

# Taft at His Canadian Summer Home Character Told

**THE BIG UNITED STATES SECRETARY ENJOYS OUTDOOR LIFE AT MURRAY BAY, QUE. — PLAYS A GOOD GAME OF GOLF — A HALCYON EXISTENCE.**

United States Secretary Taft, probably the next president of the United States, spends his summer at Murray Bay, Quebec, where he has built a cottage. A New York correspondent thus describes him:

The impression you first get of the big secretary of war when you see him at golf is that he is not so fat as he is puffed up to be. He handles his 300 pounds as easily as if he were a center rush in good football trim. He walks with a quick, powerful stride as he makes his way across the Murray Bay golf links, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and he laughs and chats as he goes along. Maybe he does this simply to show the crowd that he is not out of breath, but at any rate he is the life and the good humor of the place.

"You came pretty near hitting your brother with that ball the last time you drove," I remarked to him one day.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't," he replied. "Not because he is my brother, but because I need all the supporters I have and it wouldn't do to kill one of them off." Then, with his big, jovial, clear-toned chuckle, he moved on up the hill.

The first thing you think of when you see Secretary of War Taft is youth. Though getting on well toward the fiftieth year (he's 48) and the father of three children, he is just as big a boy as any of them when he comes play time. When he works he works hard. When he plays he plays easily and naturally. Taft has, too, the simple faculty of taking you right into his home life with him, of getting you immediately at your ease. He does not give you the feeling of angling for your good opinion or repelling you by diplomatic reasons, which most politicians manage to convey to the plain ordinary citizen in their vicinity. Perhaps this is because William H. Taft is not an ordinary politician. He seems not to be. If anything he is a good-humored, broadminded, wholesome man of the world—and willing to let it go at that.

## VACATION IN QUEBEC.

Just now he is spending the hot weeks at his summer house on Murray Bay, in the Province of Quebec, before starting upon another one of those inevitable Taft trips to the Philippines, and he may return via the Siberian Railroad. Here he keeps in daily touch with affairs at Washington, dictating letters and telegrams as regular and steadily as if Congress were in session and keeping in touch with the movements of the outside world by means of the New York and Washington newspapers. As for the rest of his time—golf. Mr. Taft is one of the most assiduous and determined, though pleasant-faced, golf fiends who ever dug a divot or "fozzled" into a hazard. And every day Mr. Taft gets a letter from President Roosevelt, besides innumerable dispatches and documents from his department in Washington.

Mile after mile, morning after morning, with the regularity of a clock's ticking, the secretary plods over the green uplands of the eighteen-hole course at Murray Bay. The air is clear and clean, blowing in off the St. Lawrence and down from the hills and mountains to the back of the scenery is as green and broad and pleasant as any in the "pleasant land of France." Health and happiness seem to hang over the lazy little French-Canadian village in the valley, and health and happiness seem to exude from the giant frame of our most peaceful of warriors. Among his golf companions are his brothers, Henry and Charles F., Justices Harlan and Cullen, of the supreme court; his son Robert and a score of local golfers.

## PLAYS A GOOD GAME.

"I tell you," he says, "there is a fine system back of this universe somewhere. Look here, and see if I'm not right." He checked the items off on his fingers. "First the air is so invigorating that it makes you go out and take exercise. You simply can't loaf. You've got to get out and bat this little white ball around. What happens then? Why, you take much exercise that you have to sleep sound at night, and the air makes you sleep sound. There you are, air, exercise, sound sleep; all in inevitable rotation. I think I'll write a book on air; it's a great thing." He added with a humorous eye: "Even in a speech-making campaign."

Curiously enough, just about the time this conversation occurred Senator Platt was celebrating a birthday and attributing his longevity to deep breathing.

Taft's good nature is the good nature of a physically sound man. He used to pitch the hammer about a bit when he was at Yale, and either this fact or else a certain athletic tendency has given him his composure. Certain it is not a family characteristic. Neither of the two brothers who recently visited him bear any resemblance.

Taft plays a good game of golf, too. A short time ago Murray Bay clubmen held a handicap tournament in which the big secretary halved honors with the crack player. On several occasions he has done the eighteen holes in 95. There is an old golf saying that a man is a "duffer" until he can do the eighteen holes under 100 strokes, then he is a golfer.

Secretary Taft frequently makes holes in the "bogey" score, that is the score that Col. Bogey, an imaginary perfect golfer, would require for the same hole.

At tennis, however, Mr. Taft is not so good as his not-distant little godfather at Washington. One afternoon, when nobody was about, his smallest boy Charlie came crying to him because his sister wouldn't play a game.

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of tennis which she had promised. The big man looked down and smiled.

"I'll play with you, Charlie. Don't cry," he said, comfortingly.

Charlie looked up with a child's grin on his face. "If you play with me, I'll probably laugh," was the retort.

"Doesn't your father play a good game of tennis?" was asked.

Charlie shook his head. "Not much. But he's so funny I like to play with him." Again the impression came home to the observer that there was a misnomer children liked to include in their games, and though he has one of the best intellects in all our judiciary he is not above listening to the wisdom of his 10-year-old friends.

## HIS OUTDOOR LIFE.

In between the hours of his summer work he manages to slice a few of the open-air joys of living. He does all his correspondence from a little summer house overlooking the big, blue, twelve-mile wide river, sitting on a plain pine bench and discussing with his secretary at fresco. In Washington he is confined to hard days and official nights, and here he means to make the most of the soft Canadian air, he spends most of his time out of doors.

If anybody comes to see him upon official business—and he does not bless the thought of such intrusion—he makes him join him in his daily round and his usual regimen. Thus he drags reluctant officials from foreign nations over the course with him while he thumps the golf ball and trudges through the hills, and all the while discusses the pros and cons of certain legislation with them.

In the evenings he sits on his back porch and talks to the neighboring Americans and Britishers who call to see him. As a conversationalist in his native patois, French-Canadian, he distinctly does not shine. He can tell a caheche driver to "Marche donc," and he can tell his caddy to "regardez." That is about all. Whenever he has to dicker with an itinerant peddler selling potatoes or tin pans—and he frequently discards his official business for such domestic interludes—he has to call in the services of Mrs. Taft, who converses glibly with the villagers. To peddlers, to boatmen, to the whole village he is known as "M'sieu Taft," and every one of them touches his cap when the big man passes by.

On Sunday he goes to church. The church, as Charles P. Taft, the Cincinnati editor, humorously remarked, is distinctly a "union" church—all the denominations in the village and all

that float into the village on excursion steamboats must go there for spiritual solace—a thing, by the way, that is necessary to the sojourner within the gates who would keep his temper amid trying difficulties. After church is out the bulky form of the secretary clad in a Sunday go-to-meetin' suit of blue serge, is seen emerging from the doorway of the little wooden tabernacle.

He has scarcely descended the steps before he is surrounded by the men and women members of the American colony at Murray Bay and a sort of extemporaneous handshaking bee is forthwith put in order. Mr. Taft always sits in the back end of the church, not caring to parade himself before the multitude of onlookers, lest he disturb their devotion, no doubt. Justice Harlan always sits in the front pew, and, like the wicked millionaire in the song, he "passes round the contribution box." One day when the secretary placed a five-dollar bill in the plate a citizen further along the aisle extracted it, replaced it with another, and added a quarter to the contribution, and kept the Taft bill as a souvenir. These are doubtless the foreshadowings of a future greatness no less than acknowledgment of those that have gone before.

He takes everything smilingly and holds his peace. What he would say on certain official questions, were his tongue unloosed, is spoken freely by his brothers, but he himself is simply making the best of the hot weather and letting the world wag.

The whole impression that one gains after a week's association with Taft is that of a quiet, unostentatious, cheery citizen who lives in dignity and hospitality under a plain, ordinary roof. It is not a log cabin, this summer home of Secretary Taft; it is no Newport garden. It is the dwelling of the everyday American. He is a man often in his shirt sleeves. If you approach his house you are apt to see a bulky figure stooping over and directing the work of replacing a bit of board sidewalk on his lawn. Mrs. Taft is by his side, helping him to hand on his directions to the French workman. He straightens up and gives you a cheery "Hello, there!" and takes you into his house as if you lived in an upstairs room.

The house itself is a box of a place, with unpainted and unpapered walls, made of yellow pine; everywhere there are Phleggie remembrances—mattings on the floor, silk hangings against the walls, flags and bridges and saddles, weapons and odd Filipino art work. When the secretary walks across the floor the whole house creaks in protest.

"It's only a strawberry box of a place," he sighs, "but I'm content here, so what difference does it make?"

## Mrs. Fiske's Great Western Tour

**THE FIRST GREAT ACTRESS TO VISIT THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA.**

The most remarkable tour ever made by an American theatrical company was closed at Winnipeg recently, by Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan Company. When that organization reached New York on July 21 it had traveled approximately 18,000 miles since its departure from that city in January. On this journey an unequalled stretch of territory was covered, the circle described in the tour touching the Mexican border on the south, the Pacific coast and extending 500 miles above the Canadian line on the north. The extent of the tour may be better comprehended by the statement that it reached from Boston to San Francisco, and from El Paso, Tex., to Edmonton, the capital of the new Canadian Province of Alberta, and the northernmost town with railroad connection on the American continent.

As she returned from the Pacific coast and during the final week of her season, Mrs. Fiske made a brief tour of the principal cities of Western Canada, the picturesque "last West" region, which is growing at an amazing rate and soon must be reckoned with territories of great theatrical as well as of other possibilities. In none of these cities and no theatrical company approaching the first class ever appeared, and Mrs. Fiske and her associates were greeted with unbounded enthusiasm and remarkable audiences. The tour included Calgary, Regina, Brandon, and Edmonton, in each of which one performance was given, except that the demand was so great in Calgary that "The New York Idea" was given there a second time on the return from Edmonton.

In several places Mrs. Fiske appeared in rinks, in some of which stages were especially constructed for her accommodation. This was true not only of West Canada towns, as a rule, but of some larger cities, like Vancouver, where there was no independent theater available. In Seattle, also, a theater was used. In San Francisco Mrs. Fiske played in a theater which had exhibited moving pictures prior to her engagement, and in spite of the street car strike in that city with other troubles that made transportation almost impossible, from the viewpoint of ordinary affairs, the engagement, originally for a week, was extended to a second to accommodate the public.

Although Mrs. Fiske during her earlier season played practically all the principal cities of the East and Middle West, as well as many of the smaller cities, covering the usual territory of a conventional theatrical tour, she was a pioneer in such cities as Raton, Las Vegas, Albuquerque, N.M., Tucson, and Globe, Ariz., and those cities in the far Northwest just mentioned. In fact, she may be said to have blazed the way to places heretofore unconsidered in the making of theatrical maps and tours, and shown the possibilities of new territory. Strangely enough, "The New York Idea," a play of the type usually exploited only in the larger cities and in centers of social life in touch with metropolitan places, was fully appreciated at every

point at which it was presented.

Such a tour, particularly to its stranger places, naturally developed remarkable experiences and incidents. Raton, N.M., was the first unusual point visited by Mrs. Fiske. Here "The New York Idea" was played in a vast rink, to practically the whole population and neighboring visitors. The audience could be seen all types from the woman in modish attire to the man who shot Sandy McGee. Raton is near Raton Pass and is the highest point on the Santa Fe. The "local manager" is typical of the place. He presided in person at an improvised box office with a heavy-caliber "shooting iron" on the window sill at his elbow. Looking over the large receipts, a pile of money that showed great variety in material and value, he asked Mr. Griffith, Mrs. Fiske's business manager, what ought to be done with it before the company left. "There are men in this town," he remarked, "who would not be above walking in here for a hold-up." The money, however, was safely bestowed.

The train arrived at Globe very late, and, besides Mrs. Fiske and her company, carried some 200 persons picked up along the way that were bound to see "The New York Idea." Other hundreds had come into Globe by various stage routes, on horseback, and by other means from long distances. The curtain was not rung up until 10 p.m., and the performance concluded at 2 a.m. But everybody was patient and all were delighted.

After the San Francisco engagement the Northwestern tour was undertaken. At Vancouver "The New York Idea" was seen in Dominion Hall, in which a stage had been hurriedly and especially erected. At Calgary a fine theater was found. Thence Mrs. Fiske went 200 miles directly north to Edmonton, the remotest city with railroad connection on the northwest, where daylight lasts some twenty hours. Here a rink with another improvised stage, was used. There were no dressing-rooms, and the Manhattan company, shielded by improvised screens, dressed and made up on a lawn back of the rink, the open space facing several fine cottage homes of residents, who gracefully entered into the spirit of the affair, and between acts furnished hot coffee and other refreshments to the players. The curtain rose here at 10:10 p.m.—it was still daylight—and it was dawn—2:30 a.m.—when the play was over. These were some of the experiences of the most unusual tour in the history of the American theater.—Chicago Tribune.

## MIRAND'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

From the hawksbill turtle of the Caribbean Sea comes the tortoise shell of commerce.

A French contractor of Salem, Mass., sleeps with his dynamite in his bed to keep it from freezing.

The long feathers of a bird's wing are fastened to the bone. It is this which gives the wing the strength and surface wherewith to beat the air.

"IT'S WELL TO KNOW A GOOD THING," said Mrs. Surtees to Mrs. Knowell, when they met in the street. "Why, when you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil," Mrs. Surtees, who hates pain, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a week back there was another customer for Electric Oil.

## In One's Clothes

**IMPORTANCE TO A WOMAN OF TASTE IN DRESS.**

**Where Economy Means Misery—How to Spend and Where to Buy—Things That Last Too Long—Expensive Materials—Daintiness and Neatness and Method.**

It is a well established fact that a man's or a woman's career is largely a matter of character. The determined, face set to the front individual will succeed under circumstances and conditions where the invertebrate, not quite sure of himself or anything else person will go to the wall.

Now it is quite remarkable how character shows in clothes, writes Mr. Stanley Clark in the London Chronicle, and this applies most particularly to the weaker sex. A man, provided he employs a good tailor and possesses a trousers press, can hardly fail to be well turned out. There are certain well defined lines from which nothing will permit him to stray. But the multiplicity and manifold of feminine attire affords a much larger field for a woman to make mistakes. Do-it-nowadays rides dominant and writes dowdy or chic across a woman with all the fatal decision and destiny of the moving finger.

We all know it—we all meet daily instances of it. Two sisters, perhaps, who with identically the same money and opportunities are one well, the other poorly turned out. A woman is always judged by appearances, so the badly and unsuitably dressed girl starts heavily handicapped in the race of life. No matter what stake she is entering for, there are long odds against her passing the winning post before her smarter sister.

This being so, and who will deny it—it seems a pity the ill-dressed woman should not realize her plight, put her pride in her pocket and determine to mend her ways. It isn't difficult nowadays to be well dressed—indeed, the amount of ingenuity some people display in securing the opposite result is a matter for surprise. It is almost impossible to buy an ugly, inartistic article in good shops, and milliners and dressmakers alike are full of taste, and study face and figure far more than they used to. For the rich woman who is conscious of always choosing the wrong thing I say, put yourself in the hands of some clever "madame," wear what she tells you on the occasions prescribed by her, and you will have cause to rejoice.

But for the moderate means woman such wholesale shifting of the burden is impossible. She cannot order at will, but has to get on with what she has, and a small dress allowance, making one pound cover the needs of two. And here it is that the most fatal mistake of false economy is made.

Four glaring instances in which economy always spells misery spring to my mind. The first two, as every one will guess, are gloves and boots and shoes. It is hard to say whether a cheap glove or a cheap shoe is the most hateful, and mark you in the long run the most extravagant. But ill-cut, ill-fitting gloves cannot hurt and harm a hand as a shoe can a foot. Happy, comfortable feet have a lot to say to health, and they are quite attainable without having resort to broad toes and no heels. Another false economy is cheap corsets. Let some experienced corsetiers study your figure and carefully fit you—don't pin your faith on what fits other people.

And the fourth false economy is your tailor-made gowns. Don't, don't get the little dressmaker who made your chiffon blouse so prettily to contrive you a tailor-made golfing suit out of that length of tweed you picked up at a sale. If you can't go to a good man then buy your coat and skirt ready-made. Buy some reliable needs where you will be sure of a good cut and good material and where the necessary alterations will be carried out by one of their own tailors.

These are four of the most glaring false economies. Now for the reverse and less pleasant side of the shield—where to cut down.

First of all, start with a clear idea and realization of what you have to spend on your dress annually. Apportion it quarterly, and as each quarter comes around decide what you will need and what you must do without during the next three months.

An important economy is not to get too many clothes. Get what you want and wear it out at once, especially if these days when fashion is so fickle. Again, on the other hand, don't expect one garment to cover many needs. A cheap dress is supposed to cover sins. Sometimes one's dress can fulfil two purposes—supply two needs. But not very often. If it meets one crying want really adequately it's all you can expect of it. How often women say, "Yes, I seem to have heaps of clothes, but nothing that is really right." This purgatorial state of existence is the outcome of not knowing what you really want and will really have need of, and of trying to make one frock fill two functions, with the result that it is not really right for either.

An important economy, and not such a small one either, is not to buy too expensive materials. I do not for a moment counsel patronizing shoddy stuffs, but we don't wear out our gowns as our grandmothers did. The polite salesman's plea that it will "last forever" does not apply to our needs as it did to theirs. We don't want things to last forever. In fact, it is rather a drawback. The knowledge that the material of an out of date garment is "as good as new" is apt to tempt one down the downward path of pitching and patching.

On the other hand, all sorts of economies can be made and time saved by buying things in quantity instead of singly. Always buy in the cheap market when you can, and people know that at sale times extraordinary economies can be effected by judicious and restrained marketing. Sometimes a shop starts by being cheap and raises its prices gradually as custom in-



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**BLACK DIAMONDS.**

Just 100 years ago the first shipment of anthracite coal ever made went from Plymouth, Luzerne County, to Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa., and a number of citizens of Plymouth are now arousing enthusiasm for a celebration of this heroic event. Abijah Smith shipped the first cargo of the black diamonds in an ark, floating down the Susquehanna River. The discovery by Jesse Fell, of Wilkes-Barre, about six months after this shipment, that the new fuel would burn in his grate with intense heat without an air blast caused many orders to come into Plymouth for fuel, and the chief business of that town ever since has been the mining and shipping of coal.

The popular reference to coal as "black diamonds" is nearer to the truth than would seem possible on the surface. Between the two there is, so to speak, a blood relation, diamond being, in fact, crystallized carbon. According to the latest experiments, acetylene would seem to be viewed as the connecting link between the two.

From acetylene there has been obtained by M. Huban, an engineer, a fine color of the tint known as smoke black, while two chemists, MM. Caro and Frank, pursuing research into the essential properties of acetylene still further by subjecting it to a temperature of 1,600 degrees, obtained hard graphite, which is "coal" of a highly superior order, and is thought to stand midway between ordinary coal and the diamond crystals, which, they think, can be obtained by further pressure.—Dundee Advertiser.

One of the smallest inhabited houses in the world is at Llandyssul, South Wales. It has a frontage of five and a half feet, is six feet from front to back, six feet from ground to eaves, and about four feet to the ridges.

Ireland, which was once a great fruit producing country, is now a buyer of fruit. It is the same with butter, which in former years was produced in great purity and consid-



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