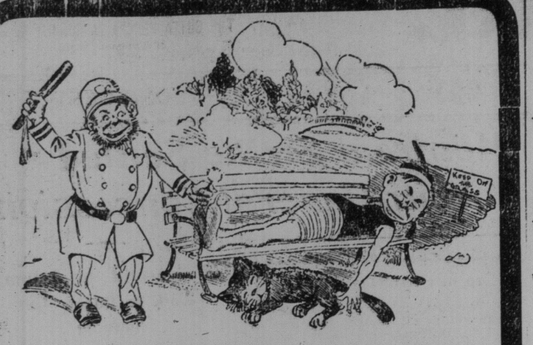

WHEN WILL YOU WAKE UP?

We say, when will you wake up to the fact that this is the age in which you don't have to pay big tailor bills, in order to be properly dressed? We have solved the problem of dress for our customers by the introduction of SOVEREIGN BRAND. It's the up-to-date and a date ahead Clothing. Custom made, all ready to wear—fitted in 10 minutes—$15.00 to $25.00. We please particular people.

Neck and Shoulders above all competitors

OAK HALL

Canada's Best Clothiers

King St. East, Opp. St. James' Cathedral

J. Coombes Mgr.

MONTREAL STRIKE SETTLED

Continued From Page 1.

part of the longshoremen have decided to hold another meeting, and if there is no change in the meantime, they will throw up the sponge, and go to work. Then, it has been ascertained that no assistance can be received from the unions in the States before the end of July.

The Star of to-day says: "That the efforts of the ministers to settle the longshoremen's strike have failed is most regrettable, but not, under the circumstances, surprising. Sir William Mulock declared that his sympathies were with the strikers; that had he been in their places, he would have done as they did; that, failing an agreement, they might call upon the government, and that he would give them what assistance he could afford. Mr. Prefontaine, on the other hand, warned the men to consider well what they were doing, because their action concerned, not only themselves, but other branches of the labor section of the community, and advised them, if they saw any way of accepting the terms offered them, or of making a compromise, to do so, and thus save themselves and the country a great loss. Mr. Bickerdike, who assisted the ministers in the work of conciliation, advised the men to go to work."

Destructive Genius.

One day a bulky, tall, pale-faced gentleman, with bushy, restless eyebrows, entered a London tavern. The waiter did not ask him for his order, but immediately brought him a plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale. Having consumed his lunch, this guest sat upright in his chair for a while, leaning his hand on a heavy walking cane and staring blankly at the opposite wall, as if in a dream. Of a sudden he gave a start. He seized the empty glass and dashed it to the floor with all his might, smashing it to atoms. He then reflected for a moment, laid a coin on the table, got up and left the inn without a word to anyone. After his departure another guest had the curiosity to ask the waiter whether the gentleman who had just gone out was not wrong in his head. Quoth the waiter:

"Oh, no, sir, that's nothink unusual with 'im, sir. 'E's broke maybe a 'undred glasses since 'e's been a-comin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't seem to know 'if 'e does it. 'E just gits a-thinkin', and seems to git hangry at somethink 'e's thinkin' about. It's Lord Macaulay, sir."

Buying Her Own Wedding Ring.

She was young and good looking and she blushed as she held her hand across the counter and laid it beside the clerk's.

"I want to buy a ring," she said.

The clerk took from the show case a tray of rings set with cheap stones and held one of them up for inspection. She did not like it.

"Oh, not that kind," she said. "I want a gold ring."

"Plain?" he asked.

"Yes. Plain and rather broad and heavy."

The clerk looked wise. "Ah, I see," said he. "A wedding ring. Want an inscription?" he asked when she had found one that suited as to size and price.

"Yes." Then she gave instructions for the engraving.

"What a queer wrinkle," said the visitor when the girl had gone out. "Are there many brides who buy their own wedding rings?"

"Lots of them," was the reply, "especially down in this part of town. It saves time and trouble. The men down here keep their noses pretty close to the grindstone. They find time for the essentials of courtship, it is true, and have no trouble in getting engaged, but they don't like to bother with minor details. They leave those things to the bride. In their opinion it is much more convenient for her to come down here and buy a ring that fits than for him to measure her finger with a string and take chances on getting a ring that is either too large or too small."

The Heintzman & Co. Piano Again in the Front.

At the very successful and attractive entertainment given in Massey Hall on Thursday evening last by the young ladies of the Church of England School, the Heintzman & Co. Grand Piano was used exclusively, and as on so many other important occasions, it met every requirement of the varied programme presented.

Thirteen Christians Killed.

Constantinople, May 9. — Thirteen Christians were killed and nineteen were wounded and three Mussulmans were killed during the recent outbreak at Monastir. In an encounter between Turkish troops and a force of insurgents in the neighboring village of Zapo, May 6, eleven Bulgarians were killed and seventy-four were made prisoners.

Winnipeg to Have a Strike.

Winnipeg, May 9.—City building laborers quit work Monday if not given 25 cents an hour.

SEVENTH SON SUPERSTITION.

Strange Instances in Which It Has Been Verified.

About two months ago the wife of Sergeant Instructor Strathern, Aberfeldy, disappeared. Search parties were out for weeks under the leadership of Provost Campbell, but without avail; until, recently, the husband received a letter from a lady living in far Rannoch—the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter—stating where his wife's body would be found. The sergeant was dubious; but a second letter aroused further search. A minute description—on the banks of the Tay, near a house similar in shape to that in Rannoch in which the lady herself resided, but with higher chimneys and near well-kept gardens and a fallen tree—was given, and there the body was found after a final search.

Not less strange is the fact that this Rannoch lady's mother—herself a seventh daughter—has cleared up similar mysteries. A local gamekeeper, whose sister dwelt in the district, went to a situation in Wales. After a time no information could be had of him or his whereabouts. Our Rannoch lady's mother was consulted. She stated that the man had been killed by poachers and that his body, in partial undress, which she duly described, would be found near a cairn, which she also described, and so it turned out. Several other authentic instances are still held in memory in Aberfeldy.

This belief in the power of the seventh is as old as the hills and as wide as the world of folklore. In France the seventh son, without intervention, is known as a Marcou, and bears on some part of his body a fleur de lis; and, like the kings of France, can cure the king's evil. He either permits the sufferer to touch the fleur de lis or breathes on the part affected. Of all the Orleannais in this century he of Ormes is the best known. Every year, from 40 leagues around, patients crowd to him, but especially in Holy Week his power is efficacious, and on the night of Good Friday, from midnight to sunrise, cure is certain.

Debro says the seventh son of a seventh son can cure fevers, provided no female birth has intervened and that he be born in legitimate wedlock; while Grimm carries this still further, and promulgates that he can heal all manner of hurts with a stroke of the hand.

Mrs. Jobling, writing from Dublin in 1892, says:

"With us it is well known and universally believed. . . . The last of seven sons born, no daughter intervening, is considered a natural doctor and should not be brought up to any other profession; but has never, to my knowledge at least, been credited with the possession of extraordinary healing power; they were clever and successful doctors, but nothing beyond. . . . But that a healing power is actually possessed by a septimus septimi is an assured fact; and there is no secrecy nor reservation whatever observed here with regard to its application. I had a servant once—Mary Keogh—whose father, being a seventh son's seventh son, possessed that gift. Numbers of people came to him, and among many other things, she told me of a woman who brought her child—a terribly diseased little boy—entreating her father to cure him, and Mr. Keogh consented. He made a slight cut on the inside of his own leg just deep enough to draw blood; this blood he applied to the sores, whether once or oftener I cannot say; and the child recovered. . . . He had ten daughters, but only one son, and has left no inheritor of his marvelous gift.

Of course, as everybody knows, the seventh son has corresponding malignant powers—in this, no doubt, differing from the seventh daughter. He has the enviable distinction—he, or one whose brows meet over the nose (the French taroupe) of being able to turn werewolf if and when so disposed.

An infinitely more delightful way of curing king's evil is by kissing seven virgins, daughters of the same mother, for seven days successively. This is a Devonshire belief—a county famous for brave men and the prettiest girls in the world, from the Rose of Devon up and down.

No Need for Alarm.

San Francisco, May 9.—The Pekin correspondent of the Associated Press, writing under date of April 6, says the alarming stories emanating from certain quarters, to the effect that a massacre of foreigners by Chinese is contemplated, are untrue. The correspondent writes that the reverse of this picture exists in Pekin.

Will Refund Grain Duty.

London, May 9.—In view of the abolition of the duty on grain the government has announced that it will refund the full duty on imported stock held on the evening of June 30 by millers and wholesale dealers, provided the amount of this duty reaches £25.

U.S. Fleet to Go to Kiel.

Nice, May 9.—Rear Admiral Cotten, U.S.N., has been instructed to take the United States European Squadron, now at Villefranche, to Kiel, at the end of the month.

City of Hamilton

Tony Debetta, an Italian, Probably Fatally Hurt in Jumping Off Street Car.

THE HAMILTON GOLF CLUB EN FETE

Boxers and Wrestlers on Strike for More Money—Charlie Poag's Bondsman Repents.

Hamilton, May 10.—(Special.)—It is feared that Tony Debetta, an Italian who lives at 35 Mulberry street, was fatally injured this evening. He has only been in the city a short time, and was employed at the smelting works. When he was coming home from work at 6 o'clock he jumped backwards, woman-fashion, off a street car at the corner of Mulberry and James-streets. The car was moving rapidly, and the poor fellow was hurled across the street to the curbing, where he alighted on his head. His head was split open along all of one side. He was picked up unconscious and taken to the City Hospital. This makes three sons of Sunny Italy who have been taken to that institution within the past few days, the victims of mishaps.

Strike Among Fighters.

The oddest strike that has taken place here for some time is among some of the so-called amateur boxers and wrestlers who refused to go to Fort Erie Monday night unless they were paid $30 apiece. Most of them have receded from this position now, after a visit from Jack Herman to-day, and the places of the rest have been filled with other men.

Thought He'd Run Away.

Charlie Poag was taken back to the cells again Saturday night. He had been committed for trial for theft in connection with one of his horse deals, but was enjoying freedom under bond. Saturday, one of his bondsmen, who is a junk dealer, got into a panic for fear the horse trader would skip out, and he had him locked up and refused to go security a day for him. There does not seem to be any good cause for his fear, for Poag has one of his legs done up in a plaster of paris cast, and is not in very good shape for traveling.

Golf Club Fete.

The ladies of the Hamilton Golf Club held an outdoor fete Saturday afternoon, and they were favored with a large attendance. The ladies in charge were: Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, president; Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt, Mrs. P. J. Myler and Mrs. Greening. The proceeds were over $200, and it will be devoted to furnishing the ladies' portion of the club house. Quoits, croquet, golf, clock gold and archery was the entertainment provided. Mrs. F. A. Passmore, Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Florence Harvey and Harold Hamilton gave a musical program.

SANDERSON'S MOUNTAIN DEW SCOTCH
Noted for its mellowness.
Stock Yard Hotel is on the direct route to Deering and Hamilton S. and I. Co., by the new Ferrie-street bridge. 61

500 OTTAWA FAMILIES HOMELESS

Continued From Page 1.

ance company of any size in Canada is interested in Booth's lumber yards, and stand to lose something.

John Maughan of the Hartford: It is hard to estimate just what the effect will be until the losses are known and it is seen how the companies are placed. The former big Ottawa fire did not affect insurance rates in Canada. It may come hard on some of the smaller mutual companies, who are carrying big lines in Ottawa.

RECORD OF LAST FIRE.

How Ottawa Was Swept by Flames April 26, 1900.

On April 26, 1900, "The Great Fire at Ottawa" occurred. As the reports of that day said: "The fire fiend and the wind witch consorted together, and began their frolic at 11 o'clock in the morning." Before midnight of April 26, 1900, half of Ottawa was in ashes, $18,000,000 had gone up in smoke, 16,000 persons were rendered homeless, and 8000 workers were without a job.

The fire began in this latest one in the midst of lumber piles. Eddy's paper and match mills and lumber yards were the first to catch the sparks from the burning cottage in Hull that jumped ablaze thru the machinations of a badly constructed chimney. This fire might have been stamped out in a second had it not been for the fact that Hull was built on sawdust and everything in sight was merely waiting for a lighted match to burst into flames. Besides this, the weather had been excessively hot for weeks, and everything out of doors was parched to the point of combustion.

High Wind Prevailed.

Further, a hurricane blew as it had never before blown in Ottawa and Hull. Sparks were carried miles. The firemen had plenty of apparatus for a small blaze, but when by reason of the flying embers one fire broke out in Hull and another half a mile away, and this situation was within one hour duplicated all over the city, fire fighting became a lost art. Hence, but little could be done by the regular brigade. The fire had to be allowed to burn itself out, the sole obstacle to its progress was put forth by destroying buildings in its path by dynamite.

The militia were called out to keep the crowds back from the fire line, and to guard the property of those who had been burned out. For days these soldiers were on duty and did much to preserve order at a time when, by reason of their dire distress, people might have been led to acts of the tumultuous.

Those Who Perished.

That fire was a fatal one. Those who lost their lives by the fire directly or indirectly were:

John Pumple, car repairer C.P.R., burned to death in C.P.R. yard.

Miss Minnie Cook, 650 Wellington-street, burned to death in her yard.

William Atwood, 576 Albert-street, died from shock as a result of being moved while ill with la grippe.

John Dann, engineer in one of Eddy's factories, stayed too long at his post.

Teamster Scarffe, of W. C. Edwards' works, identified as the man found on Bridge-street, near the corner of Duke-street.

Foreman Beann of the E. B. Eddy Company.

The whole world sympathized with Ottawa. The cables were kept busy ticking the news across the oceans. The need of the people burned out touched the hearts of all people, and a relief fund was opened immediately and contributed to by the nations of the earth. Among the principal donations for the immediate relief of the sufferers were: Dominion government, $20,000; City of Ottawa, $10,000; Ontario government, $25,000; Bank of Montreal, $10,000; Hon. George A. Drummond, $1000; Sir William Mulock, $500; the Governor-General, $1000; Ottawa Board of Trade, $500; Bank of Ottawa, $5000; Citizens' Fund, $1500; Ottawa Journal Fund, $1000; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, $100; Hon. R. W. Scott, $100; George H. Perley, $500; Archbishop Bruchesi, $500; Toronto City Council, $25,000. In a day's time money, provisions and clothing were pouring in from all over the Dominion, and arrangements were at once set on foot to afford shelter for the homeless. Hundreds of people were gathered together in the drill hall; temporary structures were put up, and the houses left standing were thrown wide open to take in those who had to flee from their homes. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of Hull found themselves without homes, and the cases of destitution were numerous.

AGED SHIPBUILDER DEAD.

Sandusky, O., May 9.—Capt. Henry Kelly, the oldest ship builder on the Great Lakes, is dead at his home in Milan, aged 87 years. He was widely known in marine circles.

Bounty on Lead.

Nelson, B.C., May 9.—The interior district Liberal council to-day passed a resolution backing up the claim of Bill Jolliffe, M.P., for a $5 bounty on lead.

New Street Railway Starts.

Windsor, May 9.—The Sandwich, Amherstburg and Windsor Street Railway, inaugurated its service to-day, when a two-hour service was put on.

Camp Niagara June 9.

Ottawa, May 9.—There will be no London camp this year. Camp Niagara begins June 9 and camp Kingston June 16.

Drowned in Red River.

Winnipeg, May 9.—James Barclay, aged 15 years, of Hudson Bay, drug department, was drowned in Red River last night.

CLEVER ANSWERS and CRUSHING RETORTS

If a mild answer is useful to turn away wrath, a crushing retort sometimes answers the salutary purpose of silencing an opponent.

Such, at any rate, was the effect of an answer given by one of Pope Leo XIII.'s chamberlains to an arrogant member of the Kaiser's suite a few years ago. When the German Emperor went to the Vatican to pay a visit to the Pope, accompanied by Count ———, the latter was refused admittance to the audience chamber which his imperial master had just entered.

"Are you aware, sir," said the count, furious at the slight put upon him, "are you aware that I am Count ———?"

"That," imperturbably answered the chamberlain, "may account for your conduct, but it cannot excuse it."

Of a very different character was the clever answer credited to a former Duke of York. At mess one day the duke chanced to refer to the array of empty bottles on the table by the humorous nickname of "marines," when an officer of this branch of the service, who was present, asked what he meant by such a disparaging comparison.

"I call them 'marines,'" the duke promptly answered, "because they have done their duty—and are ready to do it again."

Miss Mitford used to tell a delightful story of the politeness of the Berkshire peasants. Walking in that country one day she was dilating on this subject to her companion, when, on coming to a gate, a boy, who was standing near, rushed forward and gallantly opened it for the ladies to pass thru.

"I'm sure you're not a Berkshire boy," Miss Mitford's friend, who was sceptical about the politeness of the county, said to the lad.

"Thee'rt a liar, vot I be!" came the crushing answer, quick as lightning.

Pope Pius IX could be very severe when he pleased, in his quiet way. On one occasion, when he granted an interview to a young English attache, the Pope offered his guest a cigar.

"Thank you, your Holiness," the young diplomat answered, in an access of virtue, "I have no vices."

"This," placidly answered the pontiff, "is not a vice; if it were you would have it."

Dr. Cheyne, the great 18th century physician of Bath, was a witty enough man; but he found more than a match in Beau Nash, who was one of his patients. Calling one day after he had prescribed for Nash, Cheyne asked him: "Well, have you followed my prescription?"

"No, faith, doctor, I haven't followed it," the dandy answered. "Pon honor, if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of my bedroom window."

Sir Richard Jebb was in the habit of giving his patient startling answers to their questions. Once when an old gentleman of impaired digestion asked him: "What shall I eat?" the doctor replied:

"My directions, sir, are simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, for they might influence flatulence; but you can eat anything else you please."

There is perhaps more point than refinement in the answer given to Gainsborough by one of his noble sitters. The great painter, losing his temper and manners, as he often did, exclaimed in irritation, "Confound your dimple, my lord."

"And confound your 'cheek,'" came the lightning retort from his lordship.

Dr. Radcliffe was as noted for his rough tongue as for his clever doctoring. One day when he dismounted from his carriage opposite his house in Bloomsbury-square he found a paver at work on the pavement and blocking his way.

"Why, you rascal," thundered Radcliffe, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."

"Doctor," placidly answered the man, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides."

But one of the most amusing exchanges of compliments is that associated with Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller. The physician and the painter were next-door neighbors, and were at one time on such a footing of friendliness that a doorway was made in the dividing wall to give easy access to each other's gardens. But, as will sometimes happen, even with neighbors, their friendship became clouded, and Sir Godfrey Kneller sent his man to acquaint the doctor of his intention to have the doorway built up again.

"Tell your master," Radcliffe said to the messenger, "that he can do anything he likes to the door so long as he doesn't paint it."

A few moments later the man returned with this message from the artist to the doctor: "Sir Godfrey Kneller is prepared to take anything from his neighbor—except his physic!"

Steamers Run Regularly.

Detroit, Mich., May 9.—The Algoma Central Steamship Co.'s steamers King Edward and Ossifrage are now running regularly between Toledo and the Canadian Soo, with Detroit as a stopping place.

Once Represented Germany.

Berlin, May 9.—Former Consul-General Kaiser, who for many years represented Germany in New York, died yesterday.

Earthquake in Colorado.

Grand Junction, Col., May 9.—A distinct earthquake shock was felt in the Grand Valley yesterday. It lasted several seconds.

Suicide Thru Spite.

Piqued People Who Take Record Revenges.

The other day Mrs. Stonelea, an old lady, who was on bad terms with her relatives, with whom she had lived for years, burnt securities to the value of £900, tore up £750 worth of banknotes, and threw all her personal jewellery, including twelve diamond rings, into the fire. She then threw herself out of her bedroom window and broke her neck, leaving a polite note saying that, as she had never received any kindness from her relatives, they, in turn, would receive no kindness from her.

Ingenious spite towards his employers characterized the suicide of a clerk named George Andrews some time ago. The firm, who dealt wholesale in spirits of wine, suspected they were being robbed on a large scale, and found the guilty man to be Andrews, who, when he saw he was suspected, disappeared.

The firm thought he had left the country. Later on, however, it was by chance discovered that he was lying dead in a tank of spirits of wine holding 4,000,000 gallons. The dishonest clerk could not have served his employers a worse trick, for they suffered great loss, the spirits of wine, now that the dead body had lain in them for some time, being quite unsaleable.

Even more dastardly was the trick played a few years ago on the population of an entire town. Sidney Holt, a dissolute fellow, who had been several times in the local goal for various offences, walked out of a public house one day vowing that he would put an end to himself, and at the same time "get his own back" out of "the whole lot of 'em!" for the way they had treated him.

Holt drowned himself in the town reservoir, and his body was not discovered until it was very much decomposed. Of course, the affair created a very unpleasant feeling, and there was a party in the town council who were for letting the water remaining in the reservoir run to waste. But it was a time of drought, and the chairman of the Waterworks Committee declared this course to be entirely out of the question.

Ultimately, the perturbed townspeople had to drink the water, deriving what comfort they could from the assurance of the medical officer of health that the pollution being spread thru such a large body of water, its amount in any one domestic supply would be infinitesimal.

The danger incurred by heartless girls who jilt young men of a certain temperament and disposition, is exemplified by a terrible incident which occurred some years ago. Edward Arkwright, a young man, who was thrown over under humiliating circumstances by the girl to whom he had for years been engaged, became possessed with a wild desire for revenge. By degrees he managed to regain the young lady's favor.

On the long-deferred wedding day the sun shone beautifully, the organ pealed forth a wedding march, and the young bride looked the picture of happiness. The bridegroom, too, every one thought, looked exceedingly well, tho perhaps at times a trifle peculiar. All went well until the old clergyman put to Arkwright the solemn question beginning with "Wilt thou have this woman?"

"I will," answered Arkwright, in a firm voice, "Not," he added calmly, as he pulled out a pistol and shot himself dead.

In another case, heavy damages having been awarded against Arthur Tompkins in an action for breach of promise, he had "made up" to the girl again, and ultimately married her. No sooner, however, was the wedding ceremony concluded, than he darted out of the church and ran home to his mother's, where he took poison and died in a few hours.

The girl was left in very distressful circumstances. She had left the milliner's where she had been employed as first hand, and, Tompkins professing to have no means beyond his salary, had spent all her savings in furnishing a little home. A happy sequel, however, to this affair was provided by another and a better young man, Eustice Mills, who, tempted, doubtless, by the completeness of the arrangements made for matrimony, came along almost at once and had married the unmournful young widow within a very few weeks.

Mrs. Watson, a young wife, committed the crime of self-destruction on another occasion, which is somewhat reminiscent of that case wherein a bad boy drowned himself to spite his teacher, leaving on the river bank a lying letter alleging all sorts of cruel treatment against his kind-hearted, if somewhat strict schoolmaster. Mrs. Watson was furious over the one big mistake of her life; she had married a man, who, tho a very worthy fellow, was much poorer than she had been led to believe.

Like the wicked schoolboy, she was filled with thoughts of revenge. She began complaining to her parents and friends about all sorts of ill treatment on the part of her husband, who never said so much as a harsh word to her, and finally, she poisoned herself in a fit of pique alleging, with her dying breath, that it was her husband who had compelled her to take the stuff. At the inquest, the poor fellow was completely exonerated from blame; but it will be understood that matters were, nevertheless, made very awkward for him for a time.

There was no doubt as to the maltreatment Mrs. Betts, an unfortunate wife, had endured in another case. At last, however, she took a terrible revenge on her brutal husband. In a letter which she left behind on drowning herself, she stated that her spirit would haunt him forever, giving him no rest.

That poor creature must have known her "lord and master" well; for, when the letter was read in the coroner's court, his features instantly assumed an ashen pallor, and he would have collapsed had he not been taken out into the open air. From that day, Betts never dare be alone for an instant, even in broad daylight; while at night, he insisted on every gas jet in the house being flared full height. Within three months, he was a gibbering, shrieking lunatic; and then it was not long ere he followed his poor, maltreated partner to the grave.

William Flint had a bitter grudge against another man lodging in the same house, and stabbed himself with a knife he had taken from his enemy's bedroom. The idea was, of course, to make it appear that he had been foully murdered by his fellow - lodger; and, to lend additional color to the supposition, as he stabbed himself, he held in his hand one of the other man's neckties, as tho he had managed to grasp it in a grim death struggle. Here he certainly over-reached himself, as, tho he was certainly found dead with the necktie clutched tight in his hand, it was proved at the trial that the article did not belong to the man by whom Flint was alleged to have been murdered, but to another man living in the house. As it was also proved that the accused man had gone hunting thru the house the moment he discovered the loss of his knife, he was discharged, and left the court without a stain on his character.

The unsuccessful doctor, who, the other day, hanged himself on his busy rival's lamp, was undeniably very foolish in his recent conduct of a certain young lady in a continental city?

For long years, it is true, her stern parents had compelled her, despite her tears and protestations, to slave ten hours a day at the piano; but still, the girl must have had considerable real talent, or she would never have achieved the enormous success she did when at last she made her debut on a concert platform.

There was a wild burst of applause at the close of her performance; and, in the front row of the stalls, sat, with beaming faces, her proud parents. The girl bowed low repeatedly, and smiled. Then, taking a tiny revolver from her bosom, she turned it on herself, fired, and, falling forward into her father's arms, died in a few minutes.

PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

The King at the Ancient Palace of Holyrood.

So many years have elapsed since a British sovereign has held court in the ancient and historic palace of Holyrood that the visit of the King and Queen at Edinburgh from May 11 until May 15 next, is creating a great sensation thruout the length and breadth of Scotland. The royal couple will not reside at Holyrood, but will stay at Dalkeith Palace, the Scotch country seat of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, about six miles distant from the Scotch metropolis, and which has been placed at their disposal by the duke for the purpose. But they will drive into Edinburgh every day and hold courts and levees at Holyrood, the ceremonies and entertainments all taking place during the daytime, and none at night.

While the men, of course, will all be in uniform, in court dress or in Highland costume, the women attending the courts are much perturbed, having been advised by the Lord Chamberlain's Department that instead of the customary court dress and train with veil and feathers, carriage dresses and bonnets are to be worn. There are many women who have not worn bonnets for an age, and who, no matter what their age, have indulged in picture hats and toques. They do not relish the notion of donning bonnets, altho on a dainty and refined head there constitute a far more elegant and "distinguee coiffure" than any hat.

The only occasions that courts have been held by British monarchs at Holyrood since the days of Mary Queen of Scots, who made her home there, were when King George IV. visited Edinburgh in August, 1822. Sir Walter Scott, the famous novelist, figuring conspicuously among his entourage. He, too, made his headquarters at Dalkeith Palace during his stay, as did also Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort when they held court at Holyrood in 1842. Since then there has been no court held there.

During the King's stay in Scotland the great officers of his household as King of Scotland will be in attendance on him. They are entirely distinct from the officers of the English royal household, among the most notable of them being the Duke of Argyll, who is master of the household in Scotland, the Duke of Buccleuch, who is the captain-general of the royal company of archers, or the sovereign's bodyguard for Scotland, Lord Stair, who is president of the council, and Lord Rosebery, who is the vice-president, etc.

The King's action in conferring the title of "lord mayor," with the prefix of "right honorable," upon the chief magistrates of Melbourne and of Sydney, has aroused a storm of protest and indignation from the various state governments of Australia, and likewise from the federal administration. They are united in declaring that the Crown has no right to confer honors of this kind upon public men in Australia, except on the nomination of the Australian governments, and that the Secretary of State for the colonies in England is violating the principles of autonomy and of self-government enjoyed by Australia in securing from the sovereign honors for Australians without consulting the colonial cabinets.

The affair recalls the vigorous protest made by the late Sir George Grey, when, during his Premiership of New Zealand, away back in the seventies, Queen Victoria conferred knighthoods upon two New Zealand politicians who were opponents of Sir George's cabinet.

So bitter is the feeling about the subject at the present moment in Australia that it has actually been proposed to institute legislative measures debarring the Crown from granting colonial honors, save on the recommendation of colonial ministries. It is doubtful, however, whether such acts, if actually passed, would receive the sanction of the governor and of the home government, since they would virtually constitute a limitation of the prerogatives of the Sovereign, who, in ancient parlance, is the fountain of all honor."

Lord Buchan, whose daughter has just become engaged to the youngest son of Lord Iveagh, the multimillionaire Dublin brewer, is married to a Miss Sartoris, a cousin of President Grant's English son-in-law, and is descended in a direct line from Alexander, Earl of Buchan, an illegitimate son of King Robert II. of Scotland, and whose bloodthirsty and savage disposition gained for him the suggestive sobriquet of the "Wolf of Badenoch."

The present earl had no end of trouble with his father, who shortly before his death distinguished himself by inditing a remarkable letter to the London newspapers, announcing that he had appealed to the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords to take note of the fact that his first marriage to the mother of his eldest son was not legal. The late Lord Buchan made these allegations from a feeling of revenge, being exceedingly embittered against his son, the present earl, because the latter had refused to avert his bankruptcy a short time previously.

The old earl had behaved to his first wife in a shameful manner, and there was small wonder that her eldest son, who had never forgotten or forgiven her maltreatment, permitted his father to be made a bankrupt rather than pay his debts.

The only other instance that I can recall of a peer endeavoring to have his eldest son pronounced illegitimate is that of the late Earl of Poulett. Whereas Lord Poulett, however, was more or less successful, the late Earl of Buchan's attack on the legitimacy of his eldest son was defeated.

SOMETHING OF MR. BORDEN.

An Ottawa Correspondent Sizes Up His Salient Characteristics.

Samuel Kidd, managing editor of The Montreal Gazette, is in the Ottawa Press Gallery. He is one of the best-informed newspapermen in Canada. Personally he is a courtier of the old school. In a recent article on the men in parliament, in The Gazette, he says: On the opposition side, Mr. R. L. Borden sits opposite to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There is in his manner and in his appearance something that recalls Sir John Thompson of honored memory; and he has also Sir John Thompson's quiet strength. He took up a difficult duty when he stepped into the leadership of a twice-defeated party. That he is performing it well is admitted by both opponent and friend. Fate has put upon him, besides the responsibility of leadership, that of financial critic of the administration's record; and his last reply to Mr. Fielding's budget speech showed that he was quite able for the task.

It is somewhat the fashion to refer to Mr. Borden as a growing man. He is more. He is a grown man. This was made plain in the closing hours of the budget debate. Mr. Paterson, the Minister of Customs, looking to the effect on the vote of the Northwest, which Liberals assume to be a free trade vote, had quoted a newspaper report of Mr. Borden's Winnipeg speech—that part of it in which the opposition leader replied to a question as to his policy in regard to the duty on farming implements. Mr. Paterson's purpose was clear. It was to represent the opposition leader as one who would increase the price to the former of the necessaries of his business.

An inexperienced chief, or a weak one, might have sat silent or denied the accuracy of the newspaper's rendering of his remarks. Mr. Borden did neither. Rising in his place he sought permission to put to the minister a question. He got his answer, and then proceeded to repeat what he had said at Winnipeg, which differed from the version Mr. Paterson had read only in that it went farther than the newspaper had reported him. It was that he regarded the manufacture of farming implements and machinery as a great Canadian industry, that in the interest of the industry he would maintain the duty, and if it was necessary to preserve the industry he would increase the duty. He cast aside all thoughts of winning votes by expediency. He put himself squarely on a platform that all could understand.

Everything tended to make the incident striking—the subject, Mr. Paterson's evident effort, and the interest that had been re-awakened in the discussion. The House, with probably two-thirds of the members in their seats, was stilled to an attention that is rarely apparent. It was a crisis, and the man was equal to it. Without equivocation or evasion, in the calmest of tones, as a matter of course, the opposition leader said his say, and stood ready for whatever might come from his adhesion to principle. He had been tested and proven, and the hush that for a moment followed his words was the testimony of the whole House to the fact that the respect in which he is held had been raised as nothing, but his conduct could have raised it. The applause of his supporters that came later showed that they fully appreciated all his words meant. It is settled that whatever fortune befalls the Conservative party those who fight by Mr. Borden's side will do so knowing that he is in all things a Man.

TWO HUNDRED BLOWN UP.

Vienna, May 9.—A mosque at Kinpriul, in which 200 Moslems had assembled, was, according to a despatch to Die Zeitung from Sofia, Bulgaria, blown up with dynamite on May 2. The worshippers were buried in the ruins. The perpetrator of the outrage, a man named Poppow, committed suicide by shooting. A paper found in one of his pockets discovered him as a member of the "Macedonian Knights of Death."

DIED IN LONDON, ONT.

London, May 9. — Rev. J. H. Moorehouse, rector of Christ Church, died this morning, aged 52.

Writs for False Arrest.

The Aber gambling case is likely to have some startling developments shortly. At the trial held in the Police Court on Friday, Aber and the seven alleged frequenters swore that there were neither cards nor money in the house, and the case was discharged. At the time the evidence was given, Staff-Inspector Archibald was instructed to swear out warrants for their arrest on a charge of perjury. The alleged gamblers have countered by instructing T. C. Robinette to issue writs for false arrest against the City Inspectors Hall and P. C. Crowe, on behalf of each man implicated.

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