

Britain's Great Mercantile Marine

JOHN MORLEY GIVES INTERESTING FIGURES — NEARLY ONE-HALF THE WORLD'S TONNAGE UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG — PASSING OF THE SAILING SHIP.

Lord Morley, of Blackburn, on July 27, distributed prizes to the cadets of the training ship Worcester off Greenhithe. The prizes were distributed on the weather deck of the ship. Sir Thomas Sutherland, president, Others present were Lord Brassey, Admiral Fremantle, and Commander D. Wilson Barker, captain superintendent of the Worcester.

Lord Morley said it had been his fortune to be present at a great many prize-givings. He did not himself win any great number of prizes when he was a schoolboy, but he remembered the ceremonial and what struck him listening to the interesting lists of prizes was that he did not think there was a single one (not even the swimming championship) that he would be able to win. (Laughter.)

THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE.

As showing the strength of the mercantile marine of this country and what a glory and pride it is and ought to be, he would mention that the tonnage of all the steamships in the world was 25 1/2 million tons gross, and that of that tonnage 17 1/2 millions were owned by the British Empire. (Cheers.) He was always himself interested in that portion of the British Empire called the United Kingdom, and of the tonnage named he found that 16 1/2 millions, or 46 per cent, were owned in the United Kingdom. (Cheers.) If he were talking in the House of Commons or another place (laughter) he should point out the additional fact that when you saw that under foreign flags there were such and such amounts of tonnage, you must not forget that you had to look not only at the amounts of tonnage, but at its effective. From the point of view of effectiveness a good many of the ships under foreign flags were ships which had done with (laughter), for which we had no further use. He wanted to put it as politely as he could to the purchasers of those ships. (Laughter.) It was interesting to note that in 1926 there were 232,000 of steam tonnage trans-

ferred to foreign flags, of which he was glad to think that 73 per cent was built before the year 1900, so they were not exactly juvenile. (Laughter.) Of the million and a quarter tons added to the register of the United Kingdom 95 per cent were steamers of the most improved construction and powers of service. Of steamers over 10,000 tons there are or were in June last 119, of which 64 were owned by British owners. (Cheers.) Of vessels over 20,000 tons there were ten, of which this country owned six. Of steamers capable of steaming 15 knots an hour there were, he was informed, 459, of which number were owned 410. (Cheers.) Passing through the Suez Canal last year were 20 million tons of shipping, of which 14 million tons were under the British flag. Politicians, of whom he did not wish to say a disrespectful word, looked at these facts from the point of view of some proposition they wanted to establish. He wanted to establish no proposition of political bearing at all, but in face of figures and facts of this kind he thought the croaking about the departure from Great Britain of supremacy in the mercantile marine were certainly not justified by anything in the actual facts. Those were figures of exaltation and national exaltation. He would now give one of humane comfort, which was that so much more care had been taken of life at sea than the loss of life by wrecks among seamen in 1927 was less by 25 per cent than it was 25 years ago.

THE PASSING OF THE SAILING SHIP.

There was a sea of figures which struck him from the artistic, literary, and historic point of view relating to the decline, approaching almost to disappearance, of the sailing ship. He was sorry that they were disappearing. In the last ten years sailing vessels of over 100 tons net in the register of the United Kingdom had fallen from 2,261 vessels with a tonnage of

a couple of millions to 1,137 vessels with a tonnage of just under a million and here was the remarkable thing—in the last year only two sailing vessels of over a thousand tons were built in this country, and of those two one was an oil barge. He well understood that a knowledge mastery of all the difficulties of navigation could only be thoroughly acquired on a training ship. That was partially provided for by a ship like the Mersey, and he trusted that the foresight and munificence of other owners besides the White Star Line would multiply the opportunities which the Mersey afforded. Speaking directly to the cadets he pointed out that they were starting out on the most tremendous of all cruises, the cruise of their individual lives, and he counselled them to perfect themselves in every branch of their profession. In some quarters he had heard it stated that the discipline amongst some portion of the mercantile marine was not of very good repute. If that were so—he did not pronounce an opinion—it was for the officers to put it right by taking good care so to establish their influence that they would be able to bring any man imperfect in discipline to a better frame of mind. He would take leave of them with the words of Mr. Gladstone (cheers) with the belief that life is a noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as best we can. But an elevated and a lofty destiny. (Cheers.) They would make mistakes and have misfortune to face. Never mind; they must persevere in duty and faithfulness, concentrating themselves on the task of the hour. (Cheers.)

A "GRATE" PAINTER.

In these days children are taught things their fathers never worried about. One class recently had a lesson on the famous painters of the world—the "old masters." "Now, boys," continued the master, "try to remember the names of some of these wonderful artists—Michael Angelo, Raphael and Salvador Rosa. I am sure you know one of these names when I ask you." Next day he thought he would test the memories of his pupils. "Who can tell me," he asked, "the name of some great painter?" "Not a word," the class replied. "That's odd," continued the master. "Come, now, you must remember some of those names I told you. Ah, Jimmy remembers! Name a great painter, Jimmy!"

THE LARGEST CLOCK.

The largest clock in the world has recently been added to the wondrous sights of New York, the Giant City. While this clock, a real old-fashioned Seth Thomas, is a faithful time-piece to the people of New York, yet it is located on the factory of Colgate & Co., at Jersey City, N. J. In this it has the distinction of serving the people of two states. The tourist from across the ocean will find the hour of his return clearly set before him as he passes up the North River to his landing place. The small office boy of the downtown section may peep out of the windows across into another state, to learn when "quitting time" comes around.

A STORY OF MILLIONS.

Another interesting story is told of how the reluctant giving of a promise by a penniless New York lawyer, bringing a fortune into his pocket amounting to several millions. The man referred to, John M. Bixby, came to New York in 1830 from a backwoods district as a half-starved lawyer. To pay four dollars a week for board and washing kept him on the verge of bankruptcy. He struggled for a year or two and was constantly seeking odd jobs outside the law to enable him to exist, when a friendly lawyer in whose office he had desk room, called him aside one day:

"Here is a chance for you, Bixby,"

said the lawyer. "I have an estate to settle and must get rid of the farm on the north side of the city. It is appraised at \$200. You can have it at that figure."

"I have not one dollar to my name," exclaimed Bixby.

"You can give me your note and I will release you until you get ready to pay it," replied the lawyer. The young man hesitated for some time, he was very nervous about placing himself under obligation for so large a sum, but finally consented. Bixby had to ask for the renewal of his note two or three times, had to deprive himself of the necessities of life to hold the farm, until the opening of the Erie Canal and the first lighting of the city by gas gave the metropolis a new birth and his farm was quickly swallowed in the growth. At the time of his death Bixby's property was worth \$7,000,000; today its value is more than thirteen.—New York National Magazine.

Phonograph in Politics

BOTH TAFT AND BRYAN HAVE MADE SPEECHES TO IT.

Most of the Subjects, Naturally, Concern the Campaign—Party Clubs to Use the Records to Enlighten the Voters, Although Many Will Be Heard in Homes.

"Gentlemen, we will now listen to the voice of our Peerless Leader," remarks the chairman of the entertainment committee of the Blank Democratic Club, and turns a crank.

Then from the phonograph issue the well-known tones of the once Boy Orator of the Platte, speaking in tabloid form on some of the subjects which Mr. Bryan conceives to be vital issues. The same record also may be taken by members of Republican clubs, in case a complete set of records is coming out, records for which Mr. Taft also posed, if that is the proper word to use.

It was only a very brief time ago that Mr. Taft consented to speak for the phonograph. Mr. Bryan's records were made last April, long before the convention which nominated him. They made a hit because lots of persons who never otherwise would have a chance to hear him speak took the opportunity of listening to the man.

The Republicans apparently thought that their candidate was losing a trick. At least that is the complaint made by Mr. Bryan since Mr. Taft has been and gone and done likewise.

It took some maneuvering to get Mr. Taft to speak. At first he did not think it particularly dignified. Thomas A. Edison went not only to see Mr. Taft, but also sent a trip to Oyster Bay to see Mr. Roosevelt, partly with the idea of getting him to use his influence and partly in the hope that the President would utter a few remarks on assorted subjects treating of the affairs of the world in general. The latter object was not attained, as Mr. Roosevelt declined resolutely to speak.

When once Mr. Taft's consent was obtained, the National Phonograph Company sent its recording force to Hot Springs, Va. It took two days to get the twelve records which the company has on its list. From time to time in the course of the two days Mr. Taft took moments from golf and polo to deliver the records. The recorder remarks that he had selected the records.

Unlike a speech of acceptance, these had to be more or less brief, otherwise they would not get on the record. In fact, one of the speeches that Mr. Taft delivered did run over the record. He merely said that he was laughing when told of it and patiently went back, cutting it to make it fit.

In the two days Mr. Taft stood for probably six hours altogether in front of the machine. It isn't just like a photograph in appearance, because there is no bell mouth to the horn. It is more like a section of stovepipe. The record, once taken, is removed from the machine and is packed away to be taken to the city. There a mold is made from it and in turn the duplicates that are sent out for use are made from that.

The selections made by Mr. Taft were for the most part paragraphs from his speeches, acceptance, from the titles, however, some others do not appear to have a real political bearing. The twelve titles are as follows: "Foreign Missions," "Irish Humor," "Republican and Democratic Treatment of Trusts," "Rights of Labor," "Unhappy Trusts," "Function of the Next Administration," "Roosevelt Policies," "The Philippines," "Enforced Insurance of Bank Deposits," "Jury Trial in Contempt Cases," "The Farmer and the Republican Party," "Rights and Progress of the Negro."

Mrs. Taft was highly interested in the process and she spent a great deal of time with her husband in the room where he was making the speeches before the machine.

The Bryan records were made out at Fairview, Mr. Bryan's Nebraska home. Twenty-six records were exposed, of which ten were clear enough for use. They are types of the Bryan oratory, and although made when Mr. Bryan had not been nominated the third time were qualified to fit in very nicely with his campaign plans if he should get the place.

The Bryan subjects are: "Swollen Fortunes," "The Labor Question," "The Railroad Question," "The Trust Question," "The Tariff Question," "Popular Election of Senators," "Imperialism," "Guaranty of Bank Deposits," "An Ideal Republic," and "Immortality." The last is the best seller of them all, being made up of selections from one of the Bryan Lyceum lectures, "The Prince of Peace." It is oratory, not politics.

The subjects of both candidates in the main lie along the same lines, so that it may not be impossible for the clubs which wish to do so to have little debates, quoting in turn what Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan have to say on what are called issues.

The political clubs have taken very kindly to the record scheme and they have a serious purpose of getting them before the persons who otherwise never could get anywhere near the men to hear them speak. It is a new thing to



TEACHER—Johnnie, what does this represent?

JOHNNIE—Perrin's School Biscuits.

TEACHER—What do you know about them?

JOHNNIE—They are good to eat. Mother says they are the best biscuits made for hungry boys and girls.

TEACHER—Correct, Johnnie, your Mother is right. I also use them and find them exceedingly good.

VARICOCELE CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. Confined to His Home for Weeks.

"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on a double varicocele. When I worked hard the aching would become unbearable and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me an operation was my only hope—but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was off work so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skillful. I wrote them and got Dr. T. W. Merron to treat me. My progress was somewhat slow at first, but during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn \$12 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning \$31 and never lose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment."

HENRY C. LOUGST.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD cures all blood diseases.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN—Impudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically, and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals?

READER: Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our NEW METHOD cures you. What I have done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion. Free of Charge. Books Free—(Illustrated) on Diseases of Men.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of treatment FREE FOR HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave., and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

12 Tumors Removed Without an Operation

Silver Lake, Ont., Sept. 30, 1904. Dear Mrs. F. E. Currah—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women the world knows. My case caused twelve tumors or growths of some sort to be expelled. Some were as large as a hen's egg and others smaller, down to the size of a walnut. You may use my name in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and pen cannot describe all the good done for me.

MRS. LOUIS E. BOLTERIDGE.

This letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an unspiced truth. It produces results from the start in all cases of women's disorders, including painful periods, falling of womb, leucorrhoea, etc. I will send a sample box containing ten days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it, if she will send me her address.

Address, with stamp, MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT.

384-1

Use Genuine Gas Coke

—THE—

CHEAPEST and BEST FUEL

Prices of Coke After October 1, 1908

IN YARD DELIVERED.

Large, per ton.....\$5.00 Large, per ton.....\$5.50

Crushed, per ton.....\$5.50 Crushed, per ton.....\$6.00

By Ordering Now in 5-Ton Lots You Can Save 50c a Ton

Prices for 5 Tons or Over From Now

Until October 1, 1908

IN YARD DELIVERED.

Large, per ton.....\$4.50 Large, per ton.....\$5.00

Crushed, per ton.....\$5.00 Crushed, per ton.....\$5.50

FOR SALE BY

CITY GAS CO'Y

PHONES—364, 821

were not tackled, and no other party

has been asked to have its leaders

talk.

PRISONERS' SECRET COMMUNICATIONS.

A method of invisible writing which

is said to have been largely used by

prisoners for secretly communicating

with their friends has been disclosed

by Prof. Gross, of Germany. Take a

sheet of common writing paper, moist-

en it with clear water, and lay it

on a hard smooth surface, such as

glass or stone, etc. After removing

carefully all air bubbles from the sheet,

place upon it another dry sheet of equal

size and write upon it your communi-

cation with a sharp jointed pencil.

Then destroy the paper upon which

the writing has been done, and allow

the wet paper to dry gradually by ex-

posure to the air. When dry not a

trace of the writing will be visible.

On moistening the sheet again

with clear water and holding it against

the light the writing can be read in

a clear transparency. It disappears

T. P. In His Anecdotal

Keats' Ode to a Nightingale

(By T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.)

Benjamin Robert Haydon, in one of his letters to Miss Mitford, says of Keats: "The death of his brother wounded him deeply and it appeared to me that from that hour he began to droop. He wrote his exquisite 'Ode to the Nightingale' at the time, and as we were one evening walking in the Kilburn meadows, he read it to me, before he put it to paper, in a low, tremulous under-tone which affected me extremely." The ode was suggested to Keats by the song of a nightingale which, in the spring of 1819, had built its nest close to Wentworth Place, at Homestead. "Keats," says Lord Houghton, "took great pleasure in her song, and one morning took his chair from the breakfast table to the grass plot under a plum tree, where he remained between two and three hours. He then reached the house with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he soon put together in the form of this ode."

A LOVER OF CLASSICS.

Pere Patin, one of the innumerable interesting characters who figure in Maxime du Camp's "Recollections of a Literary Life," would willingly have sacrificed all living languages if he could have revived the dead ones. As the doyen of the Faculte des Lettres for Paris he generally conducted the examination for the Baccalaureat es Lettres. To his classical scholars he was as indulgent on occasions as a nursing mother. Once he had just been explaining ten lines from Ovid to a young candidate with a self-satisfied face and but little knowledge. Jason was the subject in hand. Pere Patin asked:

"Was not Jason assisted by a woman when he went in search of the Golden Fleece? You understand my question?"

The candidate replied: "Yes, sir—yes, sir."

"Well, then, tell me the name of the woman who helped him."

The candidate no longer hesitated, but pronounced the name, "Andromeda."

Patin replied: "No, sir. I had told you it was Medea."

Still, he gave him a "flaming good" after the examination, and when I began to laugh, he said:

"After all the poor fellow made use of a classical name; I ought to take that into account. He might have answered me, 'Madame de Maintenon.'"

SOME DYING SPEECHES.

Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to inveigh against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. "Be-hold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquillity a Christian can die!"

Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, he said: "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died.

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Metastaseis, who would never suffer the word death to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious verse.

In the Good Old Summer Time,

You are sure to be attacked with cramps, indigestion and diarrhoea. Keep Nerviline handy—it gives ease at once. No summer medicine better for young or old than Poison's Nerviline. Try it.

SORTES VIRGILIANAE.

When the unfortunate Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, was with Charles the First at Oxford, His Majesty went one day to see the public library, where he was shown, among other books, a Virgil nobly printed and "exquisitely bound."

Lord Falkland, to divert the King, would have His Majesty make a trial of the "Sortes Virgilianae," a kind of divination common in the classic ages, according to which a person's destiny was supposed to be indicated by the first passage he turned to on opening a Virgil at random.

His Majesty opening the book, the passage which he happened to place his finger upon was that, towards the end of the fourth book, which contains Dido's imprecation against Aeneas, and which is thus translated by Dryden:

Oppress'd with numbers in the unequal field,

His men discouraged, and himself expelled,

Let him for succor sue from place to place,

Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace, etc.

"King Charles seemed concerned at the applicability of the passage. Lord Falkland offered to try his own fortune in the same manner, hoping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert His Majesty's thoughts from any other impression the other might make upon him; but the lines Lord Falkland stumbled upon were yet more suited to his own destiny than the other had been to the King's, being the following expressions of Evander on the untimely death of his son Pallas, Aen. xi. 152:

"O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word,

To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword;

I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew

What perils youthful ardor would pursue,

That boiling blood would carry thee too far,

Young as thou wert, in dangers, raw to war,

O cursed essay of arms, disastrous doom,

Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come.

"In the first engagement afterwards, that of Newbury, Falkland fell a victim to his temerity, having advanced in the foremost rank to charge the enemy, when, as an officer of state attendant on the King's person, he ought to have kept behind.

Comfortable the Year Round

For cold weather or hot, or 'tween seasons, there's a fabric of the right "feel" and weight in Pen-Angle to make you most comfortable.

Goods trade-marked with the Pen-Angle in red are sold to you with the understanding you get your money back if in any way defective.

Pen-Angle Underwear