

SAFETY VALVE OF LONDON IS UNDER REFORMER'S TREE

Come in Hyde Park Where Free Speech Rules at All Times—
Walk Down the Line, Where Religion and Even
Politics Are Discussed on Sunday.

London has a safety-valve which other great cities might well envy. The valve is located in the northeast corner of Hyde Park, and is known as "Reformer's Tree." Perhaps there is a tree, but what one sees, on entering the park through Marble Arch, is an immense open space with wide lawns, asphalted paths with bordering trees and shrubbery. There are benches, but not nearly enough of them to accommodate the crowds that flock to the vicinity every evening, to say nothing of the larger crowds on Sunday afternoons. The lawns are ample enough, however, to afford space for any number of Londoners who have grievances to air in public, or theories that need expounding to a candid world.

This part of Hyde Park is the only place in London where one can be held without serving four days' notice, and obtaining a permit from the police. Here any peaceful group may assemble at any hour between 7 in the morning and 10 at night, and listen to speakers, appointed or voluntary. The amount of eloquence and fervid oratory which flows in an almost continuous stream in Hyde Park is proof of the persistence with which the British nation clings to its right of private judgment in all matters, political, social and religious.

SUNDAY A BIG DAY.

Sunday afternoon is the best time to attend these open-air meetings. The Marble Arch "buses" from all quarters of London are crowded from 2 o'clock until 5. All classes seek Reformer's Tree, workmen's families out for the Sunday airing, maidens with their swains, nursemaids with perambulators, jaunty little scarlet-clad Tommies, tourists and others, not to mention a quota of well-dressed, solemn Londoners. Near the arch is a half-moon shaped stretch of asphalt, which is pre-empted early in the afternoon by the most enterprising spellbinders, and by 3 o'clock the visitor has his choice of a long line of orators, strung out at intervals of a few feet, the length of a New York block.

In an improvised pulpit, decorated with fruit and vegetables enough to stock a small market garden or green-grocer's shop, stood a large, stout, but youthful-looking man, with curly hair, a handsome face, and rather disagreeable, pale eyes. Around his head, sometimes touching his cheek as he moved, dangled bunches of grapes with their leaves, quite completing the illusion of a middle-class Bacchus. The man was a Wesleyan preacher, probably a very popular one, and he was preaching a familiar harvest home sermon to the masses. He had to shout above the roars of laughter which were rewarding the efforts of a Salvation Army preacher near at hand. This man had a broad Cockney accent, and a gift for facetiousness of a certain kind. He called one man a teapot and another a milk jug. One failed to grasp the application, but the crowd applauded joyfully.

GOING DOWN THE LINE.

To the left was a rather listless group of people surrounding a nervous little Italian, spokesman for the "Catholic Defense Society," according to the banner over his head. The little Italian was making a vigorous plea for the "Catholic" belief in purgatory. "What do you think of such a thing?" he cried (referring to the Protestant idea of hell). "Maybe it suits da Presbyterians, but it no goods at all for laades and gentlemen."

"It" plainly suited the next group, a bunch of elderly "Arriets" gathered fondly around a seedy man with a face like a mosquito. He was leading in song, conducting grandly with a hymn book in one hand and an open umbrella in the other. For it was raining by this time. At the top of their thin voices they sang:

"Yuss, we'll meet you at the fauntuin, At the fauntuin fresh and fair, Yuss, we'll meet you at the fauntuin, Yuss, we'll meet you, meet you there."

To make assurance of the rendezvous doubly sure the chorus repeated three times before proceeding to the next verse.

DISCUSSED NATIONALITY OF PRISONERS.

The next orator was a sort of antidote to the Italian. He had the documents to prove that the great majority of English criminals were of other than Protestant origin. "Wot if the prison registers do give the religion of most o' the prisoners as Church of

Hingland?" he demanded. "Wot does that prove? W'y, nawthin' at all. Most convicts 'ave forgot they ever 'ad any religion. W'en the guv'nor awks 'em wot their religion is, wot do they say? W'y, bless yer, they just tries to think hup somethin' wot'll get the guv'nor's soft 'eart. They sez, 'Me old mother, sir, she wuz Church of Hingland.' Wuz she? Nawthin' of the sort, wuzn't she. She wuz Roman Cath'lic. I 'ave collected evidence in thousands of cases, an' I'm prepared to prove—"

After so much religious contention it was a relief to find an orator who was expounding the single tax theory to a crowd of amiable scoffers. The "Duck of Bedford," whose estates occupy vast tracts in the poorer parts of Westminster, came in for an especial attack, and other great London landlords had their characters impeached and their titles assailed in terms of scorn. Vehemence made up in a sort of fashion for ignorance of the theories of Henry George. Under a fire of questions from the crowd the speaker lost his head, and then his temper, and parried attacks by loudly protesting that he would have "border" if he had to call on the police to give it to him.

POLITICAL MEETINGS GALORE.

A dozen political meetings were going on, some of them so close together that the subjects got all mixed up like the music of too many brass bands in a circus parade. The Irish land acts, the education bill, and tariff proposals, were discussed with more or less intelligence and forensic skill. More religions were expounded; an infidel orator or two spoke; and the end of the asphalt was reached. At the very end a shabby man with a rat-like countenance was trying to collect an audience. He began by rehearsing the inequalities of wealth. Several strangers paused to listen. "An' wot's the remedy for all these 'ere wrongs, H' awks?" he quavered. "W'y, it's just to get the luv of Gawd in the 'earts of everybody. Igh an' low."

"Aw, pshaw!" ejaculated the disappointed stragglers, turning away. The rat-faced man relapsed into silence for a moment, and then began all over again. In the same strain, his efforts to draw a crowd.

THE SUFFRAGETTES.

The great, the crowning Sunday attraction of Hyde Park is the weekly rally of the Suffragettes. Having been

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turned out of most other places, the undaunted have sought refuge under the Reformer's Tree, and there they certainly get a hearing. The Suffragettes have a large wagon, tastefully fitted up with cushioned seats, a table for the chairman, and a sounding-board back of the speaker's head. They offer a stirring programme every week, one or more of the martyrs always appearing to tell of their prison experiences. The Sunday entertainment is usually served with a few good speakers from the working classes, including, whenever possible, women from Australia, or New Zealand, where woman suffrage is in practice. On this particular Sunday a dark young man from one of the colonies was telling of the regeneration of his state through the influence of women voters. He had a peculiar method of delivery which gave the crowd excuse for uproarious glee. They shrieked with laughter, and applauded wildly, somewhat to his amazement. He had not meant to be funny.

They 'ave to 'ave a man to 'elp 'em out, awter all," wittily remarked an underized youth to the young person on his arm. She went into fits of giggling and clung all the harder. She wasn't a Suffragette, not she, and she was anxious to impress her young man with the fact that her intellect and she was going to be sufficient to run their partnership.

The crowd on the whole appeared to be good-naturedly hostile. They flung the rudest remarks at the speakers, and sometimes drowned their voices with catcalls and boos. Miss Cloely Pankhurst has a real genius for handling crowds. Her voice shrilled above the clamor and finally settled it.

"Why do you come here, if you do not wish to hear what we have to say?" she demanded.

"We come to see you make fools of yourselves," replied one chivalric creature.

"And to give us a like privilege," retorted Miss Pankhurst. "You come to scoff at us, but you come, nevertheless, and that is all we expect of you now. Some day the light of reason will break through your intellects and you will see the justice of our cause."—New York Evening Post.

RUSKIN'S MARRIAGE AND SACRIFICE

GAVE UP HIS WIFE TO THE MAN WHOM SHE LOVED.

John Ruskin, author of "Sesame and Lilies," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and other works which many persons of discernment have over and over others have respectfully alone, was not half so original in his works as in his life.

He had several love affairs of very pastel coloring before the great romance of his life began with his marriage to Euphemia Chalmers Gray, and ended with her divorce and second marriage to the great painter, Sir John Millais.

The most important of his preliminary love affairs was best told by Ruskin himself. The heroine, Charlotte Withers, "a fragile, fair, freckled, sensitive slip of a girl about 15," was on a visit to his parents' home.

"She was," Ruskin wrote, "graceful in an unfinished and small wildflower sort of a way, extremely intelligent, affectionate, wholly right-minded, and mild in piety. An altogether sweet and delicate creature of an ordinary sort, not pretty, but quite pleasant to see, especially if her eyes were looking your way, and her mind with them. We got to like each other in a mildly confidential way in the course of a week."

We disputed, but in the relative dignities of music and painting, and I wrote an essay nine foolscap pages long, proposing the entire establishment of my own opinion, and the total disfigurement and overthrow of hers, according to my usual manner of paying court to my mistresses. Charlotte Withers, however, thought I did her a great honor, and carried away the essay as if it had been a school prize. And, as I said, if my father and mother had chosen to keep her a month longer, we should have fallen quite melodiously and quietly in love, and they might have given me an excellently pleasant little wife, and set me up, geology and all, in the coal business, without any resistance or further trouble on my part. When Charlotte went away with her father, I walked with her to Camberwell Green, and we said good-bye, rather sorrowfully, at the corner of the New Road, where the coal business and meek happiness vanished forever. A little while afterward her father "negotiated" a marriage for her with a well-to-do trader, whom she took because she was so fond of his money, and pretty much as one of his coal sacks, and in a year or two she died."

Though his first love was a child for whom he wrote ponderous essays, Ruskin married in 1848, when he was 23 years of age, the girl whom he deified his first fairy story.

Euphemia Gray was an extremely statuesque beauty whom he met at a ball, and whom he admired about as he might St. Paul's Church, or Lincoln Cathedral. Soon after the meeting he proposed and she accepted him, though the feeling on neither side was stronger than friendship. Marriage did not strengthen it, and when Ruskin brought the handsome young pre-Raphaelite painter John Millais to his home to paint Mrs. Ruskin's portrait the result was swift and inevitable. The artist and his sister fell in love, and being honest and unconventional, they told Ruskin about it. The latter met the situation as few men have ever done. He promptly secured the annulment of his marriage, and at the wedding of his ex-wife and Millais, which followed immediately, he gave the bride away.

The latest addition to the labor union family is reported from New Brunswick, N. J. It is a washerwomen's union. It has not a charter, present or any special officials, but the members have a mutual understanding. The rule is to start work at 8:30 a.m. and quit at 5 p.m., sharp, no overtime work, wages \$1.25 a day. Everything must be ready for the woman when she comes to the house. The clothes must be put to soak Sunday night, after the family comes home from the evening service, so as to lighten the work on Monday.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Custom of Purchasing Brides Prevails—Engagements Sometimes Contracted When the Children Are Mere Infants—Price Paid Depends on Health and Strength of the Bride.

The earliest inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, so far as we have been able to discover, were the Negritos, or small black people, who preceded the coming of the Malays from the south. They belong to the same ethnic stock as do the black pygmies of Africa called Nigrillos. Pigafetti, the Spanish historian with Magellan when he discovered the island in 1521, speaks of these small blacks as being numerous, and a Chinese geographer mentions them as early as the year 1250.

The capturing of brides once was customary among the Negritos. This practice seems to have given way everywhere to the present and invariably custom of purchase. The daughter is a family asset, whose precise value is determined by her health and strength (for women must do the bulk of whatever work is done), and her general attractiveness as measured by the rugged demands of the jungle. Engagements are contracted by the parents when the children are little more than infants who then are regarded as man and wife, though they remain with their parents until they are nearly grown up.

The parents of the girl take her early into possession of a part or all of the purchase price, the girl is insured of protection against kidnapping by the groom's family, and the groom's family gets her at a better bargain than if they waited until she was of a marriageable age.

The question of how much the girl is worth, and how much the other family can afford to pay, is a matter of long and serious discussion. After this is settled the bride-groom generally sends a friend with such presents as knives, cloth, tobacco, or such other wealth as the family may possess. If these are sufficient, well and good, but if not the parents of the girl refuse their consent until the requisite amount has been made up. The price demanded in presents ranges from \$10 to \$350—often almost the entire wealth of the groom's family.

If the family has nothing of this kind to offer it may substitute one or more relations who remain with the bride's family until the amount has been fully made up.

There seem to be a good many variations to the marriage ceremony, but after the purchase price has been turned over a feast and dance follow, in which all the relatives take part, and the bride and groom continue to sit on the ground facing each other, and the oldest man in the tribe bumps their heads together. Perhaps the two will perform their first act of married life by going to the river and bringing water for the company. There is no one particular act constitutes the marriage ceremony, but after the ceremony, of whatever kind it is, is all over, the couple are then man and wife and go off to themselves.

RICE CEREMONY IS SIMPLE.

The groom first takes up some of the rice with his fingers and puts it in the mouth of the bride, and she in turn does the same to him. At this the spectators give a great shout. Perhaps the girl will jump after her feet and run, the groom running after her until he overtakes her and brings her back.

Sometimes instead of the rice ceremony the bride and groom sit on the ground facing each other, and the oldest man in the tribe bumps their heads together. Perhaps the two will perform their first act of married life by going to the river and bringing water for the company. There is no one particular act constitutes the marriage ceremony, but after the ceremony, of whatever kind it is, is all over, the couple are then man and wife and go off to themselves.

DIVIDE PROPERTY IN CASE OF DIVORCE.

By mutual consent a couple may separate, the mother retaining the children and the property being divided evenly. Divorce is not common, and is looked upon unfavorably. If done for any reason other than unfaithfulness or desertion on the part of the woman, her family is likely to demand satisfaction. Sometimes an unfaithful spouse will desert his husband and some one in a neighboring rancheria will compensate the aggrieved husband, or the woman's parents to pay back to him what he originally paid for her. If either of these do so, and if the offender apprehended the penalty is death. Unfaithfulness is rare, and if not atoned for by a satisfactory payment frequently is followed by death.

With the coming of the stronger and more warlike Malays the Negritos were driven away from the coasts and back into the inaccessible forests and mountains, where they are found in scattered groups today. They are estimated to number some 25,000 in all. Most of them are found in Northern Luzon, though a few of the more or less pure blood, are found on some of the more southern islands.

NEITHER HOUSES NOR CLOTHES.

The Spaniards never made any success at civilizing and Christianizing the Negritos, who are as truly savage today as they were three centuries ago. They have no fixed abodes, but wander through the forests at the seasons of change, or the food conditions require.

Their shelter consists of reeds and leaves thrown over branches of trees or bamboo poles—the work of an hour. They wear neither hats, shoes, coats, nor trousers, but only a "gee-string," or breech cloth.

They are fond of ornaments and practice a number of artificial deformations, such as scarification of the body, filing and breaking the teeth, and piercing the ears. On these holes made in the lobe of the ear they stick flowers, tobacco, a plug of wood, or a metal trinket. Bamboo combs are used in the hair and armlets and leg-

lets are made of bejuco (rattan) or hog bristles. They are skillful in the use of the bow and net, with which they take deer, wild hogs, monkeys, pythons, iguanas, and fish. They have almost no agriculture, though sometimes they raise a little rice, corn, and tobacco. They are expert in the making of fire by means of rubbing bamboo sticks together, though now they possess flint and steel for this purpose. Men, women, and children all smoke. Their favorite method is to hold the lighted end of a cigar or cigar inside the mouth.

BIG TOES ARE PREHENSILE.

The average height of 48 Negrito men who were measured was found to be 4 feet 9 inches; that of 29 women 4 feet 6 inches. Their bodies are generally well proportioned, but slender, and lacking in strength. They have the pronounced negroid features—a brachycephalic, receding head, large, flat nose, black, sooty skin, dull black and closely-inked hair, and large, round, handsome eyes. Their prehensile use of the big toe is quite peculiar. With it they can pick up almost anything from the ground without deigning to stoop over.

On account of their inaccessibility and extreme shyness little really is known of the social customs of the Negritos. They live together in little groups known as "rancherias," generally containing from 50 to 100 souls intimately related by blood and marriage. Long ago, apparently, they practiced head hunting and ceremonial cannibalism, but I can find no trace of either today.—Professor S. McClintock, in Chicago Tribune.

REMARKABLE CASES OF SOUND SLEEPERS

A BERLIN MAN WHO HAS BEEN ASLEEP FOR OVER TWO YEARS.

The case of one Arnheim, living in a suburb of Berlin, is a strange one. He has been asleep for two years and four months. Deafening noises and dazzling lights do not disturb him. His body is indifferent to harsh experiments. He is fed regularly; he chews slowly and swallows instinctively. Chastely pale, he sometimes sits—for he can be moved—with closed eyes.

Yet there have been other well-attested cases, still more wonderful, recorded by grave and learned men. We do not refer to the Seven Sleepers or to Rip Van Winkle, or to William Foxley, potmaker for the mint in the Tower of London, who slept for full fourteen days, and could not be waked.



Why It Didn't Suit.

"What? Going to move? Why I thought you liked it out there."

"I do, but the lady of the house objects."

"Oh! Doesn't suit your wife, eh?"

"Not that. I'm speaking of our cook."

with pinching or burning. Crantz tells of a young scholar who in the time of Pope Gregory XI, betook himself to a private place that he might sleep without disturbance. No one knew where he was. Seven years went by, and "one, finding a chest behind a wall in a chamber, determined to see what was in it, where he found this young man asleep, whom he shook with such violence that he awakened him." The scholar's face was unchanged, and he was once recognized by his former acquaintances. He himself thought he had slept only a night and a part of a day.

Pliny tells of Euphemides, the Cretan, who slept in a cave for 57 years. Pliny tells many singular tales, and we fear he was a credulous person. But Henry III, of France, when he was in Poland, nobles, physicians, among them Dr. Johannes Pridonius, Alexander Cuspinus, of Verona, a colonel of foot, Sigismundus Lister, a baron in Heisterstein, all personally knew this fact: A people that inhabited Lucania seemed to die on every 27th of November, by reason of the winter's cold. On the 27th of April they all awoke, arose, and went about their business.

There have been extraordinary sleepers in England, whose cases have been reported in detail. There was Samuel Clinton, of Tinsbury, near Bath, a young man of a robust habit of body, "not fat, but fleshy, and with dark brown hair." In 1654 he fell into sleep from which he could not be aroused, and he slept for a month, when he arose of his own accord; but during this sleep he neither ate nor drank. His next sleeping fit lasted seventeen weeks. Fortunately for him, the use of a pipe had made a hole in his teeth, so they poured nourishing liquids into him by means of a quill. The third time he slept six months, nor did he stir even when Dr. Oliver injected into a nostril half an ounce of "spirit of sal ammoniac, extracted from quicklime," and afterward powder of white heliobere, and also drew blood from him and ran a large pin into his arm to the bone.

On the other hand, there are many marvelous instances of persons not sleeping for years and years. There was the Archduke Otto of Austria, who died not long ago. He once made a bed of 10,000 florins that he would not go to bed or sleep for a whole week, and he won the wager. He took two hot baths a day, and at the end of the week looked fresh and well.—Boston Herald.

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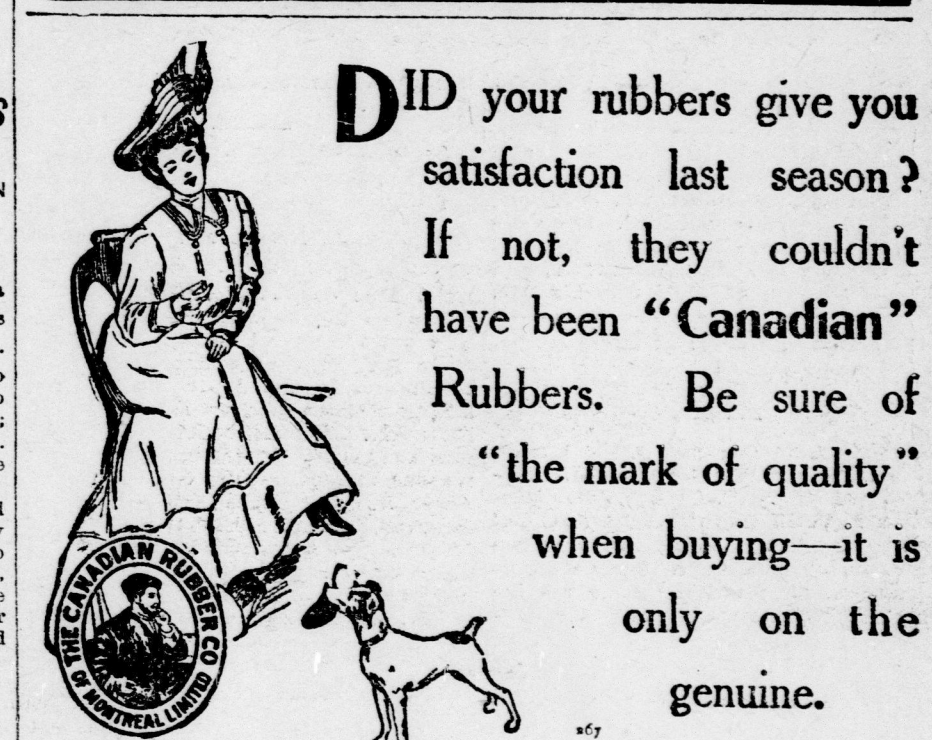
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