

THE HAMILTON TIMES

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909.

YOUR BABY'S LIFE.

The hot summer months are frightfully destructive of child life. People have long remarked the awful increase of child mortality at this season, and many have become accustomed to account for it by referring it to the heat, to teething troubles, and to "mysterious dispensations of Providence." An improved knowledge of hygiene and bacteriology finds the cause to be improper feeding and bad milk. The bottled baby mortality ought to be reduced; it is a crime against knowledge and cleanliness.

And the means to reduce that mortality is now to be made available to Hamilton mothers. As related elsewhere in this paper, a commission of the Hamilton Medical Association, co-operating with the Medical Health Officer and his Board, and assisted by the Victorian Order of Nurses, has taken up the work along the lines so successful in Rochester, N. Y., and has arranged to place clean, pure, milk from healthy cows within the reach of every mother in the city, and to furnish, free of charge, simple and plain instructions as to child-feeding which should, it followed, tend to the health and comfort of the little ones.

The depots will be open on Monday or Tuesday, and mothers are invited, urged, to call and make use of the facilities which they furnish. The cows have been subjected to scientific tests to guard against tuberculosis; the sanitation of the dairies has been guaranteed, and a skilled nurse supervises the milking, sterilizing of the vessels used, and putting up of the milk.

This is not a money-making scheme, but one of pure philanthropy—an effort to save the babies. It will cost considerable money, for which the milk commission will have to go down into its pockets, or depend on a generous public to furnish. But the best reward it can have will be to have the mothers take advantage of the opportunity to get pure milk with which to feed their babies, and to feel that because of its efforts "the little white hearse" makes fewer trips to the cemetery.

TAXING LAND VALUES.

There is nothing astonishing about the fact that Lloyd George's budget meets with bitter opposition in certain quarters. Whatever else it does, it recognizes that certain classes enjoy great privileges as compared with the rest of the community. It does more than this; it not only takes legal recognition of it, but it proposes to take for the community a share of the benefits of such privilege by taxation. To the new revenue required, the privileged classes, the landlords, and the owners of great inherited wealth, are to be obliged to contribute a greater share. A tax of 20 per cent. is to be levied on the unearned increment in land values. The landlords do not produce this value; they will be allowed still to pocket four-fifths of it. This tax may be revolutionary, as it is called in some quarters, but it will be hard to contend that it inflicts injustice upon the landlords. The probability, indeed, is that a little experience with this method of raising revenue will make it so popular, and will so fully demonstrate the justice of the principle involved, that the community will not long be content with taking one-fifth of the value which it creates, leaving four-fifths to be gobbled by the landlords, but will take a larger proportion and relieve production and improvement of part of the grievous burdens of taxation which they now unjustly bear.

A contemporary calls attention to the fact that the Duke of Westminster owns four hundred acres of land in the centre of the capital of the empire, and draws therefrom a yearly rental of about \$15,000,000. Earl Cadogan owns two hundred acres and draws annual rental of \$7,500,000. Lord Portman owns two hundred and seventy acres, and has a rent roll of about \$9,000,000 per year. The Howard de Walden estate yields about \$12,000,000 a year in rentals. The Duke of Bedford draws in rentals about \$11,000,000 a year. Lord Northampton about \$9,000,000, and the Duke of Norfolk, who owns the Strand, about \$7,500,000. A few men own five square miles of London, and draw in annual rentals about \$100,000,000. The term "rent" means ground rent. The owners of these lands inherited these acres. Through centuries London has been growing up on these lands, making them more valuable one generation after another. Successive generations of Londoners have lived and died, and transacting business throughout the world, have found it necessary to pay ever higher rates for leaseholds. The owners, from father to son, have had agents studying the growth of London, and the growth of her world-business with a view to increasing the rentals as the success of the city warranted. Now a few families gather in one hundred million dollars a year because their ancestors got certain parcels from kings long since mouldered into dust.

This question of the taxation of land values and the right of the community to take for the purposes of the community whatever proportion of the increment produced by the community, has long been pressing. It will probably now become a practical issue in British politics.

SERVANTS IN MOROCCO.

The servant question is a perennial one in many countries. Even in our own it is the occasion of much worry and annoyance, which it is hoped to lessen by making the teaching of domestic economy a part of our educational system. It is to be borne in mind, however, that we need to educate our masters and mistresses, too, if we are to get the best results. In an educated country there is a general intolerance on the part of those who serve to be relegated to an inferior class; and not a little of the difficulty of the servant question is due to the care taken by the employing class to make the servants feel that they are just a trifle below their rank. This creates irritation, particularly, as is sometimes the case, the employer is the accident of marriage of fortune, while the servant is in point of breeding, natural talents and education immensely her superior. The servant question will not be settled right till it is dealt with on a business basis strictly and notions of superiority or inferiority are abandoned. Work is honorable if it is well done; a master or mistress is as behavior merits; "noblesse oblige."

In Morocco the servant question is complicated by the fact that no servant class exists, and under Mohammedan law all followers of the Prophet are equal before God and therefore with one another. And there is this peculiarity about the Mohammedan idea that it is put into practice. You can hire a man to serve you, but he will do it in his own way—which may not be yours. He is more likely to be retained by good treatment than by increases of salary. No use to berate him; he may leave with out notice and without seeking pay due. They must be treated as equals, and you must reason with them and show them that your conduct has been kind and just and in keeping with the teachings of the Prophet. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett gives this instance of dealing with an unfaithful servant:

One of my servants, called Mohammed the Sheriff (that is, of the family of the Prophet), I strongly suspected of having stolen small sums of money, and also of other offences. When charged by me he stoutly denied the allegation, and, turning to the patron saint of the Moors, the famous Moulay Edris, the founder of Fez, to bear witness of his innocence, but the proofs were too strong even for Moulay Edris to confute, and Mohammed the Sheriff had to acknowledge his guilt. However, he was not to the occasion, and, to rid him of the unpleasant responsibility, he declared that an evil spirit had taken possession of his soul and that he would try to drive it out. He then burst into tears of shame and left the room. A few minutes later I heard convulsive sobs and groans coming from downstairs, and, hastening to ascertain the cause, found him writhing on the ground, his hand grasping his throat, and apparently endeavoring to choke himself. I tried to get him to desist, but he only dug his nails deeper into his throat until the blood appeared. Then he sprang up, tore off all the clothes except his trousers, and squatting on his haunches, began to tremble all over like a person suffering from a shivering fit who has temporarily lost control of his muscles. At the same time he gave vent to strange gurgling sounds, intermingled with appeals to Moulay Edris. He foamed at the mouth and continually pointed in the air as if he saw some malignant spirit approaching. Mohammed had been bitten by a wild cat some days before, and I thought he might have gone mad in consequence; but my Assyrion interpreter told me not to be alarmed, but to wait and see what happened next, as he had probably only worked himself into a state of hysteria. Meanwhile the cook hastened outside and brought some Moorish incense, which he placed in the charcoal brazier under the fumes until the smoke rising in his limbs had ceased. He then rose and rushed about the garden until he found a long rope, which he coiled into many folds, and thus armed proceeded to give himself a good thrashing, uttering a short gasp of satisfaction after each stroke. The whole scene was so reminiscent of those self-inflicted flagellations in which the monks of the Middle Ages delighted. The next stage in the process of driving out the devil was somewhat alarming. The Sheriff walked towards the charcoal brazier and rested the rope in the flames until its many fibres were smouldering. Then with the lighted end he inflicted more self-punishment, twice re-lighting the rope when the fibres had gone out. Then he took his last and most decisive step to get rid of the evil spirit and one which should have been effective as such a method. But it is not to be recommended as being good for breeches. It may, however, have been more spectacular than pain-producing. The most remarkable thing about the exercise seems to be the fact that it was self-undertaken because of conviction of guilt brought home to the wrongdoer. If masters (or mistresses) and servants could always properly appraise their conduct and relations to each other, the servant problem would solve itself.

The Canadian Blesley team, armed with the Ross rifle, is giving a good account of itself this year. It has followed up the winning of the McKinnon Cup by winning the coveted Kolapore Cup, thus establishing their marksmanship both as sharpshooters and as riflemen under service conditions. Not only are these victories highly creditable to the Canadian team, but they are a vindication of the Ross rifle, the Canadian service arm, against which the Ottawa opposition so long conducted such a bitter and vindictive campaign. The Canadian team's score of 1,600, of which 517 were made at the 1,000-yard range, is an exceedingly good one. Especially has Hamilton reason to be proud of her three members of the successful team.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Once more: Be careful about taking too many risks in boating and bathing; and warn the children.

Canadian revenue returns for the last three months show an increase of \$2,754,000. That indicates prosperity.

It is said to be impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. But one who would make a heroine of Evelyn Thaw need not hesitate to try such a feat.

The Pittsburgh officials are going to preserve order now—if the disorderly element will let them. Patrolling with the law-breakers has cost some lives and may cost more.

Persia's Shah would not give the people a constitution, and now he is without a throne. Notice to shahs, emirs and emperors: The people must be considered.

President Taft is said to stand for a downward revision of the United States tariff. If that be true, President Taft will make friends, not only among men who live for something else than party.

The startling statement is made that the United States are paying \$7,500,000 a year for the education of children who will die of tuberculosis before they reach 18 years of age. That is a frightful waste of life, not to speak of the money side of the question.

The city editor and reporters of the Standard, the St. John, N. B., Tory organ, have gone out on strike on the eve of a by-election for the Legislature. The situation created is an interesting one for the Tory bosses.

Cardinal Gibbons the other day paid a high compliment to Canada for her freedom from the divorce abuse, so great a scandal in the United States. The distinguished prelate spoke strongly against laxity in the laws relating to marriage, all too common in his own country.

The results of the entrance examinations were disappointing to one-third of the candidates in this city. Too bad, boys and girls, but don't lose heart; try, try again. There's no disgrace in failure; the only disgrace is in not trying—not doing your best. And then, you are better not to pass, if you were not thoroughly grounded in the work. You are not losing time, because you will be learning next term something you did not know well before. "Play up, play up, and play the game."

A Contemporary Review writer in discussing the compulsory military training resolution, introduced at the Imperial Press Conference, says: "It was simply blown out of the water by Mr. Macdonald, of Toronto, who never employed his eloquence to better purpose. To attempt to convert the full federation of self-governing Republics, now held together by the golden cincture of the Crown, into a cast-iron military empire, was resented, and rightly resented, by the journalistic representatives of the Dominion." The Colonial editors may be a trifle green, but not green enough to be eaten by your jingo donkey.

Berlin Board of Trade proposes to ask the co-operation of municipalities to seek from the Legislature "an amendment by striking out that clause requiring established manufacturers to give their consent before a by-law can be submitted for aid to concerns in similar lines." It will be to be hoped that Berlin will think better of it or that its movement will fail. The bonus business should be killed entirely. Instead of legislation to render it easier and to encourage the seeking of bonuses from municipalities, the Legislature should stop it entirely. If any man wish to pass round the hat and chip in himself that is his right; but no council or majority of ratepayers should be allowed to take from one man his earnings to give them in encouragement to another, or others. The system is vicious.

What is called an anti-vivisection congress is in session at Atlantic City. It is made up largely of ladies more gifted with kind feelings than with knowledge of how experimentation on animals is conducted, or of the beneficial results to humanity therefrom. But some men figure in it prominently, protesting against allowing the inoculation of animals for the production of such serums as diphtheria antitoxin, which has saved many thousands of child lives. One John S. Eashy says: "What does it prove if a dog or a cat dies under certain conditions? They are not men. And what do we know of the effects of recently discovered antitoxins on future generations?" If Mr. Eashy insists that before we shall seek to find an antitoxin to cure a patient or render him immune against a disease, we shall show just what effect it may have on his descendants ten generations hence, he asks too much. But there is one thing sure: the child saved to a useful life by antidiabetic serum, would, but for this serum-therapy, have caused little worry about its effects on his future generations.

WHITNEY.

(Montreal Star.)

We propose, however, to continue to print the news, whether Mr. Whitney likes it or not; and if his local papers have so coddled him by keeping unpleasant statements from his sight that he cannot endure the comments of men whose interests he has put in jeopardy, without wanting—like an Oriental despot—to slay the messenger who brings him the "bad news," it will do him good as a servant of a democratic community to find a refreshing breeze blowing occasionally "from the outside."

Our Exchanges

WHAT MOTHER THINKS.

(Ottawa Free Press.)
When a young married man gets sick his mother always imagines it is due to his wife's cooking.

HA! HA!
(Tit-Bits.)

Artist—My next picture at the Academy will be entitled "Driven to Drink."
His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose?
Artist—Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a watering trough.

COCAINE.

(Montreal Witness.)

Every mother knows, or should know, that the boy who has become a victim to cocaine must, if not delivered therefrom, gradually lose all sense of right and wrong, and must sooner or later become a hopeless moral as well as physical wreck.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

(Philadelphia Record.)

She—Oh, Jack, do excuse me for getting here so late. You poor fellow, you've had to wait an hour for me.
He—Oh, no, it's all right. I've only just come.

She (sharply)—What! So that's the way you treat me, is it? If I'd come at the time agreed, you'd have made me wait a whole hour. (Pouts.)

WHAT HE MEANT.

(Washington Star.)

Nathan Straus, discussing the absurd difficulties that confront sanitarians in their endeavor to pass laws compelling the pasteurization of milk, said: "The legislators who oppose this law bring forward arguments about as weak as that of the Maine milkman."

"A lady, summing in Maine, said to her milkman, severely: 'Look here, this milk of yours is half water and half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as pure?' 'Madam,' said the milk manufacturer, with respectful dignity, 'to the pure all things are pure.'"

WHAT THE EDITOR CANNOT DO.
(Belleville Intelligencer.)

Don't think because the reporter sees you getting on the train that he ought to know who you are and where you are going, or if he sees you greet some friend, he has to know who they are and where they are from. We aim to get all the news, but you may be the one we don't happen to know. We try to become familiar with names and faces, if possible. But during the years past we have been to church and failed to know you there; we have hung around the town pump, but some of you weren't there; we have loitered on the street; we've even risked our reputation on back streets on a dark night, but you weren't all there. And we'll be hanged if we know where to find you all. So if you are going or coming, or know anybody cutting up queer capers, let us know.

THE

KICKERS' COLUMN

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

To the Editor of the Times:

Sir, Will you please give me the date of the diamond jubilee celebration of the late Queen Victoria—A Times Friend.

The celebration began on June 20th, 1897, that being the 60th anniversary of her ascending the throne. A special official celebration was observed throughout the Empire on June 22nd, 1897.—Ed.

HE SURELY DID.

Editor Times: Did Sir Henry Irving ever play "Hamlet"?—Admirer.
He did. He first appeared in "Hamlet" on Oct. 31st, 1874, and presented the play 200 times by June 29th, 1875.—Ed.

THOSE DOGS.

To the Editor of the Times:
Sir,—Where are the dogcatchers these days? What is the by-law for, anyway? It is most disgusting to see the canine performances before stores, where goods are displayed on the sidewalks. Stir up the officials.—House-keeper.

IS IT DANGEROUS?

Editor Kicker's Column: I notice some men excavating on Hughson street, next your building, and I could not help but feel anxious about their safety, as almost over them stands an old wall propped up by a few timbers. It appears to me that the excavators should condemn such things and have them removed, thereby avoiding a corner's inquest.

Alarmed.

Parry Sound Circular Tour, Embracing Georgian Bay and Muskoka Lakes.
\$10.20 is price of round trip from Hamilton to Parry Sound, going by 10:45 a.m. train, connecting at Toronto with 11:50 a.m. "Georgian Bay Express" for Penetang and returning via White Lake, Muskoka, Lake Joseph, or twelve miles to Rosseau, Lake Rosseau, thence by steamer through the Muskoka Lakes to Hamilton. Tickets good all season, and available for stop-over at Royal Muskoka Hotel, or other points. The trip can also be made in reverse direction, and stop made at Hotel Penetangishene. For tickets and further information call on Chas. E. Morgan, city agent, or W. G. Webster, depot agent.

SERGEANTS' MOONLIGHT.
The annual moonlight of the Sergeants' Mess of the 91st Highlanders will be held on Friday evening next on the palace steamer Modjeska. The committee has secured the services of the popular 91st Regimental Band. Tickets may be had at Howell's drug store, corner of King and Dundas streets. A Boat will stop at the piers both ways for the benefit of the Beach residents. Through special permission of the commanding officer, the members wishing to attend may do so in uniform.

MOUNTAIN THEATRE

Strong Play, "May Blossom," Bill Next Week.

The Mountain Theatre has been taxed to capacity this week with the most enthusiastic audiences that have ever been in this popular summer theatre. The bill this week was the three-act comedy entitled "Niobe," and was, as is customary with the Summers' stock, "a little better than the last," the motto of this company. The bill picked out from next week is one of the best comedies that can be obtained, it comes from the pen of Belasco and De Mille, two of the best playwrights, and producers in America. The name of the bill is "May Blossom," one of the strongest plays of its kind that has ever been played in America. The scenes of the play are laid in the little town of Hampton, Virginia, which is about three miles from Old Point Comfort, at the time of the civil war. This play is full of comedy situations, combined with a strong line of love and pathos. Miss Belle Stevenson in the title role has a part in which she has shown wonderful ability as an emotional actress. Mr. Blake in the part of Steve Harland has a part that could not suit him better if it had been written for him. In fact, every part in this play has fallen to people who fit it in every particular. The patrons of this theatre, knowing that the performances given at the Mountain are above the ordinary, will be given a real treat next week when they see "May Blossom."

A Stirring Incident in Canadian History.

The middle-aged Canadian of today, if he belongs to a family Liberal in politics, will be pretty sure to remember the engaging, in his boyhood days, in some such dialogue as the following: "Sav, dad, Bill Jones is a Tory and he says that the Brits are all rebels." "He does, does he?" "Yes," he says that whenever we get into an argument about politics."

"Well, my boy, the next time Bill Jones or anybody else says that, you ask him who it was that burned the Parliament buildings in Montreal and rotten-egg-ed the Governor-General, Lord Elgin."

April 25 was the sixtieth anniversary of this incident in Canadian history—one that seems very remarkable indeed at this date. The Parliament buildings of Upper and Lower Canada were then temporarily situated at Montreal on what is now Youville square. The rebellion losses had been caused by the Liberal Government, headed by Baldwin and Lafontaine, to the intense indignation of the Tory loyalists, led by Sir Allan MacNab. On April 25, 1849, Lord Elgin, then Governor-General, gave his assent to the bill, and the wild scenes were enacted in consequence. A mob gathered, attacked the House as it sat in session, and burned the Parliament buildings. For several days there was a reign of terror in the city. Lord Elgin was rescued from the streets with jeers and volleys of stones and rotten eggs as he drove to the Government House to receive a Parliamentary address. The troops, aided by a few level heads, finally secured order, but the affair was not soon forgotten as a factor in Canadian politics.—Vancouver Saturday Night.

The Greedy Post Office.
Some idea of the quantity of material used by the postal service may be gained, says the National Magazine, when it is stated that during last year the division furnished 925,000,000 yards of twine, 3,200,000 pens, 253,000 pen-holders, 650,000 pencils and 2,000,000 blank cards. To wrap the bundles 5,400,000 sheets of wrapping paper were used. Blank forms are furnished by the millions. Of the form "Application for Domestic Money Order," which is seen in the lobby of every post office, there were 161,770,000 used last year, and during the same period 69,934 rubber stamps were manufactured and supplied to post offices.

"Mildred" called her father from the head of the stairs, "Is that young man an auctioneer? 'Why, no, father.' 'He talks like one. He's been putting up that 'going bluff' for 46 minutes, and has only got as far as the door.'—Kansas City Times.

ITCHING HUMOR ON LITTLE BOY

His Hands were a Solid Mass, and Disease Spread All Over His Body—In Four Days the Child was Entirely Cured—Mother Strongly

RECOMMENDS CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"One day we noticed that our little boy was all broken out with itching humor. We first noticed it on his little hands. His hands were covered as by then, and we didn't think anything serious would result. But the next day we heard of Cuticura Remedies being so good for itching sores, etc., that I thought I would get them. By this time the disease had spread all over his body, and his hands were nothing but a solid mass of this itching disease. I went to the drug store and purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and a tin of Cuticura Ointment, and that night I stripped my little boy and took the Cuticura Soap and lukewarm water and washed him well. Then I dried him with a soft bath towel, and took the Cuticura Ointment and rubbed him thoroughly with it. I did this every evening before I put him to bed and in three or four nights he was entirely cured. You have seen my portrait in the paper, and I don't think I need publish this because anybody who suffered as my baby did ought to know of the Cuticura Remedies. I will surely and gladly recommend them to all suffering with skin diseases. Mrs. Frank Donahue, 208 Fremont St., Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 16, 1907."

PIMPLES And Blackheads Prevented and Cured by Cuticura.

Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, but do not rub. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue to bathe the face freely for some minutes. Repeat morning and evening. At other times use hot water and Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as agreeable. Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Itching, Children, and Adults. Consists of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Remedies in the form of Chocolate Cocoa, Pills, or Syrup. For full particulars, see the world-famous Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists, or by mail, 10¢ per copy. Send for free copy to J. C. Kenyon, Boston, Mass.

Monday, July 19, '09 SHEA'S BARGAIN DAY

Our Mid-Summer Clearing Sale

The biggest and best sale we have ever organized and it's going with a swing that is ahead of anything in the past by astonishing figures. Shea's for Bargains on Monday.

A Big "Spill" in Wash Skirts

Hundreds of them, in white and colors, all well made and perfectly cut in the newest and most acceptable styles. Half price and less than half price.

\$2.00 Skirts for \$1.00 \$2.75 Skirts for \$1.25
\$3.00 Skirts for \$1.50 \$4.50 Skirts for \$1.95

Women's Wash Suits \$2.95

White and colored Wash Suits, all good sizes and in good styles; selling all over the country for \$5.00 and \$6.00. Bargain Day \$2.95

Women's Cloth Skirts \$1.39

Blacks and colors, tweeds and plain clothes; full \$3.00 value; on sale Bargain Day for \$1.39

Women's Cloth Suits \$4.95

Suits that were made to sell at \$12.50, good styles and good colors and quality. Bargain Day for each \$4.95

Bargain in Window Shades

50 only Opaque Window Shades, finished with lace and insertion; a collection of oddments worth 50c, to clear at each 25c

Curtain Scrim Bargains

White Curtain Scrim, worth 10c, Bargain Day per yard 7½c
White Curtain Scrim, worth 15c, for 13½c

Waist Bargains for Monday

Elegant White Lawn Waists, finished with lace and embroidery, the kind that you have paid \$1 and \$1.25 for all summer, you get on Monday Bargain Day for 69c
Dark Print Waists, worth 50c and 65c, Bargain Day 39c
Elegant Lawn and Vesting Waists, in white and colored, worth \$1.25 to \$1.75, all go Bargain Day for each 88c

Corset Covers 15c

Women's Embroidered Corset Covers, well made and perfect fitting; worth 35c, Monday for each 15c

Underskirts 59c

Made of good Moreen, in blacks and a great variety of colors, worth \$1, on sale for 59c

Staple Department Bargains

Bleached Table Linen, worth 75c to \$1, for 39c
Factory Cotton, worth 8c and 10c, for 5c
Saxony Flannelette, 15c, for 9½c
Towelling, worth 10c, for 7½c
Huck Towels, worth 25c, for 18c
Turkish Bath Towels, 30c, for 19c
Table Napkins, worth \$1.50, for \$1.00
Wash Goods and Prints, worth 10 and 15c, for 5c
Wash Goods, worth 20c, for 10c

Criminals in Literature.

If you want to know the criminal from the inside you must go to the artists who have the supreme gifts of insight and imagination, who can put themselves into other men's skins and are psychologists by inspiration and intuition rather than by study. There is Zola with his "Bete Humaine," Gorki, with his "In the Depths," Bourget, with his "Andre Cornille," Stevenson, with his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Dostoevsky, with his "Pictures from the Dead House," Eugene Sue and Edgar Poe are not so valuable, because they are more interested in the crime than in the criminal. It is the mystery and horror of the crime which cause the thrill to the reader; the actors are lay figures, pegs on which the ghastly series of events may be hung. But supreme among all is a great dramatist like Shakespeare, who gives us as in a picture the whole tangled skein of motives which act on a man and explains the complicated and intricate threads on which his life mystery depends. He makes us see why a man must act in this way and not that, given his character and his circumstances. And, therefore, as Mr. Goll says, if any one can teach us criminal psychology, it is Shakespeare.

Shakespeare has a long list of criminals, and August Goll only selects one or two typical instances which serve his particular purpose. Thus, beginning with a man like Brutus, who attempts to subvert society with the most admirable motives in the world, he passes on to Macbeth, Lady Macbeth and Richard III., and ends with the man or the fiend, whose malignity is almost motiveless.—London Telegraph.

Taking Care of the Lawn.

In keeping the lawn green and luxuriant all over at this season of the year much work is required. We have the hot, burning sun to contend with, and sometimes protruding dews. It is of the greatest importance that the lawn be frequently mowed. If you neglect this you make the mowing more difficult. The lawn never looks well unless mowed at least every eight or ten days, according as the weather is hot or dry. A lawn that is not mowed frequently soon becomes thin, and where you have thin grass you soon have weeds. Of course, you will have some weeds in the grass, even with the best of care, as the seed is carried about by the birds and wind, but the main cause of grass and weeds laying in wait of care is to mowing and mowing.

With plenty of sun and soil free from tree roots, with an annual top dressing of ground bone and frequent and timely mowing you are pretty sure of always having a beautiful green sward. Watering is important, especially if the soil is new, but where the grass has been established for several seasons this is hardly necessary, although it is always a benefit, especially when there comes a prolonged drought. Daily watering has its in a speak-easy?

Do you think the photographer would find it easy to take a speaking likeness?



The very name SHUR-ON signifies the BEST EYE-GLASS. A guarantee of satisfaction goes with every pair of glasses. FITTED BY ROUSE. Opticians' prescription prepared promptly and with absolute accuracy. I.B. ROUSE. PROPRIETOR, GLOBE OPTICAL CO. 111 King East.

SIKH FOOLS A LAWYER.

He Was a Black Sheep, But Not as Bad as the Prosecutor Thought. There is a Sikh out in Victoria, B. C., where Sikhs are almost as popular as Japanese in San Francisco, who got himself out of a serious predicament by a clever ruse. He was up against the law, and as he was something of a black sheep even among the Sikhs it looked as if it would go hard with him. He had had a bad record in Hong Kong and this was known to other Sikhs and to the prosecuting lawyer. So he arranged to have an unfriendly Sikh informed that for a crime in Hong Kong he had been branded on the left arm. The unfriendly Sikh, says the New York Sun, lost no time in passing the information to the prosecutor.

The lawyer held the information until he wanted to make a telling point at the trial. Then he pointed an accusing finger at the Sikh and called out sternly:

"Pull up the sleeve on your left arm and let the court see the brand placed there by Hong Kong justice."

The Sikh obeyed. His arm was without blemish. The unfriendly Sikh and the lawyer did not know that it was the unfriendly Sikh who had been branded in Hong Kong. The point was so telling that the accused Sikh got off.

Do you think the photographer would find it easy to take a speaking likeness?