

A STRANGER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS

Debate on the Educational Bill—How Some of the Leading
Figures Struck a Yankee Visitor—
Balfour and "C. B."

John O'Donnell in the Pittsburg Dispatch.
"Well, Well! What are we coming to!
Look at John Burns on the treasury
bench!"

This exclamation is made by a young
Dublin "journalist" sitting with me in
the special gallery of the House of
Commons very much interested in a
somewhat desultory debate on the
fiscal voting bill. There are three
rows of chairs reserved for visitors.
Having been escorted into this gallery
by the member whose guest I temporarily
am, I am seated in the front row, with
a golden rosette hanging down his
front. He is punctiliously personified
in the discussion, but his position is
such that I cannot see him. Balfour is
a big parliamentary card, so being
careful that I am not obstructing any-
one's view, I arise. How foolish! That
rigid piece of human furniture who
sits in one of the gallery benches inside
the gate motions for me to retake my
seat. His only response being a marble
stare he comes over and asks me to
sit down. I sit. More British "cus-
tom," that's all.

The gallery at the east end of the
House is reserved for women. That
bouquets, bombs or beams of love may
not be thrown at the members on the
floor of this gallery is screened. Some of the women are most
elaborately gowned. Nevertheless, this
gallery reminds me of a nunnery
chapel.

My first peep into the Commons is
disappointing. That admiration on
lavishes on the houses of parliament,
viewed from Westminster bridge, with
all their delicate Gothic tracery, the
chaste beauty of the tower which
houses Big Ben with his 30-foot face,
and the other more elaborate one
on the west, vanishes when one enters
the House, although the simplicity of
the arrangement by no means detracts
from the spirit of parliamentary pon-
derosity which pervades the place.

The House of Commons is quadrangu-
lar in arrangement, the speaker sits
at each end. The canopied chair of the
speaker sits under the press gallery. In
front of the speaker sit the three clerks,
begowned and bewigged just the same.
In front of them extends a long desk,
reaching almost to the "gangway," and
at the end of the speaker, also sit the
three clerks, whereon rests the "mace" when the
House is in ordinary session and where-
under it rests during special proceed-
ings. It is up to this point the tellers
come, make their profound obeisances
and announce the result of a division.
The House is an open space from here to the
bar of the House at the end opposite
the speaker.

From this central space the benches
rise in tiers, half a dozen or so, on
either side. The members have no
desks. The Government benches are at
the right of the speaker, the opposi-
tion at the left. The "gangway," the
opposition to the left. The membership of the House is now
so large that the overflows has to be
taken care of on the gallery benches.
While the Liberals now have the right
side entirely to themselves, the Con-
servatives are taken care of at the left
above the "gangway." Below this nar-
row alleyway, which cuts the House in
two, sit the Irish members and the
Laborites. Thus the four divisions of
the membership are arranged in the or-
der of their respective strength. The
first bench to the right of the speaker
is the treasury bench, where sit those
members of the cabinet who have seats
in the House. Immediately opposite is
the principal Opposition bench.

My journalistic friend's exclamation at
the presence of John Burns on the Treas-
ury bench is quite genuine. That a leader
of the Labor party should fill a place in
the British cabinet was undreamed of a
decade ago. Burns is president of the
Local Government Board, the body to
which are referred nearly all the ques-
tions affecting the party's interest.
It is about 7:30 in the evening, and as
the debate on the fiscal voting bill drags
along somewhat wearily, I improve my
opportunities of observation. Mr. H. W.
Forster, of Exeter, Kent, is the mem-
ber who has introduced the bill. He is
moving an amendment that the House
decline to consider a change in the franchise
unaccompanied by removal of the
serious anomalies now existing in the
distribution of electoral power. In other
words, Mr. Forster is filibustering. In his
ultra-aristocratic style he characterizes
the Government measure calculated to
limit one man to one vote as "illogical,
unfair and inclined to encourage gerry-
mandering, another pernicious American
habit, to the detriment of the British
electorate." (Yah, yah!) "Yah, yah!" I wish I could describe the
British "Yah, yah!"
During Mr. Forster's somewhat discor-
dant speech I notice that Premier Cam-
pbell-Bannerman, seated about the center
of the Treasury bench, is looking at his
eyes closed. Is he conning the points
of his coming remarks, or is he thinking
of his wife, who at this moment is on
the other side of the House? A few feet to one side
of him sits Mr. H. H. Asquith, Chancellor
of the Exchequer, who is looking at the
other side, while down toward the "gan-
gway" sits the brilliant young Winston
Churchill, Under Secretary for the Colon-
ies, the son of the late Lord Randolph.

BLEEDING PILES

In November, 1901, Mr. Sherwood
Walker, a fireman on the Canada At-
lantic Railway, living at Madawaska,
Ont., wrote for a box of Dr. Chase's
Ointment as a treatment for bleeding
piles. He was suffering much and would
become very weak from loss of blood.
In March, 1902, we received the fol-
lowing letter from Mr. Walker: "Ac-
cording to my promise I now tell
you in writing to you. If you re-
member, you sent me a box of Dr.
Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles
some months ago. I used it faithfully
and can say it proved a Godsend, for
it entirely cured me of bleeding piles.
I would have written sooner, but
I wanted to be able to tell you that it
was a permanent cure. There are sev-
eral people here who have been cured
of severe cases of protruding piles by
using this good ointment."

This letter speaks volumes for Dr.
Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles of
the most distressing and most danger-
ous form. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60
cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-
son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Further down, but not on the Treasury
bench, I see Mr. Charles Dilke (of Glouc-
ester, Port of Spain), one of the most
interesting as well as able and brilliant
men who ever sat in the Commons. He
has a paper before his eyes, but he is
reading. In an instant he is on his feet with
an interruption in six words of Mr. For-
ster's remarks. Whereupon that disad-
vantageous young gentleman finds himself somewhat
dabbling.

Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, First Commis-
sioner of Public Works, also on the Treas-
ury bench, describes the bill as a long-
delayed and much-desired measure of jus-
tice and equity. Harcourt is the
humorist of the House. He wants to deal
tenderly with his victims, but he will
leave them the power of election under
which the member from West Birming-
ham (Joe Chamberlain) can decide who
he will exercise for the good of the
empire. He begs Mr. Chamberlain to be-
ware of the academic blarneying in-
tended to seduce him from the virtue of
his solid days. He cannot bear to see
him join the modern Mrs. Parnington and
the other members of the House who
the teachings of his master (Mr. Cham-
berlain) to come over and help them;
whereat Mr. Willie Redmond remarks
that he cannot bear to see Mr. Harcourt
if he did. And the House roars.

In a rapid cross-fire of remarks Lord
Wintour de Eschey (Unionist, of course)
regards as only common justice the anom-
aly which the bill proposes to abolish.
Bitterly and desperately do the Tories

WHERE FACTORY GIRLS LIVE LIKE MILLIONAIRES' DAUGHTERS

At Bournville, England, the Seat of Cadbury's Chocolate Industrie
—Houses and Playgrounds Provided By the Firm—A
Pretty and Healthy Lot of Girls.

At a factory in the suburbs of Bir-
mingham, England, two hundred work-
ing girls are living as happily and
wisely as any girls in the world.

They are much better off than ordi-
nary mill-maids' daughters, because
they have no need to worry how to
spend their money or how to amuse
themselves or how to avoid living too
luxuriously or how to recover from the
effects thereof.

They have just enough work to keep
them busy and exercise their minds
perfectly planned for comfort and health.

They have just enough money to live
decently.

They are all strong and healthy.
They live in charming little houses,
perfectly planned for comfort and health.

They have abundant opportunities
for reading and cultivating their
minds.

These girls are all employed in the
chocolate-making factories of Richard
Cadbury, who is a Quaker, a million-
aire and a practical philanthropist.

The village where the factory is sit-
uated is called Bournville. All his work-
people are lodged in handsome model
cottages, each having half an acre of
ground attached and situated amid
beautiful country surroundings. In the
garden the cottagers grow their veg-
etables, fruit and flowers. To every
four work-girls is allotted a cottage
having eight rooms, four bedrooms,
a living room, a dining room, a
kitchen and bathroom. Every-
thing necessary for housekeeping is
supplied at the village store at lower
than prevailing retail prices, but there
is no compulsion to buy, for that
would be against the law.

The girls work eight and a half
hours a day. They begin at 8 o'clock
and knock off from 12 to 1 for an
hour's dinner. At 3:30 they take about
twenty minutes for tea or chocolate
and at 5:30 they stop work. As the
factory is right at their doors, they
have no time going to and from work,
nor do they injure their health riding
in crowded cars. The long English
summer day leaves them three or four
hours in which to play outdoor games
in the evening. The employer firmly
but gently orders all the girls to take
part in these games, because he does
not consider them fit for work unless
they take a proper allowance of open
air exercise. There is a splendid
cricket field, a football field and half
a dozen tennis courts for the girls.
All the apparatus needed for these
games and the upkeep of the grounds
are paid for by the firm.

All the girls are in splendid physical
condition and can do a hundred-yard
dash inside of twenty seconds. They
are straight, rosy cheeked, bright eyed
and broad shouldered. The majority
of them are very pretty. It would be
difficult to find a collection of rich
men's daughters anywhere looking so
well-bred, well-grown, and altogether
charming.

The social center of Bournville is
the village hall. This contains a gym-
nasium, a concert hall which can also
be used as a theater or a dancing
room, lecture rooms, and a library of
100,000 volumes. The library is care-
fully shut off from the noisier parts
of the building, and here the girl who
is studious can spend two or three
hours a day reading the best litera-
ture without overtaxing her strength
or neglecting her recreations.

On five evenings of the week there
are lectures on subjects that are use-
ful to the girls' education. They can
study French, German, mathematics,
history, political economy, music, draw-
ing, cooking, housekeeping and several
other subjects. Every week there is a
theatrical performance, a concert or
a dance.

The result of living for two or three
years at Bournville is to turn a factory
girl into an intelligent woman, capable
of directing a household or a business
and of bringing up a family properly.
Girls in ordinary factories are too
often ruined in health by a few years
work, because they live under unwhole-
some conditions and have no knowl-
edge of preparing their food properly.
When the Bournville workers get
married and wife are provided
with a cottage and themselves. There
is no more thing to hinder the
girls from enjoying an ideal domestic
friend.

STANFORD WHITE'S DEVOTED WIFE

TRIED TO REDEEM HER HUSBAND
BUT HE PREFERRED A
PROFLIGATE LIFE.

Luminous against the murky back-
ground of scandal leading to the mur-
der of Stanford White to Harry K.
Thaw shines forth the real victim of
the tragedy—a woman whose sweet-
ness and goodness have endeared her
to thousands in all walks of life and
whose high character and excellent
connections long ago made her welcome
in the best circles of New York's real
society. She is Mrs. White, devoted
wife, loving mother, sterling upholder
of all the things worth while which it
was her husband's delight to drag in
the mire under cover of the glittering
bohemianism he affected, says the New
York Press.

While all the world is discussing
the right and wrong of the great archi-
tect's death, while the names of Thaw
and of her who was Evelyn Florence
Nesbit are tossed from continent to
continent, the widow sits in the man-
sion in Gramercy Park, which for ten
years has been a lonely home to her,
her chief regret being that a decade of
self-sacrifice on her part was powerless
to save White from his fate. And it
may be that as she mourns among the
costly art objects with which the ar-
tistic side of her husband's nature led
him to beautify the big house there
rises before her in sharp contrast the
picture of her own life and that of the
man whom Nemesis overtook at the
tall building his genius had created.

Sharp indeed is the contrast. On
one side the woman, a fine type of
America's best matronhood, the other,
the man who stained his hard
won fame with a life of gross self-in-
dulgence. The woman stood on a
pinnacle of well-deserved esteem in the
eyes of all who knew her; the man
had his pedestal, too, but about its base
was coiled a vague shape that assumed
in turn all the uglier forms of animal-
ity. Yet from the security of her own
high position, she leaned over toward
him, holding forth arms all too eager
to draw him from the darker side of
his dual existence. And he? Well,
save for flashes of decency that im-
pelled him back toward the honorable
career he had set for himself in young-
er, hopefuller years, he went his own
way, mocking men and making a mock-
ery of womanhood, until Harry Thaw's
inherent goodness of heart, his startling
violence out of the life he preferred above
the monotony of respectability.

Mrs. White for ten years has been
steadfast in pursuing the path to which
her girlhood's training had accustomed
her. She mingled with the old Knick-
erbocker families and the equally staid
society folk of Murray Hill. Her ante-
cedents, her husband's name, her own
wealth above all, the endearing, in-
herent goodness of the woman—opened
to her all the doors in New York worth
while passing.

Wide swung those doors before the
architect as well, but seldom was it
that he appeared before them. He
shunned whenever he could the con-
ventional circles to which his wife be-
longed and basked in the midnight sun
of the restaurant or rathskeller. Once
his ambition had been to accumulate
a fortune, enabling him to spend all
his days in rural quiet. When at last
wealth was his he cared for nothing
more rustic than the village chore of
a musical company, nothing more tran-
quil than the abandonment of his fam-
ous little suppers in his richly fur-
nished apartment near the top of Mad-
ison Square Garden's tower.

He who had sighed for the life of a
country gentleman became a town-
squire of the most ultra type, and not
always a gentleman. Times there were
when not all the wealth his wife placed
at his command would have sufficed to
save him from the vengeance of injured
men had he not made in the under
world of the "Tenderloin" friends who
valued his favor, which his wife be-
longed to him—mercenaries, of course,
yet useful to a man of his sort.

The more deeply White plunged in-
to irresponsibility of heart and mind
and physical being the sharper became
the contrast by double means, for the
more did Mrs. White devote herself to
good work. Always a charitable woman,
she became yet more beautiful,
following the lead of Countess Leary
and other devoted women. Where she
had given thousands to help the needy,
she gave gifts of thousands. Friends
to whom drifted echoes of her many
charities noticed she seemed to con-
centrate her generosity largely on the task
of assisting young women to better
themselves. In those days when she
turned her attention more and more
toward that side of her charitable ac-
tivity White was building for himself
throughout gayest New York a repu-
tation in regard to girls—extremely
young girls, as a rule—which was the
opposite of that his wife acquired.

Mrs. White labored to lift, White to
drag down the young women who en-
tered their respective spheres of influ-
ence. She expended on her task all the
gentle wisdom of a good woman
coupled with the power of a rich one;
he set about his destructive process
armed not only with as much of his
wife's wealth and his own as he chose
to demand, but still more potently with
the trained determination of a man of
the world.

A BALLOON RAILROAD.

There has recently been invented
and put into operation in the moun-
tains near Salzburg, Germany, a bal-
loon railroad. It consists of a station-
ary balloon, which is fastened to a
slide running along a single steel rail.
The rail is fastened to the side of a
steep mountain, which ordinary rail-
roads could not climb, except through
deep cuts and tunnels. The balloon
floats about 35 feet above the ground,
and a heavy steel cable connects it
with the rail. The conductor, can, at
will, make the balloon slide up and
down the side of the mountain. For
going up the motive power is furnished
by hydrogen gas, while the descent is
caused by pressure of water, which is
poured into a large tank at the upper
end of the road, and which serves as
ballast. Suspended from the balloon is
a circular car with accommodation for
ten passengers. The cable goes from
the bottom of the balloon through the
center of the car to a regulation of
speed, which is controlled by the con-
ductor.—Harper's Weekly.

A LITTLE OVERFAMILIAR.

A judge was praising at Long Branch,
Charles E. Hughes, the brilliant and
courageous New York lawyer.
"And Hughes is quick," he said.
"When he was professor of law at Cor-
nell in '91 or thereabouts, a student at-
tempted to be a little overfamiliar one
day."
"Young man," said Hughes, "you re-
mind me of a court scene that I once
witnessed."
"And he went on to tell how a cer-
tain judge had said sternly to a dis-
reputable looking individual accused of

stealing a ham:

"Prisoner, I seem to recognize your
face. You have been here before? I
presume."
"Oh yes, your honor," the prisoner
answered, smiling. "I have been here
more than once. I knew you again di-

rectly though it's true you've grown a
good deal stouter since I saw you last,
and your hair is grayer—what there is
left of it. And how is the good wife?"
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED
BY PHYSICIANS.

HONORABLE JOHN COSTIGAN

New Brunswick's "Grand Old Man" comes out
strongly in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."

Who has not heard of the Honorable John Costigan? He is to-day one
of the most powerful, as well as one of the oldest, figures in Canadian politics.
He was one of Sir John Macdonald's ablest lieutenants, and for nearly 20 years
held various portfolios in the cabinet.

To-day at the age of 71, he is the idol of the electors of New Brunswick, and a power to be always
reckoned with in Parliament.
His rugged eloquence—biting sarcasm—and ready repartee—make him at once the dread of his
opponents and the delight of his conferees.
When a public man of the Hon. John Costigan's position voluntarily testifies to the marvelous cure
effected by "Fruit-a-tives," it is bound to carry convincing weight with the whole Canadian people.



OTTAWA, ONT.,
232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.

You know what fearful trouble I have had all
my life time from constipation. I have been a
dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for
over thirty years and I have been treated by
many physicians and I have taken many kinds
of proprietary medicines without any benefit
whatsoever. I took a pill for a long time which
was prescribed by the late Dr. C. K. Church, of
Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill
prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa.
Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I
was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives"
and after taking them for a few months
I feel I am completely well from this
horrible complaint. I have had no
trouble with this complaint now for a
long time, and I can certainly state that
"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine
I ever took that did me any positive
good for constipation. I can consen-
tiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to
the public as, in my opinion, it is the
finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed)
JOHN COSTIGAN.

Was ever medicine put to a severer test than this?
Here was a great Public Official, who had suffered for more than 30 years with Chronic
Constipation. The leading physicians of Ottawa prescribed for him without affording any
permanent relief. Finally, as a last resort, "Fruit-a-tives" were ordered. And in THREE
MONTHS, Mr. Costigan WAS WELL.

"Fruit-a-tives" did in THREE MONTHS, what doctors
and drugs failed to do in THIRTY YEARS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the most perfect combination known
to medical science. They are fruit juices, concentrated and
combined with tonics and internal antiseptics.

Unlike liver pills, anti-bilious pills and all preparations
containing calomel, cascara, senna, hyosine, etc., "Fruit-a-
tives" act like fruit DRINKS ON THE LIVER. They
arouse this organ to vigorous health—strengthen it—and
increase the flow of bile. It is the bile, given up by the
liver, which enters the bowels and makes them move.

Unless the liver is active and excretes sufficient bile to
move the bowels regularly and naturally every day, there
is bound to be Constipation. And the only remedy that

"Fruit-a-tives" is one that puts the liver in a healthy,
active condition as "Fruit-a-tives" do.
Do you suffer with Chronic Constipation?
Are you bilious?
Is the liver inactive?
Is the stomach out of order?
Does the head ache?
Is your kidneys trouble you?
Is the skin disfigured with pimples?
Is the appetite poor?

Take "Fruit-a-tives." They sweeten the stomach—
regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels—clear the skin—and
build up, strengthen and invigorate the whole system.
One box will prove their value. 50c. a box or 6 boxes
for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does
not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

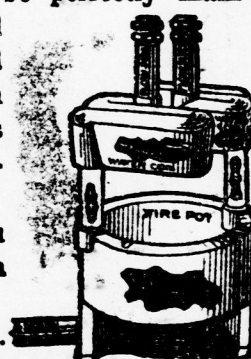
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By installing a combination hot water and hot air
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when the fire is started, combined with ample ventila-
tion, while the hot water radiators in more distant
apartments and at outside walls assure a uniform
heat throughout the house.

BUCK'S "LEADER" Combination Heater

Is adapted perfectly to the varying seasons of this
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tained in the spring and fall
months, giving the needed
warmth by hot air, while in
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of hot water heating are auto-
matically secured.
Besides, it burns less coal than
any other heater, and that soon
saves its whole cost.

Write for our heater catalogue.
It tells a lot of things about heat-
ing that are worth knowing.



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ing desire to help in matters they
know nothing about.

Minard's Liniment
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girls from enjoying an ideal domestic
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