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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
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London, Ont., Tuesday, July 13.

EUGENIE AND THE EMPIRE.

The passing of the ex-Empress Eugenie is not likely to excite much sympathetic feeling in France. Fifty years have passed since Napoleon fell into German hands, and his wife and child fled to England to escape the fury of the French mob, but there has been nothing revealed since then that softens the picture of the degenerate, dissolute court of this political adventurer and political adventuress, who, by their intriguing and scheming, led their country into a disastrous war, and sowed the seeds of hatred and national jealousies that fruited in the recent great European war.

Napoleon III, like his great uncle and namesake, was ambitious to found a dynasty in France. He sought a wife in the royal courts of Europe, but the princesses drew their skirts about them and refused to recognize him. It was then that he married Eugenie, a lady whose parentage would scarcely bear scrutiny. She had beauty and the social graces that were demanded by a court, but neither she nor the emperor had the ability to discriminate between those entitled to recognition and those who were merely self-seekers. The consequence was that the court was infested with penniless adventurers, newly-rich bankers, stock jobbers, political schemers of all kinds, not to mention gamblers and crooks. The description which Nicholas Murray Butler recently gave of some of the supporters of Gen. Leonard Wood might be applied to the court of Napoleon and Eugenie. Napoleon's chief adviser was his illegitimate half-brother, a cool, cynical man of fashion, completely master of the under-currents of Parisian politics, business and society.

It is to the credit of the French people of the time that they were not deceived by Napoleon or by Eugenie. The emperor was regarded properly as a charlatan, the empress as an upstart. The Royalists stayed away from court, and the middle classes and peasantry tolerated the empress because it acted as a bulwark against the revolutionary socialism which they feared would seize their savings. Professor Schapiro, in his history of Europe, says that "under the great Napoleon these two elements, the peasants and the bourgeoisie, had combined against the old nobility; under his nephew they combined against the working class."

A court like that of Napoleon, brilliant with a forced brilliancy, was the ground in which seeds of war quickly matured. Napoleon himself regarded a war policy as essential to his ambition, but his practice was to associate himself with allies; in case of victory he could claim the credit, and in case of defeat he could put the blame on the others. In 1854 he joined England and Turkey in making war on Russia. In 1859 he joined Sardinia in a war on Austria. In the early sixties he intervened in Mexico, and supported the Austrian Prince Maximilian and his Carlotta in their tragic effort to establish monarchy in the new world. Unfortunately for Napoleon and for France, his last war had to be fought without an ally, and against a power whose strength he sadly underestimated. The circumstances leading to the Franco-Prussian war are familiar. The perfidy of Bismarck has been much dwelt upon by historians, and well deserves the utmost condemnation for all time, but even Bismarck's forging of the Ems telegram would not have brought on war had there not been a reckless war party in the French court. This war party was headed by the Duke de Gramont, minister of foreign affairs, and by Eugenie. They prevailed upon the emperor and his prime minister, Olivier, to make unreasonable demands upon King William, and his refusal, was used by Bismarck to make "a red rag for the Gallic bull." A few months later Napoleon was a prisoner, and his consort a refugee in England.

English sympathy was decidedly with Germany during the war, but the English people received the royal refugees with consideration. Napoleon died in England three years later, and his widow made her home there or the rest of her life. She had been provident enough to amass a huge fortune during the heyday of the empire, and this was transferred to England. It has been stated that the whole of the fortune estimated at thirty millions, has been let to the church.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Here's hoping the Tecumseh make the Saginaw Aces look like the deuce.

You are a "rummy" if you don't run rum, is a popular sentiment along the border these days.

In reply to many inquirers: Canada's new premier pronounces his name as if spelled "Mee'een," the "h" being silent, as in "mud."

Commenting on the Government's decision to investigate the hydro radial scheme, a contemporary thinks that Mr. Drury "lacks courage and vision." On the other hand, he has an abundance of common sense and caution—most desirable qualities in political leadership today.

HON. MACKENZIE KING'S SPEECH.

Helped to end near-civil war in Colorado. The results of my work for the Rockefeller Foundation are published in book form. I think some honorable gentlemen may have heard of the book, and here let me say that I am sure the House will realize how extremely embarrassing it is to anyone to be obliged to make a reference to his own work. But honorable gentlemen will also

realize, I am sure, that if I simply make a general statement such may not prove sufficient under the circumstances. I am therefore obliged to make specific reference to some portion of the work accomplished in this connection. That is my apology and my reason of necessity for referring to one or two things which I wish to place before the House for consideration. Whether the results of my study bear at all helpfully upon the problem of reconstruction or not, honorable members will be able to see for themselves by referring to the book. It is entitled "Industry and Humanity: A Study in the Problems Underlying Industrial Reconstruction." The book consists of some 550 pages, exclusive of charts and diagrams. Every line of it was written in the city of Ottawa; every page of proof was read in this city; all of the research work was done in Canada. It was done during the war, and out of itself published before the armistice had been concluded. The Canadian editions have been published by Thomas Allen of Toronto, the American by Houghton-Mifflin of Boston and New York, and the English by Constable & Co.

I presume the impression that in some way or another I was connected with the so-called Rockefeller interests grew first of all out of this association with the Foundation to which I have referred. It may also have grown out of the fact that in the early years of the war I spent quite a little time in the State of Colorado, and later accompanied Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jun., through the mines of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. May I say to honorable members that the reason I went to Colorado at the time I did was because there had been a situation there very much in the nature of an industrial civil war—it was the most serious industrial situation on this continent. I went of my own volition, under direction or suggestion from no one, to give a perfectly free hand by the Rockefeller Foundation to do what I thought best—the way of carrying out the work which the trustees of the Foundation had given me the opportunity to perform. I felt that if it were possible to demonstrate in the State of Colorado, under conditions such as existed there, that the application of certain principles to the relations of employers and employees could not do other than to labor, capital and the public, it would be rendering a service to industry in a place where, and at a time when it was very greatly needed. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was one of the companies which had been affected by the strike. It is the largest concern in that state. It employs some 15,000 men in the neighborhood of 2,000 workers in coal mines, iron mines and steel works. Like other steel and coal companies, its help was required to provide essential war supplies, and it had orders from the Allies to carry out. Being the Rockefeller interest in that company, I believed that my association with the Foundation might gain for me an exceptional opportunity, which it did. I am not going to refer to any work done in that connection. It was work done in public and honorable members can find out its scope and significance for themselves if they are sufficiently interested in so doing. All I wish to state at the moment is that for that service—or whatever measure of service it may have been possible to render in the State of Colorado—I received no payment from any interest or from any individual directly or indirectly connected with any of the companies with which I had to deal. I undertook the work as a part of the opportunity afforded me by the Rockefeller Foundation, and I carried it out wholly of my own volition.

The House will permit it, I should feel deeply obliged if, at the conclusion of my remarks, I might be allowed by general consent to place on Hansard one or two statements which I have just made revealing the nature of the work done in Colorado. It is from an authority which no one in this House will question, and it is an article which appeared in the Toronto Globe of October 19, 1919, entitled "Solving Colorado's Civil War, by J. A. M." The article is by Dr. J. A. Macdonald, who at the time was editor-in-chief of the Globe, and who visited Colorado while I was there, and upon whose report I have just been referring. It was written by Dr. Macdonald at the time, was published in the Globe, and is of record there. If the House denies me the privilege of placing the article on Hansard, I am honorable enough to be interested at all in discovering the significance of that work or the truth concerning it, will be able to do so by a reference to the files of that paper.

Solving Colorado's Civil War.
By J. A. M.
I had spent the whole day interviewing all sorts and conditions of men, and gathering all sorts of views about the one question of universal interests these days in all these mountain mining regions—Mr. Rockefeller's plan for the complete reorganization of the mining industry in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, in which he holds 40 per cent of the stock, and to whose conditions he has been giving a direct and personal interest during the past few months. He is a precedent in the history of capital and labor.

Last week in Toronto we had Associated Press dispatches to the Globe describing this unusual trip of Mr. Rockefeller, his meeting with men of all grades in all the camps and in the pits, his conference with them face to face, and his proposals to them for a fresh pact and a new deal. The dispatch mentioned Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King as being the magnate's guide, philosopher and friend.

Mackenzie King's Work.
Almost the first man I met after reaching Denver, two days ago, in the routings of the Brown, was Mackenzie King. He had been in Colorado a great deal of his time since joining the Rockefeller Foundation. At the very beginning of his work as chief executive for the study at first hand of industrial relations, Mr. King stipulated that the mining camps of Colorado, where long industrial strife issued in actual civil war, and where the Foundation itself is a larger holder of corporate securities, provided an immense laboratory for a comprehensive study of the essential facts, the root causes of industrial disturbances and the lines of policy to be adopted if industrial war is to make way for co-operation, prosperity and peace.

The root idea of the old policy on both sides, both capital and labor, was competition. In the new policy the root idea is co-operation. If the seed of co-operation is nourished and comes to full fruition, it may yield co-partnership. I did not find that Mr. Rockefeller balked at the idea of capital and labor coming to be partners in the industrial world.

It was both interesting and significant to observe the effect of the young man's personal touch on men whose hostility was deep-seated and fierce. The great body of the miners, voting by secret ballot, after hearing him expound the plan, and studying it in its fully printed form for several days, voted almost unanimously for its approval. A newspaper man who was the rounds of the camps, and whose sympathies were socialist and anti-capitalist, confessed to me that what he saw at close range convinced him that Rockefeller is absolutely sincere, resolved to meet the men far more than half way, and has accepted the principles of industrial co-operation with an honest mind and a serious purpose. This view I found to prevail among the Denver newspaper men. A Chicago journalist who came to Colorado to curse returned to Chicago to bless.

A Straightforward Man.
This indeed was the impression made on my own mind by frank conversation and close observations. I did not find this young capitalist other than very straightforward and honestly avowed. He accepted the obligations of great wealth and stupendous industrial responsibility as a man "who must give an account."

It was difficult to observe the reflex influence of Mackenzie King's personality and teaching on the life and program of John D. Rockefeller, Jun. I confess that I had real misgivings about King's decision last year to undertake work with the Rockefeller Foundation. I feared its reaction on his out look and life work. After observing the situation in Colorado, the change of front on King, but by Rockefeller and studying the testimony of newspaper men and others, who assured me that all this that Rockefeller has done is in reality the result of King's careful study of industrial problems in the mines, and of his competent exposition of it to Mr. Rockefeller and his associates, I am entirely reassured. Nor was Mr. Rockefeller at all reluctant to give Mr. King full credit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEWSPAPER ECONOMICS.

The sensational rise in the cost of paper is likely to affect the daily newspaper much as the high cost of living affects us, the gentle readers thereof. As the prices of eatables, drinkables, wearables, and, in fact, every concrete factor of our daily lives have soared, we have had to deny ourselves one by one the little luxuries that oiled the wheels of life, until at present most of us are fighting stiffly to obtain the bare necessities.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher.

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"Quite different," said Breton. He, too, was regarding to handwriting with great interest. And Rathbury noticed his keen inspection of it, and asked another question.

"Ever seen that writing before?" he suggested. "Never," answered Breton. "And yet—there's something very familiar about it."

"Then the probability is that you have seen it before," remarked Rathbury. "Well, now, we'll hear a little more about Marbury's doings here. Just tell me all you know, Mr. and Mrs. Walters."

"My wife knows most," said Mrs. Walters. "I scarcely saw the man—I don't remember speaking with him."

"No," said Mrs. Walters. "You didn't—you weren't much in his way. Well," she continued, "he showed up to his room. He talked a bit—said he'd just landed at Southampton from Melbourne."

"Did he mention his ship?" asked Rathbury.

"But if he didn't it doesn't matter, for we can find out."

"I believe the name's on his things," answered the landlady. "There are some labels of that sort. Well, he asked for a chop to be sent for him at once, as he was going out. He had his chop, and he went out at exactly one o'clock, saying to me that he expected he'd get lost, as he didn't know London well at all, and wouldn't know it at all now. He went outside there—I saw him—looked about him, and walked off toward Blackfriars way. During the afternoon the cap spoke of came for him from Flakie's. So, of course, I judged he'd been to the office, and then he brought a gentleman with him."

"Ah!" said Rathbury. "A gentleman, now? Did you see him?"

"Just," replied the landlady. "They went straight up to twenty, and I just caught a mere glimpse of the gentleman as they turned—there was a tall, well-built gentleman, with a grey beard, very well dressed as far as I could see, with a top hat and a white silk muffler round his throat, and carrying an umbrella."

"And they went to Marbury's room?" said Rathbury.

"Well, then, Mr. Marbury rang for some whiskey and soda," continued Mrs. Walters. "He was particular to have the pocket watch and a siphon of soda were taken up there. I heard nothing more until near midnight; then the hall porter told me that the gentleman in twenty had gone out, and had asked him if there was a night porter, as, of course, there is. He went out at half-past eleven."

"And the other gentleman?" asked Rathbury. "The other gentleman," answered the landlady, "went out with him. The hall porter said they turned toward the station. And that was the last anyone in this house saw of Mr. Marbury. He certainly never came back."

"That's a queer story," said Rathbury. "It is quite certain, ma'am. Well, I suppose we'd better see this number twenty room, and have a look at what he left there."

"Yes," said Mrs. Walters. "Is just as he left it. Nothing's been touched."

It seemed to two of the visitors that there was little to touch. On the dressing-table lay a few ordinary articles of toilet—some of them of any quality or value; the dead man had evidently been satisfied with the plain necessities of life. An overcoat hung from a peg; Rathbury, without ceremony, went through the pockets, just as unconsciously as he examined trunk and bag, and finding nothing unlocked, he laid out on the bed every article they contained and examined each separately and carefully. And he found nothing that he could gather any clue to the dead owner's identity.

"There you are!" he said, making an end of his task. "You see, it's just the same with these things as with the clothes, and had on him. There was nothing to tell who he was, what he was after, where he'd come from—though that we may find out in other ways. But it's not often that a man travels with a pocket watch and a siphon of soda, and the fact that some of this linen was, you see, bought in Melbourne, we know nothing of him. Yet he must have had papers and money on him. Did you see anything, Mrs. Walters?"

"Did he pull out his purse in your presence, now?" "Yes," answered the landlady with promptitude. "He came into the bar for a drink after he'd been up to his room. He pulled out a handful of gold when he paid for it—a whole handful! There must have been some thirty to forty sovereigns and half-sovereigns."

"And he hadn't a penny piece on him when found," muttered Rathbury.

"I noticed another thing, too," remarked the landlady. "He was wearing a very fine gold watch and chain, and had a splendid ring on his left hand—little finger—gold, with a big diamond in it."

"Yes," said the detective thoughtfully. "I noticed that he'd worn a ring, that it had been a bit tight for him. Well, now, there's only one thing to ask about. Did your chambermaid notice if he left any torn paper around—tore any letters up, or anything like that?"

"But the chambermaid produced had not noticed anything of the sort; on the contrary, the gentleman of number twenty had left his room very tidy indeed. So Rathbury intimated that he had no more to ask and nothing further to say just then, and he bade the landlady and landlady of the Anglo-Orient Hotel good-morning and went away, followed by the two young men.

"What next?" asked Spargo, as they gained the street.

"The next thing," answered Rathbury, "is to find the man with whom Marbury left this hotel last night."

"And how's that to be done?" asked Spargo.

"At present," replied Rathbury, "I don't know."

"And, with a careless nod, he walked off, apparently desirous of being alone."

CHAPTER V.

Spargo wishes to specialize. The barrister and the journalist, left thus unceremoniously on a crowded pavement, looked at each other. Breton laughed.

"We don't seem to have gained much information," he remarked. "It's about as wise as ever."

"No-wiser," said Spargo. "At any rate, I am I know now that this dead man called himself John Marbury; that he came from Australia; that he only landed at Southampton yesterday morning, and that he was in the company last night of a man whom we have had described to us—a tall, grey-bearded, well-dressed man, presumably a gentleman."

Breton shrugged his shoulders. "It should say that description would fit a hundred thousand men in London," he remarked.

"Exactly—so it would," answered Spargo. "But we know that it was one of the hundred thousand, or half a million, if you like. The thing is to find that one—the one."

"And you think you can do it?" "I think I'm going to have a big try at it."

Breton shrugged his shoulders again. "What?—by going up to every man who answers the description, and saying, 'Sir, are you the man who accompanied John Marbury to the Anglo-Orient'?"

"Look here!" he said. "Didn't you say that you knew a man who lives in that block in the entry of which Marbury was found?"

"No," said Spargo. "At any rate, I am I know now that this dead man called himself John Marbury; that he came from Australia; that he only landed at Southampton yesterday morning, and that he was in the company last night of a man whom we have had described to us—a tall, grey-bearded, well-dressed man, presumably a gentleman."

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TO BE CONTINUED.

Poetry and Jest

THE NATURALIST ON A JUNE SUNDAY.

[In green type.]
My old gardener leans on his hoe,
Tells me the way that green things grow.
"Go! to church why, no;
All nature's church enough for me!"
Says he.

"Preachin' o' flower and choir o' bird,
And the wind passin' through the
plate—
Sweetest service that ever I heard.
That's straight—
Eternal rest?"

What for, friend?
Gimme a swarm o' bees to tend.
A honey-makin' world without end,
Like the bees! (Scoop 'em right up an' find the queen,
They'd not sting me—the bees ain't mean!)

Heaven's all right!
But still I guess I'll kinder miss
The lady super much at night,
And the White Wanderer butterfly,
Crawlin' out of his chrysalis!

Twixt me and you—
Why, I'd just love to see
An' eat right out of His dread hand.
Same as it does me!
Eternity—
Don't it sound grand

But, say,
What's the matter with today
Just step into the wood an' take a look!
Ain't that a piece o' teachin' from the
Holy Book?

He that hath eyes to see,
That's good enough for me!
I guess God's pretty near,
all now, He went outside there—I saw him—looked about him, and walked off toward Blackfriars way. During the afternoon the cap spoke of came for him from Flakie's. So, of course, I judged he'd been to the office, and then he brought a gentleman with him."

"Ah!" said Rathbury. "A gentleman, now? Did you see him?"

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"I noticed another thing, too," remarked the landlady. "He was wearing a very fine gold watch and chain, and had a splendid ring on his left hand—little finger—gold, with a big diamond in it."

"Yes," said the detective thoughtfully. "I noticed that he'd worn a ring, that it had been a bit tight for him. Well, now, there's only one thing to ask about. Did your chambermaid notice if he left any torn paper around—tore any letters up, or anything like that?"

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THE ONLY REASON.
"Well, I hear there'll be no more strikes."

"Haven't the poor old public any money left?"

MY AUTOMOBILE.
Sneak, sneak, sneak.
In my awful old O. Cee!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the garage man's purse,
That he can't seem to find out the
cause.
Now, ma'am!" he asked suddenly, turning to Mrs. Walters. "Did he pull out his purse in your presence, now?"

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THESE H. C. L. TIMES.
[Louisville Post.]
Once it was the might of a dollar,
but now it's the might of a dollar.

TO AN OLD CANOE.
[H. Louis Raybold in Rod & Gun.]
On, ever onward, through blue slippings,
Bow on the beckoning ripples,
Sped by the noiseless paddle, dipping,
dipping.

Onward, past hill and vale;
Straight to the sky line, if the course
be clear.
Or 'round each changing point, as it
draws near.

This was your rightful life, your heritage
inborn.
Once more, adrift to go—
Ah, many a star we've watched grow
pale and many a moon
in radiant colors glow!

Prail though your frame, you sto'd me
staunch and true.
Tried in the lashing storm;
Breasting the waves, you rode the
whirlwind through.

You drank the witchery of night with
me!
Far from the city's clamor, far from
restless dreams
And hurried people's strife,
You gently took me to cool woods and
singing streams.

The sweeter ways of life.
Yet must I leave you, by grey age o'er-
taken,
Now in the pinetree's shade,
Spent with long years of service, travel
shaken.

Broken your paddle blade;
And if some spring you feel the old-
time thrill,
Which subtly lures the spirit to its
home.

And, on the season's flood embarked,
you heed the call.
Once more, adrift to go—
Fear not the rapids white—beyond
each waterfall
Lie quiet pools below.

ALL COMFORTS OF A HOME.
Miss Manchester—I should think that
if you haven't pre-
served the newer
and better way
try it now

"Sugar
1/2 and 1/2
Syrup"

