Rome. Tokens of peace were exchanged—an amulet and a cameo ring—and the kingdom of rocky fastness and dark forest became in that instant the northernmost outpost of the dominions of Rome. From the spot where the mimic Caesar of the pageant sat motionless upon his horse victorious Caesar had directed his tired, searching gaze over hills that were to be the seat of an empire that should fling its battle line farther than the farthest reaches of his imperious dreams. Even as the tableau broke and dissolved in the afternoon sun, vanishing behind the slopes and receding into nothingness down the long dark aisles of green, so an ancient order had passed away, and was as a tale that is told by players. Thus ended the first episode.

The wailing of women ushered in the second. Britain had risen, and under Boadicea was to take a brief and terrible vengeance upon Rome, and then to pay redoubled penalties. A hundred and fifteen years had passed with the passing of a summer. The war chariots of Boadicea descended upon Verulamium. Seventy thousand are put to the sword. Priests of Apollo and vestal virgins are flying from the city. The progress of the men is slow. They are robed in white, and they seem to move by invisible hands across the sward. The vestals precede them, chanting the doom of Verulamium.

Whence cometh the cry?
Is it the heart that breaks?
The meaning of those who die?
Hope is gone and lies within the tomb
Of Verulamium.

An indescribable effect was obtained by repetition of the wailing cry throughout the evacuation of the city. Farther and farther the vestals receded until they were lost to view, but the note of sorrow, first uttered in a single superb contralto of amazing volume and then sustained by other voices, was ever reiterated.

The onslaught of Boadicea was magnificent. There was a rush of many feet, a roar and rumble of char-

The Pickwick Exhibition in London

Continued from Page Thirteen.

there, in the center of the stage, Sam Weller still stands—one of the immortal creations of literature—as immortal as that other great serving man whom we owe to Cervantes and who is known as Sancho Panza. On the extraordinary popularity of the "Pickwick Papers" why should I dwell?

Proofs are familiar to you all. You remember the story in Carlyle's of the dying man who, when he had escaped from the Job-like consolations of the clergyman said with a deep sigh, "Well, anyhow, 'Pickwick' will be out again in another ten days." You know how many hundred editions of the book have been published, and editions in all forms and in many languages, from a translation into German to an edition in Pitman's shorthand and in braille print. You know how much more real that the millions of people who have been born and have died since the "Pickwick Papers" appeared are its characters. You know that today towns dispute which is intended to be described in its pages; how the tourist and the literary pilgrim annually visit the scenes described in its pages; how hotelkeepers advertise the rooms in which Pickwick is supposed to have slept; how many of the utterances of these creations of the novelist have passed like proverbs into the current language. As to the merits of the book, one is confronted by the curious contradictions which belong to the circumstances in which the book was born. I have said that it was begun in a light-hearted spirit, as a piece of farical fooling; and when one reads the first pages one finds that this idea is so dominant as to make these pages almost commonplace. Read the account of the first meeting of the Pickwick Club and you will find nothing that appears out of the common, with the exception of the splendid phrase that words of an extremely insulting character were used only in a "Pickwickian sense;" and little more. But with the appearance of Jingle you begin to realize that you are dealing with a writer that has to be counted with; at once

lot wheels, and the great queen, driving three horses, and with her two daughters standing one at each side, charged down an incline and drew up before the applauding people.

THE QUEEN'S PROPHECY.

They said that the best horsewoman in Hertfordshire was impersonating the queen, and one could well believe it. She threw the reins far from her, leaped to the ground, and frantically rallied her soldiers, whose hour of victory was ending in rout before the advance of Suetonius. The Englishwoman's emotional prowess was equal to her horsemanship. In tones that carried to the most distant seat, she appealed to her troops, defied Rome, and foretold the day when—

... the progeny that springs from the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
shall a wider world command,
Regions Caesar never knew, my posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew, none invincible as they.

Her bare arms were girdled with gold. Strands of gold were interwoven with her red braids. Her horses tore the ground at her feet, and flecked her crimson robes with foam. She was a regal figure of woe and wrath. The wailing of the Roman women changed to a song of triumph as the clanking legions of Suetonius rushed down from the wooded slopes. The queen pressed a vial of poison to her lips, plucked a dagger into her bosom, and, standing upon the grass, and the last of the pagan heroines of Britain lay in a heap of gold and crimson cloth on the ground. Her exit from the field was managed with a touch of genius. Two Roman soldiers lifted the body, feet foremost, into the chariot, and then, standing at the back of the car, supported it upon their interlocked arms, while the war horses bore them and their burden and the dead woman's daughters away.

The queen lay rigid upon their arms, and gold dragging upon the ground. For minute after minute of the slow progress down the meadow the unseeing eyes gazed into the sun, the queen's head lolled horribly upon the arms of the soldiers. The song of victory rose higher. Chorus, orchestra, and soldiers took up the strain. The legions held the field in wide array, and the march of a triumph rolled upward from the smiling pastures to the abbey heights. The rumble of the chariot wheels was stilled, and the war horses stood like statues.

You breathe the same high atmosphere of life-like impersonations of the passing oddities and types which breathe in "Gil Blas" or "Tristram Shandy."

Started without any definite plan by a young and inexperienced writer, written breathlessly from week to week and mainly with a view to getting the bread that all support a penniless young man just married to a penniless young woman, regarded as a mere trifle by all engaged, how could the book help being formless, full of errors, of inconsistencies, of discords of tone; farce becoming comedy, tragedy, caricature broad to crude exaggeration softening into vivid touch of reality in event or personage; the mysterious scenes of a wild and impossible act of modern adventures developing gradually into an accurate picture of times and manners. It all simply means that the book kept step with the fortunes of the writer, and above all, that Dickens' genius—as his biographer, Forster observed long ago—was his master as well as his slave. He might begin in any mood he liked—of farce, of comedy, of self-misunderstanding, and self-deception; but the genius was there that compelled him to be true to life, to be humorous and tragical and great, whether he liked it or no. And thus it is that the book became in the end a masterpiece, a piece of literature but a remarkable and valuable picture of an epoch. How often has one to dwell on the importance of literature, on its gigantic power?

May I illustrate that trite but ever new theme by a personal experience? Some weeks ago I sat by the side of my friend, Mr. Birrell, at the dinner given by Mr. Redmond and his colleagues to the Colonial Premier, and heard in the course of the evening the Irish song "The Irish Emigrant," the song beginning with the familiar words, "I'm sitting by the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side long ago." I watched the deep and almost painful emotion which these beautiful words, sung by Dennis O'Sullivan, made upon the illustrious audience which heard it. I remember the neighbor—himself, as you know, distinguished not only by letters—"How wondrous is the power of literature! These four or five verses have made the world realize the whole tragedy of the Irish Exodus more than the four millions of people who have left Ireland during half a century." And similarly with regard to the "Pickwick Papers," you realize in its pages the conditions of English life, and the qualities of the English race, better than you could do in contact with the race for a whole lifetime. The "Pickwick Papers" revealed England and Englishmen. These men and women who figure in its pages are all around us here in London; they are walking in Piccadilly a few yards from the spot where I am speaking; but they pass us by, unrecognized, unremembered, unknown; transferred to paper by the genius of this man, they become more real to us than those of our own blood. Among the characters whom the "Pickwick Papers" have revealed to us, the world, I think, has no more understood of beings, the typical John Bull. We all know the picture of him which dwells in the imagination of those who do not know him—his coldness, his selfishness; and when the critic is particularly severe, his pharisaism and his hypocrisy.

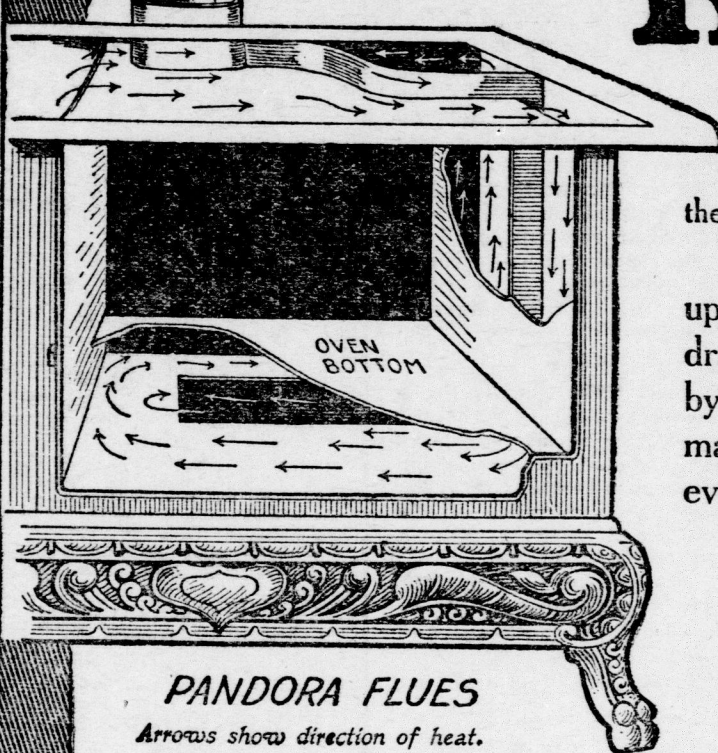
Dickens gave the typical John Bull as he really is—one of the most humorous and the most good-humored of men; one of the kindest-hearted, and

warmest-hearted of beings underneath all his apparent reserve. The world which is just behind us is often the strangest and the most remote from us. And the world of the "Pickwick Papers" is indeed strange and more remote today. Who asks Mr. Percy Fitzgerald—one of the greatest of Dickens' scholars—when I am glad to see among us today, hears today of the carpet bag which always accompanied Mr. Pickwick? I am old enough to remember it; indeed, one of the painful facts brought home to me by examining the "England of Dickens with the England of today" is that I am old enough to remember many of the things belonging to the age of Mr. Pickwick, and have ceased to belong to the present day. The carpet bag is never heard of now except as an uncomplimentary allusion in political controversy. The cab was only appearing; the railway had scarcely come into existence. I remember the nature of the coaches, the parts still untouched by the railway; I remember also imprisonment for debt, which occupies so large a place in the "Pickwick Papers." In my youth the heritage of debt still hung heavily over many Irish families of distinction, and I remember well the Sunday man—the man who could go out only on Sundays because it was the only day he was free from the odious of arrest for debt. Snuff is taken largely in "Pickwick," and in my early school many of the boys took snuff. As to personal habits, one again finds an extraordinary difference already between the days of Pickwick and our own. Dickens belonged to the early Victorian epoch; and the early Victorian epoch belonged, in its turn, in part to the eighteenth century. All through the literature and humor of the eighteenth century you hear the blizzard. It is in Fielding and Smollett; it is in those wonderful pictures of Irish life before the Act of Union which you find in the works of Maria Edgeworth. And so throughout "Pickwick" there is a tremendous lot of eating and drinking. It is no longer the epoch when even a Prime Minister could come down to the house of Commons and see two Speakers instead of one; but it is recorded that six bottles of port were consumed on one occasion by four members of the Pickwick Club; and throughout the whole book there is the atmosphere of cold punch. There is a difference, above all things,

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In the Pandora (illustrated in upper left hand corner) when the draft is set for baking, the heat, by means of a curved flange, is made to pass under and heat every pot hole except the back inner one, before it is drawn down the outer half of the back end flue and under the oven—a dividing flange under oven bottom prevents the heat from short cutting, and forces it to travel, first under the outer half of oven, then under the inner half.

The result is that the heat is spread uniformly over the oven. And every loaf of a whole batch of bread will be done equally well on all sides.

From under the oven bottom the heat travels up the inner half of back end flue,

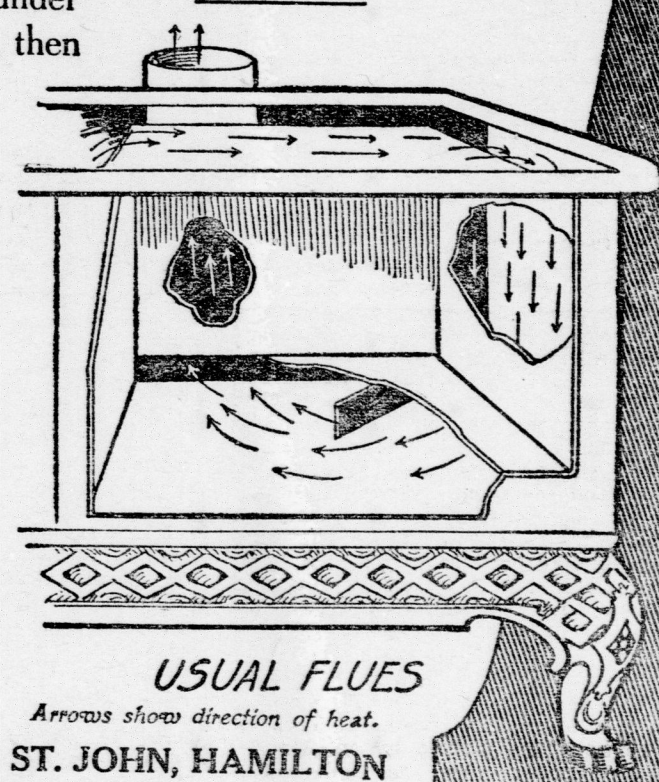
and passes under the back inner pot hole before disappearing up the chimney.

Thus it will be seen that all the heat circulates around the oven twice and under every pot hole before it goes up the chimney—that the draft for baking is also the best for cooking.

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Arrows show direction of heat.

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mistake. It is one of the most harmful things one can eat. It is worse than lobster. Of course, there are times when a simple beef or mutton broth is not to be considered. But as a rule soup is positive, dangerous. It dilutes the gastric juices and it ferments too rapidly to permit it to be easily digested. It is the greatest cause of dyspepsia and nervous disorders. Vegetable soup should be thrown into the garbage pail, where it belongs, instead of being poured into a delicate stomach. Half the nervous wrecks among society folk who live well are caused by eating soup.

"Dr. Osler gave some other advice, which was followed by my wife in addition to giving up soup. Soup is never served at our table, and has not been for four

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years. My wife is well and strong today, and she can eat anything on the menu except soup."—What to Eat.