

MERRY TIME AT QUEEN'S PARK!

Second Day of the Old Boys Reunion Was
a Great Success.

Thousands Were Entertained by Members of the Home
Guard—Many Novel Features on the Programme—
Realistic Wild West Performance, Cake Walks, Danc-
ing and Veteran Firemen's Show Help Amuse the
Crowd—Concert at Victoria Park.

Londoners took their guests to Queen's Park yesterday afternoon, expecting to have a good time. They knew that Billy Ward and Walter Bartlett, and many other noted impresarios had for weeks been attempting to sign high-priced attractions for the occasion, and that no mere matter of money would keep them from getting the best in the amusement world. Men who had proved their abilities last year by getting the fleetest horses at Ascott's bone yard to race before the multitude, were not likely to be balked, no matter what the obstacle to be overcome. So the people went to the park in the afternoon, expecting to see something lovely and refined, and they went home with the satisfied air of the man who has struck it lucky at an unclaimed goods sale.

The outlay for the whole production was enormous. For weeks and weeks, it is said, the artists have been kept under guard for fear of richer organizations tempting them with bribes,

and in the quiet of the evening they rehearsed for the great day. The production was seen by thousands and thousands of people. The number was astonishingly large. In view of the fact that the day was not a holiday, and that many of the visitors had returned. To all who saw that horse race last year, it seemed impossible to devise anything in the same class again. Nobody knew what was to happen, and therein rested the secret of success. During all the reunion the crowd has waited for Tuesday's production to see what the committee had for them this year. When any of the promoters heard guesses hazarded they winked full of meaning at each other, but never let more pass. The people had to content themselves with waiting, feeling confident that they would not be disappointed.

The bosses of the show were not the men to let it be spoiled by letting the people form any idea of what was to come, by the first incidents. A regular programme of events that any old picnic could have been first introduced, but the crowd were not to be fooled by this—they knew that better things were to follow. One of these features was a wild west show that had cost untold sums, but the managers were dis-

appointed by its failure, on account of unforeseen occurrences, to reach the city. But while Buffalo Bill's Wild West show was unable to reach the city yesterday, so efficient were the understudies who put on the wild west show at Queen's Park, and so realistically were all the details carried out, that everybody was as fully satisfied as if they had seen a performance by the great scout himself and his company of cowboys and Indians.

It was with no thought of impending trouble and misfortune that a Jolly settler had come to the boundless prairie to find a new home. With his handsome wife (formerly Miss Huggins, the beautiful Wilhelmina Ward, he had established his log cabin with its straw-thatched roof, on the trackless wilderness, far from the haunts of men. But as the occupants of the humble home were engaged in their peaceful avocations, a cloud appeared on the horizon in the shape of a wagon surrounded by a hay rack filled with stalwart braves in all the pomp and circumstance of war paint, feathers and gleaming weapons. With the stealth and caution which distinguishes the crafty redman in Fenimore Cooper's novels, the wagon with its load of concentrated diabolicalness was driven up to the house. The redskins attacked it with great fierceness and blank cartridges, and a furious fusillade followed. In the frightful scene of carnage only one man was fearless and dauntless, and he was the director of ceremonies, who leaped gracefully and unconcernedly against the corner of the building, regardless of the leaden bullets which were not flying around him. The dusky fiends had slain the brave pioneer and were carrying off the lovely maiden, when help appeared from an unexpected quarter. A band of dashing cowboys spurred their fiery steeds in pursuit of the flying fiend, and soon the bloodthirsty savages were overcome and their beautiful captive released.

In the meantime, however, some fiend had applied a blazing torch to the settler's cabin, and the frail structure was soon a mass of roaring flames. Once again did help appear, as though dropped from the heavens, for on the pathless prairie appeared a uniformed fire company, hastening to the conflagration with an ancient hand-pumped fire engine. In a few moments a steady stream of water was playing on the flames. Such a start had the devouring elements secured, however, that the cabin was gutted before the fire was subdued. The bulky of the more ancient onlookers as one of the most original things on the programme. When the fire was out, the happy old people who shall be nameless, who paid the Old Boys a visit. Their appearance was important, more for the reason that Sally's costume suggested so many ideas to the young women present, of what the la mode dress of a score years ago was. Sally and her man afterwards took part in the cakewalk, and danced with alarming agility.

THE PRIZE DANCING.

The prize cakewalk was seriously enjoyable, more particularly that of the Grayson tots, who wore the red stockings. Dell and Wesley Wood were the winners, and were loudly applauded. Mr. Wm. Logan and Miss Martha Logan were the other contestants, and clever dancers. The prize money was distributed among them. Aditha Sage, a little girl from Ingersoll, won the prize in the Highland Fling. Robert Ingram of London, captured the mile bicycle race. The Riddle sisters danced the Scotch reel and Irish jig.

The veteran firemen's race was most interesting of all, and caused quite a surprise as they ran with astonishing speed. Earl Gaze, of Colborne street, was first with only a small lead over Wm. Chittick, who had Oliver Richardson close on his heels. A Lashbrook, of Detroit, captured first in the long-time companions to which for many years they were distributed among them. In the novelty race, S. Charlton was first, Albert Frise, of Detroit, second, and W. A. Herlihy, third. The testant had to run a short distance and take off his shoes and a little further on remove his coat. After turning the corner, the testant had to run a mile. The chicken race was won by Lashbrook. A very lively Leghorn rooster was liberated on the track and there was a smart contest between the bird for a minute. Lashbrook was more speedy than the chicken, and he got the prize.

During the performance the following telegram was read:

"Portland, Me., Aug. 5.—The Portland, Me., division of London Old Boys' Association, assembled, sends greetings to W. Scott, President, J. R. Bowles, Secretary and Treasurer."

CONCERT IN THE PARK.

Several thousand people enjoyed the concert in Victoria Park in the evening, and those who attended had provided for them a rare musical treat. The programme consisted of just sufficient popular old-time familiar tunes to infuse enthusiasm. The Cleveland City Railway Band furnished the first hour's music, which comprised both classical and popular selections. The frequent encores accorded the visitors by the big crowd were deserved, for the slight programme was splendidly rendered. There were over two hours of continuous music and each number was a treat. The circle surrounding the band stand was closely packed, and the cloud of people raised by the moving mass of people was very uncomfortable, a nuisance that could easily be abated were the watering carts put on a couple of hours previous to the concert. The weather was delightful. "Keep off the grass" signs were disregarded entirely, and people, both old and young, reeled on the green sward in all parts of the ground, enjoying luxurious ease. The Seventh Band, under Leader Hiscott, made a distinct hit last night, for many remarks were heard to the effect that it was the best concert given by that organization for a long time.

SHE WEIGHED 425 POUNDS. Hersey, Mich., Aug. 7.—Mrs. Alex. Higgs, an old resident of this place, died on Monday. She weighed 425 pounds. There is no casket in town large enough, and the Powers & Walker Casket Company is making one to order.

In the sanguinary conflict which followed the Indians were all either slain, wounded or taken prisoner. On one of the latter, Young-Man-A-Fraid-of-His-Horse, being robbed, the distressed Wilhelmina Ward swore a horrid oath of vengeance for her wrongs, and with her own hands she scalped him. His body was then hanged high as Haman, and riddled with bullets, while the same treatment was meted out to Big Chief Bobbawitz. The scene closed with the removal of the corpses on an Indian sled for interment in the Indian fashion, which means burial twenty feet high in the air. The actors in the border drama were: Cowboys—Walter Bartlett, Dr. Fred Wood, J. W. McIntosh, Dr. H. R. Abbott, John M. Daly, George N. Weekes and Wm. A. Carrothers. Indians—Major Rumball, ex-Ald. Carrothers, Barney McCann, Tom Gillean, Jimmy Herrick, Alf Talbot, Bob Bennet and E. J. MacRobert.

The veteran volunteer firemen and their old hand engine were enthusiastically greeted on each appearance. They gave evidence of still possessing much of the dash and vigor which characterized their fire-fighting efforts forty and fifty years ago, and most of them could give a good account of themselves at a present-day conflagration.

THE CAKEWALK.

The grand fancy dress cakewalk was next on. It was soberly announced by Starter Jones, and the people looked for a contrast to the farcical performance, just ended. Something elegant and graceful was looked for. In a minute or so a pink poke bonnet showed shyly above the platform. When the dancer advanced the crowd roared with laughter at the dainty creation rested above the "unshaved head" of E. J. MacRobert. Then he crept down, and what was just too lovely for anything; but it was a sight in itself to see Billy Small, Tom Weston and other residents of Chicago, in the ludicrous costumes of the coy damsel's neat little foot. The people laughed at her, but they screamed when her partner was finally found. What a partner he was. Jimmy always was a wise boy. Now people know why he's been toying with the eight-ozen tiger all these years. His tight trousers and blouse, and the towering form of his Lady Lou helped to obtain the effect of ludicrous indignity that the audience saw. Miss Robina Bennet blushed as pink as her hosiery when Jeff Wood would have her dance with as much spirit as Jim MacRobert. She was found. After a while she shed her shyness, till Jim hid his modest face behind the stand. Many others took part, but the movements of Miss Eclair-Jack so delighted everybody, and her partner's maneuvers were so majestically grave and dignified that they were awarded the prize.

AFTERNOON CALLERS.

During the afternoon, Old Ben, well known to all the old-timers, called upon the visitors. The old hack was driven by Hugh Shand, senile and three old colored residents, Henry Chrysler, Moses Brennan and Richard Smith, sat in it. Old Ben Fieldhouse was a city character long ago, and the appearance of the outfit was rated by many of the more ancient onlookers as one of the most original things on the programme. When the fire was out, the happy old people who shall be nameless, who paid the Old Boys a visit. Their appearance was important, more for the reason that Sally's costume suggested so many ideas to the young women present, of what the la mode dress of a score years ago was. Sally and her man afterwards took part in the cakewalk, and danced with alarming agility.

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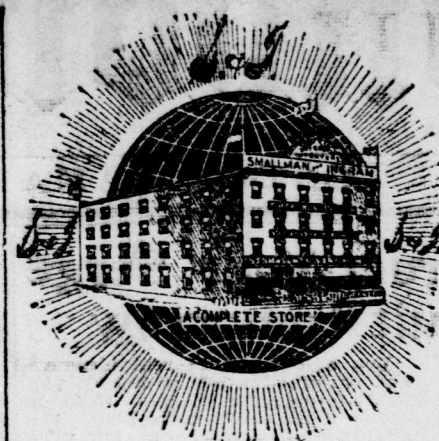
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THE WEATHER TODAY—Fine; cool.

Six o'clock—that's the hour for closing this store every day. The earlier you have your shopping done the better you will be pleased and the better we will be pleased.

Two Bargains In ...Table Covers

These two lines were bought at a bargain and we will give our customers the benefit of the purchase. They will be found by early buyers in House Furnishing Department on second floor.

English Tapestry Cover, 8-4 size, in pretty combinations of dark red and gold, bright red and gold, and green and gold, in large floral designs, fringed edges, the correct size for dining tables. This magnificent cover for only..... \$1.50

Chenille Covers, 6-4 size, in dark and bright red, blue, green and terra cotta, with beautiful floral designs of different tints, heavy tasseled fringe; the former low price was \$1.75 each, now only..... \$1.35

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

These are the times when thrifty buyers are on the lookout for good dress materials at bargain prices. We have many such bargains now, as it is between seasons and desirable to get the shelves ready for incoming fall goods. A line of beautiful Delaines will attract many purchasers because we are clearing it at half price—30c a yard goods at 15c, and 50c goods at 25c. Then we have 44-inch Henriettes at special values. Beautiful shades of reds, browns, navy, rose, purple, helio, gray, nile, fawn, turquoise, cadet and pink at..... 50c

44-inch Heavy Twill Serge, in cream, suitable for summer suits, uncrushable, very fashionable and very special value at..... 50c

46-inch Wool Taffetas, plain weave, solid wool, tucks nicely, in lovely shades of cardinal, pearl gray, fawn, turquoise, cadet brown, light navy and cream, makes handsome dresses, special at..... 65c

44-inch Cream Serge, guaranteed thoroughly shrunk, medium twill, special value at..... 75c

Specials In Hosiery Section.

Our Ladies' Artificial Silk Hose are specially recommended for their wearing qualities as well as for ease and comfort. They come in plain black, have extra spliced heels, are of very fine quality, especially adapted for warm weather and warranted stainless.

In sizes, 3½, 9, 9½ and 10, 3 pairs for \$1, or per pair..... 35c

A finer quality, with extra spliced heels and soles, sizes 3½, 9, 9½ and 10, clearing at per pair..... 45c

A line of Fancy Lace Hose, artificial silk, in tan, with extra spliced heels, sizes 3½, 9 and 9½, selling at per pair..... 50c

Extra special opportunities are now offering in Linen Section. If you want good Table Cloths, Tray Cloths, Tea Cloths, Napkins, Doilies, Sideboard Scarfs, Towels, etc., this is an advantageous time. Real Irish Linens, the best in the world. American visitors especially invited.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM

149, 151 and 153 DUNDAS STREET.

A SETTLEMENT OF TRAPPISTS

Winnipeg, Its Bracing Climate and
the Future of Manitoba.

An Interesting Settlement of Medieval
Monks—Their Pastoral Life—
Strange Religious Customs—
Self-Denial.

An interesting illustrated article appeared recently in the Toronto Saturday Globe, headed "Winnipeg in April." The sketch of this interesting western city is from the pen of Hon. Judge John A. Barron, K.C. Mr. Barron will be well remembered as the Liberal representative of North Victoria in the House of Commons, a position he continued to hold until 1901. After a successful law practice he was promoted to the bench. Mr. Barron possesses the literary gift, and is a strong and graceful writer.

Reference is first made to the pellucid atmosphere of the capital city of Manitoba, the city of the shining sun. So favorably effected are the people by their climatic surroundings, that they never tire of singing the song of preference for their own clime. The extreme cold of winter, together with the dry air, tends to produce in the inhabitants of Winnipeg and the rest of the province as well as sort of hardihood that does not come to those under different geographical conditions.

Following an interesting resume of the climate, the writer goes on to dilate upon the future of the province. "Everything," he says, "is big."

Big farms, big crops, big men and big hearts. I was going to say big cities, but there will be one big city and that is all for many a long day to come. Winnipeg will grow and grow and continue to grow, more rapidly perhaps than any other city in Canada, but it will be a long time before any other large town or small city in Manitoba will get out of pantaloons. The province is, "par excellence," a land for railroads, and promoters seem to know it. The iron rail is reaching out in all directions, and soon there will be as many roads as trails. He who tills the soil is the body, backbone and sinew of the country and is thought to be neglected unless every ten miles or so elevators are within his reach. The railroads recognize this, and so at intervals of a dozen miles or thereabouts the farmer finds huge warehouses for his grain. He selects the nearest, of course, rather than go farther afield, and then a general store drops down beside the elevator to supply his wants. This repeated from end to end of every road creates many small centers of population, but destroys all chances of one big one, unless the time shall ever come when the hum of a factory is heard; and there are, it must be confessed, few natural

causes in Manitoba, outside of Winnipeg, to create that healthy sound.

Winnipeg, in common with most western cities, has one fault—"newness." Everything is new, and the visitor never escapes this depressing effect, notwithstanding the right-handed fellowship of big-hearted men, the delightful hospitality of winning women and the constant amazement with the rushing and go-ahead-ness he sees at every turn. There is less reason for Winnipeg to suffer from newness than any other western city, and therefore, more reason for blame. Winnipeg has a history behind it. What is more emotional than looking at something that has tradition, and which the past can only speak, what would it say? What a history it could relate: "For many a year I have stood a faithful guard; I opened at all times, a place of refuge for men and women and children. I sheltered them in time of battle. I opened to the boatman on the river, to the hunter on the plain. I heard the knock of the voyager, and saw him go forth to belts of dusty pine-land and gusty leagues of plain. I was the safe door to property, upon which all human life depended. Through my portals I resolved and distributed, year after year, food and clothing to all who were in need. I received from the north and the south, the east and the west, the furs that made men rich, and I sent them forth to distant and more civilized lands. I recall the feuds of two rival companies. I saw the blood of battle, and heard the shrieks of massacre. I was forced to look on murder, and was present when it stood loyal, in rebellion. And now you strip me of my past. My usefulness is gone. Some vandal had better take me, too."

If thus this gate were to speak it would at least have the sympathy of him who harkens to the tale of past history and feels the sentiment of past associations.

Then there is the battle

FIELD OF SEVEN OAKS.

made fresh to memory by Miss Latt.

If anyone now knows where the ground is, at least no one appears to care. What plainer proof of this than that the monument of the fallen is admittedly in the wrong place. The excuse for this offered by some is that it may be seen by all who pass along the road. If this was the wish of those who planned and where it is, it is sadly forgotten, for rank weed and bramble bush adorn its base and hide its face. One can hardly reproach St. John's people for this subject. Composed as this suburb is, of retired Hudson Bay officers and men, it naturally reminds them of the victory of a rival company, and nowhere on the face of the earth will one find loyalty more intense than the fealty of the Hudson Bay officers to the Hudson Bay Company. But the fight was more of a massacre than a battle, and unpleasant as its memory is, no one in responsibility is wholly free from blame when a monument to brave men is neglected as if forgotten.

The Angelus of St. Boniface still rings for prayer morning, noon and night—the same gentle, never-failing reminder that away back in the days

of the early voyageur led in prayer, and with just the same prayer as when first the Angelus rang out away back some seven centuries since.

The voyageur smiles as he listens

To the sound that grows apace;

Well he knows the vesper ringing

Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman mission.

That call from their turrets wait

To the boatman on the river.

To the hunter on the plain.

There is something in centuries of habit that from its very age appeals to one's respect, and at the sound of the Angelus from across the river reverence is felt, though be it ever so little that the prayer is understood.

Mr. Barron describes a

TRAPPIST SETTLEMENT

about ten miles south of Winnipeg.

So secluded is the Trappist monastery that many a man in the capital city neither knows nor has heard anything about it. About nine years ago the members of this interesting order selected the peaceful spot within hailing distance of the little French village of St. Norbert. The monastery is a plain frame building about 80 by 30 feet and with a steeply pitched roof. The following is a description of the lonely institution:

"Everything is plain, rudely, even coarsely plain, and everything suggests the idea of penance. Against the front door is fixed a picture of the

[Continued on page 5.]

HAY FEVER

Cured Beyond Liability to Relapse by a Scientific Treatment.

No Deadly Drugs. No Failure.

CATARRHOZONE

Cures Promptly and Pleasantly.

Hay Fever isn't hard to cure if you use the proper remedy. Catarrhozone cures in a few days—cures permanently, so that the disease never returns. Catarrhozone is a new and powerful germicide that is inhaled into the breathing organs, baking them an inhospitable retreat for the Hay Fever microbes. Their development is arrested, and the exciting cause of the trouble being then removed, the sufferer quickly gets well. Doctors and druggists recommend Catarrhozone for Hay Fever and Asthma because its application is based upon the highest scientific principles, and you can rely upon its being a safe, convenient, quick-relieving specific.

Catarrhozone contains no opiates, cocaine or morphia. You simply inhale its healing, antiseptic vapor which does the curing in a prompt, pleasant and effective manner.

The running of the eyes and nose, the choking sensations, the sneezing and feverish distress will quickly vanish under the influence of this grand remedy, which is warranted to cure, even after all other means have proved useless.

Insist on your dealer supplying Catarrhozone, and you will have the most reliable Hay Fever or Asthma remedy on earth.

Complete outfit, price \$1; small size, 50c. Druggists or b mail from Polson & Co., Kingston Ont., or Hartford, Conn., U. S. & C.

Big Death List From Awful Heat

Suicide, Insanity, Nervous Prostration and Paralysis Claiming
Hundreds of Victims—Is Your System in Shape to
Carry You Through?

The appalling death rate which accompanies the withering hot waves of summer has set many people thinking as to the best means of fortifying the system against the grim reaper. Each day of the scorching atmosphere weakens the body more and more, and its continuance leads to prostration, insanity, disease, suicide and death. There is no time in the whole year when such a heavy demand is made upon the system. Scores and hundreds of people have found this out and prevent suffering and death by the regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great nerve tonic and restorative.



Good Health Brought Back.

Mr. Louis Larin, Kempville, Ont., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for my little girl as well as for my own use. She was very nervous and completely run down in health. We noticed a decided improvement when the first box was used, and continued the treatment, until now she is as healthy and strong as ever and entirely rid of the weakness and nervousness which threatened her young life. The success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in curing my child led me to use it for myself, as I was affected with nervousness and a debilitated system. It was not money wasted, for I obtained the best results I could wish for and am built up and in good health once more."

Weak Heart and Nerves.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes:—

"For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring his medicine did not help me."

"I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

The Treatment That is Saving Many Lives

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food contains in highly concentrated form the most powerful nerve vitalizers to be found in all nature's realm. When the brain and nerve cells become shrivelled and wasted by the excessive strain of exhausting mental work and worry, or the nervous system debilitated by trying summer heat, this great food cure brings thorough and lasting benefit and cure. It makes the weak strong, the sick well and prevents nervous collapse and prostration. 50 cents a box. 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.