

## THE GREAT RUBY MYSTERY.

"That's a curious-looking thing. What ever is it hung up here for? I suppose there's a story tacked on to it, eh?" I said, looking at a small case fixed on the wall before me. In it was a grey feather mounted in silver, and underneath a date was engraved, May 15th, 18—.

"Well," replied my friend Burke, as he rose from his chair and stood beside me, "his hands deep in his pockets, 'I darsay you'll smile when I tell you that the feather you're looking at not only won my wife for me but brought a great criminal to justice as well.'"

I was incredulous, but knowing Burke to be a man of sense I resumed my chair by the fire and placed myself in an attitude of listening to his story.

It is so many years since Nellie and myself first met that I almost forget how it came about. But I remember one morning, when I was about twenty-four years of age, I found myself in the private office of Mr. Potter, a wealthy jeweller in Regent street. I do not exactly recollect what passed between us, but when I re-entered the street I had been engaged to marry the daughter of a selection of gems, for I was supposed to know a good stone as well as any man, and, ahem! perhaps I did.

For about a year I worked with Mr. Potter, and at the end of that time I was compelled to acknowledge that I was in an extremely awkward position—I had fallen in love with my employer's daughter. But being a novice in the art I feared to declare my passion, despite the fact that I often felt her searching eyes upon me when in her presence, and was always favored with one of her sunny smiles. She lived with her mother on the premises, while Potter made repeated visits to the Continent to buy parcels of diamonds and other stones for setting, invariably leaving me in charge of the gem department during his absence.

Now, when a man is in love his wits are not sharpened by the malady, and I was no exception to the rule. I discovered that until I had told Nellie Potter of my devotion I was totally incapable of occupying the important position entrusted to me, and one cannot afford to make many mistakes when dealing in precious stones. Accordingly, as soon as an opportunity offered itself I robbed my heart of its secret, and boldly and without fear declared the love I bore her. Never shall I forget that day. The awful suspense of waiting to see the effect of my words, the slight glimmer in her eyes that gave me hope, and then with my heart throbbing as if at bursting point I learnt that my love was returned. "But," she added, with a little sigh, "I'm afraid father will never agree to our marriage."

"Why not?" I asked, as an icy tremor ran through my frame.

"Because he wants me to marry the Honourable Mr. Walrond, who will one day be Lord Cairnforth."

"What, that gambling spendthrift?" I cried, exasperated, for tales of the reckless life he was leading were always reaching my ears. Besides, I knew the man well, for he lived close at hand, and frequently entered the shop to buy jewellery, which, by the way, he always took care to have entered against him instead of paying for it on the spot. Now I understood why Potter never allowed the account to be rendered, and always greeted him cordially when he came to make a purchase. He wanted a title for his daughter, and was striving to force her into an obnoxious union with a man she did not love.

"But does Walrond care for you?" I asked, presently.

"He says he does, and his pigeons are always pitching on my window-sill with little notes beneath their wings. At first I used to read them because they amused me, but now I leave the birds alone and they return with the letters unread. No, I won't marry him—I won't!"

She tore herself from my grasp and ran upstairs, choking with sobs and anger, while I could only await her father's return to approach him upon the matter. She should never marry Walrond against her will so long as I had breath within me to prevent the union.

A week later Potter returned, and that night I remained late with him in his study, examining some small diamonds he had purchased in Amsterdam. Then, summoning up sufficient courage to face the ordeal, I blurted out the truth. For a few seconds he stood staring at me blankly, and I saw the veins slowly rising in great knots upon his forehead, telling me plainly what the verdict would be. Then he began to pace the room.

"Are you mad, sir, or do you take me for a fool? My daughter marry you—you!" he stormed.

"Ha! ha! she's for Mr. Walrond, not for you, and you'll live to see her Lady Cairnforth. She's already affianced to him."

"Tardon me, Mr. Potter, but your daughter seems ignorant of her engagement," I interrupted.

"Liar!" he retorted. "She knows it as well as I, and better than I do. Look here, Burke, my daughter is not for you, so if you're not content to work here without filling your head with such absurd ideas, why, take your money and go! Maybe you know the great ruby is to be her dowry, and that's what you're after!"

I ignored his insults and remained mute. The great ruby, that gem of priceless value that lay safely guarded in the shop window, and which had originally filled the eye-sockets of a Burmese idol for her! Then I rose from the chair I occupied and went to the door.

"No, Mr. Potter, I do not want your daughter's dowry. Good evening!" And well aware that further argument with him in his present

mood would be useless, I walked out and left him there.

In a paroxysm of rage and despair I picked up my hat and coat, and went home, and not until I reached my own fireside did I realize the full force of the blow he had dealt me. Throwing myself into an arm-chair, I gazed into the glowing embers and tried to collect my scattered senses.

Midnight arrived, and was chimed out by a little Cupid on the mantelpiece, but I remained in the semi-darkness, following an unbroken train of thoughts. Then, the recollections of my day's work came back to me. What had I been doing before my interview with him? I sat bolt upright, as I remembered that still lying on my desk were four large emeralds which I had forgotten to put away before joining him in the study. Then, without waiting to consider the matter further, I rushed out into the night and made my way back to Regent street.

Arriving there I let myself in at the private entrance with the key I was allowed to retain, and hurried into my own office. Yes, there were the four stones just where I had laid them, and with a sigh of relief I placed them in the safe and turned the key. Then I prepared to retrace my steps, but some irresistible fascination made me enter the shop to look at the great ruby that would one day be hers. I lit a vesta as I reached the window and held it above my head. Great heavens! Was I dreaming or—? I rubbed my eyes and looked again. The great ruby had disappeared!

Stung as though the loss were my own and overcome by a feeling I can hardly term fear, I allowed the match to burn until it reached my fingers, then dropped it, only to light another and stare in the weird light at the vacant place. What could I do? Even if I alarmed the house, Potter would probably suspect me of being the thief after the words he had spoken but a few hours before. I looked around, but there were no signs of anyone having broken in, which was reassuring. After all, perhaps, the stone had only been taken out by one of the assistants to be dusted; but why, then, had the case been left?

After having made a minute examination of the shop and found nothing, I barred the door again and walked away, ill at ease. It was evident that the ruby had been removed before closing hours, so perhaps the mystery would be cleared up in the morning. I, therefore, crept from the building as noiselessly as possible, and upon turning the corner was on the point of colliding with the night watchman when he, too, was on the point of taking an opposite direction.

The following morning I returned to Regent street at the usual hour, expecting to be informed of the robbery by the first person I came in contact with, but to my astonishment no one seemed in the least concerned. I, therefore, went to the window, and could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw the ruby was back in its accustomed place, and what was even more surprising, nobody knew anything about its removal.

Truly I was confronted with a mystery of leviathan proportions, and for the nonce scarcely knew how to act. Silence, I argued, was the best policy, and although my employer during the day did his best to atone for his unseemly conduct of the previous evening, I refrained from telling him anything of the matter, for I began to doubt whether after all I had not been suffering from an illusion. But my curiosity was piqued, and the following night I returned to Regent street at a quarter to one. Again the ruby was taken and replaced in the same mysterious manner.

The anxiety was now becoming too great to bear alone, so I took the first opportunity of going in search of my employer in the morning, and met him as he emerged from his office dressed for going out and with a portmanteau in his hand.

"Just had a wire from Glasgow, Burke, so am off. Look after the place while I'm away. Any night these few words he disappeared through the street door."

There was now nothing for me to do but to watch alone, and during the ensuing twenty-four hours I made startling discoveries. At midnight I re-entered the shop, and as I expected the ruby was missing, but lying suggestively near the empty case was a small grey feather. This I picked up, and having carefully placed it in an envelope, went home to think the matter over. Even now the mystery had begun to clear.

My first duty the following morning was to examine the ruby with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, for I had come to the conclusion that its mysterious journeys at night were being caused for one purpose only—that of making an artificial stone that so exactly resembled the ruby as to be capable of taking its place without the fraud being discovered until the perpetrators had disappeared from the country! A few minutes later the truth of this surmise became painfully evident to me, for the great gem I seemed to have had in my hand was nothing but a wonderful copy in glass compound of the great ruby I had been foiled.

"Mr. Burke—Philip!" I recognized the voice without setting eyes on the speaker, and as I turned a pretty face peered through my half-open door. "I hope I'm not disturbing you?"

"Disturbing me, Nell? Of course not. Come in and sit down." I obeyed, and took the arm-chair I drew up near my own.

"Philip, do you—do you think you could tell a lie?" she quavered.

"Well, I don't think my abilities in that respect have decayed since I was at school," I answered. "What may I do for you?"

I gave a long whistle as I pondered over the information. "I don't think Mr. Walrond will trouble you much more, Nellie," I responded, "for he'll soon be peddling not on a bicycle but on a treadmill!"

I rushed out without waiting for her reply, and the direction I took was that in which Scotland Yard lay.

"My good fellow, however did you manage it?" ejaculated Potter, two days later, as he gripped my hand.

"I didn't manage it at all; the pigeon did it for me. You see, the little bird dropped a feather, while the ruby was being tied in a little leather bag beneath its wing. Every evening that fine night-watchman of ours would put the bird through the grating in the street, and Dennis down below did the other business in half a minute and told the bird up again. Luckily for him we did not meet while he was prowling about! The stone was then used as a pattern night after night until the initiation was ready to take its place."

"But what made you connect Walrond's name with the affair?"

"Oh, that's easily accounted for. He was in the habit of sending notes to your daughter by his pigeons. That made me suspect him at once when I found the feather. He did not care for Nell—Miss Potter, I mean—he only wanted the ruby, so he thought he would get it without the trouble of matrimony, and I've heard since that he's really engaged to an actress."

"Having stolen the stone, the next thing was to get away with it before we discovered that the one in our window was glass. This was by no means an easy matter, as the Customs officers have to be passed, and he could not sell the gem in this country. Therefore, he conceived the excellent idea of setting it in the side glass of his cycle lamp, and would in all probability have taken the ruby away right under the eyes of everybody had he not told Miss Potter that he was starting on a cycling tour, and she told me. A more valuable bicycle never existed than the one the police seized at Charing Cross yesterday just as the Dover train was starting!"

"My dear fellow, you've acted splendidly," said Potter, enthusiastically, "the conclusion of my oration. 'Please forgive my insults of the other night; they were uncalculated for. But I am going to make a little reparation. You know I'm getting an old man, and I feel I want a partner. Will you—well, be my partner?'"

I tried to speak, but he interrupted me.

"I must not forget, though, that there is a more important matter to be discussed. Miss is troubled, and you alone can make her happy. Will you?"

"I will try," I answered.—London Tit-Bits.

## THE KING AS AN ORATOR.

HE IS A FINE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER.

Speaks With Distinct Enunciation And Without Any Hesitancy.

"There are few speakers," said the late Mr. Gladstone, "whom I listen to with more pleasure than the Prince of Wales. His speech is invariably marvellous of conciseness, grandeur of expression, and clear enunciation." and Mr. Phillips, the late American Ambassador at London, himself "a man of silver tongue," declared in the writer's hearing that there was probably only one better speaker in the world, England, if indeed Lord Rosebery was the Prince's superior.

King Edward VII. has been endowed with that prime requisite of a public speaker, a clear and beautiful voice, which can make itself heard without apparent effort in the largest hall. This voice is largely natural, as anyone who can recall his oratorical efforts of forty years or so ago will admit; but it is also partly the result of a long training in elocution by one of its best masters.

In the early years of manhood the King hated no part of his public duties so much as the necessity of making public speeches, but he early determined that "as he had to speak he would, at any rate, make sure of being heard," and the result was that his father—himself a trained and effective speaker—and under an elocution master, he rapidly acquired that clearness of enunciation which makes his speeches so

PLEASANT TO LISTEN TO. In those days he used to practice so assiduously that if he had been found it was always concluded by his brothers and sisters that "Bertie was somewhere learning to spout"; and stories are told of how he would try his "prettiest oratory" on his young brothers, planting them at different angles and distances, and practising until each one heard every word.

In these early days the Prince was obviously and painfully nervous; and even to-day, although long familiar with the art of concealing his sensations, he has confessed: "I always have a bad quarter of an hour before I make a speech in public, and there are times when I would give much to skip quietly away."

And yet, to all appearance, the King, as he chats genially with one and another, or listens with a smile to an address, is the most self-possessed man present, but a close observer will detect certain nervous movements—the furtive stroking of his moustache, the toying with his watch-chain, his hat or stick—which prove that after all the King is human and has nerves.

In his infancy as a speaker his speeches were carefully prepared, copied out, and committed to memory. On one memorable occasion the Prince had forgotten to take his manuscript, and although he rarely referred to the copy of a speech, the

knowledge that in this case it was not available for emergencies

NERVED HIM

that his memory completely failed him, and he had for once to trust to impromptu efforts. Fortunately he succeeded so well that he was encouraged to trust less in future to memory and more to inspiration, with the happiest results. Now his speeches are only typed in outline.

Unlike his nephew, the German Emperor, the King studiously avoids any attempt at oratory, sentiment, or extravagant gesture. He speaks slowly, with a distinct enunciation of each word and without any suspicion of hesitancy, each sentence being as skilfully rounded as it is gracefully and clearly expressed.

"Brevity," he considers, "is the soul of oratory," as of wit, and he not only makes short speeches himself but expects them of others. He studiously avoids quotation especially of poetry, and never tries to be funny. His attitude is easy and unconventional, his left hand resting on the table or on his hip, and the right hand left free for the very limited gestures with which he emphasizes the points of his speech.

## TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Ontario Fruit Exhibit Holding Its Own In Buffalo.

(Special by Martha Craig.)

The Canadian representatives at the Ontario Fruit Exhibit wish to convey their hearty thanks to their compatriots who have so generously and constantly contributed to the success of their exhibit at the Pan-American. The fruitgrowers from the Niagara region did not think, when they sent the last consignment of magnificent peaches, that they would just be doing their best for President's day. A basketful of the same peaches with plums was presented to Mrs. McKinley, who expressed herself as highly pleased with them.

Those who send their best fruit and flowers to the Pan-American are truly patriotic. They are showing Americans what Canada can produce and upholding the honor of their country. The Canadian fruit growers cannot afford to sell in the States on account of the duty. They are simply doing their best for Canada from purely unselfish motives.

The Ontario Fruit Exhibit is the centre of attraction. They have always on hand a plentiful supply of fruit artistically arranged, and the representatives are active for their country. Amongst the latest consignments we may mention Mr. W. H. Dempsey, Trenton, Ont., who sent a large collection of apples, including twelve varieties. They are the finest apples that have been received from any section.

A fine collection of plums, pears and peaches arrived from the Burlington Horticultural Society.

Mr. R. L. Huggard, Whitby, Ont., of Ontario Experimental Station, sent a large collection of plums, apples and pears. Mr. Albert Pay, of St. Catharines, sent three baskets of Bradshaw plums and Moore's early grapes, one basket of choice Niagara grapes and two of Warden grapes.

Mr. James Tittington, of St. Catharines, sent a fine display of plums, including Burbank, Wickson, Washington, Gold and Paragon; also a collection of pears, large Ruby King pears and egg plants!

Mr. Thomas Deatle, ex-alderman, St. Catharines, sent a choice collection of peaches and Burbank plums. A large collection of clusters of grapes were received from Andrew Haynes, of Louth Township, and from C. E. Secord a crate of choice Crawford and Concord grapes.

Mr. George H. Walker sent a fine assortment of grapes. Some fine grapes were also received from Mr. F. G. Steward and Mr. L. Haynes. These gentlemen have taken the three prizes and silver medals for the three largest collections of grapes at the Toronto Exhibition. Some enormous yellow egg plums have been received from Mr. F. G. Grobb, of St. Catharines.

The peaches from the Niagara region are magnificent, and in appearance are equal to those of California. They just came in time to make a fine display for McKinley Day. Amongst those who sent them are Mr. William Armstrong, C. E. Fisher, H. C. Bradley, James Sandham and P. C. Adams, from Queenston, S. & W. H. Collinson, Joseph Dunn, W. Henderson and H. C. Woodruff, from St. David, who sent peaches and grapes. The Freely Bros. from Niagara sent also some fine peaches.

Burbank plums have been received from Chas. Schwenger of Hamilton. Mr. J. F. Sinclair and Charles Sherr of Aldershot sent nutmeg melons and water melons. All visitors can see the remarkably fine size and appearance.

Wm. Orr & Son, of Fruitland, continue to add to their fine collection of plums twice a week. Morris, Stone & Wellington sent flowers twice a week.

A remarkably fine collection of tomatoes have been received from C. W. Ashbaugh, of Mohawk, Brant county; also from John Blain, James Tittington and Joseph Dunn, of St. Catharines. Mr. J. A. Leckie had a brilliant idea when he sent on the squash. Fifty times a day the questions are asked what are those things, are they new varieties of water melons, or Canadian cucumbers? Are they used for food? Etc.

So interested is the crowd become in the squash that Mr. Collins wrote a large card and placed it on the counter for the instruction and edification of the multitude. It was worded thus—

This is a squash. It is not ripe. It is good for food, when cooked. It grows in Canada. It was sent by Mr. Leckie. This explanation proved highly satisfactory. Two cases of cold storage plums, which had been on the counters at the Pan-American for three months, were sent to Toronto to be exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition. They were in excellent condition.

In every 100 lbs. of new bread you buy 37 lbs. of water.

## MAY HAVE GLASS HOUSES.

WHAT THE RISING GENERATION MAY EXPECT.

They Will Likely Wear Glass Clothes and Walk on Pavements of Glass.

Whole houses of glass, gowns of glass, neckties of glass; glass furniture, glass pavements, glass decorations, glass stoves and glass statues—all these are among the probabilities soon to be realized if the French scientist, Jules Henrievaux, is to be trusted; but while this noted man is talking to the world the glass-makers of France are working and already producing the materials with which these wonderful revolutions are to be brought about. The people of Toronto are likely to see the first turn of the wheel when a vaudeville artist will appear before them in a magnificent costume of glass, cost \$1,250, and which will be the first one ever worn upon the stage by woman.

The fortunate possessor of this magnificent and marvellous frill as an American woman, Mrs. Clifton Mahon, who is known on the stage as Ellene Jaqua. The gown is a delicate Nile green in color. The cloth was spun in Dresden, Germany, and the dress made in Paris. It took five months to complete it for exhibit.

The color effects of the dress under a strong light are wonderful. Delicate shades of pale green, pale blue, and silver white blend into each other with bewildering rapidity as the wearer walks. The dress does not sparkle; it has indescribable silvery sheen. As Miss Jaqua moves the silvery light ripples from point to point on the dress like

WAVES IN THE MOONLIGHT.

That a gown should be made of glass, almost as soft and pliable as silk, exemplifies the extraordinary possibilities of the improved science of glassmaking, but people are not likely to wear glass clothes except as a curiosity, and the importance of the glass revolution is really shown in the immense possibilities for its use in the daily works and necessities of life. The wonderful development makes glass working the newest as well as one of the most ancient of arts. There was an old story told by the ancient writer Pliny, and retold in every boy's school since that day, to the effect that some Phoenician sailors, having landed in Palestine, used lumps of soda to boil their pots on, being unable to find stones, and according to this old tale, they were surprised to see streams of molten glass running out of the fire; but modern scientists do not credit this tale, declaring that an open fire could not have been hot enough to effect such a result. As a matter of fact it is known that glass was used at least 5,000 years ago, because in Thebes there is a monument of a dead man, known as Neb-Hessan, which shows pictures of Theban glass-makers at work, and the pipes they used are quite similar to the common blow pipes which are in use at the present day. Just how old the glass-making art was at that time is problematical.

In later years the making of glass ornaments became a fine art. As early as 25 centuries ago, the Egyptians were grinding, gilding and coloring glass. Articles of exquisite workmanship were produced, but they were very expensive, and were known

ONLY AS LUXURIES. Vases and cups beautifully cut, richly colored and wrought in raised figures were furnished to the Romans. The Phoenicians picked up the art from the Egyptians, and it flourished in Tyre and Sidon at a very early period. In Nineveh glass lenses, vases and bottles were found. In the British Museum to-day there is a glass vase 2,618 years old, and it is the first piece of transparent glass ever heard of. It bears the name of Sargon, an Assyrian monarch.

But while glass was used for purposes of ornamentation, such as in the beginning of the Christian era that it was brought into real use and set in windows. It was not until the seventh century that window glass was introduced into England, and up to 300 years ago in Scotland glass windows were rare. About three and one-half centuries ago the manufacture of glass began in England, and from that date its utility became better known.

It is only of late years that the wonderful possibilities of glass have become known; and now, according to the scientist, Henrievaux, the world is about to witness a development of it which will relegate bricks, stone, and many other raw materials to altogether a secondary position; and the most interesting feature of the affair is that, according to Henrievaux, glass will be cheaper and infinitely more durable than any building material at present existing. The common impression is that there are very few raw materials which are suitable to the making of glass, but as a matter of fact the materials available for that purpose are legion, and the possibilities of cheapness lie in the fact that the glass suitable for building purposes can be made of material which has hitherto been

REGARDED AS WORTHLESS. M. Jules Henrievaux, who was until lately the director of the great glass manufactory at St. Gobain, France, does not pretend that we can look for glass cannons, or glass men-of-war, or glass greyhounds of the ocean, nor does he contemplate the substitution of glass machinery for that which we now employ in our various processes of manufacture, but he does claim that glass is the best substance known to use for every kind of structural purpose, and especially for dwelling houses. In short, if the visions of M. Henrievaux are realized we shall all be living in glass houses before very long.

The point of the idea is found in the inexhaustible supply of the materials from which glass is made,

and its adaptability, and its cleanliness. With regard to the second point, it is obvious that glass can be shaped, colored and decorated to an extent of which no other material is capable, and it is upon this aspect of his idea that M. Henrievaux

There are six ways in which glass can be manipulated. It can be cast into window-panes, paving stones, panels, etc. It can be moulded into vases, statues, wall decorations, and even statues. It can be blown into bottles, tumblers, vases, and all the utensils comprised under the name of "glassware." It can be blown and ground into crystals, lenses, prisms and other objects of art and utility. It can be drawn into the finest threads and made into pipes, baskets and dress materials. It can be turned into mosaics and enamels, and can be brought into the closest imitation of most of

THE PRECIOUS STONES. Imagine, with M. Henrievaux, the construction of a glass house. The foundations and the walls would be constructed of a variety of glass, recently invented called "stone glass," which has already successfully withstood the severest tests. When crushed it gives a resistance three times as great as granite.

When subjected to heat or cold it is found less brittle than steel. When submitted to friction it shows no wear than porphyry. Shock, as of a hammer blow, it resists to a degree 22 times as severe as that which would fracture marble. The test of tension has practically no effect on it whatever.

The walls, then, would be built of glass held together by angle-iron so as to permit of a hollow space through which pipes could pass (the pipes themselves being glasswork), conveying hot air, hot and cold water, gas, electric wires, drains, and everything needed for the health and comfort of the inhabitants. Stairs and balustrades, ceilings and wall decorations, mantel pieces and fire places, would be constructed of glass.

Some of M. Henrievaux's conceptions in the way of decorations, in which the glass is made of opaque or tinted with brilliant colors, or made of silver and golden, or of crystals and diamonds, are perhaps too fanciful to be taken seriously, but through them all there runs the same enthusiasm, the suggestion that glass, as Thiers once said of Louis Napoleon, is capable of anything.

OUR CHAIRS AND TABLES. In the new glass age, will be made of glass, toughened to the strength of oak and mahogany. Our cooking utensils, our plates and cups and saucers, will be made of the same substance. Even our knives and forks will have glass handles, if not glass blades.

The new glass house will be absolutely clean and practically indestructible. The whole of its surface can be washed from the top story to the basement without a trace of humidity being left. Dust cannot collect on its polished face, and the spider will find no places on which to hang its cobwebs.

They have already begun to pave the streets of Paris with glass, and it is found that the substance, while practically indestructible, is admirably suited to the feet of both men and beasts; and as it neither holds or makes dirt, it is absurdly easy to clean. Its only fault is that it somewhat increases the noise of traffic, but even this might, by and by, be overcome.

One of the features of last year's exhibition was the Palais Lumineux, or the Palace of Light, built entirely of glass. It was to some extent the realization of M. Henrievaux's ideal. Not only was the structure constructed, but the adaptability of glass to every class of decoration in form and in color, aided by its various degrees of opaqueness and transparency, enabled its builders to raise a structure which as far transcended our own crystal palace as a diamond outshines the imitation.

The question of cost has not been left out of account. Glass can be made out of almost anything amenable to the influence of fire. The stone-glass, to which reference has already been made, is manufactured mainly from what have hitherto been regarded as waste substances. The slag heaps which disfigure our minders, and the waste of solid construction, can be turned into glass. Evidently the days of bricks and slates are numbered.

## EIGHTY DEATHS.

Smallpox Record of New York City for July.

The Ontario Health Department and the newspapers of Ontario have been criticized for reporting and publishing every case of smallpox in the province. It is held by these critics that this course tends to keep away tourists and business men, who get the impression that the country is dangerously full of smallpox, when, as a matter of fact, there may not be half as many cases as in their own State, the authorities of which pursue the plan of keeping things quiet.

The answer Dr. Bryce, secretary to the Provincial Health Board, makes to this is that full publicity is the best quarantine, and he urges the health authorities of every municipality to hunt down the disease with the utmost energy, in order to clear themselves of the odium of having smallpox in the district.

That the plan of hushing up news of smallpox cases does not kill out the disease, or make it less virulent, is shown in the monthly statement for July of deaths in New York State. This report shows that in this one month the city of New York proper there were 80 deaths from smallpox, including the boroughs of Brooklyn, Manhattan, and the Bronx, 160 deaths.

In Ontario there were about 700 cases of smallpox, all told, from January 1 to July 1, which covers the period of the outbreak, and of these not more than one per cent. were fatal. There are now less than a dozen cases left, and it is hoped in a very short time to have the province clear of the disease.

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