

Hot-Weather Happiness

The Queen, like her husband, has the same serious and serious sense of duty. She is almost the only woman in society who cannot be called "a society woman." Her manner is entirely the reverse of the conventional one. The note of modern breeding. She speaks little without persiflage, irony or any of the qualities most cultivated in drawing-rooms. She is not a society woman. She is regretted that she had sent her daughter to an expensive boarding school to catch the authentic note of the society woman. When she said to herself spoke "Just like an ordinary man," would have suffered a double measure of penitence if she had heard

the quiet, unobtrusive speech of the old woman. She had trained in the old tradition of manufacture and has the time and interests of the mid-Victorian time rather than those of today. When she was asked to have the duty of showing her round the sweating shed at the Queen's Hall some years ago, at ahibition held by the Daily News, it was impressed by the quiet thoroughness with which she went through it. Obviously not come to see or to make a show, but to learn a lesson, and I bear grateful witness to her plain sincerity and her avoidance of those futile affectations which are the mark of the so banal and so popular. She left a clear impression of a real woman with a grave bearing and no false sentimentality, and a sense of an orphan on the head or given sixpence in the hand. I do not think she would want the newspapers to commemorate the fact of her death, but she is the common symbol of humanity.

The influence of her steady, prosaic personality upon the King has been great. She is not a woman who makes her home life a communique. Perhaps the court is less gay than it used to be, or the Queens prefer knitting to dancing, but the King is certainly better than bridge and his children better than ether. When one of the King's asked how he would like to be another man, the queen never replied, "Well, dada spoils me most." But what the court has lost in gaiety it has gained in respectability. The King is always, not least in the matter of public respect. It was the home life of George III. which made him popular. He was a man who could be called a "happy thrifless cliche for weans and wife" is not the least of the assets of George V. in his account with his people.

King George and the Dragon.
It is not surprising that he felt with such bitterness the slander on that home. For years it had been said that as a youth he had contracted a marriage at Malta. At first the lady was a daughter of Admiral Tryon and

When it was discovered that Admiral Thron was the illegitimate son of the daughter of an Admiral Seymour, "The story was a wicked invention, but that did not prevent it being widely believed." The lackwounds and the bushy eyebrows all about the face of the man could even show you the "marginal people lines." Everywhere you met someone who knew the lady, or had an argument who knew her aunt, or had lunch with her, or with some of her friends, and with some of her sailors, her pass every day with a rifle face and a people of the slander was denied, but what of that? "Virtue can be sold with a breath; and the more it is sold, the more it is the canonize, the more it is trodden on the better it grows." King Edward would have taken it all in the day's work. "Scandal ran off him like water down a drain." "The more he was asked they say they let them say." He would have lit another cigar, cocked his hat and taken it to another cigar and passed on his

very nothing," he took the man's
view of life. King George is a char-
acter who is serious in mind and
combative in spirit, one who does not
make things lying down. He leant at
the throat of the slander. Defiant of
advice and of the headshakings of the
double he dragged the thing into court,
and like all lies it fell dead in the light.
There was never a more complete ex-
posure, and the incident gave the pub-
lic the first real glimpse of the man
it liked the glimpse. And those who
doubted believed or half-believed the tale
felt ashamed of their credulity. The
dragon will give King George a wide
birth in future.

His Tastes. Aesthetically, as in all else, he hegones to the common people. Amartyas, in fact, is not a collector. He has few sporting passions. Games of chance make no appeal to him, and his hobby of stamp collecting is eminently middle class. Music and drama touch him only in the most casual way, and he prefers them both in old-fashioned and obvious forms. The modern problem play leaves him cold and the modern novel is not to his taste. Johnson would call a clubbush a club, and his friendships are few but firm. It is said that when he was asked to be president of a new service club in the city, he declined. "I don't want to be called," Oh yes, but don't you think the Army and Navy could get on without another club?" And the question with its blunt rebuke, struck the idea.

AN plain, direct, straight speaking man, taking his office seriously, hating display and flummery, governed by a strong sense of duty, yet sagaciously obedient to the constitutional tradition of the monarchy, King George V. enters in his reign with the prospect of a long and happy association with his people, and a heart of Wakarusa tells us that he "chose his wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as were worth it." We must be the same of our King. The surface is unimportant; but the material is made or worn.—A. G. G.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS
CURE SUMMER COMPLAINT

Baby's Own Tablets should be kept

SHREDDED WHEAT

Here is a Summer suggestion that is full of Health and Happiness with freedom from kitchen worry and work: Place two Shredded Wheat Biscuits in a deep plate; cover them with berries or any other fresh fruit; pour over them milk, adding a little cream and sugar to suit the taste. Delicious, nourishing and wholesome for the Summer days when the stomach is tired of heavy meats and soggy pastries.

MAKE YOUR "MEAT" SHREDDED WHEAT

The American Wit Records Some of His Humorous Observations

"Go on an try it, Meliarr," urged the portly little man, escorting a young woman, wearing a blue dress, toward the door. "I'll be right here," he urged, Meliarr, with heightened color and a defiant look about, picked up a small, round, black object, which he, such a mighty blow that it flew to the top, and came back with a crash.

"What's that?" asked the little man.

"There's a fine, strong girl all right," he bade to work and "and a lady you can be proud of and a lady you can be proud of and a lady you can be proud of."

"Harris is the name," said the young woman, "and I'm a very good business, I take it. Yes, I thought so. Call again, miss. I may be looking for you."

"Step right up, and show 'em the strong you are," said the little man.

"I'm out of town the other day to appear at a lawn fete. In the large station like Paddington the train was full of people, and I saw a signal on a whistle like child's play, the most resplendent thing imaginable, done up in gold cord and decorations like the most beautiful thing I ever saw. The vision dawned across my horizon. I said to an Englishman in the compartment next to me, 'What is that?'

"That? He is the train starter."

"Oh, indeed, I thought he was the lord mayor."

"I must tell you, sir," said my travelling companion haughtily, "that the lord mayor is not in the employ of the Northwestern Railway."

Victor Hugo said that the best way to see London was from the top of a "bus" and I certainly agree with him. They run everywhere, and the drivers are the very best guides. These sturdy old Englishmen, with their rosy, weather-beaten faces, are filled with

quaint humor, and it is a pleasure to ride with them. The large motor bus is fast superseding the old-fashioned ones drawn by horses. I preferred the latter myself, as the motors run too quickly to see things properly, and there is no interesting old driver to talk to. My prejudice is shared by the drivers, for they have a seething hatred for the clumsy, power-driven vehicles that are taking away their trade. In the Strand one day one of these was standing, while the chauffeur was down, and with his hood lifted was peering into the internal economy of the machine. The passengers,

Interested, were standing up and looking down the edge. The driver of my 'bus looked with scorn at the proceedings, and as we passed delivered this Partisan shot:

"Don't be alarmed, lides. 'E's only puttin' in a new record."

PERILS IN TIGHT COLLARS.

It is well known that dogs suffer a great deal through having to wear tightly-fitting collars. Is it too much, then to argue that those of us who wear our own collars too tightly buttoned, may find in that practice some

Anyone who has seen many cases, suicidal or otherwise, of initial neck constriction, must have noticed three things; first, the small amount of actual constriction necessary to cause the worst results; secondly, the fact that death in such cases is almost painless; and thirdly, that such death cannot be caused by closure of the windpipe, as is so commonly supposed, except in rare instances, and then it cannot be painless. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that many of our must often unconsciously place

The neck is not a cylinder with parallel sides, but is more or less coneshaped, an important difference which may often be significant in treating the individual. One's own collar is apt to slip the fingers under it and resist to a level where the circumference of the neck is much smaller, and the difference between the collar and the diameter of neck seems less marked. When the collar is allowed to slip back it naturally drops

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cannot be retained. And it is always the same—always the safe, tested, perfectly balanced food for babies from birth. Put your baby on Neave's Milk Food if you want to bring the little one safely through

AN INGENUOUS PUMPING SCHEME

BETWEEN 40,000 women, representatives of the sections of the favor of women marched through on June 17th.

Both the procession and gathering in Albert Hall is the most imposing and insister, and formed together demonstration of the solidarity of the movement.

It was announced at the meeting that over £3,000 subscribed to the campaign making a total of over £12,000.

At five o'clock it would be impossible for the spectators to disembark to form any adequate concourse for the coronation procession. They were swiftly taking shape, the line stretched from Bridge to Bridge, and the immense tributary curled round the Office in Whittall. But no vast organism began to move; you even attempt to guess the time. A few minutes more the police cleared a channel in the people at the foot of a land avenue. From a porch I looked down the street scene, bewildering in its color, which settled itself was given and the advance toward, Cheong, and the jolly, green-habited Drummond, riding at the hind her walked the color Miss Charlotte, in a figure, with a crown of face Miss Annan Bryce, gallant as Jean of Arc, with a

Brigade of Prisoners
By this time the crowd
the note, and was ready
bute to the brigade of pris-
ly 700 strong—clad in whi-
ing silver arrows with fly-
These gave place to the
pageant, illustrating the
political power held by B-
through the centuries, af-
the centre-piece of the E-
ant, came a resplendent
car, gorgeous amid cha-
roses.

All this exactly suited

temper of the crowd, Swedish dimensions for the week. In Trafalgar-inch of space was covered only with the greatest of the lane was kept wide as Hyde Park Corner to passage of five abreast. seers crowded every window galleries of Coronation me cupped by hundreds me James' street, on deca the oldest of English Suif Wolstenholme Elmly, stood the salute, every pennon and raised as it passed. An hour after the start, ble to get a general view

from the top of Sloane's
as, elsewhere, the crowd
ably well-behaved, but c
pels one to say that th
section was for the most
as comic relief. From t
view the queens (Boadi
rietta Maria) were decid
and Queen Elizabeth (u
mounted) had to run th
four miles of chaff. There
of course, for the nationa
—Scotland, Ireland and W
middle sections suffered b
repeated breakings of th
traffic, completely held

After eight o'clock the whole army became and swifter. The marching more spirited detachments of professors followed one another with effect of compactness and speed. The splendid graduates had, as always, a reputation for deception; so too had the writers, the actresses, the teachers. The veteran, I heard, was the leading Women's Freedom

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**CHOLERA
SEASON
SUMMER
AND
OF
MAY BE RAPID**

D
Extract
The Medicine with
You do
Mrs. S. S. Johnston
I gave Dr. Fowler's Ex-
"My oldest son, five
days after my next son
doctored with all kinds
doctors could do them
Wild Strawberry, and a

with the treatment, but
the cure. Different peo-
ple, and I always say I
now never without it in
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