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ST. JOHN'S PICNICKED

Broughdale Church Party Had Good Time Down the River.

Although the rain interfered with the annual picnic of St. John's Church, Broughdale, held yesterday afternoon at Springbank, the attendance was large and everybody had a good time.

One of the features of the programme was the tug-of-war between teams captained by Mr. John Stoneman and Mr. William Graham. The latter won the contest after two exciting pulls.

Ven. Archdeacon Richardson, F. C. Ryott and W. Graham looked after the sports. The results were as follows:

Boys and girls, under 6 years—Chas. McDougall 1, Ellen Larsen 2, Norma Andrews 3.

Boys and girls, 8 years and under—Margaret Larsen 1, Laura Andrews 2, George Irwin 3.

Girls, under 11 years—Bertha Gardener 1, Lillian Jackson 2, Etta Irwin 3.

Girls, over 11 years—Violet Sheobottom 1, Marjory Stoneman 2, Annie Stoneman 3.

Needle and thread race—Marjory Stoneman 1, Ethel Gardener 2, Jane Irwin 3.

Boys' race—David Stoneman 1, Raymond McComb 2.

Potato race, No. 1—Violet Sheobottom 1, Marjory Stoneman 2, Annie Stoneman 3.

Potato race, No. 2—Mrs. F. B. Hodgins 1, Mrs. Stoneman 2, Margaret Larsen 3.

Boat and shoe race—Charles Irwin 1, Lillian Jackson 2, Margaret Larsen 3.

PRaises MR. KING

For Settlement of the Grand Trunk Strike—T. C. Irving's Tribute.

Ottawa, Aug. 11.—After the settlement of the Grand Trunk strike, T. C. Irving, general manager of Bradstreet's, who, as is well known, has special facilities for being in close touch with the commercial and shipping interests of the country, sent the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, minister of labor, the following telegram:

"Your successful efforts to settle the strike once more confirm the truthfulness of the statement that 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.' Yes, verily, thou art an 'unconquered king.'—T. C. Irving."

To this the Hon. Mr. King replied: "Many, many thanks for you rail too generous wire, just received. Cannot say how much I value the friendship of which it is an expression.—Mackenzie King."

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or steamers. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhoea and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all dealers.

Automobiles for hire. Hueston's Garage, Phone 422.

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20% OFF TO CUSTOMERS.
Store your valuables during vacation, cost only 10c a month for packages per cubic foot in size.
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Porter and Amber Ale
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Good dry mixed wood 12 and 16 inches long \$2 per load. Slabs \$1.50 per load.

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If you are wise you will take advantage of present prices. Very best mined Egg, Stove and Nut sizes, \$6.75 per ton. Sea size, \$5.75. Best Cannel Coal on the market, \$7.50 per ton.

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There's no change in the size of loaf nor in the price—it's the good bread all round.

Ask for it at grocers or have it delivered.

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LOSES BRILLIANCY

Not So Much Society Gadding at the House of Commons.

London, Aug. 10.—Year by year the terrace of the House of Commons becomes less and less a smart social resort. At one time, it was quite the correct thing for wealthy members of parliament to entertain there. The wholesale invitations to tea in the terrace which came to be the order of the season almost amounted to a scandal.

This summer there has been little smart entertaining in the House of Commons. Among the few men who have entertained are—Earl Winterton and F. E. Smith, the young Conservative hopeful. Their dinner guests have included Waldorf Astor and wife, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Duke and Duchess of Portland, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Lady Marjorie Manners, Miss Maxine Elliott and a number of American notables passing through London.

The social side of life on the terrace overlooking the River Thames reached its acme of brilliance when Joseph Chamberlain was colonial minister. Processions were then daily visitors. The absence of women is now partly accounted for by the severe regulations in force regarding the admission of women to the precincts of the House of Commons, on account of the raids of the militant suffragettes.

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Cairncross & Lawrence

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end with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilson, of Bide a Wee Cottage, Erie Rest.

Miss Ruth Muller and Miss Fern Ash, of London, are rusticating at Summerholm, Orchard Beach.

Mr. Fred H. Coles, of London, spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. Frank Coles, of Bide a Wee Cottage, Erie Rest.

Miss Margaret McLeod and Miss Blanche St. Clair, of London, are visiting at Victoria Cottage, Erie Rest.

The Erie Rest Girls' Club held a most successful boating party this afternoon.

Mrs. Margaret Parent, Mr. and Mrs. Allen McLean and son Jack, of London, are spending a few days with Mrs. Frank Coles, of Bide a Wee Cottage, Erie Rest.

Mrs. Tom Burns and family have returned to their home in London after spending a month at Woodbine Cottage, Erie Rest.

Mr. S. B. Coon, of Toronto, is spending a week with his sister, Mrs. G. McLean, of Max Villa Cottage, Orchard Beach.

Mrs. Pratt, of Wheeling, W. Va., who is holidaying at Idlewild Cottage, Orchard Beach, was called to the bedside of her sister, Mrs. W. Mills, of London, this afternoon.

Mrs. Woodburn and family, of London, are now located in their new cottage, Erie Rest.

Mr. W. H. Smith will look after the Advertiser's interests at Port Stanley this season in the same satisfactory manner as last summer. Londoners spending the holidays at Port Stanley can secure their favorite paper by writing this office, telephoning 107, or notifying W. H. Smith, Box 193, Port Stanley.

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An American's Impressions of English Hospitality

[Charles Battell Loomis, in the New York Sun.]

There is something fascinating about a packet of letters of introduction. You can go to any country and have a good time without a single letter of introduction. The first time I crossed I went an absolute stranger and yet received many courtesies at the hands of strangers; but on my later trips I went armed with letters and varied had been the delights which they have opened up.

As they lie in your pocket you wonder whether you had better present them or not. It's in a way cheeky to ask a man who never met you to give you his time to you, or a woman who never heard of you to pour out good tea for you, but you console yourself with the thought that if an Englishman or an Irishman or any sort of a visitor to America with a letter you'd be glad to extend courtesies to him, and so you let your first batch go into the mail.

A friend of mine said: "Mail all your letters at once, because if they may be six months before you get replies," but I did not act in her advice. I sent out five or six, and by next day I had received cordial answers to the majority of them asking me to call at this man's office or at that lady's house, or to go out into the country and take luncheon with a third.

I was warned by another good friend that the English like to see you, but again I must differ. If they do hate us, they are consummate dissemblers and past masters of acting.

The Tower of London is a fine thing to see, and if you take it to America without having been to see it no one will accept you as a serious traveller who takes in all the accustomed places; but I think it vastly more entertaining to spend an afternoon in an English garden, listening to a friendly talk than to be poring over old manuscripts in the Tower—or is it the British Museum where they have the latter?

Your way leads you through leafy lanes, and here and there the hawthorn still pours its freshest of crimson upon the landscape. Birds with thrushlike songs sing to you and sweet odors assail you agreeably as you wind in and out looking at the names of the houses on the street names of the castle. The address read, "Eppingham House, 23 Ridgely Terrace, Ridgely road, Clydesdale-on-Thames, Surrey, England."

You know you're in England, because the lark that just rose to heaven's gate told you so in unmistakable English, and you know you're in Surrey, because you crossed to the south side of the Thames in order to get there, and a strange-looking milk-wagon just passed you bearing a sign to the effect that the milk was from Clydesdale-on-Thames brewery. I mean milkery; but you have followed the "road" to the right, first to the left, then straight ahead, and yet the sign on the street corner reads "Tooting Crescent."

Here is a little boy with an Eton jacket on his slim figure and a white high top hat, a color that would impart the look of an angel to the face of a veritable devil. You ask him the way, and he politely walks with you to the first turning to the right, showing that your first informant was wrong, and there is not only Ridgely road, but Ridgely Terrace, with half a dozen picturesque stone houses, ivy clad and hidden behind high brick walls. Ah, there is Eppingham House, but one to Clydesdale House, and right next to Norfolk House, Howard House is a little further on.

The English seem to be unable to live in a nameless house. You open the front gate and go up the path to the front door. Over the knocker is an inscription, "Ring and knock." You do both, and then you hunt for your card, getting it out of your insurance identification wallet just as the pretty maid opens the door.

Where do the English get all their pretty maids? Can it be that the cap and uniform makes them pretty? No, I believe that nature did it in the first place, and that the cap but sets it off.

You are ushered into a room full of old furniture and old portraits. You happen to know more about old portraits than you do about furniture, and you are glad you came.

You admire for the hundredth time the sincerity and simplicity of treatment of the master, and then a quick step is heard, and through the open window at the back a man steps and comes forward to greet you.

"I say, this is pleasant. You're just in time for tea, and I happen to be at home."

Your letter was to a literary woman, and this is a man you met by chance at one of the Savage Club dinners and whose name you did not catch, but with whom you conversed a good deal.

He did not like his choice of place for the Guildhall speech, but said it was absolutely needed and hit the nail on the head. It seems that he is the artist-husband of the lady whose books are being discussed in the critical reviews.

"My wife will be glad to see you. I was telling her about you the other day, but as I didn't know your name she didn't say so," you were the man who had presented a letter. You don't mind sitting the garden?"

Fancy minding sitting in an English garden in June, when many breezes carrying sweet scents get hopelessly entangled in the result is a bewilderment.

You follow him out into the garden and there sits his wife under a bower of roses. She greets you with a cordiality that equals his own and offers you an easy chair to sit on.

At her feet are two dogs, a Scotch terrier and a Great Dane. The Scotch terrier is not friendly, but the Great Dane with all the courtesy shown by Dane to the players, pokes a friendly nose into your hand and bids you welcome to his adopted country.

"We're all of us Danes in our welcome of thee," quotes the husband. "You're an American, so I suppose you want sugar?"

"Please."

Just look around you at the profusion of flowers. Half of them you don't know the names of, but there is some bleeding heart that looks like home. There is certainly a very homelike quality to everything, although it is different from any home you know across the sea. You feel as if these people had always been friends.

"Ah, yes," someone says, "but then they are artistic and literary, and artistic people are always more friendly than plain, everyday 'businessmen.'"

Come into another garden, then in a different country and walk about a bit with the owner, an engineering man. His tone was just as cordial when he bade you welcome in the reception room. He took you into the dining-room, where his wife was serving tea to his two little sons, and she seconded his welcome with real heartiness.

"Any friend of John's is our friend." Then there was the place to which you went with a belated letter of introduction which you took in person instead of sending.

Do you remember how the gracious lady who received you chided you for not having come sooner? She told you that as soon as her son wrote that you were due to land in England on a certain date she had a bed prepared for you and had often wondered whether you had given up your trip.

How ashamed you feel that you had not gone to her sooner. If she wished to show hospitality to that extent you ought to have been equally eager to receive it; but you did not expect her to be so cordial just because you and her son happened to cross the ocean together three years ago, and kept up the friendship thus engendered after the facilities of the custom house at New York had been extended to the Englishman.

Here's a busy man in the city. He had no time for afternoon tea, but when you go to see him he is eager to be of service to you, and suggests that he get you a pass to the Houses of Parliament.

They do you remember the actor you ran across in America several years ago, an Englishman just over? You lunched him at the club. You see his name on the playbills of one of the London theatres, and go to see him. After the play you send up your card to him and he sends a man to conduct you to his dressing room.

You knew he was a clever actor and an agreeable man, but you knew nothing about him socially. He tells you that he is living just out of London in a village in Essex county.

Your own people came from Essex a number of years ago, when there were still Puritans in New England, and Hartford was not a city, and you're glad of an excuse to go back to the old homeland.

"You know father's vicar there," he says. "Run up Sunday and hear him preach. He really preaches a ripping sermon, and he isn't a bad sort at all. I'll not be there, but he'll be glad to see you. Just go around to the robing room after the service, and send in your card. It'll be all right, I assure you."

Here I am calling on a play actor in his dressing room on Friday and on Sunday I am to call on his reverend father in his dressing room at St. Giles. Sir Henry Irving certainly raised the actor's estate.

Do I go or do you go?—as you will. I am you and you are I in this letter, because although you'd never met the people of whom I am talking they all live and move and have their being in England. Of course, I go and listen to the choir boys sing a service by John Stainer and then hear a thoughtful sermon on the text, "And though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not love, I am become as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

After the service is over I wait in the churchyard until the Rev. Algernon Thorpe comes out from the robing room, and then I boldly present my card. It is even as his son said, I am taken in for his sake and bidden to come to the feast.

The vicar is a widower, but a sweet-faced lady, his sister, keeps house for him. She introduces the vicar's brother to me or me to him. I forget which. All I know is that he is a real bishop of the Church of England, with his funny bishop's hat and his knee breeches and black stockings. And his nephew making people laugh in a theatre of nights!

He is a most genial man and is glad to greet me as an American. I asked him always had supposed that bishops were an awesome sort of men. I remember one who held office when I was a boy, and who looked so dignified that I would have liked to throw some thing at him just to upset his dignity, but this bishop, why, I would just as soon have asked him to go and play lawn tennis with me. No side at all, just as gentle as a kitten and as jolly as his nephew, the comedian.

Well, this is about letters of introduction and English hospitality and friendliness, and I think I have shown that there is a great deal of it extended to visiting Americans. Why the bishop asked me if I wouldn't run down into his country—he was only visiting his brother—and spend a couple of days with him.