

Cured Awful Ringworm

"Well over four years ago my two little girls were taken with a dread skin trouble called ringworm. They attended the Hospital as outpatients for a year. I had to apply their ointment with a brush, giving the children frightful pain. I also had to have their heads shaved every two weeks but they got no better under the treatment. They used to cry with the burning itching, and their heads were covered with a thick scurf and dandruff.

"About a year ago I determined to try the Cuticura Remedies. I used plenty of Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment. I used only about three boxes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and they were cured. Their hair is growing long and nice again. They had been so ill after their three years' confinement that I had to see a doctor to a convalescent as she was cured. My girls are home, well and strong. My younger girl was away from school for five months with the disease. I am very grateful to Cuticura and will never let my children's skin be troubled with it again. The Cuticura Remedies always use for it. I have the hair so lovely."

(Signed) Mrs. Nola E. Dwyer,
48, Lena Gardens, Brook Green, W., London.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment

afford the speediest and most economical treatment for itching, burning, scaly, itchy, and all other skin troubles. It is often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Send to Porter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A., for 32-page Cuticura Book on treatment of skin and scalp ailments.

FAIL IN LOVE LETTERS

(Lady's Pictorial)

The love letters of authors, however famous, are usually the least admirable part of their literary productions. Swift, for instance, was an admirable writer, but who can say that his epistles to Stella Johnson were not often ludicrous with their eternal baby talk.

It is well known that the love epistles to Fanny Brant, by that great poet and admirable letter writer, John Keats, were so popular, to put it mildly, that even portions of them when published, produced a small scandal. With all his wit, his mastery over the English language, the author of "Endymion" has left only one unworthy piece of literary baggage—his communications to the young woman he adored.

The love letters of Shelley, too, are possibly the worst things he ever wrote. Byron on the other hand—who could not write an insipid letter if he tried, so that some people are inclined to think his love letters ultimately rest upon his correspondence—did not lose his literary cunning, his incomparable ease of style, even when writing letters to the temporary owner of his heart.

Then in a more recent published correspondence between Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the woman's pen which soars, which expresses the intimate of a radiant soul far more delicately than is possible for the greater poet, her husband. It is more over an admitted fact that all the greatest love letters of the world have been written by women. Even in the classic case of Abigail and Hester it was the pupil and not the professor who emerged with more lasting fame from the duel of love.

HE KNEW

"The Malays have a queer marriage custom," remarked the traveller. "The bridegroom holds his nose against a small cylindrical object. I couldn't quite make out what it was."

"A gristlestone, probably," interposed Mr. Grinch—Kansas City Times.

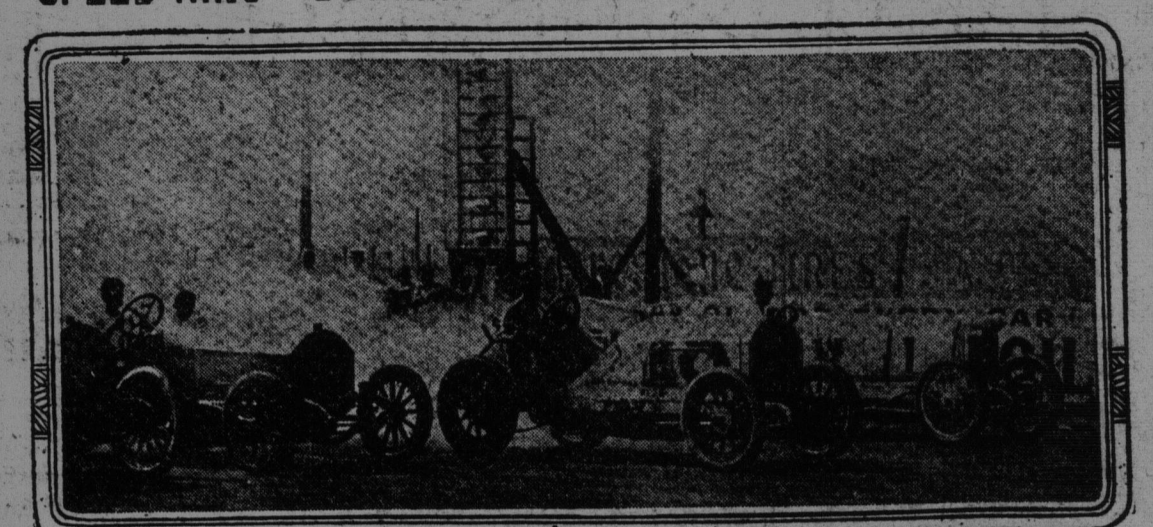
FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can find out from Mrs. Pinkham's advice what is the matter with her. Never has a published testimonial or a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

"SPEED KING" BURMAN IS STAR PERFORMER AT BRIGHTON



Mr. I. (BURMAN). FIRST, NO. 18. (KNIPPER). SECOND, IN RENTY BRASSARD FINAL.

Burman, the "Speed King," is playing an important part in all of his races in the East. At Brighton Beach recently he succeeded in clipping a fifth of a second from the American dirt track record for a mile, covering the distance in 48.72 seconds. The previous record, 49.02, was made by Ralph De Palma, driving the Fiat Cyclone, at Syracuse last September. In the Remy Brassard final on the same track he was also the hero, insuring Burman a continuance of the \$75 a week that he has been drawing as the holder of the Brassard. Knipper, in the Prince Henry Henz, was second.

RUSSIAN DON JUAN FACES BIGAMY CHARGE

Amazing Stories of Marriages Contracted by Titled Russian

"FORGOTTEN" WIVES

Eatier Weddings He Ain't Describes as of no Importance. But Holds to Marriage to Heiress New York Banker's Millions

An astonishing story of the matrimonial experiences of a Russian count whose father is one of the highest officials at the court of the Czar will be told in the Paris count within the next few days, says the London Express.

Proceedings for bigamy are being taken against the count, who has been amusing the Parisians with stories which he has given the Paris newspapers of his hazardous and "unimportant" marriages.

The persons whose names will figure in the case are:

Count Alexander Golenishchev Koutousov, Tolstoy, of the old nobility of Moscow, son of Count Golenishchev, marshal of the Russian imperial court.

Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, formerly Miss Maria Cortis, daughter of an English merchant of Portuguese descent, and married to the count in London in 1899.

Miss Julia Jackson, daughter of a Hull clerk, married to the count at Hull in 1900.

Miss Frothingham, daughter of a New York banker and heiress of the "Morning Post," married to the count in New York in 1910.

The count is known to society in Paris, London and other continental capitals. One of his uncles has been Russian ambassador in Paris, and the count since his marriage with the wealthy Miss Frothingham, has lived in luxury in Paris and New York.

That the marriage with Miss Frothingham took place there is no doubt whatever. It was celebrated at the Russian church in the Rue Daru, in addition to being civilly contracted at the town hall of the Eighth Arrondissement on February 23 last year.

A copy of the certificate of the marriage with Miss Jackson has been lodged in Paris.

Played at Marriage

The count denies none of the marriages but with a lofty and magnificent air he has told the Paris Matin that the Russian law does not recognize marriages of its subjects unless they are celebrated by a priest of the Russian church. Neither of his earlier marriages was so celebrated, so I was quite sure to make a third union.

"Not to make the story too long," said the count. "I left Miss Cortis after some months in Paris and some time later, also in England, I discovered I had married Miss Jackson. Later on I came to Paris and married Miss Frothingham—but legal by this time. When Miss Cortis pressed me to recognize her rights I obtained from the Czar a ukase annulling my marriage with her and lodged a claim in the French courts for a declaration of nullity."

"It is in reply to this," said the count, "that Miss Cortis has made a charge of bigamy against me."

So much for the count's story of his airy adventures. It will be seen that he makes no attempt to deny that he married two English girls and then calmly secured the hand of an American heiress.

First Wife's Story

The Paris correspondent of the Express had an interview with the Countess Tolstoy (formerly Miss Cortis). The countess is now an attractive woman of about 40. She said that nearly a month after the legal wedding at the Strand registry, she and the count went through the religious ceremony at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on June 9, 1899, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Mr. Abbott.

The count and countess went to Paris after the wedding and lived there—

end of 1894. One morning in December, 1894, some visitors called at their flat when the count did not wish to see. His wife received them. While she was talking to them the count left the flat by the kitchen door, and his wife never saw him again.

Her first news of her husband was in January, 1910 when she saw in the newspapers an announcement of the coming marriage of Count Tolstoy to Miss Frothingham.

In view of the statements which the count had made to the Matin, H. M. Cohen of the firm of Cohen & Cohen, gave an Express representative the countess's version of the story.

"It is absolutely untrue," Mr. Cohen said, "that the count first met the countess in a London music hall, as he has said. Miss Cortis is the daughter of an English family of the highest respectability. Her father was of Portuguese descent, and was I believe, a merchant at Gibraltar.

"Countess Tolstoy was a young woman in the twenties when she met the count. They lived in the Avenue Wagram for a year or so after their marriage, and the correspondence shows that he must have been devoted to her. There came trouble over some bill transactions, and the count disappeared. My unfortunate client was left in Paris to face music. For some time she went through terrible trials, until the French authorities were quite satisfied that she was innocent of any complicity in the count's transactions.

"Since his marriage to Miss Frothingham she has been the first she heard of him after he disappeared—it has been a long chase after him. As soon as we tried to communicate with him in Paris he went to America. When our agent in New York got into touch with him, he denied that he knew my client, or that he had been through any such marriage ceremony."

"He said that the lady might be one he had known, but he was not sure. We instructed proceedings in New York, and the count returned to Paris. He found him later at the Hotel Gassan, Pau. Percy Eade served papers on him at Pau. Tolstoy first denied that he was the man, and said he was another 'Jockey' whom he wanted. He said there were lots of Tolstoy's in Russia. But when he was shown a copy of the marriage certificate, with his description he gave in and referred Mr. Eade to his father.

"The certificates of the three marriages will be proved in the court in Paris where I expect to be called in a few days."

The marriage to Miss Jackson was celebrated, as a copy of the certificate shows, in the registry office in the district of Hull, on January 22, 1899. The bridegroom is described as "Alexander Koutousov Tolstoy, aged twenty-two years, and his condition as 'bachelor.' His address is given as 'Station, Hotel Hull.'

The Hall newspapers describing the marriage to Miss Jackson, say the count was on a visit to England in his yacht, and he and Miss Jackson met at Covent Garden Hall, where they were introduced by a wealthy Yorkshire colliery proprietor. The count was attracted by the charms of Miss Jackson, and proposed marriage to her.

After the marriage the count was anxious, in his wife's interest, that the marriage should be absolutely binding in the eyes of the Russian law, and he consulted Mr. Heard, Russian lawyer, and his counsel advised him to have the ceremony re-celebrated in a Russian church.

STRANGE WAYS OF PEOPLE IN OTHER LANDS

Queer Customs The Traveler Encounters In Tour Of Europe

HOTEL PROCEDURE

High Beds a Joke to the Uninitiated—Clothing Hung in Corridors—Leave Your Door Open as There is no Pass Key

One of the most interesting features of a European tour is the comparison of the strange customs in hotel and railway. Many things that to the seasoned traveler have become commonplace long ago strike the tourist on his initial trip as highly amusing.

Col. Brotherton of Kentucky, for instance, had been recommended to a quiet Italian hotel. Returning late from San Carlo, where almost every tourist goes on his first night in Naples, he was amazed to find the hotel so different from anything he had ever seen outside nearly every door in addition to the beds on the floor sundry-dresses skirts and trunks hung upon "hangers" branching like a tree. A person who was sitting in a corridor tried in broken English to explain to the hotel porter that he was a traveler. The porter, who was in the morning, said the clothing they had worn during the day outside their doors to be brushed up in the morning and find their clothes stolen. Not I, I'll brush my own.

So he turned in, but was not daring to leave his boots out to be polished, so many stories had he heard of the dishonest practices abroad toward travelers in the morning. Awakening early in the morning he peeked out cautiously, fully expecting to see a row of empty hooks. But his boots were in the hallway. Very cautiously he set his own boots outside and turned back for another cat nap. But his trousers were still adorned the straight backed chair. "I have another pair of boots," he thought, "but I have only one pair of trousers." It took three days or more before the colonel dared to trust his precious jeans to the suspicious hook.

No Pass Keys

Miss Clara Blythe, of Vermont, was perfectly astounded at having her chambermaid rush after her as she carefully deposited the key of her room in her head.

"But, madame! Please leave your key beside the door. I must have it to go in to see your room."

"But where is your pass key?" she demanded.

"I have none," the maid replied. "See," she said, pointing to the hook at the side of the door, the same hook dedicated to skirts and trousers. "You must hang your key here when you go out."

Miss Clara cast upon the maid a look of withering scorn. "Not if I know it," she said. "I haven't got much, but I don't want to be robbed of that little. That's a pretty note. Might just as well leave your door unlocked as for I to see. Anybody can take the key and walk in. No, no. You don't catch me that way."

And, replacing the key, she walked downstairs and said out through the office majestically. When she came home to her room, she found the door open. And not until she had reported the poor maid to the concierge did she really find that such was the custom of the European hotel.

CATARH NOT HOPELESS

It has been Cured Scores of Times by Father Morrissey's No. 26

It is customary for many sufferers from catarrh, and even for many doctors, to despair of curing this annoying and dangerous disease. Nevertheless, if correct methods are adopted, there is no reason why catarrh should not yield to treatment within a reasonable time.

The failure to cure is to be attributed to the failure to apply a comprehensive treatment which will not only relieve and remove the abnormal local conditions, but also to the real seat of the trouble.

Father Morrissey, the learned physician, after much study and experience, was successful in devising a combined treatment which has proved to be the solution of the problem. His No. 26 consists of tablets to be taken three times a day, together with a healing antiseptic salve for the nostrils.

The tablets not only invigorate the system, and restore Nature not only to throw off the disease, but to guard against its return. The antiseptic salve clears out the diseased secretions and heals the inflamed tissues.

The tablets not only cure catarrh of long standing, but it is much wiser to take it in time. Otherwise, catarrh is almost certain to develop into more serious diseases. It not only develops into consumption but often causes disorders of the stomach and bowels. Do not put off until it is too late. When you get Father Morrissey's Combined Catarrh Treatment now, and prevent serious troubles.

When, by its aid, Nature has not only cured the local disease but also built up the system against future attacks, you will find your general health tremendously improved.

50c for the combined treatment. At your druggist's or from Father Morrissey, Montreal, Que.

castate a pair of steps to mount them. One tourist, finding that one leg of the step-ladder was broken, solved his difficulty by going to the extreme end of the room, taking a running start and landed with a flying leap in the midst of the turkey red eiderdown. He crawled in under the crocheted counterpane and was soon fast asleep. Some time in the night he became sleepily aware of a consuming fire and started to get out of bed for a drink. A startled shriek, followed by some swear words that even the thick-headed German watchman understood, penetrated the remotest chamber in the inn.

"It was half awake," he explained afterward, "and had been dreaming of standing on Table rock in the Yosemite. I started to get out of bed and began to fall. Naturally, I supposed I was plunging to the bottom of that precipice, and I'll leave it to you if anyone wouldn't have let out a yell when he thought he was going to be dashed to death."

Where Kings Have Slept

Sometimes in European hotels the tourist is taken solemnly to one side and told that by paying a few francs or lire more he can have the royal bed chamber. A certain hotel in Sorrento, where a dozen or more royal heads have lain in one season, the traveler loves to recount when he is back on his native heath how his cheek pressed the same pillow that had been used by the little queen of Holland or the king of Saxony.

Tippling

Most travelers on their first trips are astounded when upon the day of their departure from a hotel they are presented with their bill by the head waiter instead of the landlord or by his chief clerk. But is the custom, and this important individual is thus assured of his tip. But they frequently fret and fume inwardly as they do so, and all the other servants to be tipped and usually end by giving each one about three times what he expects. There are two ways of avoiding this worry, if they only knew. In small hotels and pensions where an average of \$2 a day is paid, but pension, it is proper to allow a day for each person for service, and when going away to divide it accordingly among

those who served you. In large hotels a more satisfactory way is to take 10 per cent. of the hotel bill, whatever it is, add to the amount of the bill and request the head waiter to divide it among the servants. Thus is the tipping question very much simplified.

The traveler thinks it is a little strange that coffee is always extra at luncheon and dinner, but when he orders coffee, at an average of five or six cents extra a cup, it is freshly made expressly for him and is not the coffee that has stood for hours in the pot. Another thing that strikes him as funny is the fact that there are elevators to go up, but that he cannot use them to go down.

One European sign in a small hotel reads: "No one allowed to descend in the elevator but invalids and the aged." In the larger hotels the lifts are as they are here, but so leisurely are they that one usually prefers to run downstairs on shank's mare. Economy in lights is another trait and where, as usual, there are two electric lights in a room, one over the head to read by, and another in the ceiling one can be turned on without turning the other off.

It does not take long to remember after you once know that if you want to buy salt in Italy you must go to a tobacco shop to get it; for both salt and tobacco are government monopolies. And it is a pleasure to learn that in France you can buy stamps and postcards at tobacco shops which are under government jurisdiction, there as well as that in both countries you can send telegrams at as low a rate as the fourteen cents for ten words and that in Paris if you remember to write across your envelope "Pneumatique," the postman will be shunted through a pneumatic tube in no time at all and delivered almost as soon as a telegram.

CHANCE QUITS FOR PRESENT

Like Every, Frank Chance, of the Cubs, has been out of the game most of the season. All indications point to his returning to the diamond again this year.

FIRE RAVAGES TOWNS

Toronto, July 11.—Word reached here tonight that Cochrane (Ont.), had been wiped out. Four buildings remain including the T. C. & N. O. station, and people are sleeping in freight cars tonight.

North Bay, Ont., July 11.—South Porcupine, Cochrane and Pottsville have been wiped out by forest fires, which are raging here. A string of fire extends from North Bay to Porcupine. Many lives have been lost.

Bay City, Mich., July 11.—Despatched to the Tribune say Alpena (Mich.), a lumber city, is burning up. Osceola, with 1,200 population, has been destroyed. Fire is raging at Cheboygan, and three other towns are in danger. Several bridges also have been burned. Fire apparatus from North Bay to Porcupine, which this city has sent to Alpena.

Important to Grocers and Consumers!

The absolute purity and healthfulness of BAKER'S COCOA and CHOCOLATE are guaranteed under the pure food laws of Canada. Made by a perfect mechanical process, they are unequalled for delicacy of flavor and food value.

The New Mills at Montreal are now in operation and for the convenience of the Canadian trade we have established Distributing Points at Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Canadian Mills at 1000 ALBERT STREET, MONTREAL

is the name of the new Canadian Warship.

is the name of the new Turkish Cigarette.



Get a package to-day, you'll appreciate them.

HON. H. R. EMMERSON GUEST OF HONOR AT BANQUET IN SHEDJAC

Mayor Presides Over Very Pleasant Function and Senator Poirer is Toast Master—The Speakers

Moncton, N.B., July 11.—The banquet tendered Hon. H. R. Emerson at Shediac this evening was a most successful and pleasant function. It was non-partisan and was given under the auspices of the town council of Shediac. There were about 100 guests present and the mayor of Shediac presided. At his right sat the guest of the evening, Hon. H. R. Emerson, and on his left Senator McSweeney. Senator Poirer, of Shediac, acted as toastmaster. The first toast was the parliament of Canada, proposed by E. McDonald and responded to by Senator McSweeney. Senator Poirer and H. J. Logan, of Amherst, N.S.

Next the local legislature was proposed by Alderman James McQueen, of Shediac, and responded to by Hon. H. R. Emerson. Hon. F. J. Sweeney, O. M. McLean, C. M. Levesque, M.P.P., J. L. Ralston, of Amherst, (N.S.), A. B. Capp, M.P.P., of Moncton, and A. J. Chapman, of Shediac, responded to the toast to the local legislature proposed by Mayor Bailey, of Moncton, and replied to by W. A. Russell, of Shediac, and A. J. Chapman, of Shediac. The toast to the medical fraternity was responded to by Dr. Gaudet, of Moncton, and Dr. A. A. McQueen, of Amherst. Raymond Leger, of Shediac, proposed the toast to the ladies which was replied to by Adèle Landry.

Mayor Paturé proposed the toast to the guests of the evening and Hon. Mr. Emerson responded in a half hour speech speaking generally on federal and local issues. The toast to the legal fraternity was proposed by Mayor Bailey, of Moncton, and replied to by W. A. Russell, of Shediac, and A. J. Chapman, of Shediac. The toast to the medical fraternity was responded to by Dr. Gaudet, of Moncton, and Dr. A. A. McQueen, of Amherst. Raymond Leger, of Shediac, proposed the toast to the ladies which was replied to by Adèle Landry.

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