

URDAY, APRIL 18, 1914

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SAYS LONDON IS MOST HONEST PLACE IN WORLD

If You Don't Believe It Read What "A South African Visitor" Thinks, Then Compare Your Experiences, if You Have Ever Been There.

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, April 18.—"A SOUTH AFRICAN VISITOR" who has spent just eight months here has a long article in the Mail in which he expresses surprise at the honesty of London. Americans and Canadians who have at some time or other paid a visit to the metropolis may wish to compare their experiences with those of the South African visitor, who says: "The uncompromising commercial honesty of London is the most astonishing thing I know. It is more astonishing even than the British Museum; more beautiful and admirable than London's parks and horses and female beauty; more strong and generous and intelligent and honest than the huge parks, horses, and beautiful women. But London's honesty is greater than all of these. "I wonder if the people here ever realize how honest they really are? Probably it is to them the most natural thing in the world to see that the other man gets first what he pays for and then the full amount of his change. But strangers like myself appreciate the honesty with which we find ourselves surrounded and after a while come to realize that what at first seems brusqueness or even discourtesy is only part of the general scheme of uncompromising honesty. The Londoner will not stoop to flatter his man in order to get on with him. Indeed, he is often so abrupt that polished people like the French think that his rude and his methods those of the take-it-or-leave-it order. "But at the back of it all is the sturdy pride and honesty of the London tradesman, who seems to fear that too much civility may be mistaken for the dishonesty of the dishonest. In all I have lived here eight months, which are only two weeks short of a year or country—when born in it and steeped in its life and traditions and when new to it. The man who spends ten years in a huge place like London only succeeds in losing the freshness of his impressions without gaining any more the soul and insight of the native. "Unusually honest. "Eight months is long enough to find out that London is honest. If it is too short to know a tenth of the British Museum, London is amazingly, unaccountably honest. It is not by the thieves and tricksters of a country that we can judge it, but by the dead level of everyday people. In eight months of busy life here I have had the strange experience of "Never once being robbed. "Never once being overcharged. "Never once being given short change. "Never once being supplied with an article inferior to what I expected. "Honesty I have found among such strange bedfellows as the mail order business, auction rooms, second hand shops, and gas companies. I have not found a lawyer, but am fully prepared to find one if that the bedfellows to honesty which I have named above are a tradition in London. I speak as a colonist to whom they are a tradition of another kind. "A fellow South African, the other day, long business life abroad affords no parallel. He paid some time back to a London trader an account without deducting or asking for a discount. Later on he closed his transactions with the house. To his utter astonishment he was a month later refunded the forgotten discount. "I know a second hand dealer in the street. The first time I made his acquaintance he advised me not to buy a couple of articles which I had selected from his window at the prices he had marked them. I was amazed. Surely the man was mad. He pointed out certain little defects which had escaped my notice and said the things were not really cheap at the price. I went away and told people of the mad second hand dealer of the street, but someone and sane character, and the story fell flat. "Commercially speaking the policemen of London seem to be made of asbestos. All the courtesy and assistance they may give one must remain untipped, for London seems to be blessed with a race of untipable policemen! What an excellent thing it would be if in one of those frequent social opportunities we are having the policemen were to change places with the waiters and vice versa. "Before my first visit to London I had heard much about its thieves and swindlers. Pickpockets were supposed to lurk everywhere diving their hands into unprotected coat openings for money and watches. Dickens, I fancy, did much to frighten us with his gallery of queer characters. But it is easy for a stranger to protect himself in a country of super-thieves, providing that the people he meets every day in his ordinary life and business are honest. It is in places like Madeira, Las Palmas, and Tenerife that commerce becomes complicated. There all citizens seem banded in a great Society for the Retention of Visitors' Wealth. If you engage in a dispute with one man about the price of something, another will saunter up quite innocently, yet with a wonderful inner knowledge of the facts, and volunteer the information that the man you are arguing with is a very good fellow and quite cheap. When you need a boat to take you to your ship, and if your boatman will combine to make you pay through the nose. "In London—and, for that matter, all over England—one's needs seldom influence the boatman or caddy or motor car owner. Frequently I have been in such a position that any price could have been exacted by the other man, and nothing more than a

PORTRAIT OF GERMAN CROWN PRINCE ATTRACTS MUCH ATTENTION IN BERLIN



NEW PAINTING OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE

Painted by Mr. Arthur Schlubeck, the Work is Considered Very Excellent.

(Special Dispatch.) BERLIN, April 18.—THE German Crown Prince has been painted many times and by many masters, but no one has achieved more striking portraits of Germany's future ruler than Mr. Arthur Schlubeck, a Berlin painter, who stands in the forefront of the modern conservative wing in Germany. Two of the Schlubeck portraits of the Crown Prince were hung on the line at the last salon, one in the uniform of the Garde du Corps. Another was in the uniform of the famous "Death's Head" Brigade of the Royal Hussars, stationed at Danzig, from which the Crown Prince took a somewhat melodramatic farewell when renounced to the General Staff of fies, a few months ago. His pronounced Hohenzollern features, suggestive in line if not in strength of his greatest ancestor, Frederick the Great, offer an interesting task to the portraitist. Here the painter has to do with an impetuous temperament, and any portrait of the Crown Prince which did not bear with it an impression of restless energy, a dash of that devil-may-care buoyancy which has led him into many conflicts of opinion with his father would be poorly express the essential characteristics of the moulder of Germany's future destiny. "The caller as the Schlubeck studio was also attracted by an unusual studio-painted portrait of Dr. Carl Meckel, his Berlin poet by the lure of the American musical world. This is primarily a study in light effects, and the idea came to the painter as he had frequent opportunity of watching Dr. Meckel stand at the conductor's desk in the orchestra pit of the Royal Opera, his clean-cut features thrown into relief by the yellow lights flaring out of the surrounding shadows. The pose is characteristic and the distinguished musician was the unconscious sitter for a portrait of great strength and originality. So many officers of high rank have commissioned Mr. Schlubeck to perpetuate them upon canvas that he has become generally known as the "military painter." To a man who believes that the face—the personality—is the chief essential in a portrait, and that the accessories of clothing should be treated as a more or less negligible quantity, it is not easy to solve successfully the problem of paint-

At 94 Mr. James Sant Is Still Painting Portraits

Sending Pictures to This Year's Royal Academy Exhibition, Which Promises To Be Essentially One of Portraiture, Although There Are Several Good Landscapes.

MODEL OF STATUE FOR CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, April 18.—THE period of rush and anxiety with artists who want to exhibit at this year's Royal Academy is over—for a bit. Apart from the R. A. S. and the A. R. A., who are allowed to send their works along to Burlington House, later than ordinary artists, would-be exhibitors have all sent in their paintings and watercolours. Work of them will and which will not be "hung" still rests in the laps of the gods—the Hanging Committee—but a little portrait. Besides the "Claytemestra" already referred to in these cables, the Hon. John Collier is sending portraits of Lord Moxley and the Duke of Bedford. Mr. George Clausen has ready five pictures, varied in subject. The most important is a large landscape with figures. Two more are looking in a field. Pissarro, field, against a background of cloudy blue sky. The picture is saturated with sunshine and color, and is undoubtedly one of the finest which has come from Mr. Clausen's brush. The other works are a spring landscape, with budding elms; "Primavera," a nude study of a girl plaiting her hair, an interior at twilight, and a portrait. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R. A., is sending three portraits and a subject picture, "The Annunciation." Mr. M. V. Strang, A. R. A., has chosen for exhibition "The Card Players," a modern subject picture, and a series of etchings from the Bible. Mr. A. S. Cope, R. A., has finished an important series of portraits—the King in undress naval uniform, the Duke of Connaught as Master of Trinity House, Lord Haldane, Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Lord Rothermere, of Henstead, and Sir Clement Kingsley. Among the portraits sent by Mr. W. L. Dowling, A. R. A., will be those of Lord Cheylesmore and Sir William Vincent. Mr. Oswald Birley's Academy portrait will include one of Lord Reading, of Earley in the robes of Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Frank O. Salisbury's portraits include Sir William Richmond and the aged Sir Walter Gilbey, while he is engaged on one of Lord Barnard. Mr. G. P. Jacob-Hood, M. V. O., will contribute to the Academy a study of the investiture of the Maharajah of Bikanir with the Star of India at the Delhi Durbar in 1912. This he has done for the Queen, and in order to do it he had to make another trip to India a few months ago. Mr. F. Derwent Wood, A. R. A., is sending to the Academy a sketch model of the statue of the great Earl of Chatham, which Lady Paget, wife of the Command-in-Chief in Ireland, and other American women resident in England are presenting to the Capitol at Washington in connection with the centenary of peace. "The photographer lives next door," was Leubach's gruff answer, "You should have gone to him if you wished a picture made of your own." In Mr. Schlubeck's military collection there is no more finely characteristic head than that of the doughty German General Freiherr von Bissing, of whom it is told that on one occasion he dared to keep a dinner waiting at which the Kaiser was among the guests. The latter was fuming with impatience and ready to greet the tardy officer with a severe reprimand when von Bissing coolly slipped into his seat, offering as the only explanation:—"I was detained by military duties, Your Majesty." Mr. Schlubeck thinks that Egypt offers a solution for an interesting light problem on which he has been at work for some time, and has again pitched his tent on the edge of the desert to study the golden glow. In his later portraits he has applied this new principle of replacing the conventional background by one of a peculiar luminous quality, and this he has used with striking effect in a double portrait of the two beautiful daughters of Mr. Harry B. Hirsch, of Philadelphia.

FLORAL SCHEMES FOR MOTOR CARS.

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, April 18.—LOWERS as motor car ornaments are by no means a new idea, but floral decorations which match both the inside and outside of the cars are now in vogue. Car colors do not vary greatly. The most common colorings are red, green, gray, dark blue and yellow. The following gives an idea how cars should be decorated:— Red Cars—Red carnations, red geraniums and red tulips. Green Cars—Asparagus fern and lilacs. Gray Cars—White carnations, lilies of the valley, narcissus and pinks. Blue Cars—English violets, Spanish iris and cornflowers. Yellow Cars—Mimosas, daffodils and primroses.

NEW FIRELIGHT PORTRAIT OF ONE OF ENGLAND'S BEAUTIES



LADY ENID FANE

Lady Enid Fane is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, whose engagement to the Hon. Henry Vane, eldest son and heir of Lord and Lady Barnard, has been announced. Lady Enid is twenty years old, and her fiancé is twelve years her senior. He was formerly a captain in the Fourth battalion of the Durham Light Infantry and was A. D. C. to the Governor of Madras from 1903 to 1907.

COUNTESS EVOLVES A NEW WOMAN

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, April 18.—HAS the new century evolved a new woman? Is the typical woman of 1914 a daring, self-confident and inquiring creature, whose lack of reticence and scorn of yesterday's conventions would in her grandmother have been shocking beyond words, though it need not unduly distress us of to-day? These questions a famous woman sculptor, Countess Peodora Gleichen, answers more or less "in the affirmative" (as Captain Mindsters say) in a new work which she calls "1914." "1914" is to be seen by the public in a month or two at one of the big summer exhibitions. A visitor to the Countess' studio in St. James, Palace, made a preliminary study of this representation of contemporary womanhood. It is a nude, a slim pliant figure, with the right hand posed confidently on the hip and the left carrying a handbag. "Countess Gleichen finds the girl of 1914 in a ventralized satchel slung from its side, self-possessed in a world of her own, would have been heretofore to the Victorian statue is undraped in the attitude of a girl, but when the boat came because it was not desired to create a record of a fashion. But on a pedestal near by the model is seen in the same attitude, but clad in a fashionable dinner gown now and then the outlines of her form no more than that of a Panagra drawn from the attention of a ship's officer of the standing near had not the fiancé with woman or a "merveilleuse" of the great presence of mind sneezed loudly at the same moment. "The countess in her statue has wished to glorify the modern ideal of feminine alertness. "Scrappy" has plump and voluptuously rebel grandmother would certainly have called her fifty years ago. "1914" is an age of activities that do not permit of comfortable subpoint. In the straight, unflinching look of "1914" and the almost imperceptible confidence of the eyes of the girl, Countess Gleichen has sought to indicate what she finds the characteristic attitude of the 1914 woman's mind—a certain vivaciousness, an insatiable curiosity, a rather frivolous sort of intellectual activity, fearlessness, and of coquetishness. "This lady's life," he said in anxious tone to the customs officer standing before him. "Where is the waiting room?" It was not until the train pulled out that Dover Harbor station that the half-sarcastically, a rather frivolous sort of intellectual activity, fearlessness, and of coquetishness. "This lady's life," he said in anxious tone to the customs officer standing before him. "Where is the waiting room?" It was not until the train pulled out that Dover Harbor station that the half-sarcastically, a rather frivolous sort of intellectual activity, fearlessness, and of coquetishness.

DOG'S DISGUISE AS A WREATH

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, April 18.—A NEW and thrilling sport has sprung rapidly into popularity among women who travel. It is the result of the conflict between the passion for tiny dogs and the regulations of the Board of Agriculture imposing six months' quarantine on every dog brought into the British Isles. At first women sadly left their pets at home when they went to Switzerland or the Riviera, but no woman with any claim to courage now flinches from the ordeal of the hiding place, but when the boat came of a tin case, the top of which was arched over with white flowers and maidenhair tress. The box was carried by a lady's maid dressed in black. A favorite being placed for a small dog is a "vanity bag." Customs officers are notoriously too glib to open these. A small brow "Pom" named Sandy passed the ordeal in safety the other day into the waiting room. "What inside her long fur coat?" Sandy had been taken out several times to the hiding place, but when the boat came she was not desired to create a record of a fashion. But on a pedestal near by the model is seen in the same attitude, but clad in a fashionable dinner gown now and then the outlines of her form no more than that of a Panagra drawn from the attention of a ship's officer of the standing near had not the fiancé with woman or a "merveilleuse" of the great presence of mind sneezed loudly at the same moment. "The countess in her statue has wished to glorify the modern ideal of feminine alertness. "Scrappy" has plump and voluptuously rebel grandmother would certainly have called her fifty years ago. "1914" is an age of activities that do not permit of comfortable subpoint. In the straight, unflinching look of "1914" and the almost imperceptible confidence of the eyes of the girl, Countess Gleichen has sought to indicate what she finds the characteristic attitude of the 1914 woman's mind—a certain vivaciousness, an insatiable curiosity, a rather frivolous sort of intellectual activity, fearlessness, and of coquetishness.

CHAIN OF SOLAR OBSERVATORIES

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, April 18.—TO Miss Mary Proctor, daughter of eminent astronomer the late Mr. Richard A. Proctor, is due the fact that there will soon be forged the last link in a chain of solar observatories round the world by means of which it will be possible to keep the sun under continuous observation during the twenty-four hours. The missing link had to be either in Australia or New Zealand, to fill the gap of nearly 90 degrees between the solar observatory at Kotlakanal, in India, and that at Mount Wilson, Cal. The other two observatories for studying the sun are the Yerkes Observatory, at Williams Bay, New Zealand, from which country Miss Proctor has just returned London after three years' absence, elated at the success of a lecture tour round the world on one-half of the project. "I was in Australia giving a course of astronomical lectures in places of the late Sir Robert Ball, who was in bad health when I saw that a meeting of scientists in London had declared that a solar observatory in Australasia was essential," said Miss Proctor. "I went over to New Zealand to see whether the people there were interested in the idea. Mr. Adams, the Government Astronomer, at once took up the matter and arranged for me to give a course of lectures throughout the Dominion. In the meantime I visited the Mount Wilson Observatory. "I had not been back in New Zealand more than two weeks when Mr. Thomas Galloway, of Nelson, who is eighty years old, came to me and, saying he had heard of my lecture in Nelson thirty years before, offered to defray the entire cost of building, equipping and endowing the observatory. Originally I told him it would be about \$250,000, but later I learned it would require \$250,000 and save him the cost of withdrawing his offer. He would not be released, however, and promised the larger amount."

London Trying Street Carpets

Mixture of Asphalt Over Macadam Is Proving Valuable Where Traffic Is Heavy.

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, April 18.—THE latest idea for road is a carpet, and an experiment in West-Cromwell road is officially reported to be successful. The new "carpeting system" as it is called, is designed for macadam roads, which are covered with a carpet, or layer of asphalt mixture, that not only sustains heavy traffic but affords good hold for horses and automobiles. The only essential required for the new system is that the macadam must be in good condition. The method is much cheaper than tar macadam, and that is a valuable consideration. It is supposed to do some "carpeting" in streets where there is plenty of heavy traffic. Another County Council experiment is the Kingston electric lamps. The charges for light will grow more moderate through the considerable competition between the gas and electricity firms. The gas people have been able to hold their own against electricity by inventing incandescent electric lamps of a new kind. Then the electric people hit upon the metal filament lamp, which upon the same volume of light at half cost. Now they are again going to double the illuminating power of electric lamps by a new method of surrounding the lamp with nitrogen. By this method it is claimed that fully double the illumination can be obtained as compared with the ordinary filament lamp for the same consumption. Two experimental lamps, each of 140 candle power, are to be placed in Kensington High street, and if they answer to expectation the whole of the other lamps in the borough will be scrapped and replaced by the new lamps. Special lanterns, however, have to be designed for the new lighting, on account of the great heat that is generated by the lamps.

A BABY POET.

(Special Dispatch.) LONDON, April 18.—HE has learned neither to read nor to write, and he just exclaims, "Mother, I want to say beautiful words to you," and then with a look of longing into the far away he will dictate wonderful prose poems. So speaks an article in the Poetry Review, the journal of the Poetry Society, of Logan Wilshire, a remarkable seven-year-old boy poet, who for the last two years, has revealed in beautiful creations of his imagination. "One of his prose-poems is the following:— "A DREAM. "The God of Dreams came to me last night and I had a dream of the world when the world was a child. And in this child world there were two Gods: the God of Nature and the God Genius. "The God of Nature provided all the materials, and the God Genius took them and made them into wonderful things. "Nature gave Genius a pair of leaves and Genius made them into wings—wings for the birds, wings for the butterflies, wings for all the things that fly. Such a wonderful world! When it was a child. "In 'The Crystal' he says:— "The Crystal lay between heaven and earth, and the rainbow filled it with light. Then the sun and the moon and the stars and the universe one by one made it gifts of their substance. "So the Crystal had the glow of the ruby and the glitter of the diamond, and all colors and powers, and with wings of gold it soared through the sky. "So the Crystal went down to earth and lived with mortals and by taking a step now and then the mortals got so they could look at the Crystal and see the glory, and that was how the world was made good. "In his lighter moments he imagines Perseus as "very solemn because he had no ladies to rescue" and also as sitting "on his rock smoking his pipe and talking to a gentleman who was a knight."

Pets and People.

Washington Star—"What kind of a dog is that?" "I dunno," replied the man with baggy trousers. "I'm not very well acquainted with him yet. When I come home at night my wife has to introduce me to him and tell him I'm not a burglar."