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LONDON, THURSDAY, JUNE 29.

AN ILLUMINATING INTERJECTION

"It's the Democratic party and the President. It's a mistake to represent the Republican party as favoring reciprocity."

This was an angry interjection by insurgent Republican Bristow, of Kansas, in the Senate debate on Wednesday. Though in haste and in anger, Mr. Bristow spoke the truth. Some Canadian politicians, like Mr. Lancaster, of St. Catharines, who rave over the annexation designs of the United States, ought to be sent to spend an afternoon in the Washington Senate gallery. They would see how much annexation sentiment is in the air, how much the Republican rank and file enjoy being whipped along by Penrose, the President's lieutenant, how it is the Anglo-phobes like Heyburn, the star-spangled orators who would grab the North American continent whole, that most savagely oppose this reciprocity pact. As Senator Bristow says, the Democratic party and the President are putting the agreement through. With the President are the official machine Republicans, loyal to him from personal regard or party interests, and a few enlightened Republicans like himself. But it is the President who is doing the active work.

By this measure he has retrieved his waning reputation of a year ago with the American people at large, and has cut the ground from beneath the feet of the insurgents. He has made a shrewd political move towards his re-election next year. At the same time it is an expression of a genuine broad-mindedness, a part of his splendid peace policy. It is the fire-eaters who oppose the pact. The President's own party left to itself would vote it down, but he has the support of the Democrats who cannot go back on their tariff professions, of the great majority of the newspapers, and on the whole of the people.

A CHAMPION OF COMBINATIONS.

A champion appears for mergers and combinations in Mr. George W. Perkins, a great financier, until lately a partner of Pierpont Morgan. He states his views in an article written for the last number of World's Work (New York). Against what he calls the ruthless and wasteful method of free competition between nations or businesses, he places the advantages of the large corporation when properly regulated. He contends that its affairs are more thoroughly scrutinized, that it provides more steady employment for labor, and that chances of financial collapse are minimized.

Not only is co-operation seen to be needed, but great forces are impelling us irresistibly in that direction. Against these, the laws endeavoring to break up business amalgamations, Mr. Perkins thinks, cannot prevail. To attain such an end, what is wanted "is a law making it a penal offence to use steam or electricity. A simple little law like that would take us back to the day of the ox-team, with its attendant methods of doing business." Co-operation of capital, and between capital and labor, is bound to go on.

The writer calls, therefore, for "patriotic businessmen who will sacrifice gain for the service they can render to their country." Of old, self-sacrifice consisted in giving time and life as a soldier under arms. That being little needed in these days of arbitration and democratic government, there is an equal opportunity for patriotic service to be found in promoting not an insane and useless antagonism to the trust as such, but the proper regulation and control of its methods. Ways and means must also be devised "to make the working man a partner." "The question between capital and labor today is not so much the amount of wage a man should be paid as it is whether that wage is a fair proportion of the earnings of the business." On this subject Mr. Perkins has good right to speak, as he, while a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., worked out a system of profit-sharing in the United States Steel Corporation, and in other large companies.

But how is the regulation to be effected? Though the forces of nature no longer terrify, either in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, people seem to be afraid of "a dishonest, corrupt, unfair and supremely selfish man." But there has been recently some "awakening of the business conscience." Some sparks disturb the clod of steel magnates who actually ask for governmental control even of prices. So the problem for the patriotic reform grows a little easier. Mr. Perkins suggests as a way of solution the establishment of a Supreme Court of Business corresponding in dignity and power to the Supreme Court of Justice, as a goal of honorable business ambition. To sit in such a body might in any country draw men even from larger lucre to the fame of patriotic governors. The court would have powers to regulate matters familiar to its experienced members and might well bring about improved conditions for business and labor.

ON WASHING.

It is a month lost that goes by without some sensation started by George Bernard Shaw. Now that the Russians are just getting over their fury at his attack on Tolstoi, he issues a bull against everyday washing. The daily tub is part of his own practice, but he says he takes it merely as a stimulant, and is doubtful of its value.

So far as Shaw is ever serious, he is always too much the egoist to make general rules. Let each one suit himself about bathing, but for a thousand people there are a thousand different requirements in this regard, and the requirements vary also according to times and places, climates and conditions. About the only fixed quantity in this whole subject is the baby's morning bath, which seems to be a universal and unchanging rite, handed down and imperative. Baby, whoever he or she is, must have the water at a certain temperature, soap to reach for and put in his mouth as well as suffer it upon his body; it must paddle in the water and be all cleaned up and powdered. Mr. Shaw need not try to legislate on this more immutable custom than the laws of the Medes and Persians, or he will have to reckon with every hand that rocks a perambulator.

His difficulty is just the other way with grown-ups. They are all different from each other and certainly from him. As for children, boys, at least, what's the use? They are hopeless barbarians, in and out of mud and dirt; a wash here and a wash there makes little difference—you may as well sweep your front lawn after each automobile goes by. In their case Mr. Shaw's reform seems unneeded.

In ancient days Saint Jerome, famous as the translator of the Bible into the Latin Vulgate, and one of the most eloquent and pious of the Christian Fathers, wrote a lively defence of the hermit's life against certain critics. One of the objections to be answered was that the hermit, living commonly without the bathing conveniences universally prized by Greeks and Romans, tended the lapse into unconcern about his personal appearance. "Who has once been bathed in salvation needs not to wash again," wrote the enthusiastic apologist. The varieties of practice in the matter of washing have been legion. One tribe differs from another, one individual from another, one animal from another. A dust bath suits a hen, but the sparrow must flick the little rain pool over itself. There is no compatibility of temper between a canine and a feline; lions rather than dogs seem by tradition to have been the favorite den-companions of the early hermits in the desert. Some people are almost amphibious. The great persons of the Arabian Nights bathed in perfumed waters. The Turks and Finns in countries far apart give their names to systems of ablution. The ancient Germans, our forefathers, loved a warm or hot bath every day. Washing is, in fact, like other good things, mysteriously associated with religion, as the Turk washes his feet at the mosque door or the Hindu bathes in the sacred river. Bernard Shaw tilts at a widely ramifying institution.

"The captains and the kings depart."

The next great trek will be headed toward New Ontario.

In one day 24,000 people left Euston station, London, for Canada. One of the great epics of history is being written under our eyes.

Boston businessmen have been dined by the London Chamber of Commerce. It is to be hoped no one was so maladroit as to discuss the tea business.

Canadians are not sincere who profess to find an element of surprise in a reciprocity agreement that has been advocated by all parties for 60 years.

The Victoria Times thinks Mr. Borden is wasting his time in the west. He is not converting or teaching the west, but it will not be waste of time if he is willing to be taught by it.

The Australian census shows barely four and a half million people. Australia appears to be where Canada was before 1896, but there are signs of an awakening. The break-up of the land monopoly may make the island-continent a serious rival of Canada for British emigration.

METHODISTS AND THE CORONATION

[London Daily News.]

The first business today before the delegates attending the resumed Primitive Methodist Conference at Bradford, was the consideration of a loyal address to the throne. The Rev. A. T. Guttery said he felt assured it was not the wish of the King or Queen that the great free churches of the land should be put in such a humiliating position in regard to the solemn service of the coronation at Westminster Abbey. It was a regrettable fact that no representative of the free churches had been appointed to take part in that service, and that they were to be put off with a few free tickets of admission. They must continue to resist such a condition of affairs.

The president (the Rev. Edwin Dalton) said they all sympathetically followed Mr. Guttery in his protest against exclusiveness manifested in the arrangements for the coronation service. It was, however, a sign of progress when the King spontaneously invited Dr. Jowett to be present on that auspicious occasion.

The loyal address was passed, the delegates joining in the National Anthem.

ADVICE TO THE TEAM.

[Detroit News.]

"Our slogan," says the Indianapolis News, "is: 'Swat the flies!' " The advice to the team here, however, is to bend out those sizzling grass-cutters—they're harder to get.

EVEN THEN.

[Puck.]

Prehistoric Man (in background)—What's the joke down there? Can you make out?

His Pal—Oh, the boys are kidding Stonehenge again, I guess. Probably he has cut himself shaving with his safety axe.

DOWN TO THE RIND.

[Success Magazine.]

A grocery salesman entering a store found the place in charge of the delivery boy. Upon being asked where the proprietor was, the boy replied:

"I am the whole cheese here."

The travelling man departed, leaving a note for the proprietor, which the boy promptly opened:

"Permit me to suggest," it read, "that you are nearly out of cheese."

THEN IT BEGAN.

[Judge's Library.]

Edith—I am sorry you were not asked to the Pemberton ball, dear. You know I will be there, of course.

Cora—Yes; but then Kate Pemberton knows I am far too young to be of any use as a chaperon.

GLAD IT WAS FINAL.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

"For the last time I tell you I will never marry you."

"I'm glad it's the last time. I'm getting tired of hearing it, anyhow."

NO CRITERION.

[Washington Star.]

George Gould, at a dinner at Georgian Court, said wittily of a suspected gold mine:

"Gold mines are like human beings—they can't be judged by their appearance. You know what Frank R. Stockton used to say about judging by appearances:

"'Don't trust a man because he carries a silk umbrella—he may have left a cotton one in its place.'"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[Washington Star.]

"Art and business have nothing in common," said the idealist.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Mr. Cumrox. "The value of a painting, like the value of a check, depends a great deal on whose name is at the bottom of it."

ALWAYS HOPEFUL.

[Chicago News.]

"Fame," remarked the moralizer, "is but an empty bubble."

"True," rejoined the demoralizer; "yet every man has an idea that if he could get hold of it he could convert it into a dirigible balloon."

LOVE.

[Puck.]

Mabel—I am sure he must have loved her very dearly?

Maude—I should say so! He married her in spite of the fact that he had been out in the rain with her all one afternoon, was seasick with her, and saw her unexpectedly at home the morning after a dance.

NO COME-BACK.

[Metropolitan Magazine.]

A fakir passed through a small town selling pumps, which he claimed would force water without any pipe. A native bought one and sweated at the handle, but no water appeared. He asked for an explanation.

"Why," said the fakir, as he drove on, "the sucker is at the wrong end of the pump."

EFFECTIVE AID.

[Puck.]

New Official—Why should I give you a job? You worked for my opponent.

Applicant—Sure! That's what queered him!

RETORTING ON MR. BOURASSA.

[Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux.]

"Mr. Bourassa has accused me of being a traitor to my country, has taunted me with being an official diplomat for Canada, and has generally reviled me. But anything I possess has been hardly won. I am not of lordly origin, like him, nor was I cradled in the lap of a duchess. My mother was a poor schoolmistress, and my father of humble origin. But talent is not the exclusive possession of the son or grandson of seigneurs. I can endure his hugh, which is the laugh of a fool of disappointed ambition.

"We are no longer the subjects of France. Years have passed since the French first set foot upon this soil. Royalty has passed away from France, and a republic has now been established. There is an abyss between France and Quebec today. We belong to England today. And although it is a Protestant King who will be crowned this week, yet he respects our religion. The flag which will float on the banks of the St. Lawrence this week down to the Gaspe coast is the flag which protects our church, our faith and our religious institutions. We have remained faithful to our religion and our convictions, but we respect the flag which shelters and protects us, and we will not have it insulted by the exploiters of prejudice."

MORE THAN "SAXPENCE."

[Hamilton Herald.]

Andrew Carnegie girds at the "lavish expenditure" of the coronation. But a canny Scot like Andrew should be able to perceive that the public money spent on the coronation was a mighty good national investment. It brought infinitely more money into the country than it cost.

But did it? Probably Jack Johnson was going to England anyway.

THE LUST OF LAND.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

He wanted but an acre when he started
in to buy;
When he found that acre paid him, he at
once began to sigh
For another, and he got it;
Then he found a third, and bought it,
And before the day was ended a fourth
acre "caught his eye."

He kept on adding acres, one by one, at
first, and then,
Having grown somewhat more eager, he
reached out for blocks of ten.
For each acre he acquired
There were fifty he desired;
Finally he got to squeezing and oppressing
other men.

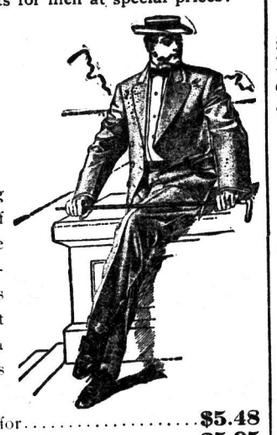
He became possessed of counties, then he
bade good-bye to mirth;
He was ever sad in spite of all the millions he was worth;
And, at last, as was expected,
He laid down and died dejected,
For the reason that he couldn't get possession of the earth.

EARLY CLOSING Store closed all day Saturday, Dominion Day—Open Friday night until 10 — During July and August this store will close every day but Saturday at 5 o'clock—Customers are asked to take notice of this early closing. J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

Some, But Not All of Your Holiday Needs

We mention a few of the most needful holiday requisites of men and women. Summer merchandise that will keep you cool and comfortable, and everyone owes it to themselves to do this. Here are cool Summer Suits for men at special prices:

2-Piece Summer Suits



No danger of these Suits losing their shape. They are made of good, all-wool materials, and have built-out shoulders that will retain their good appearance; fronts are reinforced, so they will not pull down. Don't be without a cool Summer Suit when prices are so tempting.

Regular $9.00 Two-Piece Suits for.....$5.48
Regular $10.00 Two-Piece Suits for.....$5.95
Regular $12.00 Two-Piece Suits for.....$7.48
Regular $15.00 Two-Piece Suits for.....$8.95
Regular $18.00 Two-Piece Suits for.....$11.95

Boys' Wash Suits

FOR LITTLE FELLOWS, 2½ TO 7 YEARS OLD.

Military and Russian Blouse Wash Suits, made of striped linens and blue galateas; good washing colors. Regular 75c and 85c. Reduced to **65c**

Cute styles in linen and striped blue chambray suits for little fellows. These were among our best sellers. Were $2. **$1.50**

Fancy Parasol Special at $1.89

This is the best value we have seen in some time. The price is **$1.89** for choice of actual $3.00 values. Fancy silk stripes, Dresden borders on champagne grounds, and many other pretty effects, for those who wish a pretty sunshade to accompany dressy toilets.

Bathing Suits and Caps

Ladies' Bathing Suits, made of navy blue lustre and trimmed with white braid. Price.....**$2.50**
Ladies' Bathing Suits, made of navy blue serge, at..... **$3.00 and $3.25**
Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Caps, at.....**25¢ and 35¢**

Holeproof Hosiery

Nine million pairs of the famous Holeproof Hosiery were made last year to meet the enormous demand. One million five hundred thousand boxes of six pairs; each box of six pairs is guaranteed to wear six months.

These Hose are sold with this guarantee of 6 months' wear or new ones free. Would such a thing be possible, we ask you, if they were not the best Hose made, judged from every standpoint?

For women—Six pairs Lisle, **$2.00**; Gauze Lisle.....**$3.00**
Women's Silk Holeproof—3 pairs guaranteed for 3 months..**$3**
For Men—Six pairs.....**$1.50 and $2.00**
For Men—Silk, 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months.....**$2.00**

LADIES' BLACK SILK GLOVES, size 6 and 6½, at per pair .....**69¢**

J. H. Chapman & Co. 126, 128, 128½ Dundas Street, London

M'MANIGAL DENIES STATEMENTS OF DEFENCE

Declares That His Wife Was Not Subjected to the Third Degree.

[Canadian Press.]

Lo Angeles, Cal., June 29. — At an interview, the first given since his arrest more than two months ago, Ortie McManigal, alleged confessed dynamiter, today, between sobs, spoke of the arrival of his wife, and made assertions that largely contradicted the statements given out by the defence of the McNamara brothers, charged with the murder of 21 persons in the Times dynamite disaster. The interview was given in the presence of a private detective, and McManigal's statements were principally in response to questions that related mostly to incidents of the last few days since Mrs. McManigal and her two children arrived from Chicago and arrayed herself on the side of the defence.

Mr. McManigal declared that it was at his request that the interview between himself and his wife in the ante-room of the grand jury chambers was arranged Tuesday.

"The detective present did not say or do anything ungentlemanly to her, and there was nothing approaching the third degree in their treatment of her," McManigal said.

Speaking of his wife's first visit to him in the county jail last Sunday, McManigal said:

"She wanted me to write to Clarence S. Darrow, the attorney for the McNamaras, saying, 'Mr. Darrow, I want to see you.'

"She told me that unless I did so, I would never see her again. Under that influence I wrote the note. Later I wrote another note repudiating the first."

McManigal said he had not been promised immunity or reward of any kind by the prosecution.

Contempt proceedings were begun yesterday against Mrs. McManigal because of her refusal to answer what the prosecution declares were pertinent questions, when she appeared before the grand jury. The questions will be read in the open court on Saturday to determine whether she should answer them.

ARTHUR STRINGER LEAVES THE FARM

But Only for a Short Time, as He is Visiting in Toronto.

The Toronto Globe says: Arthur Stringer, the Canadian poet-novelist, shook the dust of his Kent County farm from his feet yesterday and came to Toronto for a day. His face wears the bronze that comes to a man who hoes potatoes between writing chapters, but beneath the outer covering is a sub-tan gained in Italian seas during a springtime holiday.

It is difficult to say which claims most of his affection in the summer, the pen or the hoe.

"We expect to have new potatoes next Sunday," he told his friends ecstatically, yesterday.

At other seasons he talks with zest of the magazine and book market in New York, where he spends his winters.

"But the more I see of Canada after being away the better Canadian I am," he says, with real enthusiasm.

STEAMERS ARRIVED.

New York, June 28.—Arrived: Argentina, from Trieste; Caronia, Liverpool; Venezia, Marseilles; Prinzess Irene, Genoa.
Boston—Arrived: Bethania, Hamburg.
Philadelphia—Arrived: Graf Waldersee, Hamburg.
Quebec—Arrived: Manchester Commerce, Manchester; Monmouth, Bristol; Batiscan, Sydney; Lady of Gaspe, Gaspe.

ROSEBERY TO OPEN THACKERAY EXHIBIT

Great Interest Shown In Collection of Novelist's Manuscripts.

[Canadian Press.]

London, June 29. — The Thackeray centenary exhibition will be opened on Friday by Lord Rosebery at the old Charter House school, in Greyfriars, the scene of those novels wherein Robin vanquished Cuff, and Col. Newcome uttered his final "adsum."

In the governor's room of the weather-worn building has been gathered together by far the most representative collection of Thackeray manuscripts, drawings and relics ever seen under one roof.

The individual exhibits run close on to four hundred, but this conveys no idea of the interest which they must inevitably arouse in every Thackeray devotee.

FINDS FORTY THOUSAND BURIED IN CELLAR

The Treasure Placed There by Boarder Just Before He Died.

[Canadian Press.]

Mattewan N. Y., June 29. — Dr. Arthur R. Tiel, of this town, went into the cellar of his home yesterday afternoon and found in an old, home-made vault, under the ground, some forty thousand dollars in money and securities. The treasure is believed to have been placed there by William H. Badeau, who boarded at the Tiel home, and died several months ago.

In looking over Badeau's papers there was found a roughly-drawn plan of the cellar on which was indicated a square with the word "vault" written nearby. Dr. Tiel took the plan, went to the cellar, and unearthed the fortune.

After Badeau died it was found that he had left an estate of over a half-million dollars. No one had known of the treasure buried in the Tiel cellar. Badeau was a bachelor, and had been connected with a photographic supply firm in New York.

SOLD LIFE-BLOOD

Russian Woman Wanted Money To Bring Out Her Children.

[Canadian Press.]

New York, June 29. — Mrs. Ida Schieff, who gave of her blood to save a dying woman and to obtain money to bring her five children here from Russia, made her sacrifice in vain. Weakened by the loss of blood, she fainted last night while on the fire escape balcony at her home, and fell 80 feet to a court pavement. She died an hour later.

Ever since Mrs. Schieff came to this country two years ago to join her husband, she and her husband had been planning to save money enough to send for the children. They had saved nearly enough when, a month ago, the husband was left without employment. A week ago Mrs. Schieff was told of a woman whose life could be saved by blood transfusion. She eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to obtain the money necessary for her children's journey. The woman died in spite of the operation and Mr. Schieff says his wife did not get the money.

Plymouth Rope

THE ROPE YOU CAN TRUST, AND

Gold Medal Twine

NONE NEARLY AS GOOD.

Plymouth COMMERCIAL TWINES BINDER TWINE. HEMP MANILA JUTE COTTON SISAL ROPE Plymouth

The amount handled every year readily accounts for the superiority of PLYMOUTH GOODS. For your hay fork buy nothing but 4-Ply Plymouth Rope. It pays to buy the best. As for the twine, GOLD MEDAL is in a class by itself.

Your wants along this line can be easily satisfied by calling at

J. E. Young & Co.

HARDWARE, 111 DUNDAS STREET.

Two doors east of Talbot. Phone 588.

A $100 BLAZE ON WATERLOO ST.

Old Sheds in Rear of No. 383 Were Burned.

The firemen had a run this morning at 10:30 to the rear of 383 Waterloo street, where a number of sheds had caught fire. The loss was about $100. A spark from a nearby chimney may have been the cause of the blaze, although the firemen think it may have started from ashes placed inside one of the sheds.

THRILLING FEATS OF AIRMAN BEACHEY

Performs a Dazzling Series of Spirals at Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls, Ont., June 28. — Lincoln Beachey, the aviator, did not today repeat his sensational flight of yesterday over the cataract and under the upper steel arch bridge, but contented himself with a series of thrilling spirals over the falls and the Whirlpool Rapids.

The flight of yesterday, when he pierced the spray of the Horshoe Fall and skimmed the tumbling waters of the river under the bridge, was the most dangerous that he ever attempted. He found it a very difficult matter to raise his aeroplane from the gusty cavern of the gorge, and was fearful that he would dash against the cantilever bridge.

Starting his flight tonight at 6:07 o'clock, he remained in the air for 25 minutes, rising from the open field at Ninth and Niagara streets. The wind, in the southwest, was blowing about ten miles an hour, and was gusty. He first pointed his plane into the northeast, rising to a height of about 2,500 feet, and moving at more than 50 miles an hour.

He went far north of the limits of the city and then swung his flyer to the west, then south, never getting nearer than 2,000 feet. Over the falls he sailed far above the reach of the spray; then lowered his aeroplane to about 800 feet, as he raced down the river course, passing almost out of sight to the north. He brought his flight to a close with a dazzling series of descending spirals until he reached a level of about 200 feet, when he turned towards the west again, and alighted at the racecourse on the Canadian side of the river.

There is one medicine that every family should be provided with and especially during the summer months; Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed. It costs but a quarter. Can you afford to be without it? For sale by all grocers. 1