

Now in Full Swing



WE SEW, LINE AND LAY FREE
All Carpets Bought Here This Month

ONE SOLID MONTH OF LOWERED PRICES IN CARPETS

A GENUINE BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER
Will be presented to every purchaser of Carpets or Rugs \$25 during July **FREE**

The JULY SALE

With immense stocks and unlimited enthusiasm, we got away to a good start with our big semi-annual Floor Covering Sale this morning. This occasion by reason of its big price cutting and its extraordinary free offers is always eagerly awaited by thrifty home folks.

The sale is a great price leveler; it brings to the people the best floor covering values of the year; it cuts the profits off thousands of yards of carpetings. Reductions are decisive.

Now is the time to figure your needs in Rugs, Carpets, Linoleums, etc.—the earlier in the month the better, because many of the special lines are limited in quantity and some of them we cannot buy at the prices we are going to sell them to you.

Four examples of the pricing for Monday:—

\$2.25 English Wiltons \$1.67 Per Yard
800 yards in this lot to choose from, all elegant patterns and colorings in the lot, greens, reds, fawns and browns; floral and oriental designs; all have borders to match; suitable for parlors, dining rooms and halls. Regularly sold for \$2.25 per yard. On sale Monday, per yard **1.67**
Sewed, lined and laid free.

\$1.50 Velvet Carpets for \$1.19 Per Yard
A large collection of this season's designs, including many of our very best selling patterns, in beautiful combination colors, reds, greens and fawns predominating; some have borders to match; an excellent carpet at a moderate price for best rooms. Regularly sold for \$1.50 per yard. Monday special, per yard **1.19**
Sewed, lined and laid free.

All-Wool Carpets 87c per yd
Six good patterns to choose from in this lot of close to 800 yards, colors red, blue and fawn; this is an especially serviceable carpet, patterns being reversible, giving double wear, being 36 inches wide it is especially economical. This grade, which sells regularly at \$1.15 per yard, will be on sale Monday at, per yard **.87**
Sewed, lined and laid free.

\$1.75 Imported Brussels \$1.29 Per Yard
Nearly 800 yards in this lot, in greens, reds, browns and fawns, in self tones, floral and oriental patterns. A carpeting that is especially recommended where there is unusual wear and tear; suitable for all rooms; borders to match in nearly all patterns. Regularly sold for \$1.75 per yard. On sale Monday, per yard **1.29**
Sewed, lined and laid free.

EXTRA

Drapery Does This Month

Special reductions in prices on all Draperies, Materials and made to order work during July. This is an annual event, and full of big money saving advantages for those who let us attend to their drapery needs this month. As a special inducement, we give you free a one-year paid-up subscription to the "House Beautiful," a monthly magazine devoted to home beautifying. Regular price \$3.00 per year—with all orders amounting to \$25.00 in the department.

The Adams Furniture Co., Limited, CITY HALL SQUARE

In Toronto's Parks and Playgrounds

Sidelights on the Thousands Who Repair to Toronto's Beautiful Parks For Rest and Recreation.

This is the sort of weather that drives the crowds to every cool and shady nook available. After a long, exhausting day sweating in store and office, male Toronto is glad to get away from the downtown section, where the dust flies in thick, choking clouds and the sun makes the streets like ovens specially designed to punish the wayfarer. The housewife, too, tired and limp after a day with her household problems and troubles, welcomes the few minutes' respite that evening brings. So soon as the welcome release comes from the duties of the day, thousands of our citizens make their way to park and lakeshore, to recline on the green spots that make fresh-air breathing spaces in the midst of the multitude of our dwellings and factories, to rest in the shadow of noble elm and slender maple, or to listen to the cool splash of the wavelets and the hum of voices from the crowd of boaters on the lake.

Queen's Park is especially well patronized. This may be because of its close proximity to one of our worst residential sections where the population is crowded into little rough-cast blocks, set in surroundings that are none too sanitary. The situation of the park also explains the preponderance of the foreign element also to be noticed in the crowds that assemble there of a summer evening. And they literally swarm all over the place, these exiles from the uttermost parts of the earth. A family of black-haired, dark-eyed Jews monopolizes a bench here and overflows to the grass around. The children jabber away in their own Yiddish tongue, but for the most part their elders are silent, and other expatriated countrymen saunter up and then they let loose

the floods of conversation, to the accompaniment of a world of gestures and nods and grimaces.

Sprawling all over the lawn at the foot of a big elm is a group of young men and women whose accent and general appearance proclaim them compatriots of the organ-grinders and peanut vendors of the streets. For the most part they are quiet and well-behaved, even if their attitudes may not be the most decorous. But they have come up here from a day of toil in the city, where the sun beats down on weary unprotected heads, or from factories where heat and rush and noise tire out mind and body. So they abandon them to the bliss of an hour or two of complete rest, here where nature's myriad voices soothe and console, they recognize them not. Sometimes a little good-natured chaff takes place between man and girl, the latter talking quick and excitedly, the girl answering back with many a toss of her black head, whilst their friends laugh loudly at the sallies that pass between the two. And as a rule all are well-dressed for their station, even though their clothes may speak loudly of the ready-made or second-hand emporium, men and girls having evidently forgotten their weariness long enough to prepare specially for their evening in the park. And they are very polite, their talk is of the most agreeable, and they generally dress soberly enough in blacks and whites.

Proned on the soft grass and giving audible evidence of being fast asleep are some half-dozen rough-clad men, faces hidden by broad-brimmed soft felt hats, the muck and mire on their clothing bespeaking them the toilers who work in sewer and ditch. A policeman comes up and touches

them one after the other with a none too gentle toe and they start up, sleepily, getting deep down their throats until they recognize the man in uniform, when with instinctive regard for the representative of the law, they straighten up with what effectiveness they can and modestly watch him as he passes on to rout up other sleepers. Then they fall to talking to using the language of Poland, Macedonia, or some other land over the seas.

Just over here there are being said in more familiar language. A Scotchman, with a pronounced burr in his voice and the glow of the national love of argument on his face, is disputing with others of his own nationality and a few dogged-looking, tweed-clad Englishmen, with unmistakable Cockney accent. Labor forgets their differences and become unanimous in their condemnation of the people, manners and customs of their adopted land. Evidently they consider that this country has little chance of making much progress while it persists in doing things so differently from the way in which they are ordered "at home."

Here is a circle of benches surrounding an excited speaker, who in answer to a query from one of his audience, admits that he is Russian born. He's worried about the social order, thinks that things are not as they should be, as they should be, feeling that all men are intended to be free and equal, especially as regards worldly goods. "How long've been in this country?" queries a tough-looking old listener, removing his back stubby pipe from his mouth, only far enough and long enough to permit of his asking the question.

"Only a few weeks," is the reply in broken English, which bespeaks the truth of the answer. "Oh, ye'll cool off after a spell," is the rejoinder of the irreverent old smoker, and the little assemblage laughs at the sally, while the speaker of socialistic proclivities stands in the midst with a look of foolish, uncom-

prehending amazement on his face, trying to fathom the reason for the mirth.

The shadows begin to fall and underneath the big trees is an area of lighted semi-gloom, which is soon filled by the electric lights which stand their steady glare on the thousands of seekers after recreation. Over at the north end, however, is a trussive and this has been dedicated to well the goddess worshipped by young bachelors who are satisfied to occupy bench and grass. In parties of two.

And the old park is a delightful resort for all who make a practice of repairing thither. Its trim, well-kept lawns, aged and stately trees, beds of beautiful flowers, buildings, sedatory and quiet rocks, are features that attract the men and women who dwell and labor in the midst of the rush and roar and dust and dirt of a big city's life.

Spicy Castellane Memoirs.
Cuntesse Caulaincourt de Merles, a descendant of Marshal de Castellane, has bequeathed a manuscript of the latter's memoirs to the Bibliotheque Nationale. A volume of his recollections has already appeared, but those were official, present manuscript was entitled by him "Bagatelles About My Time." The stories handed down by the marshal's lively tongue and ungrateful jokes enable one to form some idea what his "Bagatelles" may be. But only a few of his will ever read them. The marshal's tongue was the terror of his time, and there is still too much sting left in his gossip for the present day. The library will, therefore, retain the custody of the bagatelles for 40 years from now, and only after that lapse of time, by when, it is supposed, they will have lost their venom, will their publication be allowed. Till then no one, not even the most persistent lover of scandalous memoirs, will be able to look at them. —Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

MAKING HISTORY FAST WITH BIG AIR MACHINES

Toronto Will Witness This Week Latest Development in Art of Aerial Navigation

The remarkable advances that have been made in the development of the art of aerial navigation have placed the public in a position of not knowing what the news of a day may record in the way of surprising achievement. It is not long since that the science had entered the field of sport and become the subject of competition between men with sufficient means to enable them to indulge their desire for something more exciting than automobilism, but now the feats of Count Zeppelin, who has established a regular aviation route, have placed the business on a purely commercial basis.

Still to the people of this country the navigation of the air still possesses all the attractiveness of a mystery, the secret of which is just on the verge of being revealed. Canada has just had its first introduction to the most prominent of sky pilots in the reports indicate that great enthusiasm was aroused by the feats of aviators, the grace and skill of the Comte de Lesseps making an especial appeal to his excited captivators.

The Exhibition Stage.
"Flying man" is said to be passing now thru the exhibition or performance stage," said E. M. Wilcox, the manager of the Montreal meet, who will also have charge of the meeting to follow in Toronto next week, when crowds of people can be easily attracted to view what they believe to be life or limb. Such risks always

prove an irresistible draw until it is discovered by experience that the risk to a skilled performer is but slight. As an indication of the fees that can be obtained for show work of this description, the recent engagement of the five Wright aviators to fly during the Montreal meet may be mentioned. The amount paid was \$20,000, not at all a bad return for a few hours' work down a similar sum for their appearance on Saturday next, so that the Wright Brothers are not securing such a bad known aviators can command. Less than \$5000, per week, with a guaranteed flight per diem, weather permitting.

"This show stage must soon pass, however, and the next stage will undoubtedly be that of racing, which has already begun, since the fashion-able form of competition at present breaking in record making and popular feature for some time to come. Out of all this activity, our dearest wish will see the evolution of a design for the private touring aeroplane as a safe and reliable vehicle for the use of the man of moderate means for pleasure and business.

Getting Cheap.
"British built machines are already quoted at much lower prices than those of French manufacture; for example one well known pattern of Biplane, which sells at \$5000 as a French made apparatus, is quoted at \$3000 in England actually completed or in an advanced stage of construction. The aim of the artist is not to reveal beauty to somebody who is incapable of seeing beauty for himself, what is his aim?—Arnold Bennett in The London Daily Chronicle.

Father of Tobacco Smoking.
It is quite hopeless to trace out the fathers of smoking in general, or tobacco smoking in particular. Who first drew in smoke of any kind thru a pipe, or smoked in any manner, the people of England, and who first of our countrymen took to tobacco, will always remain disputable. It is equally uncertain which western tribe made the sublime discovery. There is even dispute as to whether tobacco takes its name from the island of Tobago, from the Yucatan Province of Tobacco, or from the name of the people of Hispaniola smoke with their noses. Only one name is definitely associated with the great institution, that of Jean Nicot, the French Ambassador to Portugal, who spread the fame of the herb thru Europe. And of all who are familiar with "nicotine" to-day, how many associate it with Nicot, or have even heard of him?—London Chronicle.

The Man and the Public.
When it comes to the appreciation of art, either everybody is bourgeois, or nobody is. Let artists take their choice of the alternative. In one sense Whistler was right when he said that in no age had there been an artistic public. But Wagner was much more right when he said to the man who confessed his technical ignorance of music, "My dear fellow, you're the very person I write my opera for." Wagner stated a profound truth of universal application in art. As a fact, the aim of the artist is not to appeal to common men, to whom does he appeal? Are artists to live, artistically, by taking in each other's washing? If the aim of the artist is to reveal beauty to somebody who is incapable of seeing beauty for himself, what is his aim?—Arnold Bennett in The London Daily Chronicle.

Bobs In Defence.
LONDON, June 23.—Lord Roberts presiding at the National Service League today, said they must persevere in educating public opinion to the fact that they could not hope to guard the empire unless the defence of the country is to depend upon the whole people being trained in the time of peace to defend hearth and home of the country when attacked.

test, "Tire

A

The a new Com made This "Non" "Uni" Strai sione cher fit in

The to all co and rim,

Since claim final

The

Head Of BOOTH A

SPOR

Nationalists the Toronto disaffected lea Toronto em. Eichenman w the season's team they before meet have had a and as we a the return off a team Manager N the Frenchm Newby didn't Toronto, it knew holiday knew his season. By by resting Manager Cl see usually day's game much so, the chewed the played a gre day, they co the ball, but the exception only home chance, all ti ball before t season, and minutes, and the game. T team playe scored 10 goal in 30 minutes, and only failed to

Thus, on the not surpris on the war, and Charlie the whi deane defence business, and season. By said to have fence games the holiday.

Young Toro Friday at St. Shield holder G.L.A. and a Hamilton, the two Toro

MINI PALE ALE