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and there would be less chance of lucky wins in the match play rounds. Another thing I should like to see is the doing away with scores. No wonder that clubs show some hesitancy in opening their courses when they have to face the serious problem of providing some 70 scores or so. And it is hardly fair to the players themselves to be subjected to such a system of espionage. Now that we have a strong and thoroughly representative ruling body at the head of affairs—for the first time in many years—composed of men close to the players, many of them players themselves, and all possessing a keen and comprehensive knowledge of the game in all its details, there is hope that we shall witness something very different from the vacillating and know-nothing policy of the administration of recent years.

To Prevent Mistakes.

From The Chicago Tribune.  
Stranger (at village hotel): Years ago I knew everybody in this town. I wonder what has become of a young fellow that used to loaf around the livery stable and play checkers—my, how he could play checkers!—his name, I think, was Berryman.

Landlord: "That's my name, I'm the chap."  
Stranger: "You don't say! Then you must have known a prim young school teacher, a Miss—"

Landlord: "Mister, before you say anything more I may as well tell you I married a prim young school teacher."

Stranger: "O. I beg your pardon!"  
Landlord: "What for, sir?"

Stranger: "Why—er—say, do you know what ever became of a young squint named Chiggers, that clerked in Pummy's grocery store?"

Landlord: "I haven't thought of him for 17 years. I don't know where he is now. Good deal of a numskull, wasn't he?"

Stranger: "He was—and he hasn't any more sense now than he had then. I'm Chiggers. Shall we call it a stand-off."

Pa Twaddles Scores.

From The Cleveland Leader.  
"Oh! Thomas," said Ma Twaddles, excitedly, "I was to-day elected president of our club by a handsome majority."

"You mean," put in Pa Twaddles—"you mean a large majority, do you not, my dear?"

"Yes, of course, but—"  
"I thought so."

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## HEROINE OF THE CRIMSON FIELD BIOGRAPHY OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN

Florence Nightingale, Whose Services to Soldiers in the Crimea Thrilled the World, Lives With Undimmed Intellect.

A woman of lofty ideals, courageous, modest and of self-sacrificing devotion to humanity, Florence Nightingale has for a half-century been a conspicuous example of great living heroines. Today, at the age of 84, she is infirm in body but bright in intellect, possessing the same sunny, hopeful disposition which she has ever shown in all her undertakings. With the object of marking the jubilee of the illustrious heroine, who left London in October, 1854, with a band of 38 nurses for service in the Crimean war, Sarah A. Tooley has written the "Life of Florence Nightingale." (The Macmillan Co.) The place which Florence Nightingale still holds in the hearts of the English-speaking people is shown in the fact that in a recent vote, as to the most popular heroine in modern history, she received over 120,000 of 200,000 votes cast.

She was born in Florence, Italy, her father being William Edward Shore of Derbyshire, Eng., who assumed the name of Nightingale when he succeeded in 1815 to the estates of his kinsman, Peter Nightingale of Lea. Her early life was spent at the old family seat of the Lea Hall among the hills above the valley of the Derwent in Derbyshire. When quite a child she showed characteristics which pointed to her vocation in life. Her dolls were always in a delicate state of health and she bestowed upon them the utmost care, tending them with delicacy and nursing them to convalescence. In numerous other ways she showed her devotion and sympathy to real sufferers in every order of animal life.

Enrolled as a Volunteer Nurse.

On meeting Elizabeth Fry, who had been visiting prisons and institutions on the continent and had established a small training home for nurses in London, Miss Nightingale became interested in philanthropic work as carried on by Pastor Fliedner, the founder of Kaiserswerth, and a few years later was enrolled as a volunteer nurse at that novel institution on the Rhine. An investigation of the hospitals of England, France, Germany and Italy by her disclosed the fact that the nursing in English hospitals was largely in the hands of the poorest type of women, not only unclean but callous in feeling and often grossly immoral. Nursing, in those days had not arrived at the dignity of a profession; indeed such a stigma attached to it that no decent woman cared to undertake it. At Kaiserswerth the ideal system of trained sick nursing, which Miss Nightingale had been forming in her own mind, was an accomplished fact. This was the first training school for nurses established in modern times. Later on Miss Nightingale found opportunity for studying surgery in the Paris hospital, and, falling ill, returned to her home in England, where she devoted herself to all kinds of benevolent work among her townspeople.

The Crimean war followed. Sidney Herbert, who was secretary of war in Lord Aberdeen's government, and who had known of Miss Nightingale's work and shown a deep interest in it, had undertaken a reform in many army methods. England's declaration of war against Russia was made on March 28, 1854. The first encounter of the opposing forces showed that the staff of army doctors was insufficient to deal with the wounded, who accumulated in appalling numbers, and that there were no nurses except the untrained male orderlies. There was no woman's hand to soothe the fevered brow, administer nourishment, perform the various little offices for the sick and console the dying. The lack was all the more marked by the fact that in the camp of the French allies the English soldiers saw sisters of mercy skilfully ministering to the wounded. Reports received in England from the front were harrowing. Sidney Herbert believed that Florence Nightingale was the one woman in England who was fitted by position, knowledge, training and character to organize a nursing staff and take them out to the aid of the suffering in the Crimea. He hesitated to make this suggestion, either to her or to the public. He felt that protests would be made to the idea of a lady of birth and breeding going out to nurse the common soldier. Poor Tommy Atkins, Miss Tooley notes, had a worse character then than now. The step, however, was taken, but not until Mr. Herbert had brought his government to a realization of the fact that the nursing system in the field must be under official authority and support.

Her Great Work in the Crimea.

Miss Nightingale, stimulated by the word of William Howard Russell, the Times war correspondent, had, however, offered her services to Mr. Herbert before the latter's appeal reached her. Within a week she had her first contingent of nurses ready to start for the front. All England asked, "Who is Miss Nightingale?" She was caricatured in Punch as a "ladybird." The invitation invited jibes, "Dear Nightingale's" going to nurse the sick soldiers would "in due time become rindered" according to Punch. The undertaking was a vast one, with English custom and tradition but Miss Nightingale broke down the wall of prejudice, religious, social and professional, and established a precedent for all time. The 38 nurses were from the first contingent, 10 of whom were Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, all agreed to give entire obedience to Miss Nightingale and her mutual assistance. Catholic and Protestant Sisters of Mercy, attending soldiers of their own faith, leaving London, their journey to France was everywhere marked by

demonstrations of enthusiasm, even the Boulogne fishwives meeting them at the quay and carrying their luggage. They sailed from Marseilles for Constantinople and arrived at Scutari, the scene of their labors, on Nov. 4, the day before the battle of Inkerman. She was immediately given control over the nursing staffs of all the hospitals, some 12 in number, and the title by which she eventually became known was that of Lady-in-Chief. Less than 24 hours after her arrival the wounded from the battle of Inkerman began to arrive in appalling numbers. Every inch of room was filled with sufferers, many of the men having no other resting place than the muddy ground outside. There was no time to initiate reform, collect stores or get any plans for the relief of the patients into working order before the awful avalanche of wounded soldiery came upon her. It was the crucial moment of her life. She inspired her subordinates with courage. She went to the root of the evil, and planning for the future, instituted a system of nursing reform which made repetition of the scenes of that day impossible. She was roused to indignation at the sight of suffering which she regarded as the result of unbending and unthinking routine, and she brought her quick and agile brain to remedy the evil.

There was that indefinable something about her, in her high-bred, disarming nature, which enabled her to sweep aside the red tape of the army and to bring order out of chaos. She was not dictatorial nor aggressive, but she possessed the judgment which inspired confidence and the knowledge which compels respectful attention. Stores had been lost in transit or misappropriated, a condition of affairs which was carefully concealed from the British public. The hospital had been in a terrible state, reeking with pestilence, largely the Asiatic cholera. Into these unsanitary, filthy and pestilential wards came the Lady-in-Chief, and her reports to the home office did not conceal the truth. During these terrible days Miss Nightingale was known to stand for 20 hours at a time at the arrivals of fresh detachments of sick, apportioning quarters, directing the arrangements and attending at the most painful operations where her presence might soothe and support.

In the Trenches Before Sebastopol.

The siege of Sebastopol made fearful inroads on the ranks of the army, the exposure in the trenches during the rigors of the Crimean winter resulting in frostbite, bowel troubles, cholera and fever. Six thousand sick and wounded were under Miss Nightingale's supervision and one-third of these the most severe cases, were under her immediate personal care. She was everywhere, a ministering angel alike for soul and body; every soldier stood ready to do her bidding whenever military rule permitted, and the sick and wounded fairly idolized her, one poor fellow stating that he kissed her shadow as it fell upon his pillow every time she made her round of the ward, carrying her little lamp. Her work aroused the civilized world, and so great was the impression in England that large contributions were made by all classes to relieve the suffering and promote the comfort of the men in the field. In the spring of 1855 she went to Balaklava, then the seat of war, where, it is related, she insisted on going far into the trenches before Sebastopol. The gentry said to her: "Madam, if anything happens, I call on these gentlemen to witness that I did not fail to warn you of the danger." "My good young man," replied Miss Nightingale, "more dead and wounded have passed thru my hands than I hope you will see in your military career, believe me, I have no fear of death." She finally succumbed to fever as the result of her exposure at Balaklava and returned to Scutari, where she later took up her work. Peace was declared in March, 1856, and she returned to England. Before sailing she caused the erection of a monument to the dead. Every honor was shown her by her countrymen. Her health had become undermined and she was obliged to relinquish many undertakings in the great work of nursing reform. She did, however, lend valuable counsel during the American War of the Rebellion, when the Red Cross Society took up the work which she had originated. In the intervening years her efforts and her purse have been devoted to the amelioration of suffering, and now, at eventide, altho she is entirely confined to her bed, her mind remains unclouded, and she follows with something of the old eager spirit the events of the day. The author states that Miss Nightingale has not left her London house for nine years; that she is no longer able to read personally with her correspondence. She followed with intense interest the elaborate preparations made for dealing with the sick and wounded in the South African war, and it gave her peculiar pleasure to receive some of the nurses before their departure for South Africa.

Age Has Not Dimmed Her Intellect.

Her biographer states that even at 84 Miss Nightingale retains the distinction of manner and speech which gave her such influence in the past, and now and again a flash of the old shrewd wit breaks out when views with which she is not in agreement are advanced. Her friends marvel most at the almost youthful roundness and placidity of her face. Time has scarcely printed a line on her brow, or a wrinkle on her cheeks, or clouded the clearness of her penetrating eyes, which is the more remarkable when it is remembered that she has been a suffering and overworked invalid ever since her return from the Crimea. The dainty lace cap falling over the silver hair in long curls gives a charming frame to Miss Nightingale's face, which is singularly beautiful in old age. When receiving a visitor she seems, as one phrased it, "to talk with her chin," which retains their beautiful shape, and which she has a habit of moving over the coverlet, as if in a sitting posture she inclines toward her friends in the course of conversation. "We honor the soldier and a pauper the valiant hero," says Miss Tooley, "but it required a more indomitable spirit, a higher courage to pursue the pestilential hospital of Scutari; to walk hour after hour its miles of fetid corridors crowded with suffering, ever agonized humanity, than in the heat of battle to go down into the jaws of death, as did the noble 'Six Hundred.' A grateful nation laid its offering at the feet of the heroine of the Crimea, poets waited her fame abroad and the poor and suffering loved her. In barracks, in hospital and in camp the soldier has cause to bless her name for the comfort he enjoys, the sufferers in our hospital wards have trained nurse in her initiative, and the sick and poor are cared for in their own homes, and the paupers humanely tended in the workhouse, as a direct result of reforms which her example or counsel prompted. No honor or title could make the name of Florence Nightingale more peerless; it is ennobled by virtue of her deeds."

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Miss Tooley's work is that of a sympathetic hand. The material has been obtained only from the most reliable sources, and it has been put together with careful discrimination. She has given bits of Miss Nightingale's shrewd conversation and anecdotes, which emphasize her attractive personality.

## EDWARD TERRY, ACTOR ONE OF BRITAIN'S BEST

A Man of Versatile Talent and of Great Brilliancy and Much Popularity.

In sending Edward Terry on his first American tour this season, England seems to have held back one good thing for the last. A number of English stars have been en tour in the United States during the last ten years, some good, some bad, and some indifferent. Edward Terry, however, by consent of the whole English stage and the English people is considered a dean and held in the same regard which is extended to Joseph Jefferson in the United States. In England Mr. Terry is not only esteemed highly as an actor, but he also enjoys high honors as plain Mr. Terry.

Mr. Terry has held various important office in freemasonry, including that of grand treasurer of grand lodge; he has given an address before a church congress on "Popular Amusements in Relation to Christian Life," and was one of the few representative players of the period honored with an invitation to the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey in 1887. He has made many friends, and his pretty home is in its way and its acreage as much a centre and source of wholesome gaiety and genuine happiness as his theatre is to the playing public. Mr. Terry was the founder of the Strand Theatre Provident and Benevolent Fund, which is still vigorously alive and prosperous, and out of it sprang the Lyceum Benevolent Fund and the Actors' Benevolent Fund. He is also a trustee of the Dramatic Sick Fund, and originated the idea of local theatrical charity centres in connection with the Actors' Benevolent Fund. In his private capacity Mr. Terry is a trustee of the Barnes Charity, a member of the board of guardians of twelve years' standing, and an active member of the committee of the Local Recreation Classes and Working Men's Institute; and in his day he has done good service as a member of the school board.

Mr. Terry will appear here as Dick Phenyl in "Sweet Lavender" at the Princess Theatre on Monday night, a part that he has played over 4000 times throughout the United Kingdom and its insular possessions. On Tuesday night he will present "The House of Burnside," followed by "Bardell vs. Pickwick." "The House of Burnside" is an adaptation by Louis N. Parker from the Odeon success of George Mitchell, another of whose pieces lately served Clyde Fitch as the original of Mrs. Gilbert's "Granny." Like "Granny" it is a study of bourgeois character—stubborn pride struggling against family affection, only to be finally conquered by it.

Burnside is an old salt, who has raised himself to the head of a prosperous shipping house. The hobby of his life time is to make the house Burnside an established institution. His son has all the faults of the father, but he has two grandchildren, a girl and a boy, in whom are centred alike his affections and ambition. It transpires, however, that his daughter-in-law has conspired herself for the neglect and abuse of his son. One of the two children is illegitimate and therefore no proper heir to the house of Burnside.

With characteristic egotism the old man asks the mother—even while she is under the shock of the death of the man she really loved—which child is manly and which is to be branded. In a scene of strong dramatic potentialities she refuses to expose either of her children. Rather than do so she prepares to leave the house of Burnside and bring up both children herself as best she can. The central theme

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304 QUEEN STREET EAST—Telephone Main 134.

429 SPADINA AVENUE—Telephone Main 2110.

1312 QUEEN STREET WEST—Telephone Park 711.

274 COLLEGE STREET—Telephone North 1179.

324 1/2 QUEEN STREET WEST—Telephone Main 1409.

of the play is the struggle between Burnside's ambition and his very real affection both for the children and for their mother, which finally has a happy ending.

Mr. Terry's tour is under the management of Liebler & Co., and his company from Terry's Theatre, London, includes the following personnel: Miss Nellie Mortyne, Miss Nellie Malcolm, Miss Olive Wilton, Miss Beatrice Terry, Mr. George Howard, Mr. A. Hyton Allen, Mr. A. Cornell, Mr. Tom Lovell, Mr. Johnson and Mr. George Peoria.

Clerical Humor.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury dropping into an East London church sang with all his force in a hymn with whose tune and time he had not the faintest acquaintance. A working man in his pew whispered hoarsely to him at the conclusion, "Gaffer, if you can't sing don't upset the whole bloomin' congregation provin' it." How the archbishop, who thoroughly appreciated the joke, got thru the rest of the service we are not told, but probably he would find as great difficulty in recollecting a service at the little Highland church which she loved to visit when in Balmoral. A new minister was to preach before her, and she had asked beforehand for some particulars concerning him. He was an excellent man, she was told, but had a curious pronunciation. The phrase "Clap your hands" was one, Dr. Norman McLeod informed her, in which this eccentricity specially displayed itself. By a curious coincidence the opening Psalm for the morning service was the forty-seventh, and the minister gave out the very words quoted as "All people clap your hands." The Queen was irresistibly tickled.

Double Quick Then.

From The Catholic Standard and Times  
Mrs. Knox: "Young Bachelor has gone

thru all that fortune in one year, I hear."

Mr. Knox: "I believe so."  
Mrs. Knox: "Ahl if he had only married there would be a different story."  
Mr. Knox: "Yes. It would only have lasted six months then."

Might Be Worse.

From The Philadelphia Public Ledger.  
"Living in a flat, eh? How do you like your janitor?"  
"Oh, he's drunk half the time—"

"Oh, my!"  
"Yes, but unfortunately he's sober half the time, and then he gives us trouble."

Discovered.

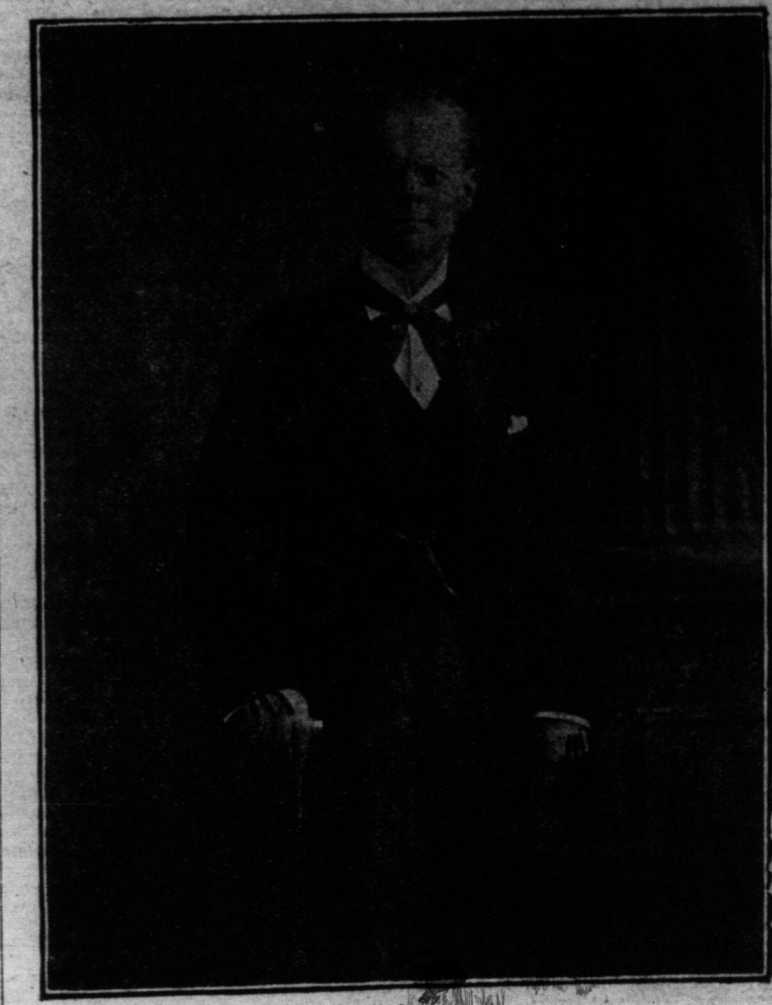
From The Cleveland Leader.  
"Oh! George!" murmured the sweet thing, reproachfully, "what would papa say if he knew that you ever touched liquor?"  
"He has discovered it already, dearest," admitted her fiancé, sadly.  
"Mercy! And what did he say?"  
"He said: 'Well, George, I don't care if I do!'"

Much Indeed.

From The Yonkers Statesman.  
"I'll tell you just what you need in this place," said the theatrical manager, after waiting a long time for him change in the department store.  
"What's that?" asked the girl behind the counter?  
"One of our lightning change artists!"

Confusing Titles.

From The Chicago Tribune.  
Perplexed foreigner: "You say he was a general manager of a street car company?"  
Native: "Yes."  
Perplexed foreigner: "And now he is a captain of industry?"  
Native: "Yes."  
Perplexed foreigner: "Do you call that promotion in his country?"



Edward Terry, who will be at the Princess this week.