

MOSLEMS WILL BUILD MOSQUE IN LONDON

[From the Manchester Guardian.]

LONDON, as in the case of the Moslems, nearly all the great religions of the world have their representatives in London, and it is for them that a mosque would be especially useful. In the temptations and distractions of their temporary home it is easy for these young men to lose the grasp of their faith, especially in the absence of any common place of worship. The only large working-class element among the Moslems in London is that of the Levanters, who live a nomadic life in and about the docks, and they are apt, even more than the students, to get out of touch with their religion. All these diverse races will be brought together in common worship within the new mosque. Besides uniting the Moslems in the exercise of their faith, it is hoped that the mosque will do something to create a spirit of sympathy among their British fellow-subjects. The ignorance of the average Englishman about the beliefs of the Moslems is intense, and ignorance as between the government and the Moslems is not a healthy state of affairs. The London mosque will be a centre for spreading mutual knowledge and for increasing mutual interest. How many Englishmen know that the Moslems accept Christ not only as one of the great teachers of the world but as a spirit of God? Islamism differs from many religions in having no priestly caste. The Moslem can perform his devotions equally well in any place, and it is owing to that reason perhaps that the absence of a mosque in London has been tolerated for so long.

The movement has aroused great interest among the Moslems in all parts of the world. Promises of help have come from India, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, Cyprus, Ceylon and elsewhere. The Sultan has spontaneously sent a donation. It is felt that London should not fall behind St. Petersburg, where a large mosque was opened two years ago by the Tsar himself. And there

A NOVELIST ON MANNERS

Thomas Nelson Page on Rudeness of the Street and Drawing-Room—Who Are the Gentle Folk?

THE subject of manners was much kept before me in my travels in the United States. Impression of their importance, if not of their actual practice, is everywhere. As writes Thomas Nelson Page, the American novelist, in the Century Magazine:

"It was a saying of an old 'mammy' in the family that 'Manners will carry you where money won't.'"

Rudeness in a Republic has often been the subject of remark. It would appear, however, that this refers rather to that want of subservience which we find in the drawing room, more than to the deference which dignities and merit are likely to evoke everywhere. I have never observed that age or merit needs to be respected anywhere except in two classes, the ruffians of the streets and the ruffians of the drawing room.

In that singularly unsocial sphere of vague and nebulous boundaries, which calls itself 'society,' the respect and deference generally accorded elsewhere to age and merit and accomplishment are singularly lacking. It is not the fault of the men in that phase of life, whose manners should be most polished; they are not lacking in what is the chief ingredient of all social success, the respect for themselves. If there be any doubt on the subject in any person's mind let him go on a street car, elevated surface, or in one of our large cities and test the matter for himself. He will see not only, but everywhere, such a scene of sheer and brutal brutality as he would find nowhere else in the world where men and women are together, men driving themselves by sheer brute strength to cars already packed to suffocation, tearing clothes, the reckless crushing whomever and whatever is in

"The Sort of Man That Has Made the British Empire"

An American Tribute to Wilfred Grenfell—He Has Fought a Grim Battle, Nobler Than War.

THE Chicago Tribune says it is not the noblest of men who work on the Labrador coast. When he arrived in 1892 he found a scattered and poverty-stricken permanent population of 3,000 and about 20,000 fishermen from Newfoundland who spent eight months of the year in those waters. These people on the perilous outskirts of the habitable world were in sore need of most of the things that make life endurable. They were without medical aid, they were on the brink of despair.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE BABY

Baby's Own Tablets is the one medicine that can be given little ones with the firm knowledge that nothing but good will result. The Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiate for any other drug which will harm the youngest child. They contain possibly the most famous of the "soothing" stuffs which simply drug baby into temporary relief and in the end do harm. Frampton, Que., writes: "Send me two more boxes of Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them for constipation and have always found them very good. My baby is certainly progressing under the Tablets." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

are only 15,000,000 Moslems in Russia, against 100,000,000 in the British Empire. The necessity of holding even the chief yearly festivals in hotels is a proceeding which tends to make the Moslems look ridiculous in the eyes of the public. The next mosque will provide a place of worship and devotion for all the sects of Islam, in the same way that the mosque at Mecca belongs to the whole of the Mohammedan world. But there is no intention of promoting what is commonly called Pan-Islamism. The object is to draw closer the bonds of sympathy and affection which bind the Moslems of India to the British Empire, not to work in antagonism to British feeling.

MUCH EATING

(Continued From Page Thirteen.)

cept ideas. A bacteria would starve to death in his lower intestines. There's nothing for the bacteria to feast on here. They give up the job of taking Bright's disease, diabetes or something else on me.

"Much Eating" Harrison, Stubbs and their kind. They eat as much—though not as wholesomely—as a hot-carrier and without taking any exercise. They choke their engines with too much coal. If they want to eat like hot-carriers, why don't they exercise and work it off like hot-carriers? "Stubbs" talk about retiring is bosh. Can a man who's been taking morphine for ten years set a date for his retirement and adhere to it? Stubbs will get so sick of doing nothing in two years he'll come back and plot in a cemetery or hell be back in the office ready to work harder than he ever did before. When he retires he comes home to this: "This earth is a cinch if you take it right."

"Stubbs will die in ten years if he persists on staying retired."

"Stubbs says every man ought to retire at 65. Nonsense. I'm better able to keep working now than when I was 25. For instance, I know more than I did then, and I can do better work than 40 years ago. I've been at it 25 years and I'm going to keep at it until I'm 150."

Other Aide to Energy

"To what besides proper eating do you think is the cause of your splendid physical condition?" asked the interviewer.

"Well," replied Edison, "for one thing I keep my weight at exactly the same notch 172 pounds. Then, not a single capillary artery or vein about me is ever pinched. See here—"

He jumped spryly to his feet and kicked off one of the loose russet slippers he wore. The slipper was large and shapely, but the foot that was revealed was as shapely and limber as a diamond.

Edison's blue eyes twinkled when he noted the look of astonishment on the beholder's countenance.

"No pinching there. It's the same with all my clothes." He doubled up his fist and thrust it behind his abdomen and trousers front.

"Also two sizes too large. It's the same with shirt and undershirt and coat and so on. I'm sure that every vein and artery is given a chance to do the work it is intended for. That affords proper circulation."

HORSES WILL TRIUMPH

(Continued From Page Thirteen.)

but with the addition of much gold lace, powdered wig and milk stockings. These state liveries cost nearly £400 apiece. In the royal motor garage there are 100 of these, and the king uses them, privately, a good deal, but any visit or journey which is in the slightest degree of a non-private nature is conducted in a carriage and pair. Queen Mary has been particularly fond of touring, and in the afternoon she has Hyde Park she follows the example of her mother-in-law, Queen Alexandra, and uses a highland landau, drawn by a couple of fine grey horses.

The great "sight" at the royal stables is the stud of Hanoverian cream, which are exclusively kept to draw the King's carriage. They open Parliament, and they will, of course, draw it on coronation day. "The stud of Hanoverian cream" of horses which has otherwise ceased to exist, and are the direct and only pure-bred descendants of the famous Hanoverian "Hannover George" was George the First—brought with him to England 200 years ago.

The once famous stud of Hanoverian and Black horses of Hanover have died out, and now the "creams" alone survive, and only in the royal stud, for when Queen Victoria went to Hanover about 29 years ago to endeavor to procure fresh stock, not one was to be found. Quite apart from their all-cream color, these horses are yellowish, these horses, or ponies, as they are called, are remarkable for their strength and their perfect conformity to the rather drier shape of pulling plodding horses required (as they originally were), for dragging heavy coaches through the difficult and muddy roads of seventeenth century Europe. Their cream coats have a perfect evenness of color, which is accentuated by the rather deeper shade of the manes and tails. There is a legend, or rather an exploded tradition, that these horses have no tails like horses, and that when they appear in public they wear false tails, supplied by a well-known wigmaker.

The story is quite false. The pliability of their coats is due to the freedom from clipping. They are only used on state occasions, which are few and far between. Their gait is slow and they are driven with a four-in-hand or bugle wagon, which is loaded up to the exact weight of the coronation or to court in a state chariot with powdered coachmen and footman and a pair of fifteen-hand horses. It would look absurd. Lord Londdale has eight seven-hand horses. He will use two himself, and the other six are already promised. Motor cars will be much used, of course, for getting about town, paying



Drink It Oftener—Live Longer

No Better Food For Everybody

Fry's Cocoa will do you more good than any other food or beverage. Drink it at every meal—between meals—at bedtime—and you will gain in healthy flesh, cleaner blood, stronger nerves, added energy and vim. It is the richest, purest food-beverage money can buy.

Better Than Milk For Children

For invalids, for tired people, for nerve-ridden people, for failing appetites, FRY'S COCOA is better than medicine—a perfect tonic, food, beverage, all in one, and a delicious drink as well. For children, FRY'S COCOA is far better than milk—more nutritious, easier digested, purer. You won't find a way to coax the little folks to drink it—but you'll find the proof of the good it does written in rosy letters on the plump little cheeks. And it is just as good for grown people.

Good For Everyone

Tea or coffee may not really harm you—but neither can benefit you at all nor feed you at all—both are mere infusions—mere flavours. But cocoa is an emulsion of gluten, fats, albumen, starch, sugar—all the food-requisites, available in the most palatable form—alluring to the taste, instantly helpful to the system. "There is no better food than Fry's Cocoa," says Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the great authority. Health states that Fry's "is the strongest and best cocoa that can possibly be produced." Prove that for yourself—order a tin from your grocer—tell him, though, that

Nothing But FRY'S Will Do

Fry's Breakfast Cocoa, you see, is the most economical (as well as the purest and richest) of cocoas. A tiny spoonful makes a big cupful of the fragrant, nourishing, palate-pleasing beverage that is the best thing anyone can drink. A tin of Fry's costs very little, considering how long it lasts even though you use it thrice a day for the whole household.

Twenty-five Cents A Tin

And when 'company' drops in unexpectedly, you are never at your wits' end for a satisfying repast if you have Fry's Cocoa in the pantry—it goes a long way toward making a feast of an ordinary meal. Everyone likes it. Be sure that you include Fry's Cocoa in your next order to the grocer.

Dr. Joseph Fry founded the House of Fry at Bristol, England, early in the eighteenth century. To-day the works, the largest cocoa manufactory in the world, employ nearly 5,000 people. Messrs. Fry hold Royal Warrants as Manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate to the Royal House of England, of Spain and of the Hellenes; and they have received more than 300 Grands Prix, Gold Medals and Diplomas attesting the high merit and purity of their wares.

Quit Tea Ten Days—Try Fry's Cocoa Instead

That Will Prove The Good It Does

Trade Supplied By J. S. Fry & Sons, Limited, 32 Colborne St., Toronto

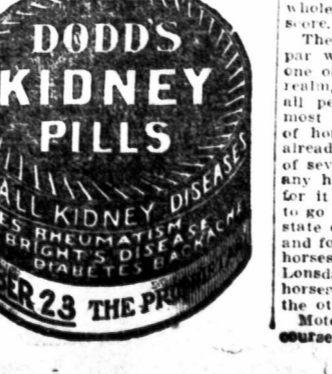
Treat Yourself To Fry's Chocolates

One, at least, of the good stores you deal with has a supply of fresh-made, daintily-packed, delicious chocolate candies—Fry's Chocolates—alluring little morsels of pure goodness. Carry a package away with you—leave just twenty-five cents with the shopman—and be glad you made the acquaintance of Fry's Chocolate Assortment. Fry's are quite a little nicer than the very nicest candies you have tasted yet—richer—purer.



25c At Good Dealers

Every morsel is a palate-delighting surprise. Surely try them—see that the cover says FRY'S CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT—the price is only twenty-five cents for a big boxful. You will think the price should be higher.



king through the streets, and the whole stud consists of under a score.

The Earl of Londdale who is on a party with Lord Desborough, is one of the most sporting peers of the realm, has a collection of carriages of the period and character, which all more equal the Kings, and his stud of horses is probably larger. He has already promised to horse the chariot of several of his friends who have not a horse of the required standard. For it would be impossible, of course, to go to the coronation or to court in a state chariot with powdered coachmen and footman and a pair of fifteen-hand horses. It would look absurd. Lord Londdale has eight seven-hand horses. He will use two himself, and the other six are already promised. Motor cars will be much used, of course, for getting about town, paying

private visits and the like, but officially they will not be recognized as existing at all, and those peers and peeresses (and there are several) who cannot afford carriages and horses, will have to drive to a certain point, where they will alight and walk to Westminster Abbey through streets crowded with sightseers.

At the last coronation Victoria street was reserved for peers going to the abbey, and many shabby sights were to be seen of elderly folk of both sexes hurrying along the pavement with their crimson and ermine robes tucked up under their arms, and carrying their quaint and medieval coronets in their hands.

A well-known member of the House of Lords, a little puny, red-faced man was sitting in his state chariot on that occasion in Victoria street, waiting his turn in the queue, evidently getting

Every Woman

is interested in health and beauty. MARVEL Whirling Spindle is the only medicine that can be given to all women. It is a powerful purgative and cleanses the system. It is sold by all druggists.

SANTAL-MIDY

Standard remedy for Bladder, Gonorrhoea and other Urinary Affections. It is sold by all druggists.