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LONDON, ONTARIO.

London, Wednesday, April 2.

The Premier's English.

Le Journal, Montreal, is trying to stir up some feeling among its readers against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for his alleged reluctance to use the French language in the House of Commons. The majority of the Quebec members understand English, and if the debates are to be effective, why should they not be made intelligible to the majority of the members of the House? It is true there are two official languages, but why speak either English or French simply for the sake of using the language? "Stubbiness in speaking only English," and "forgetfulness to speak French," are phrases wholly inapplicable to Sir Wilfrid's position. His object, and a commendable one it is, too, is to be understood by the greatest number of both French and English members. In speaking on a purely private measure it would be different, but in addressing the House on matters relating to Canada's relation with the Empire it would be better if Mr. Bourassa, of L'Abbaye, would copy the Premier's example.

A Peculiar Magnanimity.

The Free Press seems to be determined to mislead the public with reference to the Hospital. It is apparently impossible to get it to state the truth. In an article the other day it beats its own record. It says:

"By the reform in progress an educated and thoroughly competent staff will be introduced on a salary basis but \$2 a month in excess of the salary amount given to the variety of talent that has been for the best of reasons displaced."

"Back of that, the yearly expense of management has already been reduced from \$17,000 to \$12,000. The hope is indulged that next year the economy will be so far improved that only \$10,000 will be asked for from the citizens for maintenance."

The truth is, the expense of the Hospital is increased from between six and seven thousand dollars annually to the citizens to more than double that amount, exclusive of the interest to be paid on the cost of the Hospital building, which will make the present cost nearly three times what it has been. Yet the Free Press says the expense of management is being steadily reduced.

The sneers of the Free Press at Mr. Purdon need not be noticed, but when it refers to the "magnanimous and whole-souled treatment of the Hospital servants," who resigned, the citizens have a right to know what the Free Press considers magnanimous and whole-souled.

Dr. Balfour was admitted to be thoroughly competent. At a recent meeting Mayor Beck stated that a leading physician said Dr. Balfour was all right; the trouble was with the lady superintendent. Yet Dr. Balfour was replaced by Mr. Heard. Dr. Balfour's treatment will be magnanimous and whole-souled when persecution is such.

The lady superintendent, Miss Murray, a graduate of the London School, a daughter of a citizen of London, is paid \$35 a month; and was to have been given time to visit the large hospitals. Without consultation with the other members of the Trust, Mayor Beck arranges to bring Miss Meiklejohn from Ottawa. A hitch occurs; he can't get her; he then arranges to take anyone she recommends, and Miss Mayou, of Philadelphia, is sent. Salary, \$70 per month. Magnanimous and whole-souled at the public expense!

But what has Miss Murray's assistant done to deserve such "magnanimous," "whole-souled" treatment from the Trust? Has anyone said she is incompetent? Yet the new lady superintendent stipulates for the right to bring her own assistant, and is granted the privilege. Miss Murray was appointed on the recommendations of London physicians, who are known to London citizens. Her successor's recommendations are unknown. It may be "magnanimous" and "whole-souled" to replace the lady superintendent and her assistant without any reason by two ladies, unknown, recommended by men unknown.

The Free Press cannot deceive the public. The cost of maintaining the Hospital today is more than double what it was with the old Hospital—nearly three times as large. Neither can they be got to believe that injustice and persecution is "magnanimous" and "whole-souled."

Lesson From History.

The human race has been telling upward a long time, and has gained a rich store of experience, of which we ought to avail ourselves. The lessons drawn from real life are of more use in practical politics than mere abstract theories. One of these that is written in bold, clear characters and recognized by all thoughtful men, is the difficulty of making men Puritans by external force, or of imposing the idea of virtue which is held by a section upon the whole community. "Be-

cause thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes or ale?" is considered a very pertinent question. Or, in other words, if you do not want cakes and ale, and can subsist on more ethereal fare, well and good; leave these things alone; but do not try to force your asceticism on other people. The Puritanism of the seventeenth century were most of them good men, and many of them great men, but they made a mistake in their calculation as to how far a nation can be made sober and moral by mere outward pressure. They shut up the theaters and prohibited many forms of enjoyment and amusement. The generation that immediately followed this severe action was one of the vilest that we read of in recent history. Mr. Gosse says: "The theater was so coarse that its printed relics remain a scandal to European civilization; and that the comedies of Otway and Southerne (for the tragedians were the greatest sinners when they stooped to farce) could ever have been acted to mixed audiences, or to any audiences at all, can hardly be conceived. It would, of course, be very narrow-minded to judge the whole age by its plays. It had its pure divines, its refined essays, and scholars, its austere philosophers. But we cannot go far wrong in taking that redoubtable gossip Pepps as a type of the whole." This does not mean that we are not to fight against all forms of excess, and use for this purpose both law and public opinion, but it does show that if outside pressure is used out of proportion to moral education and public sentiment, a reaction is provoked which may throw back the cause of purity and reform.

Manitoba's plebiscite is being taken today. Wet or dry?

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come out of cold storage.

Mr. Marter isn't the only Conservative who is tired of a policy of negotiation, stagnation and obfuscation.

If they could see the naval pageant for the coronation, even the Boers might say Great Britain is a strong sea power.

The life of the Ontario Parliament has expired by effluxion of time, but the Ontario Government is good for four years more.

The motto of the Bell Telephone Company is "If you see what you want ask Parliament for it."—Toronto News.

The Bell Telephone Company hasn't been getting everything it has asked for during the last two sessions of Parliament, at any rate. The subscribers are beginning to get a show.

The Hamilton Times suggests that the preference on the British imports might be further cut from one-third to one-half the general tariff, with benefit to the Canadian consumer and to the revenue. This would elicit another howl from the party which claims that the existing preference is a menace to Canadian industry, and at the same time preaches a policy of mutual preference which must be based on free trade within the Empire, or something very near it.

A Glimpse of Gotham.

New York, April 1, 1902. Already this city has assumed almost a summer appearance. Yesterday, on Fifth avenue, the Easter Sunday parade made one think summer was not far away, and although today is not so warm winter is over.

I took the opportunity to hear the successor of Dr. John Hall, the Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, D.D. His sermon was appropriate for Easter Sunday. And, although it may not be the right thing to do, I concluded that we had preachers in London who need not be ashamed to fill a pulpit in America. It is certain that London has better preachers than ever in its history, and it is true, I think, that the congregations are better able to appreciate good preaching.

Dr. John Hall's name has been a household word for many years, and his pupils are probably the leading one in America, in the Presbyterian denomination. His successor does not seem to be anything like his equal or the equal of Dr. Parkhurst, but as he is young, only 36, time must be allowed for development. At present I should say he was an average preacher, no more.

As the congregation dispersed, the Easter Sunday parade, as it is called, was at its best, and for miles streams of men and women, all well-dressed, passed up and down the street, the nationality most noticeable being the Jewish. It would be safe to say that not one in thirty of those whom I passed had light complexions, dark complexions and dark hair being almost universal. Opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral was perhaps the densest crowd. The congregation was dispersing, and on the steps in the neighborhood were some photographic instruments. The Easter parade is an annual event that brings out the spring millinery and good clothes, but this Easter parade has followed all the others, and those who took part in it have played their part.

I saw Henrietta Crossman play Rossini in "As You Like It." She was well supported. The well-known lines, "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players," were especially well delivered. She is playing in the same theater, "The Republic," as J. H. Stoddard played "The Bonnie Brier Bush." While on the subject of plays, Brown's Chop House is worth mentioning. It was established in 1857, but not in its present place. It was formerly near the Coleman

House, now the Metropolitan, on Twenty-sixth street. It is an actors' resort. The walls are covered with pictures of actors and actresses of other days and programmes of the plays and entertainments. One I noticed to be given by Stephen Macsett at the Theater Royal, Kimberley diamond fields, South Africa. Thursday evening, March 18, 1880. One of the parts to be given was "The Dying Boy's Prayer." It states that a few years since a little boy six or seven years old came to California with his father, an English musician. He was called "The Infant Prodigy," and with his father traveled very extensively, sometimes billed as "Young America." He took ill, and every care was given him. He became worse and worse, and feeling that he would not live, said just before he died, "Make room for a tired little fellow, kind God."

"He had played for his lordship's pleasure. He had played for her ladyship's whim. Till the poor little eyes were heavy, And the poor little brain did swim; And the face grew peaked and eerie, And the large eyes strange and bright, And they said 'Too late, he is weary,' He shall rest for at least tonight."

"But at dawn, when the birds were waking, As they watched in the silent room, With the sound of a strange chord breaking, A something snapped in the gloom. 'Twas the string of his violinello. And they heard him stir in his bed: 'Make room for a tired little fellow, kind God.' Were the last words he said."

It is interesting to look through the old framed bills of the plays and players of years ago. It is, at the same time, one of the best restaurants in New York. It is on that part of New York where all the amusements are now uptown.

Whether the defeat of Tammany Hall will result in better government for New York than formerly, remains to be seen. The old resorts were open, and apparently doing a land office business. The papers stated numbers of arrests had been made of gambling houses, and that prosecutions had been entered for illegal sales of liquor. To a stranger there is, so far, no difference, New York is still New York, the biggest and best city in America. Its faults of government were, of course, never apparent to a stranger. It always seemed to be quite as well, if not better governed than any other large city.

THE KING'S \$10,000 COOK

French Artist Who Prepares Royal Dishes.

Manager Thoroughly Understands His Majesty's Palate.

Lives Like a Lord—Functions of the King's Wine-Taster.

All the world and his wife are free to look upon King Edward's coronation pageant in June. The public performers, however, will not be the whole show. Inside the palace gates distinguished artists will have to make the effort of their lives. Their names will not appear on the programme, and for that reason their achievements may pass unrecognized unless mentioned upon. Among them are the King's cook and his wine taster.

It was a decree promulgated by King Edward when he ascended the throne that Mr. Menager was not to be a soldier, but a civilian. Mr. Menager draws an annual salary of \$10,000 a year—about the same as a lieutenant-general in the British army, or an admiral of the fleet. It is the same as the official income of two members of Lord Salisbury's cabinet, and it exceeds that of the keeper of the British Museum and of sundry bishops.

Mr. Menager's position is much firmer than the ministry's. The King has referred to him again and again as "perfect treasure," and frequently professes him a cigar from the royal pocket case.

Mr. Menager's career goes to substantiate the saying that great cooks are born, not made. He is not more than 40 now, and the compliment of being asked to become chef to the Prince of Wales was paid him more than five years ago. He is a Frenchman, probably of the south, tall and comely, with a black beard trimmed to the model of his master's.

It was from the kitchen of the Reform Club, the best club for dining in London, that he moved westward a few hundred yards to Marlborough House. The Reform Club kitchen has been for long the studio of great artists. Its Tory chef, the Earl of Carlisle, plodded along with the old, plain dishes and let the cookery contest go by default, by shaking its head and muttering, "Those Whigs always had French leanings."

Francatelli, who was Queen Victoria's cook for many years, came into the Reform. He reached his apotheosis when he wrote a classic on his art and opened a cafe in Paris—not an ordinary cafe where people go who want to live, but one catering for the pampered of the most select of the cosmopolitan society which lives to die.

Before the Prince of Wales' friends started the Marlborough Club at his own door, he dined often with the Marquis of Harrington, now the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Henry James, who had been a member of the Reform Club. There he learned for the first time to admire the man who devised his dinners.

NO MALES IN KITCHEN. When Mr. Menager was asked to come up higher he took his mother-in-law with him. For one thing, he will have all the simpler work done by kitchen-maids. No male hands in the junior kitchen for him.

He does not sleep under the King's roof, but has his private residence in a street not very far away. Breakfast is not his affair on ordinary days; they are the task of his assistant. It is not looked for that any artist can produce three masterpieces in one day, especially when the greatest of the dinner, has to come last. Thus, Mr. Menager need not quit his own roof tree till 11 o'clock.

Then he steps into a hansom and drives to Marlborough House. His kitchen is big and bright and has all the windows on the ground floor facing the lawn. The carte for luncheon is brought to him and his work begins. The King never draws up the list of dishes for his own meals. That is done by Lord Farquhar, the master of the household, or Lord Valentia, the controller; but of course it is always varied by the King's own whims. The King wants, for it is a chief qualification of these functionaries to know his tastes.

Menager selects everything that he needs. The master of the kitchen, Mr. Blackwood, a much more prosaic personage, a mere man of figures, sees that all the articles come in and that the items on the tradesman's accounts correspond. When he has verified them they are taken to Sir Nigel Kingscote, the paymaster, who writes out checks for payment.

Leaving these persons to their counting house work, Mr. Menager sallies forth to play a game of billiards, or a big cigar and walks up St. James' street. His destination is the Chef's Club in Shaftesbury avenue, where he will play a game of billiards. Then he will drop in at the Cafe Royal and afterward have a friendly chat with one or other of his restaurant competitors near Piccadilly Circus.

At 6 o'clock he returns to Marlborough House to prepare the King's dinner. He is frankly proud of his position. He is a Frenchman, and he might hesitate to trust the word "reform" under the eyes of a king when he was dining, but Mr. Menager and his master understand each other.

His is a far harder task than was his pensioned predecessors in Queen Victoria's days. For weeks at a time the Queen's meals in the last reign would all be served on a single silver tray in a corner of one of her private apartments with only one of her ladies-in-waiting and a waiting maid for company. But now King Edward, when he is at Windsor, orders the banqueting table to be set every night.

The King's table seats about thirty, and for that company Mr. Menager must be prepared. Everything is carved in the kitchen and built up again in the dining hall. The King's table is a long one, and the food shall all be served like entrees, the separate portions ready cut for each diner. Only at Christmas dinner, when the bacon of beef and the boer's head are on the list, is any carving done on the great sideboard.

Before the King touches a dish a senior member of his household tastes it and puts it before him. No waiter touches the plate after this tasting performance.

But these things are outside Mr. Menager's province. By that time he is mixing in the outer world among his friends. He knows nothing about politics, but he is always very glad to know a good thing about horses. It is his great relaxation to sport and his master sometimes lets him know a good thing. Then he puts his money on with a will.

Tradesmen holding the royal warrant furnish all the meat and household supplies. They are understood to complain that though the volume of business is much bigger in the new reign the royal purse-strings are more tightly held.

"There are too many lackeys here waiting on each other," are the words reported to have passed Lord Paget's lips when he first overhauled the royal establishment on his appointment as master of the household.

Many such such words could not have been spoken, but the weight of the evidence all went to show that they had been actually uttered—uttered by a person who was sound and sane, and connected with banks and common business companies. Some of the servants suffered in mute grief; others heard in such words of noble levity the first crumbling of the foundation of the throne itself.

A hapless person whose office was under his business to walk round and see that all the dishes were washed.

To Lord Farquhar's housekeeping mind it seemed that nearly a ton too much soap and soda was used every month, and the master of the tub got thrown down badly. It is believed that he is still allowed to supervise the dish-washing although his mastery of the tub is no longer officially recognized.

THE KING'S WINE TASTER. The King's wine taster Mr. Payne, is scarcely so close to the throne as Mr. Menager, the cook. Mr. Menager rose to his present height through sheer genius, while Mr. Payne belongs to the hereditary branch of the aristocracy, for he succeeded his father.

Physically he is a great man, and he treats his office with becoming gravity. Twice a week it will be often when coronation time comes—he walks into St. James' Palace, produces his bunch of keys, and descends through a trapdoor into the cellar accompanied by a servant holding a lantern.

The cellar is a subterranean passage extending to Buckingham Palace, passing under the Mall, the traffic of London going unheard above. Locked side doors show where particular bins lie, and the thousands of bottles stacked along the walls are scarcely distinguishable from the old gray sides of the passage. What is now a long, narrow wine cellar, stretching from palace to palace had romantic and other uses in the days of the Stuarts, and even, they say, much later.

Mr. Payne has the list of wine he is to take out. Each kind he tastes. Like the professional at his craft he does not swallow. He will tell you that the man who swallows cannot taste. He just takes a little in his mouth and puts it out.

So many dozen are taken up in a crate and handed over to Sir Nigel Kingscote paymaster of the household, who issues the wine to the King's table when it is used. Then Mr. Payne returns to his cellar for more.

There are no rivalries between Mr. Payne and Mr. Menager, although the wine cellar is often the scene of a preference, scored one rather notable victory over the kitchen. The King never takes coffee for breakfast—always champagne, a small bottle—New York Sun.

Bad Induced. Losing flesh is indeed a bad sign. Take Scott's Emulsion for it. For weak digestion, for defective nourishment, for consumption, take Scott's Emulsion. It restores flesh because it strikes at the cause of the loss.

A transatlantic steamer, carrying what is called "a full mail," usually brings 200,000 letters and 300 sacks of newspapers for London, to say nothing of the 500 and odd sacks for other places.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD. A Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

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A Red Hot Season. During the hot summer season the blood gets over heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the system, and restores lost appetite.

208, 210, 210½ and 212 Dundas St.



WASH GOODS

ANTRIM LAWNS—A fine, strong cloth, fast colors, fancy stripes, in black and white, hello, blue, pink, green, cardinal and sky. Special, per yard

RUBY BATISTE—In fancy stripes and floral effects, fast colors, green, blue, pink, navy, castor and gray. Special, per yard

PRINTED LAWNS—Specially suitable for shirt waists, 36 inches wide, color perfectly fast, plain and fancy stripes, in mauve, blue and black. Special, per yard

SCOTCH CHAMBRAYS—In plain and stripes, shades of oxblood, blue and pink. Special, per yard

LINEN BATISTE—So popular for waists and suits. We show a very nice line, with silk stripes, in green, rose, blue, gold, white, hello and black, worth regularly 20c, for, per yard

AMERICAN PERCALES—36 inches wide, in plain, pink, cardinal, blue, navy, and also in fancy stripes, assorted shades, fast dyes. Special, per yard

LINEN SUITINGS—In both sheer and close weave, 32 to 33 inches wide. Special, per yard

AMERICAN CHAMBRAYS—Poplin effects, in fancy and plain stripes, green, rose, blue, gray and castor. Special, per yard

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, in Oxford gray, Eton jacket, skirt seven gored. Special Easter price

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, in black and navy homespun, Eton jacket, silk trimmed, seven-gored flare skirt

Ladies' Suits, in castor and fawn cloth, Norfolk jacket, skirt with Spanish flounce. Special Easter price

Special line Ladies' Spring Jackets, in fawn, black and gray, at

One only Ladies' Black Taffeta Silk Long Coat. Special Easter price

Ladies' Taffeta Silk Skirts, tucked and applique trimmed. Special at

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Physically he is a great man, and he treats his office with becoming gravity. Twice a week it will be often when coronation time comes—he walks into St. James' Palace, produces his bunch of keys, and descends through a trapdoor into the cellar accompanied by a servant holding a lantern.

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NO REASONABLE MAN expects to cure a neglected cold in a day. But time and Allen's Lung Balm will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be sound as a new dollar.

Such unquestionable testimony proves the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over diseases of women.

Women should remember that they are privileged to consult Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., about their illness, entirely free.

The Runians Carson McKee Co.

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