

# TRUSTEES

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**NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED**  
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## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### SEES GRAVE DANGERS IN FUTURE OF INDIA

**Capt. Scott-Harden Says That  
"Civilizing" Influences May  
Stir Natives to Rebellion.**

Capt. Scott-Harden, F.R.G.S., delivered two interesting lectures in succession in the chemical theatre of the university Saturday afternoon on "A Vision of India" and "Sidelights on the Russo-Japanese War," both of which were illustrated by superior lantern views, each one giving point to the able descriptions with which Captain Scott-Harden portrayed the sociology and peculiar oriental life in that ancient land of mysticism and sun worshipers.

When discussing the late Russo-Japanese war, the pictures presented to the audience the battlefields, tactics and policy of each army, with wonderful accuracy and realism and were almost self-explanatory, so faithfully did they reflect the recent Titanic struggle between these two great powers.

Speaking of the future of India, Capt. Scott-Harden said the wine of western progress was being poured into eastern vessels, and the people of India were fast becoming familiar with European civilization and western customs; that as they become more and more sensible of the spirit and power

as a result of that civilization, there was grave danger for the future peace and influence of the present dominant British rule, and that prophecies had been uttered by men old and experienced in Indian affairs, that the British are perhaps digging their own graves.

The result of the Russo-Japanese war is known throughout all India, in every bazaar, to the most ignorant coolie as well as to the most political rajah, and they believe that what has been achieved before by an accidental people can again be repeated and, perhaps, to the complete emancipation of India and a return to the old regime that existed before Lord Clive and Warren Hastings sealed the fate of the Hindoo people.

In commenting upon the Japanese in the late war, he said that a large measure of the success won by the Japanese armies was due to the implicit obedience of the Japanese soldier who looks upon his officer as a direct representative of the emperor, and upon the mikado as the foundation of all virtue and the source of all wisdom.

#### IN SOCIETY.

Mrs. A. L. Davis, 439 Sherbourne-street, will not receive again until the autumn.

Mrs. W. G. Mackendrick, 41 Hawthorne-avenue, will receive for the first time on Monday and Tuesday afternoons and evenings next.

Parkdale W. C. T. U. will hold a parlor social at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bascom, 1233 West King-street, Tuesday, March 26, at 8 p.m. Mrs. Irwin, provincial superintendent of lumber camp work, will give an address on temperance work in New Ontario. Good music by Mrs. Gillies and others. All

who are interested, are cordially invited.

Miss Ena Calvert of Strathroy has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hunter, Ottawa, and is now staying with Mrs. Inwood, Glen-road.

Miss E. Auld, London, is spending a few days with Mrs. Alex. Auld, May-place.

Miss Ella Belle Lind of London spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Smythe, 46 Major-street. Miss Lind left last night for Calgary, where her marriage to Dr. Walter Bapty, formerly of London, will take place.

Miss Margaret Smith of the senior year, will give an interpretative recital in the Greek theatre of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Frederick T. Aylward will receive at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Sloan, to-day, and not again this season.

Mrs. W. J. Speller, formerly Miss Ora Bevier, will receive with her mother on Thursday afternoon and evening, March 28, at her new home, 15 Barlett-avenue.

Mrs. A. J. Anderson, 188 Louise-street, Toronto Junction, will not receive again this season.

Mrs. Arnold W. Thomas of 52 Elm-avenue, Rosedale, will not receive again this season.

Mrs. F. D. Benjamin of Sherbourne-street, will not receive to-day and not again this season.

Mrs. W. T. Addison, Jarvis-street, receives to-day for the last time this season.

Mrs. Arnold W. Thomas of 52 Elm-avenue, Rosedale, will not receive again this season.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore has returned from England.

Mrs. Victor Williams, who has been staying at the King Edward, returns to Kingston to-day.

Mrs. Samuel L. Bray of Braeside, Enfield, is the guest of Mrs. William Bray of Czar-street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy returned from England this week.

Miss Leggett is in town from Hamilton.

Miss Lillian E. VanNest of Solina is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Robert Wickert, West Queen-street.

William Richardson of Los Angeles, Cal., is staying with his sister, Mrs. Thomas Sargent, Avenue-road.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of Glasgow are at the Queen's Hotel.

**What to Do With Our Girls.**  
Give them a course of six lessons in dress cutting and fitting. It will enable them to make their own dresses equal to any first-class dressmaker. The Canadian School of Pattern and Dress Cutting, 448 Bathurst-street, Toronto. Phone Main 5799. cdt



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**THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER CO., Limited.**

3 Toronto Street TORONTO, ONT. Phone N 1741.

#### YOUTH AGAIN KIDNAPPED.

**Millionaire's Grandchild, Once Stolen by Mother, Disappears.**

Berlin, March 23.—A despatch from Hanover says that "Eddy" Krieger, 12 years of age, son of George Krieger of Chicago, who married the daughter of Dr. Bart, a millionaire, has been kidnapped by two masked persons.

The boy's father, after securing a divorce from his wife in America, secretly brought the boy to Germany and entrusted him to a friend in Hanover, where he was educated.

The mother, who has since married a Dr. MacDonald, came to Germany, obtained possession of the boy and took him with great secrecy to Hamburg, from which place he has mysteriously disappeared.

#### THE BOOK IS FREE.

**And the Welcome to Call For a Copy is Sincere.**

What a well-known society lady of London, Eng., has to say about men and men's dress, is given in the summer book, "Dress and Address," published by the Semi-Ready Company. The chart on "Dress Etiquette" is another part of the book which will be of interest, and the clear reproductions of the new "Semi-Ready" tailoring styles will be worth attention. A copy of the book will be mailed to anyone asking for it, or to any friend to whom the reader would like to have it sent. Just step into the Semi-Ready store and get a copy for yourself, or write to Ed. Mack for one by mail.

Parkdale I.O.O.F. held an at home on Friday evening in their hall, Queen and Northcote. Grand Patriarch Cowley was in the chair. The evening was spent in dancing and card playing.

### Buchanan's Wife

The Story of a Woman Who Dared to  
Wrest to Herself the Love and Happiness  
That Were Dealt Her by  
Cruel Circumstances.

By Dumas Miles Forman and Published  
by Permission of Harper & Bros., New  
York and London.

"About an hour before you came in," he said, "I got this thing put of its case with some vague notion of making an end to a life which has become intolerable to me. I dare say I shouldn't have managed it. I dare say I'm too much of a coward. Of one thing I'm certain—this voice rose go back there to-morrow morning—back to my friends and live out this damned masquerade to its finish. I'm too much of a coward for that. If you like, I'm smothered here!" he cried; "I'm a prisoner in chains! I want to try 'em all—the 'appy road, that take you over the world! I want to get 'ence' and 'go observin' matters, but I can't. My responsibilities won't let me, and my wife won't let me, and my friends— if I have a friend—won't let me. I can't do that because I'm what I am, and I can't end it all because I'm here, and I was going to do for you so that I could take my time working."

Buchanan drew back with a little shivering intake of the breath. "By the Lord, you're a cold-blooded fish!" he said, in a half whisper. Then he leaned forward again with sudden interest.

"Tell me," said he, "have you ever killed a man?—in cold blood, I mean, just because you wanted to get him out of the way? Have you?"

"What if I have?" said the man in the arm-chair.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Buchanan. "Of course, I'm not your judge."

"No," said the other, indifferently. "No, you're not." And then, as Buchanan dropped back into his listless silence, gloomy still, the hard, blue eyes began to steel out across the table towards that which lay glittering in the lamplight, but there were glasses and books and they de- canted and other objects in the way. Also the table was broad, and so the hand withdrew once more.

"I want to lie on the earth," said Buchanan, after a long time. It is probable that he did not know he spoke aloud. "I want to be wet with the dew and with the rain, and dried again with the sun. I want to wake with the sun in my eyes. I

want to go unwashed and uncombed, I want to be free-free! I want not to feel that next week or next month I've got to stop it all and come back to jail, back to the marionette show. That's what I want. And I can't—I can't!" he said, after another silence. He beat his hands feebly upon the arms of the chair. "I can't!" he whimpered.

"Why?" said the man across the table, calmly.

Buchanan sat up with a jerk and frowned at him.

"The world's out there," pursued the man in the arm-chair. "The 'appy roads is out there, and the sun and the rain. They're free to everybody." Buchanan waved a hand. The gesture seemed to include the magnificent about him and the house behind, with its sleeping inmates.

"And this?" said he.

"Chuck it!" said the man in the arm-chair, stifling a yawn.

Buchanan stared at him.

"Chuck it!" said the man again.

"My God!" said Buchanan, in a faint whisper. He stared at the lean,

still figure and the cold eyes across from him for a long time. Then he turned and began to walk up and down. Something subconscious in him, something which was on watch, warned him before he moved away, and he took the pistol in his hand as he went. The figure across the table, which had all at once, drawn itself up tense and rigid, relaxed again with a little sigh, and the blue eyes fastened themselves upon those calm, imperturbable eyes of Buchanan, seated in his shadows, and became fixed there as if in a trance.

Buchanan tramped the floor. As times he muttered, under his breath, but the words were unintelligible, well-nigh inarticulate. At times his free hand—the hand which did not hold the pistol—waved or beat the air, or clenched fiercely in some hard wrung gesture. Once he halted near the lighted table and made as if to speak, but, after a moment, moved away again to his interminable tramp.

He came to a halt beside the other man. His face was white and drawn, and his eyes burned strangely. He must have been under very great strain.

"But how?" he demanded, weakly. "How? I—I know nothing of such life. I should be helpless as a child. It's all very well to dream about and long for, but practically, I simply should not be able to get on."

"There," said the man in the arm-chair, "is where I come in." And again Buchanan stared at him in dull incomprehension.

"A-ah!" he said at last, and for another turn or two took up his march.

"Look here," he said, when he had returned. "Let us talk business for a moment. Believe me, I do not wish to insult you or to pry into your affairs, but I should like to ask you a few questions. You are, I take it, from your mode of entering this room to-night, a professional thief."

"Yes," said the other man, without emotion. He looked up at his host with cold curiosity.

"You came here," Buchanan continued, "in the hope of being able to steal money or valuables which you could convert into money. Therefore money is a consideration to you."

"Money," said the other man, "is a necessity to me. You underestimate the case." Buchanan waved an impatient hand.

"I have in this room," he said, "safely locked in a safe—which I fear you would never have discovered, for it is well masked—something over a thousand dollars in money—ten, twenty, and fifty-dollar bills. I offer you one thousand dollars to leave this house with me to-night and spend one month in my company tramping the roads, teaching me how to beg, my bread, how to live in the open, and how to behave myself when I meet others of my profession."

The hard, will face before him for the first time gave signs of feeling. The feeling appeared to be unmitigated amazement.

"Are you—serious?" demanded the man in the arm-chair.

Buchanan's white face writhed suddenly, and something like a sob broke from him.

"My God, do I look as if I were joking?" he cried. "I tell you I can bear this life no longer. I shall find some miserable scrap of courage and blow my brains out if I do not get away from it all. Don't you understand? Don't you understand? You said you did. It was that which made me say what I have said. I thought you understood. I thought you felt what I felt."

"Oh, yes," said the other, "I know how you feel, but—but what do you want to tramp for? You could wait until to-morrow and then get together a great deal of money—how much?—could you get together—and you could slip away to the other side of the world and live like a prince under another name. For God's sake, what do you want to beg for?"

Buchanan turned angrily. "That's my affair," he said. "In time I may wish to do what you say. For the present I wish to live close down against the earth—unwashed, uncombed, as I have said. Put it that, it is a mad whim, if you like. Put it anyhow you wish to. The point is, will you help me for one thousand dollars?"

The other man did not immediately answer. He had lowered his eyes once more, and they seemed to commune with Buddha, beyond the shadows. His face was again a mask—expressionless.

(To be Continued.)

### WORLD PATTERN DEPARTMENT

2466



2466—A CHARMING LITTLE APRON.

The apron which forms so large a part of every small girl's wardrobe should be as attractive as its usefulness will allow. Little Lady Gay often resents having a pretty frock entirely eclipsed by the all-embracing folds of a prosaic apron, but when she realizes that it means more freedom in play and saves changing a frock, reason will prevail. Here is sketched a pleasing little apron of quaint design which is easily made and donned. The closing is effected on the shoulder in front, the garment being all in one piece. A lawn, chambray, percale or gingham may be used with or without trimming. The apron calls for 1-1/4 yards of 36-inch material in the medium size. 2466—Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 years. The price of this pattern is 10c.

### Pattern Department Toronto World.

Send the Above Pattern to

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Size Wanted—(Give age of Child's or Miss' Pattern).



First analysis of the urine showed that chronic disease of the kidneys was present.

### A PHYSICIAN PROVES

By Analysis of the Urine that Chronic Kidney Disease Is Cured by the use of

### Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

The case of Capt. Smith is unusually interesting, because it proves absolutely by analysis of the urine that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cured him of kidney disease. The doctor himself could scarcely believe it until he made the second analysis and pronounced the captain a well man.

Capt. Wm. Smith is a veteran of the Crimean war, living at Revelstoke, B. C., and earned his title in the British army. He reported his case in a letter as follows:—"I can testify to the benefits derived from Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For years I was a sufferer from kidney disease, and could get no relief from it. The doctor examined me and analyzed my urine and told me I had chronic disease of the kidneys. As his medicine did me no good, I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was benefited so much that I kept on taking them until I can say that I am perfectly cured. I told the doctor I was cured, but he would not believe me until he examined my urine again. After doing so he stated that I had no trace of kidney disease left. I have recommended Dr. Chase's medicines to many people."

It is not pleasant to contemplate the approach of Bright's disease, dropsy, gravel, rheumatism or apoplexy, and yet these are the very diseases which anyone may expect who neglects to cure derangements of the kidneys.

### YOU CAN MAKE THIS TEST:

Should it not be convenient for you to have a physician analyze the urine, you can make this test yourself.—Put some urine in a bottle or tumbler and let it stand for twenty-four hours; if there is a sediment in the bottom at the end of that time, or if it is discolored, milky, cloudy or stringy, your kidneys are out of order and are not doing their work properly.

Among the other symptoms of kidney disease are:—

Backache, scanty, highly colored urine, deposits in urine after standing, painful, scalding urination, continued paleness, loss of flesh, swelling of ankles and legs, irregular action of the bowels, rheumatism and sciatic pains.

If you suffer in this way there is no time to lose in beginning the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. You will search in vain for a treatment which will so soon call a halt to this terrible disease. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Second analysis of urine showed that after treatment with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills there was no trace of kidney disease left.

