

WHEN STABLE LADS ARE OUT ON STRIKE

Scenes of Wild Confusion and Some Danger on Paris Race Course—A Bachelors' Ball—Some Notes of Royalty.

(By Chanteclair.)

The "Grand Steeple" was run in the midst of wild confusion, such a scene has never before been witnessed, perhaps, on a Paris racecourse, and women who had gone to the race in all their summer bravely prepared to have a good time, to see and be seen, bitterly regretted that they had left home that fateful day. Luckily it quieted down as the afternoon went on, the stableboys on strike did not have it all their own way, and the racers were sooner or later conveyed to the scene of competition. A good deal of sympathy is voiced for genuine grievances on the part of the strikers, nearly all French lads in the trainers' establishments at Maisons-Laffitte, just out of Paris, but no one can uphold their mode of expressing their wrongs, for very great harm might have been done. As it was there was dire confusion, alarming crowding, hustling, and jostling, some turbulent spectators feeling defrauded of the rights. Their money had paid for setting fire to the dry grass on the course, which, but for the prompt attention of the pompiers and police, quickly aided by the military, might have caused loss of life and destruction of the handsome Tribunes and other buildings round one of the finest racecourses I know. The President had been warned in time, so his lovely pavilion, a mass of floral decorations, was left empty, a great surprise to those who, for some time, did not know the season of the unprecedented delay in starting the races. Finally all were run, but at any odd hour, and not in the least according to the order of the programme. The English "sports" who were present were disappointed, too, that the two horses which had been brought over in confidence of winning were beaten. It was altogether a day of contretemps, and now there were dire prognostications for the mode of procedure on the part of the strikers for the day of the Grand Prix, which they vowed should not be run.

In the midst of an especially brilliant season one of the last entertainments has scored an enormous success. This is the bachelors' ball, given at the Pavillon de la Société, a society of young men, who in order to show their appreciation of all the hospitality they have received have given a ball in honor of their various hostesses. The one favor they asked in exchange was that the fair guests should come in the guise of birds or insects, while the "habits nouns" should for once become connoisseurs of the season. It was a happy notion, for the toilettes were as brilliant as they were becoming, and many of them of an originality unforeseen. There were dames in metallic peacock's plumage, shimmering dragonflies, also blue-green, and gorgeous parrots, Paradise birds and butterflies. An American was much noticed in the guise of a butterfly, a magnificent rooster resting on a bed of straw acting as headress. A lovely pale blue butterfly proved to be the charming Duchesse de Noailles, and a pretty French girl appeared as a dignified rose-pink ibis. As a contrast to these gorgeous toilettes there was a sober little owl, a bat, and a couple of fascinating bees, the latter, in the guise of a pair of English-American women. There were two golden butterflies, one being the daughter of Mr. George Gould, the other Princess Isenburg-Birstein. In the intervals of dancing there was the drawing of lottery prizes, and one ticket entitled the lucky winner to a hat from a chic milliner in Paris. There was also a delightful cotillon led by Monsieur Fouquier, whose special forte this seems to be. The American and English colonies were importantly represented, and the flower of French society was also present.

Little "Peter Pan." (Miss Pauline Chase) has left Paris amidst universal regret, she told some one that she had been asked to play in French, but added pathetically, "I had to refuse, because I don't speak it well enough, but I am going to work hard so as to do it some day." She was just waiting over for the Grand Prix, and then was to leave for Berlin to see how the Germans will like Barrie's fascinating play. A little story about the tactfulness and thoughtfulness of Mrs. Potter Palmer has just reached me. The painter J. Raffaelli, the inventor of the sticks of oil paints, is now having an exhibition in Paris. Before it was opened he expressed regret that he could not hang some of the works he had sent to America, as they were amongst the best. One picture in particular, called the "Absinth Drinkers," he considered amongst his best. Well, Mrs. Palmer heard this, and as she was coming across to Europe she had the kind thought to bring the picture over, packed with her baggage, and arrived in New York, where Monsieur Raffaelli to call on her, and judge of his supreme surprise and delight to see, the first thing, his loved painting on an easel in a splendid hotel. In Mrs. Potter Palmer's salon in the hotel! So there it is, at the exhibition, attracting most more notice than any of the pictures.

There was a lovely garden party at the British Embassy this week; the weather was not too favorable, but the house and grounds are so pretty, now since so much has been done, especially to the rooms and furnishings, and seemed as if they were new. There had come with the idea of enjoying themselves. There was the band of the Republican Guards playing away all the afternoon, and any amount of good things to eat and drink in the big dining room. I was told that fifteen hundred people had turned out in full force, and luckily the day was fine. The Queen looked particularly radiant in mauve and black. By the way, she actually took her pet color the other day at the races, and wore a gown of champagne

voile de soie, with a black plumed hat and pink carnations in her bodice. There was a grand charity concert at the Trocadero in Paris the other afternoon when Mme. Tetrazzini was the attraction, and she got much an ovation that she hardly seemed to know what to do with it. She came out over and over again and kissed her hands wildly, then she held out her arms as if she wanted to hug everybody. She had given two encores in the prettiest fashion, but it looked as though no one could bear to part with her, at the end all the great society dames, dressed in their "belles toilettes," stood and waited about outside, just to have another glimpse of the favorite with the golden voice. The Duchesse de Noailles, who had got up the night, seemed perfectly delighted with its success. There was another scene of wild enthusiasm when Isadora Duncan danced her last dance, and the students gave her a bewildering ovation; she is always a prime favorite wherever she goes, for she is gracious and amiable as well as graceful; she gave so many extra dances that her nimble feet must have ached, and even when the orchestra, led by old Colonne, who had got up from a sick bed to conduct, for love of Isadora, had left, the people would not let her go, so the last dance was without any accompaniment, and she the prettiest thing in the world to watch. It was a young Greek goddess at play, dancing to the sighing of the wind in the trees, to the music of the waves, or the song of birds—anything you like, which is poetical and natural.

Since I began we have had the Grand Prix, so to all intents the Paris season is at an end, and my next jottings will tell of Parisians at play at one of the favorite French watering places. The big race took place in horrible weather, showers spoiling a great deal of the usual pictorial beauty and interest of the annual scene at Longchamp. The English horses were pretty badly beaten, and the winner was ridden by a French, not an English, jockey, as has hitherto been the rule. All the same, there were hundreds of well known Britishers present, and sportsmen and women, society folk, and many ordinary visitors who came to see what was going on. The "lads," still on strike at the training stable, had crossed not to play a disturbance. However, as they are still on the war-path, it was thought better to take all necessary steps to keep the peace, and it was a quiet night that of the procession of racers to and from the paddock, all escorted by an armed military guard. Baron Rothschild was receiving congratulations all around on the victory of Verdun.

In England nothing is more talked of than the Imperial Press Conference. It has certainly had the effect of enlightening a good many on the subject of the colonies. I heard someone say, "Well, I know more about Canada than I ever did before," and he spoke, I am sure, for the good of the Empire. There was certainly room for knowledge, for many are lamentably ignorant about what occurs outside their own little isle. The reduction of the cable prices is a benefit, and the projected arrangement for the colonies holding conference, one for each of the two weeks, has also profited by a wider acquaintance with her faraway children. "Ready and willing" seems the motto of the Empire, and "Deeds, not words," is the appendix, if I may so express it. On Wednesday morning the Car is causing a small ferment, and I hear that at (Coves) they are looking forward with a little anxiety to having the charge of both the Car and King of Spain at the regatta. It will be a gay but somewhat strenuous time, no doubt, but there are all sorts of certainties on the tapis, and all the best residences in the neighborhood are being taken, whilst others are to have big house parties. It is still vaguely hinted that the Czarina is not coming over, she is so painfully nervous and hysterical, poor lady, that she does not enjoy appearing in public, and only does so from a high sense of duty. Those who have met her lately say she is looking well, because after all the yachting she has done she is sunbrowned, but she is tired after the least exertion, and loves to be alone with her children and a few chosen friends to speak frankly. Another well known lady who has now no taste for the society of which she was once so bright an ornament is the Dowager Lady Dufferin. She, however, came out the other night, to present her newest daughter-in-law, Lady Frederick Blackwood, and looked stately in black in the evening. Another bride was Mrs. Brook, the daughter of the late Mr. Brook; she was also presented by her husband's mother, Lady Warwick, who has been little seen in public lately. Lady Newborough, who was once a Virginia belle, was at this last drawing room, looking perfectly radiant in a gown of black, with sparkling with crystal embroidery, and a court train of emerald velvet, with embroidered fleur-de-lis. Her sister, Mrs. Chaucey, has also been seen about a great deal since her trip to America, and she always looks most elegant and pretty in her French toilettes, always in the "dernier cri."

There was a grand fête for the Ormond Street Children's Hospital, one of the Queen's pet charities. A great many society dames as well as pretty actresses had stalls, and the Queen went to all, and was a liberal purchaser, saying something pretty to all the workers. Lady Garraugh's stall there was a live cub bear whom the Queen at once addressed as "Teddy Bear." He was not particularly loyal, for in response to the royal compliments he helped himself to a large mouthful of the Malmesdon caramels the Queen was carrying. The amusement, Princess Mary of Wales is quite a little madaine now, and goes here, there, and everywhere with her mother, or the Queen. She is a stately little person, with any amount of dignity, and she is a most observant child, taking in all she sees with great intelligence. Both she and her brothers are brought up to be very unselfish, and are taught to consider the feelings of everyone, high and low, equally. One hears little of the two young daughters of the Princess Royal for, though they have made their debut, they do not appear much more in society than their delicate mother. I thought them exceptionally sweet looking when I last saw them. Lady Alexandra being very like the Queen.

TIMES PATTERNS.



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BABY FOR SALE!

His Name is Tommy Beach and His Need is Plenty of Milk.

Two Weeks Old and \$500 Takes Him—A Bargain.

New York, July 9.—How would you like to own a bouncing, blue-eyed baby boy? You know the kind. With fat legs and arms and dumplings all over his chubby body and the most determined little pair of fists that ever beat the air. Oh, you've got one, have you? Well, you're mighty lucky. This story is not intended for you, it is meant for those who are long on money and short on children. Here's a splendid chance to buy just such a baby. His name is Tommy Beach, and he lives with his mamma and papa at No. 210 Eighth avenue. Tommy's parents think he ought to bring \$500, and that's the price they have placed on him. He is just the prettiest and sturdiest little chap that has broken into the census department in a long while. Why, his tiniest finger is worth \$500, not to speak of his laughing eyes and that shock of black hair. Take it from the reporter, who spent half an hour with him last night, that Tommy is the biggest bargain that has ever been offered on the baby counter. With all his other qualifications he is a well behaved youngster. He didn't reach Eighteen months on the tapis, ago. He was one of the largest packages in Stork & Co's, delivery of July 23rd. So you see he hasn't been around long enough to acquire any very bad habits. And milk is his only dissipation. But he hasn't been dissipating very much since he came down, because his papa and mamma are very, very poor and milk costs money. That's why they want to sell him to some person who won't have to worry where Tommy's next meal is coming from. But Tommy hasn't complained. There isn't a cry in him. Just laughs and sleeps all the time. His mamma and papa think that in addition to getting a good home for himself, Tommy will bring at least \$500 worth of happiness to some childless couple. That \$500 would put Tommy's papa and mamma on their feet and buy nourishment for Tommy for two little sleepers. Alice, aged four, and Annie, two years her junior. If they can't get \$500 they will take the next best offer, so there's a chance of getting a still better bargain. Beach is twenty-three years old, and has been married twice. "Yes, I've decided to sell the baby," said Beach. "I've tramped the city for three weeks, but I can get nothing to do. I am a fairly good house painter and have also worked in restaurants, but nobody appears to need me around here. "Do you think the baby's worth \$500?" continued the father, as the reporter passed into the dimly lighted hall. "Every penny of it," said the reporter.

It is understood that the Hon. J. B. Lucas will have charge of the measures to be introduced next session of the Legislature providing for a tax on corporations. Mr. J. C. Gurnitt on Sunday found the fence on fire at the back of his house. A few buckets of water put it out before it reached any buildings. It is supposed some boys looking for cherries and smoking did the trick. Harry Walls, foreman on the stone road, is doing what should have been done long ago, building the road over through the village. The amount of stone he is putting on will make King street, West Hamilton, look like thirty Ancesters. The metal is No. 1 and is taken from the Eglington estate. Mr. John Hanley, butcher, has one of the finest gardens in the village. It is well worth going to see. The Police Commissioner had better hurry up and repair the pathway past the Presbyterian Church. Those using the path need a balancing bar to keep upright. The fruit crop so far has been a disappointment, and if it does not pan out any better than says strawberries did there will be no cheap fruit. The spring was too cold at the blooming time; the bees only showed up one or two days. Anson Hannon, proprietor of the Mineral Springs Hotel, is selling out. He says local option is the cause.

Taplestown

On Saturday afternoon last Mr. Wm. McCuskey had a fine barn raising. The superintendent of the carpentering work was in charge of Mr. Isaac Smith, of Tweedside, contracting carpenter. The weather was favorable, and all went off well. Two of the ministerial brethren of the community were present, Rev. Mr. Brand and Rev. Mr. Sarkissian, and lent helping hands. Mr. McCuskey's barn will be numbered with the best barn barns of the neighborhood. Mrs. McCuskey had a bountiful repast prepared for all those who assisted. Several of the ladies of the neighborhood were invited to assist Mrs. McCuskey to serve tea. Mr. and Mrs. McCuskey heartily thanked their friends who had assisted them.

Miss Ethel Corlett is the guest of Mrs. R. H. Ptolemy this week. The farewell services of Rev. Mr. Lalor on Sunday last were largely attended. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lalor were in charge of Mr. Isaac Smith, of Tweedside, contracting carpenter. The weather was favorable, and all went off well. Two of the ministerial brethren of the community were present, Rev. Mr. Brand and Rev. Mr. Sarkissian, and lent helping hands. Mr. McCuskey's barn will be numbered with the best barn barns of the neighborhood. Mrs. McCuskey had a bountiful repast prepared for all those who assisted. Several of the ladies of the neighborhood were invited to assist Mrs. McCuskey to serve tea. Mr. and Mrs. McCuskey heartily thanked their friends who had assisted them.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Norton are the guests of Mr. John Norton. On Wednesday afternoon Mr. John Norton had the frame raised on his new basement stable. The farmers have commenced their haying, and find it a light crop. The prospects are that the spring crops will be very light.

Ancaster

Mr. J. C. Gurnitt on Sunday found the fence on fire at the back of his house. A few buckets of water put it out before it reached any buildings. It is supposed some boys looking for cherries and smoking did the trick. Harry Walls, foreman on the stone road, is doing what should have been done long ago, building the road over through the village. The amount of stone he is putting on will make King street, West Hamilton, look like thirty Ancesters. The metal is No. 1 and is taken from the Eglington estate. Mr. John Hanley, butcher, has one of the finest gardens in the village. It is well worth going to see. The Police Commissioner had better hurry up and repair the pathway past the Presbyterian Church. Those using the path need a balancing bar to keep upright. The fruit crop so far has been a disappointment, and if it does not pan out any better than says strawberries did there will be no cheap fruit. The spring was too cold at the blooming time; the bees only showed up one or two days. Anson Hannon, proprietor of the Mineral Springs Hotel, is selling out. He says local option is the cause.

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SOROSIS AND HAGAR—We candidly state from several years' experience that Sorosis and Hagar Shoes are the best value shoes to be had in Hamilton for women. The fit, style and workmanship are exactly as should be, and the hidden parts of the shoe—the parts which you cannot see—are all of the best material and put together with great care by expert workmen.

SOROSIS is the best line of shoes made in the States, and HAGAR is the finest and best line made in Canada, so there you are: take your choice, as we are fortunate in having the selling agency for both of these celebrated lines of shoes.

DRESSY YOUNG MEN buy their shoes in this store because they know that we lead in advance styles in narrow, medium and wide toe shoes. Our Russia tan calf Oxford at \$3.50 has been a seller. They are genuine catfish—solid all through and Goodgear welt soles; a very natty shoe and only \$3.50.

SMALL THINGS, but you will want them with you on your holidays. Lacees, Shoe Polish, Shoe Trees, Bunion Protectors, Arch Supports, Bathing Shoes, Outing Shoes, Rubbers, etc., and they are here ready for you.

BRONZE.—We will bronze your old Oxfords or Slippers for 50c.

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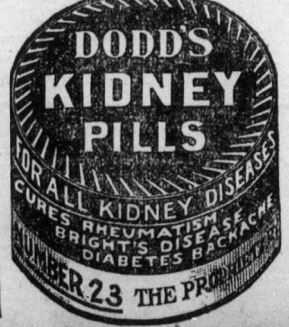
THE CANADA METAL CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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"Under certain conditions of bodily health," continues the physician, "the coloring matter of the hair may consequently become grey or white in a very short time. In these cases, however, it is only the growing hair that has no color; the hair as it gradually rises from the root is gray, while that which is outside the cuticle remains its original color. No well authenticated case of sudden change in the color of hair is mentioned in medical books of authority. The 'Transactions of the Royal Society' extend over a period of more than two hundred years, and if any such circumstance had been recorded. The case of Marie Antoinette does not rest upon evidence sufficiently strong to warrant belief." From the Washington Herald.

Seasonable Goods At Gerrie's drug store, 32 James street north. Jar rubbers, dark 6c dozen of 6 boxes 25c; white 10c dozen or 3 dozen 25c; heavy red 15c dozen or 2 dozen 25c; paraffin wax 15c lb.; bottle wax, in tins, 10c; water glass, for preserving eggs, 15c tin, or 2 tins 25c.

Touch a freckle with a moistened tte crystal and it will disappear. In Annam the average citizen has a dozen wives, the Annam-mated creature.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.