

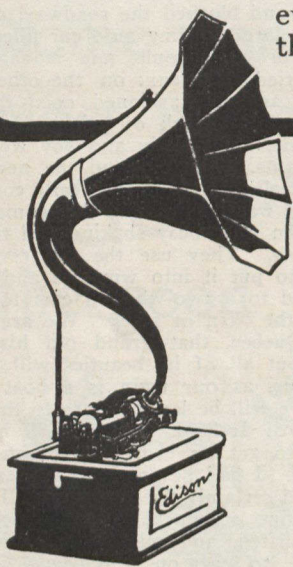
The artists who make Edison Records

have spent the best part of their lives in perfecting themselves for the sole purpose of entertaining others.

Each is a specialist and all are among the best that the field of opera, music hall, concert, musical comedy and vaudeville have produced. Every owner of an

Edison Phonograph

commands the services of this great array of talent. Their songs and music are offered on both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records every month. Have you heard this month's selections?



There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. Get catalogs from your dealer or from us. Edison Phonographs, \$16.50 to \$240. Edison Standard Records, 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c. to \$2.50.
NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
100 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.



**PURITY
FLOUR**

"More bread
and better
bread"

35

**Pleases people
hard to satisfy**

ing. I can assure you it is not a pleasant holiday to be seasick. The boundless ocean was our scenery for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. It was amusing and interesting to watch the sea-gulls contending for the refuse that was thrown overboard. When scenery was absent a fine chance to study the faces of the passengers—the gay dude and the fashionable belle, the young married couple all absorbed in each other's welfare, the wealthy middle-aged bent on pleasure, and vain of their acquired thousands, and many looking for chances of various kinds. Quiet and orderly as we all appear, yet there must be some evil ones, for some are losing their pocket-books and valuables. Late Thursday night we thought we could see distant lights. Early Friday morning we could distinctly see the Isle of Man, and it was a pretty sight. A few hours later we realized we were in the beautiful river Mersey, and soon at the great landing stage, Liverpool. I had many anxious thoughts when on the briny deep, as I had no relatives, and only one person in England that I had met before, and he was in Yorkshire, and knew nothing of my intended visit. Some of my relatives had an intimate acquaintance in Birkenhead, and had cabled him to meet me at Liverpool. I was to carry a red silk handkerchief in my right hand, and he an umbrella hung on his left arm. He and his daughter met me, and I can safely say I never had the privilege of meeting with finer people. After a little looking around I secured a fine home at Liscard, on the Promenade overlooking the Mersey. The docks at Liverpool are just seven miles long, and you can fancy the traffic, not ten minutes of the day but some fine liner or merchant ship is in full view, to say nothing about the pleasure ships and ferries that are constantly crossing to and fro on their daily rounds. No wonder one would think Liverpool the kitchen and pantry for England, when you gaze on the immense amount of cattle, sheep, swine, cereals of all kinds, and fruits and vegetables of every description: eggs, butter and cheese that are landed at Liverpool, and in a few hours swept away and the places vacant and waiting for more. Liverpool has many fine buildings of perfect architecture. One quaint old building I shall never forget, St. Nicholas Church, said to be built before Columbus discovered America. I visited Birkenhead, and its Hamilton's Square is certainly a beauty spot. We went on the Higher Tranmere into the country as far as the old Bebbington Church, where Oliver Cromwell held the Royalist army at bay. It is aged and peaceful now, but it must have seen turbulent times. Sauntered through some fine parks and walked through the grounds of the first clubhouse of England. The society has for its president the Bishop of Liverpool. We took the underground railway home. It is a strange sensation to go down, down, far enough to get under the River Mersey. It is pleasant and rapid travelling, and well lighted, and we were soon in Liverpool again and in five minutes on the ferry heading for Seacombe and then the tram car for Liscard. New Brighton is a quiet little summer resort, and some fine places of amusement. One tower theatre I will not soon forget. You can ascend to the altitude of five hundred feet and it is a nice airy place to view the surroundings from. There are 10,000 electric jets in the tower alone, and it is a pretty sight at night to see the whole building light up. Went to the Isle of Man by the Ben Machrie. The name Ben Machrie brings to memory Hall Caine's "Deemster," and all of the bishop's sorrows and humiliations. Landed at Douglas, and it is an exceedingly pretty place. Many homes on the promenade are built of spotless marble and have brass steps and door sills, giving it an Oriental appearance, which is strikingly beautiful. In Douglas all is gay and giddy. Naturally it is beautiful, and all that art can embellish and develop is done. Visited the walled City of Chester on the Dee. Fancy a wall more than ten feet wide on the top, and fully twenty-five feet wide at the base, and thirty feet high and miles long. I think the men that built that wall did not wear bouquets or smoke cigarettes. The museum on top of the wall contains many relics of the Stuart period. Eccleston Ferry is rightfully termed the "artists' paradise." Each side of the river Dee is overhung with beautiful trees, and in the background are many beautiful gardens. As you sail along in the little ferry you forget home and friends, for the scenery is entrancing. Chester has

a grand old cathedral. Oh, what a hushed stillness pervades that place of worship! It is the home of the dead as well as a place of worship. One wing of the great building devoted to monuments, slabs and tablets of various kinds, tell of the dead that rest there. Then a few miles away is Hawarden Castle, the home of the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The park that surrounded it is quite nice. I noticed some fine farms on our return trip, and I wondered if they made that good old Cheshire cheese in those state-ly homes. Then to the Lancashire Sands, and it pierces one's heart to look at the broken beams and spars merely protruding above ground. How many have perished there hundreds of years ago. You grow sad, but consolation comes in this way. More, yes far more, have been wrecked and perished on the sands of time.

I go to Doncaster, in Yorkshire, and am met by my only friend in England, and we had a drive of six miles through the country before we reached their fine farm home. I was glad to be with people that I had some knowledge of before. The cities have grand beautiful sights and many and varied are their attractions, but to the country remains the restful delights. They have no concessions or side lines as we have. Their roads wander and wind through the country, paying little attention to the points of the compass. But they are good roads, level and perfect in structure. Finger-boards at each cross-road telling where each road leads to. If it wasn't for this information a stranger would have no idea where he was or where he was heading for. I went through the Woodhead Tunnel on my visit up to Doncaster, and it took nineteen minutes. The tunnel goes through the Pennine Range. At the crossroads in Braithwell a monument was erected in 1645 commemorating a Yorkist victory. King Charles took refuge in the manor house in Braithwell during those stormy times. I visited a couple of pleasure resorts: Bridlington on the east, and Blackpool on the west. Had a drive to Conisboro and a look at the old Conisboro Castle, so finely pictured by Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe." I was often in Doncaster, and it is what an American would term a smart town. I believe my vanity reached its highest point, for I had the extreme pleasure of seeing our late-lamented sovereign, King Edward VII., on Leger Day at Doncaster. It certainly was a great event to be one of a million and a half crowd to witness the great St. Leger Day race and at the same time to see the greatest monarch of the world. It was a great sight to see the king coming sailing along in his auto car, followed by fifteen auto cars, step out like an ordinary man unprotected, and make his way to the box set apart for his exclusive use, and the whole crowd rise and cheer most lustily. It was a great exhibition of mutual confidence and respect between monarch and people. The king and his party always stay during the racing meet at Rufford Abbey. They reach Doncaster by that famous Bawtrey Road. I might say that people that know have told me that the Bawtrey Road is the most beautiful and perfectly kept road in the known world. It is customary for the church in the vicinity of Rufford Abbey to hold a garden party on the Thursday evening of the meet, and King Edward always attended it. A pretty little story is told that shows the home side of his life. One day as he was entering the drawing-room a little three-year-old tot accosted him "You are King Edward?" "Yes, little miss," he replied. As she had a little plate of goodies in her hand, she asked him to have some. He helped himself mildly. When the waiter brought the king his plate of good things he would have the little girl have some of his. There are good reasons for him being so beloved.

I enjoyed my visit to Sheffield. It is a great industrial centre, and contains many places of great interest. The Duke of Norfolk gave the city of Sheffield a present in the shape of land containing three acres, and covered by a great building called Norfolk Market Hall. It has a fine university and a good museum adjoining. It was opened by the late King and Queen Alexandra. The Botanical Gardens are long to be remembered. Took a trip out to the moor adjoining Sheffield. It is a dreary waste, and I could not help thinking of the moor that is pictured in the "Hound of the Baskervilles." The auto car trip on the bank of the Humber to Hull was new to me, and long to be remembered, but too brief to be described. Next I