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LONDON, MONDAY, JULY 22.

## A COMPLETE ANSWER.

Our local contemporary quotes approvingly from the Regina Morning News, as follows:

"Draw favorable deductions from the general reciprocity argument as the Government may, it must, however, be admitted, that Scott candidates owe their success very largely to their direct appeal to the American vote. This element of the electorate supported reciprocity not so much on economic as on sentimental grounds."

The Free Press says this is the opinion of an independent paper. The Regina News is as rabid a Conservative journal as the Free Press itself. Judge therefore of its independence.

We refer the Free Press to its own columns for a complete refutation of the Regina News. In Saturday's edition it prints the following from a Moose Jaw correspondent, who writes as a Conservative, a friend of the manufacturing interests, but with rare impartiality. Here is what he says:

"It is a great mistake on the part of English newspapers to imagine that the American settlers in the west have brought back the reciprocity movement. In Saskatchewan less than 15 per cent. of the Americans have votes as yet, and at the recent election a number supported Mr. Haultain on the ground that he was a good man and reciprocity not a provincial quibble."

"The revival of reciprocity is due to a variety of causes in which the Americans in Canada have had neither hand nor part. Its most strenuous advocates have been the 30,000 members of the three grain-grower bodies, who were not dismayed when it was beaten in September. A good few of the leaders are English radicals, who have the word protection, and inveh against the eastern manufacturer pretty much as Irishmen used to inveigh against the absentee landlord. I do not know that Dr. Michael Clark, the Dominion member for Red Deer, belongs to the grain-growers, but he is an excellent type of the old countrymen identified with the movement, and is looked up to by the settlers in general. The native Canadian members outnumber all the rest, and are as active as any."

"If the cutting in two of the cement duty was designed to influence the Saskatchewan election, it failed, as half-measures usually do, to accomplish the desired end. The reciprocity party pointed out that, on Mr. White's own showing, the original specific duty was in some cases equal to 60 per cent, and elsewhere, while the reduced duty is now about 27 per cent, which they consider excessive. If the Finance Minister attempts to restore the old duty there is sure to be a flaming protest."

"These, in brief, are the facts that account for the rejuvenation of the reciprocity issue. That it is as strong as ever in Saskatchewan is evident from Mr. Scott's sweeping victory, and the Liberals are probably right in thinking that the Arthur Sifton will carry Alberta with the same ease on the same cry."

"There is still much vague talk about the secession of the west, but it is not founded on fact. Nor are there any foundations for the report that, if they fall at their approaching visit to Ottawa to convince Mr. Borden that reciprocity is necessary, the grain-grower associations will declare a boycott of Canadian manufacturers."

How this truthful tell-tale dispatch got into the Free Press is a mystery. But it is a perfect answer to the charge of the Free Press, echoing the Regina News, that the Scott Government "appealed to voters who recently came from the United States, to vote for a policy that can have one ultimate effect, the alienation of Canada."

## THE LATE ANDREW LANG.

Since the death of Sir W. S. Gilbert last summer, there has been no such loss to British letters as the death of Andrew Lang. And though he may not be as well known to the man on the street as the author of the "Mikado" and the "Bab Ballads," Lang is by far the wider and more solidly important, without lacking the wit and grace of the great humorist.

To write a five-minute sketch of Lang is like paying a 24-hour visit to London or Rome. He is a large and varied matter. In today's news we learn that Mr. Augustine Birrell is aging perceptibly since the suffragettes assaulted him in St. James' Park; and for some time we have accustomed ourselves to think of Lord Morley as declining far in years and vigor, an old Nestor roused to Berserker spirit by the exigencies of the Indian situation and the struggle over the Parliament Act, but ordinarily not quite the man he was twenty-five years ago. Lang, however, seemed one that could not feel the touch of passing years. The marvellous, many-sided energy, the encyclopaedic memory, the abounding health and animal spirits of the expert angler and golfer seemed unimpaired. His poetic vein, his historical and mythological interests, his critical powers, have all been illustrated in periodicals of the present year; e. g., there are his "Ballade of Dead Cities" in Current Literature for March, "Fear and Ghosts" in the Independent of March 21, an article on the "Mystery of the Tothermory Gallion" in the March Blackwoods, and

critical reviews in various magazines. Last year we had the usual variety from his pen in the "Mystery of Dickens" (Blackwoods, May), a "New Theory of Shakespeare" (Independent, Dec. 23, 1910), "Shakespeare or X?" (Littell's Living Age, Oct. 21), "Telepathy and Totemism" (ditto, Nov. 11) etc. Engraving Mr. Gilbert Murray on his own special ground of Homeric study, he got the better of the tilt, and now in the midst of his unabated activities and countless literary projects, comes the bolt from the blue and lays him with those "Dead Authors" whom he so loved, to whom he wrote those brilliant "Letters" as to intimate friends. It would have been a hard choice to the enthusiast for pleasant literature, which he should consent to be robbed of, Morley, Birrell, or Lang.

The quantity, quality and vast variety of Lang's work have long been amazing. A charming writer of verse, a brilliant editorial writer and critic, he was also a novelist of some mark, a Greek scholar of the highest rank, the first of British students and expositors of folk-lore and mythology, and the first of Scottish historians. He wrote his seventy books and his countless pieces both for children and for men. As an historian he was, of course, expert in Old French. In the London Public Library may be found his exquisite English rendering of the twelfth century romance of Aucassin and Nicolette. He was equally happy in his collaborating translations of Homer and the ancient pastoral poets; they are masterpieces, and our standard translations of those writers. As an ethnologist, he became interested in mythology, and is the only British mythologist to rank with the modern German students in originality and scope. He was one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research, a Scot in his penchant for the occult. The marvel is that he was an expert and specialist, no mere dilettante, in so many things, and in some supreme. With all his knowledge he had the gift of making his own interests interesting and understandable to the general reader. He had the inestimable gift of style. He stands up colossal among the scholars who have reached and touched the people from graybeard to the lisping child. His vastness will not be easily paralleled.

Mens sana in corpore sano can be said of Lang in a deeper sense than of Gilbert. St. Andrew's knew him in the classroom both as student and later as special lecturer, and on the links. He was an ornament to Scotland, not unworthy to be mentioned with Stevenson, Burns, Hume, and Scott.

## MISREPRESENTING THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

"During the month of June, according to British Board of Trade returns, there was a decrease in both imports and exports. In exports the decrease amounted to \$5,704,000, and it was principally in manufactured goods. Although there was a decrease in the total amount of imports, that part of the imports consisting of manufactured goods increased \$2,500,000. That is to say, Great Britain is ceasing to be the world's factory, and is not even holding her own."—Hamilton Spectator.

Some Canadians imagine that they score a point if they find any pretext for asserting that Great Britain is industrially declining. One would almost infer that the wish is father to the thought. Why this eagerness to malign the mother country on the part of the very class which boasts of the superior quality of its loyalty?

Take the Spectator's paragraph. The English papers explain that the drop in June was entirely due to the strike of the London dock workers, which has greatly impeded traffic at the greatest British port. For the six months ending June 30, this year, both exports and imports were greater than in the corresponding six months in 1911—the exports by \$25,000,000, the imports by \$95,000,000. The exports and imports for the full year 1911—we have not the exact figures at hand—were the largest ever recorded. In the decade 1901-1910 British trade grew wonderfully, as follows:

Year.	Exports.	Imports.
1901	£347,864,268	£521,990,198
1910	£534,145,817	£678,257,024

Is it not absurd, especially in view of these figures, to generalize from a single month's returns, as the Spectator does? In 1903 Mr. Chamberlain predicted imminent disaster to British trade, because the exports had slightly receded for two or three years. Immediately afterward, exports and imports began to rise rapidly, and with the exception of 1908, a bad year for the world over, they have been rising ever since, to the discomfiture of Mr. Chamberlain and his political disciples.

The Bull Moose is quiet for the present. He is getting his second wind for the big bellow which begins at Chicago on Aug. 5.

The friends of reciprocity in the United States should exert themselves to keep the law on the statute book. Canada will vote for reciprocity at the next opportunity.

The cut in the cement duties having failed as an election trick in Saskatchewan, the trick now is to restore the duty to its former dimensions without angering the west. It can't be done.

A number of hitherto rational and kindly women have gone literally insane over the suffrage question. It is safe to say the woman suffrage bill lately before the House of Commons would have had a majority but for the window-smashing campaign. The

militants acted as though they preferred violence to votes.

The dying Mikado is a link between old and new Japan. There have been greater changes in Japan in fifty years than in the previous fifteen hundred. It was the Mikado himself who turned the face of his country from the east to the west, from the past to the future, from darkness to light.

To what extent do the Liberals of Ontario believe it is justifiable to make appeal to unnaturalized voters?—London Free Press.

It would be worse than useless. Unnaturalized voters can't vote.

A contemporary prints a cock-and-bull story about discussion in the Liberal ranks in East Middlesex. It is sheer invention, evidently intended to try to cover up the trouble in the other bar.

**CROSSING THE BAR.**  
[Tennyson.]  
Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.

For 'thou' from out our bourne of time and place,  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,  
When I have crossed the bar.

## NORDICA AND ELEANOR.

A Topeka man recently came back from New York with this story. Mrs. August Belmont, who used to be Eleanor Robson, the actress, had planned a little "affair" and was dickering with Nordica to sing a couple of songs for her guests. Nordica wanted \$1,500, but Mrs. Belmont protested that she couldn't afford to pay more than \$1,000. Finally Mrs. Belmont gave in. "I'll pay you your price," said Mrs. Belmont, "but of course, it is understood that you are not to eat with the guests." "Oh, well, in that case," Nordica sweetly replied, "I'll sing for \$1,000."

ANNABEL LEE.  
[By E. A. Poe.]

I.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

II.

I was a child, and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
And we loved with a love that was more than love,<  
And we loved with a love that was more than love,  
And we loved with a love that was more than love.

III.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A winged seraph came to chide my darling,  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

IV.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me;  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

V.

But our love it was stronger by far  
Than the love that was born here;  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we,  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

VI.

For the moon never beams, without  
Bringing us dreams; and on the dark  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

WHY?

[Lippincott's.]  
Red is a color, and black is not, yet the negro is called colored, and the Indian isn't. Why?

## HANDEL'S FORTUNE.

[London Chronicle.]

No other musician of his time was so fortunate in money matters as Handel. For a "Te Deum" composed to celebrate the peace of Utrecht, he was given a pension of £200 a year until his death, making £9,600 in all. Another of his compositions secured a pension of a similar amount from George I, and for the last 20 years of his life he drew a further £200 a year from Queen Caroline. So although he lost £10,000 in an unsuccessful attempt to run an opera in London, Handel died possessed of £20,000, the largest fortune realized by any musical composer until the dawn of the nineteenth century.

## WHAT'S THE USE?

[Hamilton Times.]

A Yankee food expert says: "Quit eating meat and the price will drop." That's all very well, but when you begin to eat it again the price will go up.

## EXTRAORDINARY!

[Chicago Examiner.]

"What became of that little kitten you had?" asked a visitor of the small boy.  
"Why, haven't you heard?"  
"No, what is it?"  
"Lost!"  
"No."  
"Poisoned!"  
"No."  
"Then whatever did become of it?"  
"It grew up into a cat," was the reply.

## THE SPELL OF ENGLAND

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

The ambitious traveller who visits England for the purpose of writing a book about the country must be perplexed with the enormous range of material that offers. In the first place there are many Englands—literary England, historic England, social England, and so on. If the traveller wishes to treat of England from several standpoints, it is difficult to manage the affair within the brief compass of one volume. Yet this was the task which Julia de W. Addison, of the United States, set herself when she left her native shores to visit the country which produced her famous relative, Joseph of Spectator fame. She went to the old land firmly convinced that she could impart some of the color, a little of its enchantment, within the pages of a book, and as I read the result, "The Spell of England" (Page &amp; Co., Boston) I am convinced that she has shown good judgment in planning her work and discrimination in the selection of topics. She has tried to give the average reader a bird's-eye view of the most interesting places in England, and has woven the literary and historical features together very deftly. While her book does not possess the literary charm of such a work as Mr. St. John Adcock's new volume on the houses and shrines of literary London, which I reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago, it is much superior to the general guide book, and its handsome binding and illustrations ought to commend it to the American who is about to sail for that tight little island which offers such a bewildering bill of fare to the sightseer.

Concerning the title, "The Spell of England," just what does this mean for the man in the street? Mrs. Addison admits that most people have an idea that Spain or Italy has a spell, but imagines that the American balks at the phrase, "the spell of England." Perhaps a New Yorker, or the famous man from Missouri, may need enlightenment on this score, but surely the Canadian public has no need of explanations. However, it is good even for the children of the old mother to read of her charms as understood and appreciated by a lady of Boston. This spell of old England, she says, "is not operative, and it is not sensational. But anyone who stands, for instance, by the side of the sedgy moat at Baddesley Clinton, that venerable moated grange which Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote of the sorrowing Mariana; or any one who gazes from the bold summit of sea-cliff, where stands Harlech Castle, and remembers those gallant warriors who went forth from those stern walls and inspired by their deeds the stirring March of the Men of Harlech, knows that there is an atmosphere of romance about those places. And who could pass without a sympathetic smile by Banbury Cross, which has amused us in our youth? Who could take a train to St. Ives without recalling the 'men, cats and wives,' associated with that journey? Even 'waiting for the train at Coventry' conjures up a charming vision." In this passage I think we have an admirable comment on England's variety of interesting things. From the Harlech song of the north to the much-married man of St. Ives, almost every square foot of old England has something to interest or charm.

Mrs. Addison has found space in her volume to describe a large number of objects which escape many tourists. She has penetrated remote recesses, peeked into out-of-the-way churches, and dug up queer old customs which only the antiquarians, or the natives in remote villages, know anything about. A sample of her industry is to be seen in her page dealing with the white horse of Bath. This "silhouette of a steed" was cut flat in the chalk hills by the soldiers of Alfred the Great to celebrate a victory over the Danes. Ever since that date, A. D. 878, it has been the duty of the people in the country near Bath where the chalk horse is located, to gather at stated intervals, to pull the weeds from its fair white form and to scrub it up generally. Among the songs sung by the "scourers" is one as follows:

The 'old white horse wants setting to rights,  
And the squire has promised good cheer;  
So we'll get him a scrape  
To keep him in shape,  
And he'll last for many a year.

That long, wan horse has taken a good deal of scouring in his day, but he has been the cause of an endless amount of amusement, for I suppose this custom goes right back to King Alfred's day. Any custom dies hard in England, but a custom with a picnic attached would die still harder.

I fancy that this book would make many an English reader very peppy. For Miss Addison is very frank in her criticism of English cooking, English speech, English signs, English slowness, in fact all things English which do not jump with her American alertness and up-to-dateness. In an effort to be humorous she sprinkles her chapters with stories and remarks made in her hearing during her travel, or anecdotes about the English. Many of these strokes of attempted humor miss-fire, and others are irritating to the Britisher. As the book was written for American consumption, however, it will probably pass muster. But if a second edition is contemplated, Miss Addison would do well to cut out a great deal of her nonsense. Most of it is not funny at all, and it cheapens the real worth of her book.

While 24,000 tons of shipping has been added to the United Kingdom register since 1911, Germany has increased her tonnage by 162,000, Japan by 141,000, and Norway by 138,000.

## A Few Lines of Most Anything

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

"A wash drawing."

In some ways those who journey for a day to Port Stanley have to put up with a good deal. For many a pleasant day is often marred by the untidiness of the beaches below the picnic hill. Strewn with drift wood, paper, late lamented catfish and soggy ex-sandwiches, not to mention lemon rinds, banana peelings, etc., the sandy stretches are uninviting. Then this hording together in "pavilions" for luncheon doesn't seem to agree with the right idea of a day in the great outdoors. Nature has done much for Port Stanley, but man has been rather neglectful. The private beaches are ideal, no doubt, but little attention is given by either one of the three responsible municipalities to the comfort of the man, his wife and his child, to whom a day at the lakeside is a season's event. London, St. Thomas and Port Stanley might well spend \$10,000 each in the beautification of the resort. Some of the needs are:

Clean picnic grounds.  
Better bathing facilities.  
Beaches clear of litter.  
Proper attention to sanitary demands.

Restrictions as to buildings for concessions, and supervised bathing for the sake of safety (at the present time there is no adequate equipment for life-saving).

Musical critics can't get a note published.  
Literary critics have all their manuscripts sent back.  
And the most rabid baseball fan couldn't stop a grounder with a barrel.

Soup should be seen and not heard.  
Many a smoke nuisance is found in the easy chairs of the cigar stores.

Money is not the whole thing in this world (not much more than nineteenth).

One good way to follow the ponies is to hitch their plow.

A confirmed loafer is always "gettin' the worst of it."

A scientific leeman always lists to pity, no matter how light the cake may be.

The "Back-to-the-Soil" movement has a score or more enthusiastic disciples on Ontario Beach, Port Stanley. Some venturesome member of the summer colony recently scaled one of the clay cliffs at the east end of the beach and discovered a basin set in the face of it, in which a spring poured. Later on he conducted a party to the spot and thus was the discovery of the resort's mud baths.

Indulging in the porcine pastime and its a wise mother who knows her own child these days.

A Belated One.  
You wouldn't swat  
The fly, I s'pose,  
When he is on  
A tough guy's nose.

"Gee, ain't it great to meet someone from your old home town," who persists in reminding you of the time you drove the cheese route on the town line."

## MANUFACTURERS' VISIT IS BEARING FRUIT

Arrangements Being Made For Establishment of a Plant at Port Arthur.

[Canadian Press.]  
Montreal, July 22.—The visit of the British manufacturers to Canada has borne immediate fruit as already one of the representatives has made an arrangement with the Port Arthur council for a factory site under certain conditions, which were satisfactory to both parties, and in a very short time Arthur Han, of Messrs. Ham & Baker, of Birmingham, will erect a factory there. James Rank, a big English miller, who also accompanied the party, submitted suggestions to the C. P. R. for a service of grain vessels between "Canada and Hull, England, which are now being considered. At present, Mr. Rank claimed, the grain for Hull is carried there from New York.

## ENGLAND'S MERCHANT FLEET

It Comprises Practically One-Half of the World's Steam Tonnage.

London, July 22.—An idea of the traffic with which the sailing ship is disappearing is conveyed in figures given in the new volumes of "Lloyd's Register."

The world's sailing fleet now totals little more than 4,000,000 tons, whereas the merchant steamers of the globe are in excess of 40,000,000 tons. On the assumption that one ton of steam is equal to three of sail, steamships now do thirty times as much of the carrying trade of the world as sailing ships.

Of this huge total of steam shipping the British flag boasts practically one-half, as much as 17,700,000 tons being registered in the United Kingdom, and 1,600,000 tons in British colonies. It may be conjectured that the British half comprises the newer and more economical worked moiety.

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## In your FOUNTAIN PEN use

Stephens' Ink

The Pen starts instantly, & never clogs, because the colour-matter is in perfect solution!

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.

## NINE HUNDRED TOOK IN OUTING

Employees of the McCormick Manufacturing Co. Had a Jolly Time.

Adelle Cave and Kenneth Hodgins Won the Prizes—The Sports Winners.

The employees of the McCormick Manufacturing Company held their forty-second annual picnic at Port Stanley on Saturday last, and more than upheld their record as a jolly holiday-making crowd.

Over nine hundred were at the traction depot, where special cars were waiting to transport them to the lakeside. The McCormick Company provided free transportation for all and later in the day refreshments were supplied gratis. A splendid programme of races and contests was held in the afternoon and handsome prizes were awarded to the victors.

The baby show was the most interesting feature of the day, and the judges finally decided that Adelle Cave and Kenneth Hodgins should have the honor of being the best-looking babies.

The success of the picnic was due to the efforts of the committee: Charles Benson, chairman; Alex. Henderson, secretary-treasurer; Jas. Craig, Wallace Williams, Clarence Armstrong, Wilfred Hodgins.

The Races.  
Boys under 12—L. Angus, F. Angus, W. Johnston.

Girls under 12—E. McKay, R. Morgan, M. Murphy.

100 yards dash—H. Mann, Wolfe, C. Armstrong.

Ladies' race—M. Johnston, D. Johnston, I. Murphy.

Married ladies' race—Mrs. McCabe, Mrs. McInnes, Mrs. Cartwright.

Relay race, two boys and two girls, 400 yards—M. Johnston, D. Johnston, Miss Bailey, P. Ward, Miss Hodgins, C. Armstrong, W. Hodgins, H. Mann.

Men over 40—E. Littlejohn, W. Tait, W. J. Pearcey.

Three-legged race, girl and boy—W. Fassidy, Anna, with ropes, E. Simpson and M. Gardner, E. Tarry and E. Vinen.

Three-legged race, gentlemen only—H. Mann and E. Vinen, E. Simpson and J. Parkman, W. Friend and W. Foster.

Baseball Game.  
McCormicks team played the Orioles and the game was a very close one, requiring an extra inning to decide the contest. The Orioles won by 7 to 6.

Batteries—Orioles, Baker, Clarke, and Wright; McCormicks, Armstrong and Ward, Umpire, Hardy.

## IRISH MOB WRECKS WHITE PLAGUE HOSPITAL

Consumption Sanatorium Near Dublin Arouses Hostility of the Neighbourhood.

[Canadian Press.]  
Dublin, Ireland, July 22.—A nearly completed consumption sanatorium under construction at Lucan, a village about seven miles to the west of this city, under the auspices of the Lady Aberdeen and the Woman's National Health Association, was demolished today by irate dwellers in the vicinity.

A great mob, armed with ropes and pickaxes first tore off the roof and then threw down the walls, leaving nothing but a heap of debris.

The inhabitants of Lucan have displayed much hostility to the scheme since its inception.

CHINESE REFORMS.  
San Francisco, July 22.—The last detail of their programme of reform was demonstrated by the local Chinese today, when they turned out in silk hats and frock coats at the funeral of Wong Law Ching, a wealthy merchant. No roasted young pig was carried to the cemetery to cheer the spirit of the merchant across the Styx. Automobiles outnumbered hacks in the procession, and a band of forty Chinese, playing Chopin's Funeral March on modern brasses, replaced the weird music of the native instruments and hired mourners of other days.

BOY DROWNED.  
Smiths Falls, Ont., July 22.—Foster Mills, the 6-year-old son of Rev. A. W. Mills, of Matton, Ill., fell from a wharf at a cottage at Rideau Lake, 15 miles from this place, and was drowned. The boy, with his mother and several other members of the family, were summering at the lake. The body was recovered.

A Disorderly.  
Joseph Scott was a sad-looking party when he stood up in court. He accumulated a big package of whiskey on Saturday, and tried to thrash Alex. Gardner, who happened to be near. Gardner shoved him away, and Scott's face was most artfully furrowed by gravel. The decorations were rather eloquent of the man's condition, and P. M. Judd fined him \$5 for being drunk and disorderly. He was also placed on the Indian list, to insure gentlemanly conduct in the future. Gardner was also charged with being disorderly, but as it was shown that he was merely protecting himself from Scott, he was allowed to go. G. Wexford, was also fined \$2 for gazing too long on red eye.

Half a dozen drunks were discharged.

Children Cried.  
The crying of the children created some disturbance when P. M. Judd was passing sentence on the jail. Police officers took them into a side room.

Walter Agie, a colored lad, who claims he came from Detroit, was handed a 21-day sentence in jail for trespassing on the C. P. R. He and another tramp boarded the blind baggage on Saturday evening, and came to London, where C. P. R. Detective Fordin placed them in the next car. The other chap was too much for the officer, and made his escape. Agie was captured. He begged for a chance to get out of town, but P. M. Judd thought a rest in jail would do him no harm.

Charles Gallagher has been coming up for drunkenness too frequently of late, and P. M. Judd assessed him \$10 and costs, or 21 days. As he had no collateral on his person, he will board with Governor Carter at the jail for the next three weeks.

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