

MAY ASK LOBB TO MIND HIS BUSINESS.

Independent Aldermen Resent Interference From the Hydro-Electric Commission's Solicitor.

Four Men Asked If They Will Act For City In Injunction Proceedings.

Securing counsel to assist City. Solicitor Waddell in the injunction proceedings to restrain Hamilton from entering into a contract with the Hydro-Electric Commission is not such an easy matter as the aldermen fancied. The Power Committee had another two-hour session yesterday afternoon, and at the end of that time was still undecided. Earlier in the day a list of names were suggested, but it was discovered that most of those mentioned were out of the country. The committee will take another whirl at it at 12.30 to-day.

The meeting yesterday afternoon was a lively one in spots, Mayor McLaren and some of the aldermen severely criticizing Solicitor Lobb, of the Hydro-Electric Commission, for "butting in." After the committee adjourned yesterday morning Mr. Waddell called up W. E. Middleton's office in Toronto. Mr. Middleton was in Muskoka, but another member of the firm, Mr. White, said Mr. Middleton would likely act, if requested, as Solicitor Lobb had called upon him after the injunction proceedings were begun and told him he would likely be called upon by Hamilton.

When this information was conveyed to the committee it caused some fireworks. Mayor McLaren and Ald. Allan scored Mr. Lobb's interference. They declared it was "rotten bad taste for outsiders to butt in."

"I think he is a friend of the city and was simply trying to do a good turn," ventured Ald. Morris.

"We don't want any outsiders butting in," retorted the Mayor.

Ald. Morris pointed out that the motion passed at the morning session left the matter of selecting the counsel in the hands of a sub-committee.

It did not come with very good grace from a member of the sub-committee, Ald. Allan thought, to be constantly harping on that. This barb was for Ald. Morris, and Campbell Turner, a minute later by the rescinding of the resolution leaving the matter with the sub-committee. This was done on motion of Ald. Allan, seconded by Ald. Peregrine. Ald. Jutten, who, with Ald. Morris, composed the sub-committee, did not vote, and Mayor McLaren declared the resolution rescinding the motion carried, Ald. Morris opposing it.

It was decided to try and get in touch with C. J. Holman, of Holman, Drayton & Co., Toronto, and Corporation Counsel Fullerton, of Toronto, who has resigned that position on account of his health. After a long wait for the long-distance call from Toronto, Ald. Morris opened the discussion again.

"I am in favor of Mr. Middleton," he said, "I think he is the best man we can get."

Ald. Jutten—If two or three members of the committee want him there is nothing fairer than to see if he will act.

Ald. Morris—He will act, if we want him.

The Mayor—Have you received word to that effect?

A GRAND KIDNEY MEDICINE

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him When Everything Else Failed.

Uiverton, Que., March 17, 1908. I wish to place on record, for the sake of others who may be suffering in the same way that I suffered, that no medicine I ever took did me so much real good as "Fruit-a-tives" did. I suffered for many years with Kidney Trouble, with bad pain in the back.

I took every known kidney remedy and kidney pill, but nothing gave me any relief, and I was getting discouraged.

It was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and did so—and this medicine cured me when everything else failed.



I used altogether fifteen boxes of "Fruit-a-tives" and from the outset they gave me relief, and I am now practically well again; no pain, no distress and all symptoms of kidney disease have entirely left me. I am very thankful to be once more well, and I freely make this statement for the sake of others who may suffer as I did. To them, I say try "Fruit-a-tives," as they are a grand kidney medicine.

CLARENCE J. PLACEY.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Thomas W. Watkins, Mrs. Ernest Watkins, Mrs. J. H. Watkins, and Miss Nisbet, of Hamilton, were guests at the reception given in honor of Lady Aberdeen, at the Parliament building, Toronto, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. F. C. Mills, West avenue south, left yesterday for a two weeks' visit to relatives in Windsor, and St. Clair flats.

Mr. Jas. Chisholm and Miss Chisholm left for England and Scotland yesterday.

Good Short Stories

HIS NEW NEIGHBORS.
(Tribute.)

Harkins had lived in his new home but a few weeks and scarcely knew his neighbors by sight at the time of his fire. On rushing out of the front door he found two of his neighbors already on the scene.

"I say," Harkins cried excitedly, "will you run to the corner and give the alarm?"

"Very sorry," explained the man, "but I have a wooden leg and can't run."

The other neighbor pressed forward. "I say," said Harkins, turning to his new ally, "while I am getting the things out run over to the corner of the street and halloo 'Fire!'"

"I'm suffering from laryngitis and can't halloo," said the other neighbor, in a stage whisper.

There was not a moment to spare, but Harkins found time to turn to them and say politely:

"Suppose both of you go into the house and bring out easy chairs and sit down and enjoy the blaze."

A MORAL LESSON.

Mike Powers, the Athletics' catcher, said at a recent baseball banquet in Philadelphia:

"All the talk there has been in New York about the crooked foot races and crooked umpires and crooked fights—and all this vague, formless talk about crookedness makes me think of a South Carolina meeting I once attended."

"At the end of this meeting it was decided to take up a collection for charity. The chairman passed the hat himself. He dropped a dime in it for a nest-egg."

"Well, gentlemen, every right hand there entered that hat—every right hand—and yet, at the end, when the chairman turned the hat over and shook it, not so much as his own contribution dropped out."

"For de lan's sake!" he cried. Ah! eben los de dime Ah stashed away!"

"All the rows of faces looked puzzled. Who was the lucky man? That was the question which tormented all. Finally the venerable Calhoun White summed up the situation."

"Bredren," he said solemnly, rising from his seat, "dar 'pears to be a great moral lesson run' heah somewhere."

A SCOTTISH STORY.

One day a tramp fiddler was displaying his musical abilities before a meagre audience in the street of a small Highland village. Having played to his own satisfaction, the fiddler then proceeded to take up a collection, but with scant success. This somewhat roused his anger, and approaching the last man in the audience, he met with a curt "Get out."

This put him on his mettle, and, staring fiercely at the man in the audience, he angrily exclaimed:

"What else wad I expect frae a big raw Highland laddie?"

"Ye expected money, onyway," replied the man, "but wad ye asked ye to play?"

"Wha asked me to play?" Naeddy, but ye listened to me music."

"Is that the way ye wad? Och, well, ye can just listen to the sound o' me money," said Sandy as he jingled a pocketful of coins.

JOHN'S WAY.

"I suppose John is still takin' life easy," said the woman in the spring wagon.

"Yes," answered the woman who was carrying a painful load. "John has only two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up to eat, and the other is that he has to quit eatin' to sleep."

The House-keeper.

BUSINESS EDUCATORS.

Mayor and Board of Education Welcome the Delegates.

Several Discussions on Various Phases of the Work.

Value of Newspaper Advertising Has Been Proven.

The afternoon session of the Business Educators' Association of Canada met yesterday at 2 o'clock. A civic welcome was extended by Mayor McLaren to the delegates to the manufacturing metropolis of Canada situated, as it is, in the centre of the garden of the Dominion. His Worship referred to the foundation of the association which was laid here in the rooms of the Board of Education in 1897 and dwelt on the importance attaching to the submission to standard examinations of all the affiliated schools of the association in Canada. These schools were doing a great deal in supplying capable help for the offices of the business men and he wished them increased success with the improvements in trade conditions.

A heavy vote of thanks was accorded the mayor for the courtesy extended and it seemed fitting that Mr. C. R. McCullough, a member of the Board of Education, founder of the Business Educators' Association and first president thereof, should extend the greetings of the Board of Education of Hamilton to the teachers assembled. Mr. McCullough pointed out, after preliminary greetings, that business colleges, like all other institutions, must meet changing conditions in the future as they had done in the past and that the needs of the modern office were effectively met by the graduates of schools.

J. F. Wildman, of Toronto, gave an address on "Dignity of Business," in which he dwelt on the unconscious influence of the teacher in the school room and the uniform standard of examinations. All things considered, he said, he would take a business college graduate in preference to others, because they can more readily adapt themselves to circumstances. In developing thoughts on the dignity of business he remarked, "it is not what we do but how we do. A man's value depends on the amount of supervision he requires, if we cannot do what we like, let us like what we do."

Advertisement of business colleges was handled by Mr. F. H. Brown. The speaker remarked that to make advertisements pay, one must follow a well-thought-out plan which centres upon and revolves about the newspaper publicity but which should include other effort as well. Advertisement should be done according to the advertiser's needs, and the information should be clear, concise and full. There should be a system to follow up on letters with which to develop inquiries into students. These, too, must be strong, sympathetic, plain-spoken and convincing. Newspaper advertising was the only method of reaching the general public, speculation or mystery, but plain, hard common sense business policy.

A paper was read by Miss F. McNab, of the United Typewriter Co., on "The Stenographer, the kind for which the business man asks." She compared the stenographer to the general appearance of the applicant, the accuracy of work and the ability to turn out a reasonable quantity of work in a given time. She also advocated a speed in short-hand of 100 to 120 words a minute and 40 to 50 words a minute in the typewriter. Young women who could turn out neat typewritten work at the rate of 50 words a minute were absolutely sure of positions paying \$10 to \$15 per week. Very few calls were received from business houses for stenographers who value their services at \$3 a week.

Mr. T. J. Shanks, editor, Royal Templar, dealt with the question of "How to Acquire Speed in Short-hand." He spoke on the accuracy of outline, quickness of perception and general adaptability of thinking out the shorthand for all general technical matter; he also advocated phraseography and persistent practice, practice, practice.

Miss C. L. Bourdon, of Toronto, gave a ten minutes demonstration on typewriting. She wrote gracefully and speedily on a typewriter, keeping her eye upon the subject matter while operating the machine and writing at about the rate of 55 words a minute for ten consecutive minutes. Miss Bourdon is a touch operator, having only six months' instruction in a business school.

The meeting was then thrown open for open discussion. In round table style, the following subjects were discussed: "What is the Future of the Business Educators' Association," "How Can the Association be Made a Stronger Factor in the Business and Education Life of the Country," "Do You Favor a Newspaper Advertising Campaign to Reach the Business Public?"

A motion was made by Mr. J. W. Westervelt, of London, seconded by Mr. A. E. Day, of Toronto, that Messrs. P. McIntosh, Toronto; J. W. Westervelt, C.A., London, and two acting secretaries for the coming year be a committee on publicity to influence other schools to join the association. The motion was carried unanimously.

The following committees were appointed:

Nomination—Messrs. A. E. Day, Oscar Mann and W. H. Stapleton.

Curriculum—Messrs. W. D. Euler, W. E. Brown and J. W. Westervelt.

Constitution—Messrs. J. W. Westervelt, Sr., J. Swinton and P. McIntosh.

Examiners—P. McIntosh, E. Warner and W. E. Brown.

Resolutions—Messrs. J. W. Westervelt, C.A., and Mr. J. Marshall.

Previous to adjournment, Principal Swinton, of the Standard Business College, made the pleasing announcement that a three-hour trolley ride to Grimsby Park and return awaited the members at 7 o'clock sharp. This was heartily enjoyed by all members and their friends, many of whom for the first time saw the real garden of Canada. The party returned to the city at 10.45.

Miss Glynn, of the D. Tolman money-lending agency of New York, who has been acting as Winnipeg agent of the user, was fined \$200 by Judge McDonald for violations of the money lending act.

The Right House

"HAMILTON'S FAVORITE SHOPPING PLACE"

Carpets made, lined and laid free

An extraordinary offer good for next week

If you will buy your Carpets some time next week we will make, line and lay them any time during the Summer up to August 20th—latest date when delivery must be taken. This offer means a straight saving to you of 12 to 14c on every yard you buy. This special and rare offer applies to our entire stock of some 300 patterns, fresh, new designs and colorings in nicest, best qualities English Carpets of all grades and prices—a stock the same to you as right up to the very height of the season. Besides this unusual offer applies to some 30 patterns of reduced Brussels, Axminsters and Wilton Carpets of much beauty and best English makes. Place your order early next week and get your Carpets made, lined and laid free—an offer of rare making at The Right House.

30 choice patterns reduced carpets

Will also be made, lined and laid free; 30 beautiful patterns and rich colorings in Brussels, Axminster and Wilton Carpets of best English weaves, where quantities are only sufficient for from one to three rooms of a pattern.

87½c, formerly \$1.05 and \$1.15 95c, formerly \$1.25 and \$1.35
\$1.39, formerly \$1.75 and \$1.90 \$1.59, formerly \$2.25 and \$2.50

Made, lined and laid free if ordered next week.

CORNER KING EAST THOMAS C. WATKINS HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Garvin's Discipline

Haughty Janitor

For some time it had been apparent to the Garvins that whenever anything was lost off the dumb-waiter the janitor asked them if they knew what had become of it. The unanimity with which their co-tenants, through the medium of a common agent, applied to them for the restoration of missing property finally became very humiliating, and Mr. Garvin said he was going to put a stop to it.

"The next time," he said, "that that fellow John calls up and asks us about Jones' milk or Smith's bread or Brown's cabbage I'm going to squelch him so effectually that he will let any body run away with the house itself before he'll ask us if we know what has become of it."

Mr. Garvin had an opportunity to pursue his drastic policy with the janitor the very next morning. It was a Sunday morning and Mr. Garvin, eager for battle, rushed to the dumb-waiter in response to the claxon call from the janitor's speaking tube.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" came the reply from the depths of the basement. "Say, have you folks seen anything of a basket of signs from the delicatessen that was left on the dumb-waiter this morning for Mrs. Crosby?"

"No," said Garvin, "we haven't. What do you take us for, anyway? A pack of thieves? When things are lost about the house why don't you go some place else once in a while to look for them? Why do you always come to us?"

"Because," came the unhesitating reply, "you are the only people in the building who never lose anything yourselves."

For a moment Mr. Garvin appeared convinced by this apparently conclusive evidence of his own guilt, but soon his indignation as an injured householder asserted itself and urged him to vindicate his honor.

"The only ones who haven't lost anything, are we?" he retorted. "Well, just let me tell you that is no proof. We have lost things, too."

"You have?" exclaimed the janitor. "You never said anything about it."

"No," said Garvin, "we never did. We kept still out of consideration for you. We knew you had a hard time keeping track of so many different things, so we let them go, and you just went on and went on and bought more rather than worry you about it. But we're through with all such mistaken kindness. Hereafter when we lose anything you've got to hustle around and find it or take chances of losing your job."

Having thus relieved himself of a part of his bottled up wrath, Mr. Garvin drew in his head and slammed the door. Mrs. Garvin stood at his elbow, pale and frightened.

"Oh, Chester," she said, "what did you mean by telling him that yarn about our having lost things? We never have."

"That's all right," said Garvin. "It is just as well to make him think so. What is more, I am going to keep on rubbing in our losses. Until he learns to be civil I shall complain every day about something having been stolen and send him on a wild goose chase looking after it."

Mr. Garvin instituted his system of revenge on the following morning.

"Say, John," he said, "did you see anything of a roll of butter the grocer's boy left this morning?"

Before Garvin had finished his breakfast he was disturbed by a violent whistling and chattering at the tube and the creaking of the dumb-waiter.

"Hello!" came a sepulchral voice from the basement; "here's your butter."

Mr. Garvin was too much astounded at that unexpected announcement to make reply.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" he said to his wife. "Where do you suppose he got it?"

"What are you going to do with it?" cross-questioned Mrs. Garvin.

"Keep it, I suppose."

"But it isn't ours," she protested. "He must have scared one of the neighbors into giving it up. You had better give it back to return to them."

"Never," said Garvin. "I have started out to teach that fellow a lesson, and I'm going to stick to it. Silence just now is the best policy. To make inquiry of him or the neighbors might spoil the game."

In pursuance of his scheme for disciplining the janitor Mr. Garvin during

the next few days reported missing a pint of cream, a ten-pound package of granulated sugar, a quart of strawberries and a basket of potatoes, and each time, to the Garvins' increasing amazement, John called up after the lapse of a few minutes:

"All right, sir; here it is."

At last Mrs. Garvin, being of a superstitious bent, began to read disaster in the janitor's extraordinary obedience.

"I do hope," she said, "that you won't report any more fictitious losses. We'll be guilty of robbing everybody in the house before we get out of this scrape. I am already such a dyed-in-the-wool thief that I am ashamed to look any of the neighbors in the face."

The day after receiving the mysterious basket of potatoes Mrs. Garvin received the monthly bill from the grocer, and after comparing it with her own itemized list of purchases, "They've charged us with butter, cream, sugar, strawberries and potatoes that I never ordered!"—N. Y. Herald.

A Jim Hill Story.

One cold winter night a short, heavily built man, wrapped in a huge, fur-lined overcoat, dropped off a freight train at a little way-station in Montana. His cap was pulled down about his face, the lower part of which was covered with a bushy and grizzled beard. He looked the part of a burly and prosperous ranch-owner. The visitor walked about the little frame station, his keen eyes surveying through the windows the alert, young agent busy about the telegraph-key. Presently he entered the waiting room and, as the agent looked up, peremptorily turned the knob of the door leading into the agent's private quarters. The door was locked.

"I want to come in," he said, gruffly. "It's too cold out here."

"Against the rules to allow outsiders inside," the agent answered.

"But I'm cold, I say."

"Wait a minute."

The agent came out into the waiting room, bringing with him a comfortable arm-chair, which he placed close to the cast-iron stove. "Sit down here," he said. "I'll poke up the fire."

In the midst of this process the agent suddenly dropped the poker and darted back into his private reserve.

"What's the matter?" growled the surly man in the fur coat.

"My call," snapped back the agent. "Presently, the fire roaring, the agent picked up the coal scuttle and went out, leaving the door open behind him. The man in the fur coat promptly rose and closed it. Instantly it was thrown open by the agent. "Let it alone," he said, with a suspicious glance. "Can't you hear the call it's shut. Once more inside his little cockpit the agent looked up as the old man asked:

"How's business?"

"Rotten. Mostly eastbound empties through here."

"Ranchers around here can get a better rate by driving thirty miles across country."

"The men who run this road must be a set of chumps."

"They are. If we had a forty cent rate we could get ten carloads a week out of this station in the season."

"Must be pretty low down for a young fellow. Any pretty girls close by?"

"Excuse me," said the agent, sitting down; "I've got to make out my report."

The eastbound passenger came along shortly and the man in the fur coat boarded it. When the next day came around the young agent got an entirely unexpected ten-dollar raise. With it came a notice from the general freight department that a forty-cent rate on beef cattle, effective April 1st, was established. Then some one told him that his unidentified visitor had been "Jim Hill"—the Norwegian settlers call him—creator of the Great Northern railroad system and uncrowned emperor of the Northwest. And within two years the agent was called in to the general office at St. Paul and became one of the officials of the general freight department.—Saturday Evening Post.

Tomato Bouillon.

1 pint cold water.

2 tablespoons chopped onion.

2 can tomatoes.

10 whole cloves.

1 teaspoonful butter.

1½ teaspoonful celery salt.

10 pepper corns.

10 teaspoonful salt.

1½ tablespoonful flour.

Cook the tomato water, onion, cloves and peppercorns in a covered saucepan for one-half hour. Mash through a sieve when cooked. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and salt; then the strained tomato a little at a time, stirring constantly until the mixture bubbles. Serve hot.

LANDSMEN AND SAILORS.

To the landsman the sea must always possess dangers that to the sailor appear only as casual phenomena upon which to exercise his skill. The prayer book has a special petition for the safety of those who go down to the sea in ships, and every one who ventures to leave the shore goes forth with a consciousness of awe at his own daring. Yet in the intricate complexity of modern civilization safety on land and safety at sea have walked by no means with equal step. Every morning brings up some story of death or accident on land, while the great passenger ships come and go in monotonous regularity, bringing no reports more stirring than those of high seas that have kept them from making new records. With the present madness for speed and its attendant recklessness, our streets demand constant alertness, if one would cross them with safety. Speed at sea has come through larger and more stoutly constructed ships, so the familiar old story of the civilization at sea in a storm who, serene in his consciousness of ample sea room, piously ejaculated: "God, help the poor folks ashore to-night!" is not wholly fantastic.—From L. Frank Tooker's "Safety at Sea" in the July Century.

Toronto members of the Davenport Methodist Bible class, saved the life of a young girl on Thursday when the class held a picnic at Eldorado Park on the Credit.

Society

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Gibson, A. D. C., and the Misses Gibson leave Toronto next week for their summer home at the Beach.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen sailed yesterday from Quebec for England.

Mrs. Adam Beck, London, spent the early part of the week with Mrs. P. D. Crerar, who, with Miss Violet Crerar, has since left for Muskoka.

Miss Reba Kittson was hostess of an informal dance at the Yacht Club on Monday evening. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. James Gillard, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Turner, Mrs. Percy Montague (Winnipeg), Miss Edna Greening, Mrs. Kenneth Bethune, Miss Muriel Hoodless, Miss Alice Hope, Miss Helen Wanser, Miss Muriel Beckett, Mrs. William Shambrook, Mrs. Jeannette Grantham, Mrs. John Ferguson, Miss Ella Forbes, Miss Dorothy Gates, Miss Florence Howell, Miss Gertrude Carey, Miss Dorothy Wilgess, Mr. Chevalier, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Siebert Glasco, Dr. McGregor, Mr. Frank Price, Dr. Montzambert, Mr. Morden, Mr. Bernard Hoodless, Mr. Watt, Mr. Allan Young, Mr. Alex. Gates, Mr. Niblett, Mr. Kilgour, Mr. Eward Bristol, Mr. Kelley, Mr. Carey, Mr. Turner.

Mrs. C. S. Scott left on Friday for England.

Mrs. H. M. Watson entertained at luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Law, Toronto, who is her guest for the week.

Miss Marjorie Hendrie, Detroit, is staying at the Holmstead.

The Lambton Ladies' Golf Club entertained the Hamilton ladies at luncheon on Wednesday. Covers were laid for twenty-five at a long table artistically decorated with white peonies in rustic baskets. The Hamilton team included Mrs. Arthur Rowe, the Misses Morrison, Mrs. Jeannette Grantham, Miss Reba Kittson, the Misses Balfour, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Laura Harvey, Miss Lily Bristol, Mrs. William Shambrook.

Mrs. Casey Baldwin, Toronto, is visiting Miss Douglas Young, Oak Bank.

Miss Abbott, New York, is the guest of Miss Marie Dalley, Main street west.

Mr. H. C. Baker left this week for England.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nesbitt are staying at the Caledon Club.

Miss Phyllis Hendrie has returned from a visit to Pittsburgh.

Mr. W. G. Leggat, Montreal, is staying at the Holmstead.

Lady Taylor, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs.

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