

## A MECHANICAL MARVEL

EDISON'S KINETOSCOPE A SEQUEL TO HIS KINETOGRAPH.

Marvelous Mechanism—"A Little Nickel-in-the-Slot-Machine"—What It Does and How It Does It—Edison's New Title to Fame—Sawdust Honored.

"The kinetoscope does for the eye what the photograph does for the ear." That is a phrase which has often been on the lips of Thomas A. Edison during the past several weeks, and it conveys an idea which has been very much in his mind for several years. It is a perfect epigrammatic definition of his latest invention, for it is a fact that the kinetoscope reproduces to the eye the effect of motion just as the photograph reproduces to the ear the effect of sound. How this is done and what the machine that does it is like, it is the purpose of this article to tell.

Several days ago the writer called by appointment at the Edison laboratory in West Orange, N.J., and sent his card up to Mr. Edison. Mr. Edison sent back word that W. K. L. Dickson would show and explain the kinetoscope to me, and that afterward he himself would talk with me about it. Mr. Dickson greeted me cordially, and pointed to an oak cabinet standing in the middle of one of the rooms of the photograph department. It was the kinetoscope. In appearance it is very like the nickel-in-the-slot photograph, with which most people are already familiar. If an oak cabinet organ with the keys covered were reduced somewhat in size, it would look somewhat like that kinetoscope. Mr. Dickson took a piece of brass exactly the size of a nickel and dropped it into the slot, while I looked into a glass in top. An electric light was burning inside, and the noise of rapidly running machinery was audible. The scene that was reproduced was that of a barber shop, and a placard on the wall informed the observer that it was "The Latest Wonder, Shave and Haircut for a Nickel." It pictured a man being shaved while two others sat by and enjoyed a joke which one of them had discovered in a comic paper. All the movements of the different persons were reproduced clearly and precisely as they took place before the camera. This is the picture that has been shown oftentimes to those who have looked into the kinetoscope. Many other pictures are ready to be put into the marvelous instrument, and before long twenty-five of the machines will have been sold and stationed in public places, where any one may enjoy them for five cents a look.

The kinetoscope is a sequel to the kinetograph, the invention of which was announced some time ago. The business of the kinetograph is to take the pictures, and the function of the kinetoscope is to display them to the eye, one after another, so rapidly that they all seem like one scene, with the figures moving about as they do in actual life. The forerunner of these inventions was the zootrope, a child's toy, which passed before the gaze of the beholder four pictures in a second, and created a semblance of the effect of motion. Then Muybridge got a battery of cameras that would take from eighteen to twenty impressions in a second. But neither of these was quick enough to deceive the human eye—that is to say, if eighteen or twenty pictures a second were presented to the sight the eye could easily detect when one went and another came. Mr. Edison discovered that, in order to create the illusion of a stationary or continuous picture, four or five views would have to be presented every second, and each one of them would have to pause about the one-fiftieth part of a second, and then be replaced by the next in the one hundred and eighty-fifth part of a second. This is the rate at which the impressions are received by the kinetograph, and reproduced by the kinetoscope. In the kinetoscope every picture must stop in exactly the same place as every other picture. If it did not there would be a tremor which the eye would notice, and the illusion would be dispelled.



SANDOW.

Suppose, for example, it were desired to show a man in the act of taking a step. While he was moving his feet through the air a number of pictures would be recorded, each one of which would show the foot and the whole of his body in a slightly different position, as the step progressed. The series of pictures would be passed before the eye so rapidly that only one picture would appear, and there would be a perfect reproduction of the step. The kinetoscope runs about thirty seconds every time a nickel is dropped into it, and in that time, it will be seen, more than a thousand separate views are slid under the little glass window in the top. As we left the building in which the kinetoscope stood Mr. Dickson pointed to the remarkable photographic theatre in which the kinetograph does its work. It is called the "Black Maria," and it is so arranged upon a pivot and track that one can easily move it around to the position required to meet the light of the sun. We then walked to the room on the second floor of the laboratory in which Mr. Edison was sitting.

He was deep in thought, and did not seem to notice that we had entered; but when Mr. Dickson spoke to him he drew two chairs close together, sat down on one, and made me be seated on the other, and signified that he was ready to be questioned. It is said to be a peculiarity of Mr. Edison's habit of thought that he cares comparatively little for what he has done, and dwells with pleasure on the prospect of what he is about to do. This would seem

to be true with regard to his estimate of the kinetoscope. He speaks of the nickel-in-the-slot machine that we have just been considering as though it were a mere toy, but becomes enthusiastic in unfolding the future greatness of the invention.

"Mr. Edison," said I, "what do you expect to accomplish in the development of the kinetoscope?"

"I expect to be able to reproduce a whole opera, showing the people on the stage in their natural size and moving around, and to make their voices heard just as they sang and talked. I expect to be able to show any celebrated orator on the platform delivering a speech, so that people may see how he looked and acted and hear the sound of his voice. This I will do by throwing the scenes from the kinetoscope on a large screen by means of a stereopticon and having the sounds issue from a photograph at the proper moment to comport with the movements of those who made them."

"I may say that this has already been done. Down in the library perhaps you noticed a large white screen, extending across one end of the room, wound upon a ratchet roller. I have also a stereopticon, and with these, the kinetoscope and the photograph, we have reached some very satisfactory results. It will be some time, however, before we secure that absolute perfection which we aim to achieve before we give any public exhibition. You should see the figures on the screen," said he, with a glow of pardonable pride, showing that he contemplated that part of his work with sincere pleasure.

"The pictures that are taken at present for the kinetoscope are one inch by three-quarters of an inch in size. The difficulty increases with the dimensions of the picture, because the larger the picture is the further it must move during the fraction of a second that elapses between the time one view disappears and another takes its place. We expect, however, to be able to work successfully with pictures one inch and a half high, and that, we think, will be the limit of the possibilities of the kinetoscope."

"Do you expect to make any money out of this invention?"

"No, I do not see where there is anything to be made out of it. I have been largely influenced by sentiment in the prosecution of this design. But," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "as I have no steam yacht, or fast horses, or anything of that sort, I thought I could afford to sink a little money in the kinetoscope."

"That little nickel-in-the-slot affair is only intended to let the people know what our ideas are."

"Sandow, the strong man, is an intimate friend of Mr. Dickson, which accounts for his being the first celebrity to have his frame perpetuated by the kinetoscope. The picture shown herewith is only one of a hundred, which include Sandow's complete performance. It has been stated that Sandow was photographed while holding Mr. Edison out at arm's length with one finger, but this is not true. Sandow could easily have done it, even on the day when Mr. Edison was a much heavier man than he is, and during his visit to the laboratory it was suggested that such a picture should be taken, but for some reason or other the idea was not carried out."

These inventions, the kinetograph, the kinetoscope and the photo-kinetoscope, put Mr. Edison on a certain level in the foremost place among photographers and electricians. It is difficult, while the revelation is fresh in our thoughts and new to our understanding, to estimate what the kinetoscope will contribute to the progress of science and the education of man. It will disclose movements that hitherto have been misleading, and it will make the great leaders of the present live again in the future as their contemporaries see and know them. What other uses will be found for it is too early to say. That it will enhance Mr. Edison's fame and increase the sum of the world's debt to him is beyond question.

GEORGE M. SMITH.  
THE BRITISH ARMY.

A Year's Cost of the Present Establishment—Few Changes Contemplated.

The estimates for the British army, including the ordnance factories, amount to \$80,405,000 for the year 1894-95. This is an increase of \$1,500,000 over those of a year ago.

It appears from the official memorandum accompanying them that on January 1 last the total number of effectives, including India, was 219,400. Excluding those serving in India, the number in the home and colonial establishments is 155,347. What is known as the first class army reserve numbered 80,349 at that date, against 76,593 a year earlier. It is noted that during the year recruiting for the English army was quite easily effected. Indeed, even a year ago so numerous were the applicants as compared with the force needed that it was found practicable to dispense for a time with the enlistment of specials, and to raise the standard for enlistment in the form of guards. Measures had been adopted also to equalize the number of battalions at home and abroad, but it is said that "circumstances have not yet admitted of a reduction of the force in Egypt sufficient to effect this desirable result." In the volunteers the number of effectives continues to increase, and there is a much larger attendance at brigade camps. The recruiting for the militia has been brisker. A noteworthy provision is that by which a soldier, instead of accepting his new allowance of clothing, may retain his partly worn clothing, and receive commutation with fewer restrictions than heretofore. It is believed that beneficial results may be expected from the change when it is in full force.

Large supplies of magazine rifles for the infantry have been received, so that a good part of the work at the factories during the coming year will be devoted to carbines. On the whole, very little change in Great Britain's military establishment seems to have been planned for the coming year, and this is an indication that neither the condition of the army nor its prospective service point to the necessity of noteworthy changes.

The King of the Belgians.

The mysterious movements of the King of the Belgians during the last day or two have caused more surprise in this country than in his own. For a lame monarch, activity of Leopold II. is unparalleled. He has been known to bathe in the morning at Ostend, sign dispatches in Brussels at noon, and be shooting in the Ardennes before nightfall. His arrangements are frequently made without premeditation. He is an enthusiast in railway matters, hate horse-riding, is never seen in his own capital except in a closed English brougham, and would appear to have now added a tricycle to his means of locomotion.

Ought to be Successful.

The paper-hanger ought to succeed. He's stuck on his business.

## RODE WITH WILD NOLAN

A MEDAL THAT HE WON IN FOUR GREAT FIGHTS.

One of the Last Three Survivors of the Charge of the Six Hundred Dies in New York—How He Dashed "Into the Mouth Hell."

A veteran of the Crimea, a survivor of the glorious charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, William Hibbert by name, died in New York on Saturday, April 14, of pneumonia, after an illness of one week. Mr. Hibbert was a native of Nottingham, England, and reached his sixty-fifth birthday the day before his death.

At the age of twenty, fired with the patriotic fervor that inspired all England at that time, Hibbert enlisted in the Royal Eniskillen Dragoons, serving with them throughout the Crimean campaign, and being discharged as a corporal at the expiration of his term of enlistment.

He came to this country over twenty years ago. He was twice married, and leaves a grown-up daughter, Mrs. Fanny Antill, by his first wife, at Nottingham. His second wife, whom he married in New York ten years ago, survives him.

Hibbert's last illness was very pathetic. On the day before his death, his birthday, he seemed a little better, and sat up in his shabby bed, propped by pillows. His worn eyes were pleased with the bright sunlight that had come at last, after days of storm. His mind wandered back over the exciting scenes of his life and he was glad to welcome a sympathetic visitor. All day long this stocking weaver and one of Balaklava's famous Six Hundred sat upright, propped with pillows, in his shabby bed. Every now and then he brushed back the disheveled hair, long and white, from his forehead, and mopped away the big drops of perspiration that gathered there.

Glory in Obscurity.

The plain place which Hibbert called home, the place where he had lain down to die, was the top floor of a building just below Thirty-first street, in Sixth avenue. For years he had gone up and down the narrow stairways there, to and from his work, stocking making. He was to the folks who saw him just a plain, white-bearded old man, with a keen eye and quiet ways. The history never faded from the eye of the old man's had looked through smoke into the belching mouths of the Russian cannon at Balaklava, and that under his unpretentious old coat he wore the precious medal which told he was one of the seventy-four heroes who came back out of that awful charge of the Light Brigade.

He never displayed the treasure which any soldier in Britain would give his arms for. He just went on knitting in Parker's shop on the floor below, and on Saturday night carrying his earnings, about \$20 a week, up to his frugal wife. They used the hall landing for a sort of kitchen and washroom and general storehouse, and were pretty comfortable there. The only member of the family was a particularly zealous pug dog, who always followed close at the old man's heel when he went on the street. The prints upon the wall are pictures of the famous charge, and pointing, with his shabby finger, he said, in a voice scarcely audible:

"There, ye see? There's where we was goin' in. That's Nolan—Capt. Nolan, him as brought the message that they had all that shot about. History never faded from who sent the message for us to charge our guns, but Lucan never sent it. Everybody always thought Raglan sent it to Cardigan; that was his brother-in-law. Oh!" and old Hibbert sighed and shook his head. "It was a pity, a sinful, terrible thing. I can remember. It is as plain as if I saw it now, and Nolan rode up and gave the order."

"Cardigan turned to him and cried: 'Nolan, who sent that order?' No answer. Then he asked again: 'Who sent that order?' But there was no answer. Third time he asked him, and all the answer Nolan made was—he pointed to the breastworks: 'There's the enemy. Go!' Then he dashed on."

"Cardigan just threw back his head and said, 'Well, here's the last.' For he knew and a half after that nobody knew what was happening, except that we was runnin' right into hell, as the poem said. Three miles away. It looked like a lifetime journey, and the men began to fall away as the shells yelled an' tore among us. Every time one toppled off his horse, another man, I thought I was goin' next. The nexted one expected to come out of that would have been crazy. The four men next me, in front, behind and on both sides were killed, and as I spurred on alone I saw a shell coming straight towards me, straight, straight. 'Hibbert, ye're gone,' said I. But I gave just one jab of the spur into that mare, and she kept on. I shot, I swore, I should think a dozen feet, and the shell took her high hind leg. I went tumbling. When I picked myself up there was a horse without any rider. I got into the saddle, and went on with the rush. It was terrible."

As the old man went on with his story his pale face took on color, and his wife, tears in her eyes, came over and said, "Please don't let him talk so much."

"Be quiet," said the veteran, "I'll be through in a minute. Well, sir, as I said, I spurred this big horse on, and I passed Capt. Williams."

"Hello, Bill," says he, where's that mare of yours?"

"Gone," says I. "A shell struck her. I found this fellow runnin' loose."

"The Captain looked at me, and says, 'Bill, if I get back out of this alive, you'll have a special mention for that.' That was the last I saw of him."

"Well, when we got up to about three hundred yards of the works, they couldn't train the guns on us, and we just fought the Russians back an' out 'em down an' spiked the guns. That was what we went for, ye see. We all had little spikins' mallets, and as he said this the old fellow's hand intuitively sought his belt, but there was no mallet there, nothing save the thick plaid shawl which was pinned tight about him."

"There," he said, after coughing feebly, "there's the picture of the comin' back. Ye can see it was awful, only seventy-four come out. An' Nolan was the first that had been killed. I saw his body. The

ball had cut straight through his chest. That's a good picture of him up there, a dashin' devil of a chap, an' the wildest Irishman an' the best soldier that ever lived. An' that other picture, that's Cardigan."

Close beside the bed lay the old soldier's waistcoat. He reached out and drew it to him, then tenderly fastened from the breast of it the heavy silver trophy which told the story of the share he had borne in the struggles of Britain's arms in the horrors of the Crimea. Sebastopol, Inkerman, Alma and Balaklava were the fatal, glorious names upon the silver cross-bars. The lettering and chasing had worn away with the years that the old man had carried the Queen's emblem next to his heart. But engraved around the edge of the medalion were these words: "Wm. Hibbert, 43th R. I. Dragoons."

When he went back to England Hibbert left the army and settled down to the old stocking trade which he had learned as a apprentice. Then he married. After his wife died he commuted his pension, and taking what he could get in a lump sum, came to America. For fifteen years he kept at the steady grind in Parker's shop, paying his debts promptly, they say, his word always as good as his bond, living manly, as a man should live who rode behind Wild Nolan and bore away from the bloody ramparts of Balaklava the brief boon of life and a fame that will outlast war.

"Oh, many a man, sir," said the old soldier, "has looked at that badge and meant, 'But I know. That's all.' His life and the weak half-whispering voice trembled, and the tears stood in his fine old blue eyes as he stroked the worn medal softly with one white hand."

"When the Virginia regiments were up here some of the gentlemen saw me when I went into a public-house to get a bit of beer. An' they saw this on my vest, and they took me and introduced me to the General, and his name was Lee, and he said it was the proudest moment of his life when he shook hands with me, an' I give him me likeness, an' he said as how every meeting they had they was always for havin' that piece spoke about the charge, an' always after this, 'when it was spoke, they'd give three rousin' cheers.'"

"Then I went aboard the Blake, too, and I got to know Admiral Hawkins. 'E asked my likeness, too,' the old man, with his wife Nottingham accent, said. "lakness." "They wanted me to go back to England, but it's too late now. There's only three left of the seventy-four, sir. Ah'm fahnceyin' 'till be only two before I see you again, sir. Thank ye for good wishes, though."

The veteran, courtly and gentle, waved his hand in farewell, and the pug dog sprang to the bed and pressed close to Hibbert's pallid, seamed old face as it fell back upon the pillow.

A Queer Case From South Kensington.

An extraordinary affair, says the Pall Mall Gazette, occurred in South Kensington.

William Hibbert, hero of Balaklava, on last week, a nurse was selling a perambulator containing a young child along Gloucester Road, about noon, when suddenly a well-dressed man, who said he was the father of the baby, carried it to another nurse who was waiting in a four-wheeler hard by. The first nurse raised a hue and cry, and the cab was followed until a sergeant and a constable compelled the driver to pull up. It was then ascertained the child was actually with its father, but the officers decided to accompany the cab to Weymouth street, W., whither it was bound. From thence the child, with the nurse, was taken by the police to Marylebone Lane police station, and detained pending the arrival of the mother, who, it appears, is the daughter of Sir Donald Stuart, Bart. On hearing the parties, the inspector of police on duty ordered delivery of the child to the mother, despite the protests of the father, who is Mr. S. O'Neil Murphy, of the New Orleans Club.

A Bishop's Act of Bravery.

There appears in the Guardian a letter from a member of the Salisbury House describing an act of personal bravery on the part of the Bishop of Mashonaland. The correspondent writes: "At our first battle at the Shangani one of our native pickets was so badly wounded that he appeared unable to rise farther than on his knees. It was not until after a pause in the attack that we discovered the man was lying on a hill in the firm that he discovered the poor fellow's plight. On two sides and in the rear of him were thick bushes, which we knew to be full of the enemy. In vain we called to him to do his best to reach the laager, when, in a twinkling as it were, we saw the Bishop making for him. To everyone's surprise, not a shot was fired from the enemy while the Bishop picked him up and conveyed him safely to the laager."

A Thrifty Nobleman.

This is from London Truth: On the estates of a great Tory nobleman (who has all his life been one of the magnates of that party) upwards of 20,000 pheasants, 7,000 partridges, 5,000 hares, and a large number of rabbits have been killed during the season which has just closed, and every head of game (except the small quantity which was required for the house) was despatched to a dealer in the neighboring town, where there is a very large market. When "territorial princes" sell every creature that is killed who can wonder that the Game Laws are never mentioned in rural districts except to be execrated?

Native Hazelnuts.

Native hazelnuts are too small to have any market value, and until they are increased in size by seedling cultivation, we must look to the English filbert if we would engage in profitable work. A. S. Fuller, who owns a small farm near New York, details his disastrous experience in the 'New York Tribune' in the matter of cultivating in quantity the English filbert. His trees grew finely for a few years, but, before they bore many nuts, were killed by blight. This has been the experience of others.

Loti at Mount Sinai.

Mdme. Adam has had a letter from M. Pierre Loti, bearing the post-mark of Mount Sinai, wherein the traveler promises to write the story of his pilgrimage in the ages of the Nouvelle Revue.

The Mariner's Compass.

A Scotchman one day was bragging in Thebe's company that it was a countryman of his that had the honor of inventing the compass. Thebe took his part against the rest, who differed from him, and he said he could further tell them the occasion of it. The Scotchman seemed much pleased at having so good an advocate, when Thebe proceeded as follows: When the captain of a ship was coasting with all that caution necessary before the invention of the compass, a storm suddenly sprang up and drove him out to sea. Not knowing where he was, and expressing his concern for the safety of the ship, a Scotchman among the crew bid him not to be under so much uneasiness, for he could at least tell him in what direction they were. "Well, that will be something," says the captain. "Then here it is, mon," says the Scotchman, pulling a loose out of his head and placing it on a sheet of white paper, "watch that fellow's motions well, for I'll be d—d if ever you saw a Scotch louse that did not always travel south."

The Ladies First.

A class of boys in a boarding school were being examined in Scripture. "What can you tell me about Moses?" asked the inspector; "what sort of a man was he?" "Please, sir, he was a gentleman," piped forth a pale-faced, bright-eyed lad of eleven or thereabout, "Gentleman!" repeated the inspector, with a look of surprise; "what do you mean?"

The little boy promptly replied: "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds: 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'—Good News."

Museum for Confederate Relics.

The old Jeff Davis mansion in Richmond, which has for a number of years been used as the Central School has been turned over to the ladies of the Confederate Memorial and Museum Association to be used as a museum for Confederate relics. It has just been determined that the structure shall be so arranged that a room will be assigned to each Southern State.

Interesting Facts.

Cocoa grows wild in South America. It was taken to Europe in 1729. The total income of the Church of England is about \$1,000,000 per week. In 1893 there was in use in the United States 440,000 miles of telephone wire. The only variety of thornless rose is North America. It was noticed in 1726.

A Good Thing to Know.

Distressing vomiting may be relieved by applying to the stomach a hot shingle or woollen pad brought from the oven.

How to Clean Glass Decanters and Bottles.

To clean coarse glass bottles and decanters throw half a cup of coarse sand into them and shake until they are clean. Too long a shaking will scratch the glass. For fine glass cut a raw potato into small cubes and use in the same way. The process will be longer but there is no danger of breaking or scratching.

Uses of Salt.

Salt is an excellent tooth powder. It keeps the teeth very white and the gums hard and rosy. Salt mixed in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls in a teacupful of tepid water is an emetic easily obtained. This is an antidote for nitrate of silver poisoning.

Female Bootblacks in France.

In Paris and other large towns of France female bootblacks are increasing in numbers. They wear a peculiar garb, not unlike that of the Sisters of Mercy, which renders their appearance rather neat and attractive. Their acquiescence easily betrays their secular habits and calling. Not a few among them attend to their work with gloved hands.

The Cost of Wars.

The cost of the world's wars since the Crimean war has been \$18,535,000,000, or enough to give a \$10 gold piece to every man, woman and child on the globe.

Where a Beard is the Style.

Among the Ainu tribe, in Japan, a beard is considered so necessary to beauty that the women tattoo their faces to make up for their beardlessness.

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