600 Families Have Their Own Parliament

[From the Manchester Guardian.]

ACCORDING to the first rough summaries of the recent census there must now be about 7,200,000 families in England and Wales. In the whole United Kingdom there are perhaps 9,000,000 families. About 600 out of these 9,000,000 families have hitherto had a house of parliament of their own, the head of each of these 600 families being a member of it ex officio, and without any obligation to prove that he has character, intelligence, or even complete sanity.

Until about five years ago the house of parliament representing the 600 families used to acknowledge that it could not quite treat the house of parliament representing the other 8,999,400 families, or thereabouts, as if it were of no account. Then the house of the 600 families suddenly broke out, declared that it must have more power, that it must be perfectly free to override the house of the 8,999,400 families whenever it pleased, and, finally, that it must be given the power, previously withheld from it, of forbidding any taxes which the 600 families particularly disliked to pay, and of harrying to death with continual general elections any English Government with which the 600 families were displeased.

So the 8,999,400 families have been compelled, at the cost of a great deal of time, trouble and annoyance, to arrange that henceforth the 600 families so long as they own a private house of parliament at all, shall have some limit—though not a very severe limit—put to their power of governing the country through it and of killing at birth any new laws which threaten to lessen the width of the political, social, and economic gulf fixed between the almost impotent 8,999,400 and the almost omnipotent 600.

That is what the parliament bill is for, and the Lords are now saying about it all the things which the spoilt children of a nation's household are apt to say when it is announced that their spoiling is henceforth to be less complete, though it is not to be wholly brought to an end.

They are like the privileged villagers in Sydney Smith's story of the village in which there had always been an annual dinner at the public expense, and in which, some hundred years before, the inhabitants of three of the streets had seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth, bound them hand and foot, and made them look on while the rest stuffed themselves with beef and beer. This grew into a custom, and it was considered by the three streets to be the most sacred of all duties to keep the other street without its annual dinner.

After some generations the inhabitants of the fourth street took courage to agitate and by slow degrees (freedom broadening down, as Tennyson blandly said, from precedent to precedent) they were allowed, first to be unbound, then after some years, to sit upright, then, after another decade, to have a pin of bread and a glass of water, till at last they dared to ask in plain terms to be allowed to sit at the bottom of the table and take their fill like the rest.

Forthwith a general cry of scandal from the three streets:—"Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread? How thankful you were for cheese parings? Have you forgotten that memorable era when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest. There are not more than half-a-dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves; the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion: you have potatoes and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them."

That is the complaint with which in 1911 the House of Lords meet the mild requests of an electorate which began to be unbound in 1832. But the wonderful thing is that the complaint is not addressed by the inhabitants of three streets to the inhabitants of a fourth but by the representatives of six hundred families to the representatives of nearly nine million.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE CROWNED

Anne Boleyn's Impressions — Queen Victoria's Memoir.

THERE is a very timely article in the Strand Magazine on "How it Feels to be Crowned," in which the sensations of monarchs on their Coronation Day are recalled. One of the most piquant is that by Queen Anne Boleyn, one of Henry VIII.'s wives:—

Queen Anne Boleyn.

"'I said to myself,' she wrote, 'on that Whitsunday, when his Grace did do unto me a mightie honor, that I was in a dreame and that it could not last, but that I should awake out of my sleepe unto my own pettiness. And from the moment when the Mayor and Aldermen did greet me and her Grace of Norfolk did beare my traine from Westminster Hall to the Abbey did I say to myself a thousand times it is ne true. The King's Grace could ne bend to so unworthie as I. And Godde knows and his Grace of Canterbury can tell, and Friar Robert, whether or no I shed tears not of joy but astonishment, when the golden bonde of St. Edward was put upon my forehead.'

King William III.

"'It was a great moment,' wrote King William III., 'when I actually felt the crown descending upon me and touching my temples, and I could not restrain a thrill, but not of joy, my dear Koven, but of awe, at the responsibilities Almighty God has been pleased to put upon me. Bentinck and Schomberg caught my glance, and when they imitated the rest and flung their caps upward knew how it fared with me. Nor did I at that supreme moment forget my own first country, my beloved Holland.'

Queen Victoria.

"'I reached the Abbey,' wrote Queen Victoria to her uncle, King Leopold, 'amid deafening cheers at a little after half-past eleven. I first went into a robing-room quite close to the entrance, where I found my eight train-bearers.

"'After putting on my mantle, and the young ladies having properly got hold of it and Lord Conyngham holding the end of it I left the robing room and the procession began as is described in the annexed account and all that followed and took place. The sight was splendid; the bank of peeresses quite beautiful all in their robes, and the peers on the other side. My young train-bearers were always near me, and helped me whenever I wanted anything.

"'The Bishop of Durham stood on the side near me, but he was, as Lord Melbourne told me, remarkably maladroit, and never could tell me what was to take place. At the beginning of the anthem, where I have made a mark, I retired to St. Edwards' Chapel, a dark small place immediately behind the altar, with my ladies and train-bearers, took off my crimson robe and kirtle and put on the supertunica of cloth of gold, also in the shape of a kirtle, which was put over a singular sort of little gown of linen trimmed with lace. I also took off my circlet of diamonds and then proceeded bare-headed into the Abbey. I was then seated upon St. Edward's chair, where the Dalmatic robe was clasped around me by the Lord Great Chamberlain. Then followed all the various things, and last of those things the crown being placed on my head—which was, I must own, a most beautiful, impressive moment; all the peers and peeresses put on their coronets at the same instant.

Lord Melbourne Touched.

"'When Lord Melbourne's turn to do homage came there was loud cheering; they also cheered Lord Grey and the Duke of Wellington. It's a pretty ceremony; they first all touch the crown, and then kiss my hand. When my good Lord Melbourne knelt down and kissed my hand, he pressed my hand and I grasped his with all my heart at which he looked up with his eyes filled with tears and seemed much touched, as he was, I observed, throughout the whole ceremony.

"'After the homage was concluded I left the throne, took off my crown, and received the sacrament; I then put on my crown again and reascended the throne, leaning on Lord Melbourne's arm. At the commencement of the anthem I descended from the throne and went into St. Edward's Chapel with my ladies, train-bearers, and Lord Willoughby, where I took off the Dalmatic robe, supertunica, etc., and put on the purple velvet kirtle and mantle and proceeded again to the throne, which I ascended leaning on the Lord Melbourne's hand.'"

Centenary of the Birth of Harriet Beecher Stowe

[By Katie M. Ratcliffe.]

A HUNDRED years ago, on July 14, in a New England parsonage, was born the author of the most widely-read English book of the 19th century, "one of those written things that have the force of deeds"—a book which, by nationalizing the liberation of the American negroes, helped to make history.

Harriet Beecher was the seventh of a family of thirteen, the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, a Calvinistic minister of Litchfield, Conn., and of Roxana Foote, a woman of great force and depth of character. Her literary line may be said to have begun before she reached her teens, and if any discontented modern should seek an opportunity of bewailing the decadence of childish intelligence, he might read her essay on "Can the Immortality of the Soul Be Proved by the Light of Nature?" written at twelve. About this time she entered the seminary which had just been opened at Hartford, Conn., by her eldest sister, Catherine, a pioneer of girls' education. At fifteen she was "converted," and for the next five or six years went through a more or less tortured spiritual existence. When her father became president of the Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, the sisters followed him with their school, in which Harriet was now teaching. Her intellectual life developed rapidly, and she was already, at seventeen, devoting most of her leisure to writing. She was twenty-four at the time of her marriage to Calvin E. Stowe, a professor at her father's college. Their united struggles against poverty began almost immediately, and in 1850, with a numerous young family, they removed to Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. There are some people who would not justify the sacrifice of a gifted woman, frail and sensitive, absorbed during fifteen years of the bodily and education of seven children, busy in the kitchen and wash-house, and virtual feeding time to add by writing her $300 a year to the pittance on which the family lived for years. Yet certainly much of the human interest of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is due to the strenuous experiences through which its author had passed.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A short time before her marriage an excursion into Kentucky had aroused in Mrs. Stowe a deep sympathy with the negro slaves of the South; but for a time the claims of home and the cause of education remained uppermost. It was such events as the wrecking of an abolitionist newspaper office in Cincinnati, the hunt for a fugitive slave whom her own family had harbored, the murder by the slave-owners of her brother's intimate friend, and the working of the iniquitous fugitive slaves act, that turned her thoughts decisively to the writing of something that should bring home to the American people the horrors of the system. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written in a white heat of inspiration. For ten months in 1851 it ran, week after week, through the "National Era" of Washington, an advanced paper with which Whittier was editorially connected. On the publication of the story in book form, early in 1852, its success was so unparalleled that in three months its author had received $10,000 for it in 10 per cent royalties. Within a year no fewer than 120 editions appeared in America, involving a sale of over 300,000. In England Vizetelly's first edition of 7,000 copies of half-a-guinea was rapidly followed by forty others, eighteen different firms being engaged in supplying the extraordinary demand, which for the first time revealed to English publishers the fact that fortunes might be made out of cheap editions of American books. Altogether the sales in English are estimated to have reached not less than a million. The story found ready translators in over twenty different languages, and it was dramatized over and over again.

Challenge and Reply.

It is not easy at this distance to realize the impression made by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the universal reading public. It was talked of in every home, denounced as a wicked exaggeration, or hailed as the "greatest book of the times." Says her son and biographer: "It made the crack of the slavedriver's whip and the cries of the tortured blacks ring in every household in the land till human hearts could endure it no longer." Upon its author fell a deluge of correspondence and of pamphlet, magazine, and newspaper attacks, many of them indescribably abusive, which led to the issue of "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," a collection of documentary evidence, containing proofs of actual occurrences more horrible than anything in the book itself.

The year following the publication Mrs. Beecher Stowe came to Europe. English and Scotch friends contributed, quite unasked, large funds towards the cause of which she toiled incessantly, and she used the money both for active propaganda and for the redemption and rehabilitation of individual slaves. The positive effects of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" upon the abolition movement cannot, of course, be estimated, but its influence upon the national conscience is beyond dispute. The twelve years following its appearance saw the last struggles of the slaveowners, the Southern Confederacy, the bitter Civil War, and finally the "constitutional amendment," which for ever abolished slavery in the United States.

A Triumphal Progress.

Mrs. Stowe made three visits to Europe—in 1853 during the full tide of her popularity, and again in 1856 and 1859. The first visit is described in "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," a record which Macaulay, who cordially disliked the writer, called "a mighty foolish, impertinent book." One sees her as perhaps the oddest figure in the English society of that epoch—"a little bit of a woman," as she pictured herself, "about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff," with "an immoderately long nose" and curls which all the portraits show to have been truly hideous. But what did these things matter? She was the most famous woman of the hour. Cheering crowds lined her route and received her at every stopping place. Her times of arrival and departure had to be kept secret. She was the heroine of monster gatherings in England and Scotland, and she seems to have met everybody of note. We find her in talk with Queen Victoria, at breakfast between Macaulay and Dean Milman, vis-a-vis with Dickens at dinner, the honored guest of Scottish nobles, calling on Kossuth, on Kingsley at Eversley, on the Gaskells in Manchester, hobnobbing with the Brownings in Rome, and lunching with the unhappy widow of Lord Byron—a meeting which in after years led her into a singular, distressing controversy.

She lives, of course, as the creator of one story; but the harvest of her laborious literary life was a series of about thirty books and an incredible number of magazine articles. "Dred" is the only other book of hers that has found readers in any number on this side of the Atlantic; but though Harriet Martineau praised it as better than "Uncle Tom," its English sale of 100,000 in a month cannot be reckoned as anything but a success d'estime. While living at "The Cabin," Andover, and in her later winter home at Mandarin, Florida, Mrs. Stowe received a constant stream of visitors from all parts of the world. Energetic to the last, she undertook, when past sixty years of age, two reading tours in the States, while the last public event of her life was the celebration, in 1881, of her seventieth birthday. Always delicate in health, she enjoyed presentiments of an early death for rather more than sixty years, and passed peacefully away in 1896, at the ripe old age of eighty-five.

Silent Wolves of the North Wood

A Pack That Mistook a Party of Hunters for Deer.

A DARK-GREY animal came out from among the trees and moved along the edge of the lake. Almost immediately it was followed by another and another, until fourteen of what subsequently proved to be wolves were moving round the lake in single file.

For years, in all parts of Canada and the Western States, I had heard wolves howl and give tongue; but here was the first pack I had ever seen in plain view. For fully two minutes we crouched behind the snow-covered rocks on the point and watched them. Between us and them was a deep, wide bay so that there was no way of getting to them without being seen. The range was too far to make accurate shooting, and the intense cold gave us notice to move on. What should we do?

"Walk straight toward them," suggested one sportsman, "and see if they will attack us."

This speculative policy was agreed to and acted on. Advancing towards them across the bay, they took no notice of us for the first hundred yards. Then they suddenly bunched together, sat upon their haunches, and watched us intently. Wondering what they would do, we continued our advance. Would they really attack us—as all kinds of back woods literature, white men, and Indians said they would—or seek cover?

In less than thirty seconds our doubts on that point were set at rest. Six of the bunched-up animals got off their haunches, and, springing clear of the rest, headed straight towards us. The others quickly trailed on behind, and down they came in long, low, steady jumps that carried them over the level ice with a speed and swiftness I had not credited them with possessing.

As they approached they spread out like a lady's fan, so as to outflank and encircle us. This, though distinctly disconcerting, was nothing compared with the deadly silence they maintained throughout, and which unnerved us much more than their sudden attack had done. Every moment we expected they would burst into merry music, as they had been doing only a short twenty minutes, before among the timbered ridges; but evidently wolves, when in sight of their prey, run it down in perfect silence.

Not a Howl.

"Curse the brutes!" muttered someone. "Why don't they give tongue, or even howl?"

Such a course would certainly have relieved our nervous tension. As it was, all the blood-curdling stories I had ever read or heard about wolves flashed through my mind. But did they know we were men, or had they mistaken our three indistinct figures, so far away, for deer? Seconds would now decide the question. Down went our small packs, snowshoes were kicked off and cartridge belts pulled round to be handy for instant use.

Glancing up, I noticed that they had covered half the distance, though hardly a minute had elapsed since they had started—a good twelve hundred yards away. At five hundred yards or so we could not only see how swiftly and smoothly, with a hardly perceptible up-and-down motion, they could get over level ice or ground, but also their mode of surrounding and pulling down their prey. For they were bearing down like the Spanish Armada, in the shape of a half-moon, the two outer points of which were three hundred feet apart, and widening as they came.

At three hundred and fifty yards the white teeth and gleaming eyes of a large dog near the centre caught and held my attention. Being in the middle of my companions that dog—according to the code of field sports—was mine. "Don't shoot until they are close up," I whispered; "then each of you attend to the outer wings."

I had thrown my powerful Mauser forward to align the sights on the big dog when the whole pack suddenly wheeled round, without stopping, and headed at full speed back the way they had come. My bullet, however, caught the big dog as he turned, nearly cutting him in two, while a second sprang high in the air, shot dead by the rifle on my left. Two more dropped under the rapid fire, just as they had straightened out for the "home run."

One, with its hind leg broken, got up again and limped after the rest, but a second bullet put it out of pain. The remainder, with heads well down, to escape the showers of frozen snow and ice that the high-power bullets ripped up and sent over them at 500, 600 and 700 yards, sped back with the same long, low, smooth bounds that quickly carried them to the edge of the woods, into which they disappeared.

Curiously enough, even when badly wounded they never once uttered a sound.

Whether they charged down at us as human beings or deer is a problem difficult to solve. Taking into consideration, however, their wheeling round so quickly, with an unmistakably crestfallen air, and before a shot was fired, and the fact that we were carrying small packs strapped to our backs and wearing whitish-grey Eskimo hunting shirts, and were also forcing our way with bent bodies against a sharp wind driving a slight flurry of snow, I incline to the latter belief; otherwise they would have charged home. Built for strength and speed, this strong pack—above the average in numbers — could have torn the three of us to pieces in as many seconds. Therefore I maintain—and I have no reason to change my opinion either from former experience or since—that, for once a pack of wolves had really charged three men in mistake for deer.—From an article in the Wide World Magazine.

BIG ATTRACTIONS FOR THE WESTERN FAIR

The Board Has Completed the Programme for This Year's Exhibition.

The attractions committee of the Western Fair have completed their programme for the coming exhibition in September. The printers are now busy with the copy and in a short time over 40,000 copies of the attraction booklet will be issued. As it is generally believed that animal acts have been very popular in past years with Western Fair visitors, the management this year have engaged at least two huge animal acts, which will be given twice daily before the grandstand. Farnold's dogs, a pantomine dog act, will be given, consisting of fourteen dogs, the best trained in America. Albers' polar bears, a strong animal act, and one of the best ever seen in London. In addition to these animal acts there will be the "Aeroplane Ladies," a beautiful act, which must be seen to be appreciated. The exhibition this year will be one of music, for in addition to some three or four of Canada's best bands, there will be the "Columbia Musical Four," consisting of four accomplished young ladies who play seven different kinds of musical instruments. Jack de Clair and the Elliott Trio, both doing comic acrobatic work, will supply plenty of amusement. As this is coronation year the management have arranged for considerable military entertainment. There will be a Musical Ride by the First Hussars twice daily, a military tattoo each evening by massed bands, assisted by the Boy Scouts. The local firemen will give a demonstration twice daily of their response to a fire call. This is something that comparatively few, even of the citizens of London, have seen, and should prove of great interest. There will be the best speed programme ever presented at a Western Fair. Athletic events as usual on Monday, and a grand review of the Boy Scouts of Western Ontario. Each evening will be given the grandest display of fireworks ever given at any previous exhibition. All information, such as prize lists, entry forms, concession privileges, etc., will be given at the general offices, Richmond street.

A FAIR GUESS.

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timbre, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair, and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber regions.

A Tonic For the Feet

Healthy feet are essential to good health. Hot, sweaty, aching feet are quickly cured by using Sanitary Foot Tonic, for sale by Ashplant's Shoe Store.

IRISHMEN GET READY FOR THE BIG OUTING

Chairmen of Committees Met Last Night and Talked Matters Over.

At a meeting of the chairmen of the various committees of the Irish Benevolent Society last night further arrangements were made for the annual picnic to be held on Aug. 10.

A committee, composed of Messrs. John Loughlin, Harry P. Ranahan, B. C. McCann, Philip Pocock, John Stevely, Ed J. Carty, Dr. A. V. Becher, and Secretary O'Neil, was named to go to Port Stanley on Wednesday next and see what arrangements could be made for the picnic. It has not been fully decided where the event will be held, and this committee will make arrangements for it.

Dr. A. V. Becher reported on the baby show committee, and stated that a very valuable list of prizes would be given to the handsomest babies. It was also decided to hold the show on the heights as soon after the arrival of the 2:30 p.m. train as possible. In former years this show has been held later, and the results have not been satisfactory.

Mr. Ed J. Carty, chairman of the sports committee, reported that no meeting of the committee had been held as yet, but that an interesting programme would be arranged. Several new features would be introduced during the afternoon.

The chairman of the printing committee, Mr. Harry Ranahan, informed the committee that it was time that the advertising matter was circulated, and it was decided to give Mr. Ranahan's committee power to make all arrangements regarding the printing.

PORT STANLEY.

Port Stanley, July 7.—Mr. A. E. Ponsford, of St. Thomas, is erecting a new lookout tower in front of his cottage on Orchard Beach.

Mrs. Stephen Haight, of Indiana cottage, Hill Crest, is spending the week-end in Mapleton, the guest of her brother Mr. John Charlton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ellison, of St. Thomas, are summering in their cottage on Hill Crest.

Mrs. J. H. Scandrett has returned to her cottage on Hill Crest, after spending a few days in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Connor, of London, are holidaying at Lake View House.

The following Londoners are registered at McDonald Villa: Misses Ella Johnson and Lillian Harrison; the L. L. C. Club, composed of the Misses Edith Johnson, Margaret Moffatt, Mary McLean, Mary Ball, Florence Smith, Eva McDonald, Helen Davidson and Gertude Smith; also the Ugolgo Club, composed of the Misses Bessie Aitken, Myrtle Eddy, Celestine McDermot, Rae Willsie, Lou Tolhurst and Eleanor McDermot.

The Londoners at Fort Long are: Dr. and Mrs. B. E. Wilson Messrs. Murray and McMann, Misses L. French, Taylor, Graham, K. Taylor, C. St. Clair and Westman.

The tug Mabel D., owned by Dr. Storry, of Blenheim, arrived yesterday from Rondeau.

Miss Mabel Sanders, of St.Thomas, was the guest of Miss Dora Anthony at Hill Crest last night.

Mr. I. Smellgrove, of St. Thomas, entertained a jolly bunch of Hill Cresters on his launch last night.

Mr. G. M. Gerow, late chief engineer of the steamer Florence, owned by the Montreal Transportation Company, has been engaged as engineer on the steamer Glen Erie.

The new fishing tug in building for the Morgan Bros. by Mr. Oscar Smith, is now ready for the planking.

The steamer Forest City arrived from Cleveland this morning with about 150 passengers and a large cargo of freight.

AYLMER.

Aylmer, July 7. — W. H. Barnum, solicitor, acting for the town of Aylmer, has served the appeal on the county clerk of St. Thomas, claiming the assessment of the town is too high.

The citizens generally feel that they would like to have Judge Colter compare the assessment of Aylmer with other municipalities.

W. D. Swackhammer has vacated the premises in the Nairn block. The store will be remodelled, and when finished George M. Standing will open out a stationery business.

J. F. Messmore has resigned his position as classical master at the Collegiate Institute and accepted a similar position in Simcoe at a good advance in salary.

The Orangemen will picnic at Alva Sinclair's grove, near Glencolin, on July 12.

It is the intention of the town council to put down a new brick pavement on the business block.

The lawn social and food sale held on the Baptist Church lawn on Thursday evening was a big success. Refreshments were served and a good programme was provided.

A. J. Elliott paid to Mrs. T. C. Holder a check for $1,000, being the amount of claim for her husband's insurance in the Independent Foresters.

Mr. Pigott, of Toronto, spent a couple of days in town this week.

Charles Bridgeman will have an up-to-date office in the Marshall block.

Mrs. Wm. McGregor left this week for Maryland to attend the marriage of her son Glen to Miss Sadie Zimmerman.

HOUSE BURGLARY AS A FINE ART

At Least 250,000 Housebreakers in North America.

THERE are at least two hundred and fifty thousand burglars in the United States—two hundred and fifty thousand persons sitting up every night while you sleep, wondering whose house they can break into.

To be sure, all the burglars are not working every night. Most of them take vacations just as honest people do, and sometimes oftener—it all depends on how good business is. Most of them, too, at some time or other serve terms in prison ranging from a month to 48 years. Even when they are in jail they are busy making plans how to get into your house or somebody else's house. The cleverer they are the more seldom they are caught. Probably there are scores of burglars in the United States whom the police have never laid eyes on—yet.

To guard against burglars one ought to know something about the kinds of burglars there are and the methods by which they work. It really is surprising what varieties there are.

It is the "hobo burglar" that most of us have to fear. He, too, is one of a gang, a varying collection of idle, lazy, unprincipled men, who steal only when an easy opportunity presents itself or when desire for food and liquor drives them to it. The tramp appearing at the back door to ask for something to eat as likely as not is working as a "finder" for one of these gangs. When he returns to the encampment he has a list of houses that look promising. If he kept a note-book the entries in it would read something like this:

"Two women alone in house. Man employed at night.

"Don't seem to be any dog around.

"Sleep in upper front room.

"All first-floor windows easily reached from ground.

"Couple just married. Silver wedding presents in dining-room."

There are two extremes in these hobo-burglars, the one perhaps a mechanic whom poverty and lack of work have driven to crime, a neighbor more than likely to the man he robs, an amateur who works alone or possibly with a single confederate; and the other, a member of a gang, the members of which have made thieving a science.

In the latter case the "finders" often assume the guise of travelling peddlers. On the pretext of showing their wares they gain entrance to the houses and are able to report on the number of people who reside there, the prospects for a good haul, and the best methods for ingress and egress.

While burglars of this sort ordinarily travel with a peddler's wagon, the more pretentious of them use automobiles. I recall one instance where the head of the gang was the keeper of a small country hotel. The women members were accustomed to seek places as servants anywhere within twenty miles. When they had their bearings and knew where the valuables were kept they would send word to the gang leader.

Suddenly some night, while all the family was away, the gang would appear in an automobile, strip the house at leisure, and the unfaithful servant would either disappear with them or would pretend to have been sound asleep in her room.

At Narragansett Pier last summer there was a hobo gang of burglars that worked with a motor boat. After everybody was in bed they would steal quietly up on the beach, loot a summer cottage and disappear in the darkness, their boat laden with the plunder.

Perhaps even more dangerous to the family of average means is the porch climber. He goes along the street at night looking for open windows near a porch. In most cases he is an athletic young fellow to whom climbing a porch pillar is mere child's play. Working noiselessly and swiftly he is up on the porch roof, in the window, has your watch from the bureau and your money from your trousers' pocket without your having heard a sound.—Woman's World.

VITOZZI'S BELONGINGS POINT TO BIG SCANDAL

Camorra Priest's Property Yield Evidence Damaging to Bandits.

[Canadian Press]

Viterbo, Italy, July 8. — The court and jury who are hearing the trial of the Camorrists, charged with the murder of Genarro Cuoccolo and his wife, where occupied today with an examination of papers and personal belongings seized by the authorities at the home of Ciro Vitozzi, the priest.

Vitozzi is one of the defendants in the present case, and beyond being accused of membership in the criminal organization, is charged with having falsely denounced Tomasso de Angelais and Gaetano Amedo, innocent men, in order to protect the assassins of the Cuoccolos.

When Enrico Alfano and his associates were first arrested they were released upon representations of Vitozzi, who said he had learned of their innocence and the guilt of others in the confessional. This intervention permitted Alfano to escape to the United States, where, however, he fell into the hands of Detective Petrossino.

Th exhibit included a sword-cane, revolvers, 140 bills of exchange, 1,000 letters from criminals asking his protection, a letter from Maria Bartolotti, and 155 illustrated postcards which the prosecution describe as obscene.

Maria Bartolotti is believed by some to be a close friend of the priest, while, according to others, Vitozzi acted as the woman's agent in lending her money. Confronted by these exhibits, intended to establish his character, Vitozzi defended his possession of them. Regarding the communications from criminals, he said that he considered it the duty of his ministry to assist sinners, including those who had applied to him for help.

Among Vitozzi's effects were also found 200 letters from various clerks and officials of the law courts, complaining that money promised them had not been received. According to the state, the priest was in the habit of giving bribes to court officers in order to obtain light sentences for convicted criminals with whom he was associated.

It is expected that revelations along this line will be scandalous.

Orangemen's Special Train.

On July 12, special train will leave C. P. R. depot at 9:00 a.m., for Woodstock. Stops will be made at all stations between London and Woodstock. Return, special will leave Woodstock at 6:00 p.m. same day. Orangemen and their friends should secure excursion tickets at C. P. R. City Ticket Office, corner Dundas and Richmond streets, as soon as possible. 39-u

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THE "LISTENING TABLE"

Paris "Hello Girls" Protest Against Company's Methods.

Toronto, July 7.—Both Frenchmen and foreigners periodically complain of the inadequacies of the Paris telephone. Admittedly, the American telephone is better. The difficulties with the Paris system have long been the subject of the joke papers and now the Government officials are striving to improve it. They have principally to contend with superannuated material and equipment. Another alleged trouble has been the difficult question of insuring a prompt and faithful discipline among the thousands of young women operators.

This second difficulty is the justification put forth by the officials for installing the famous "listening table" which is now arousing vehement protest from the operators. By means of this table a woman at a switchboard commanding a section of a telephone headquarters may hear all the conversations between subscriber and operator although she cannot hear the conversations between subscribers. But the operators maintain that this surveillance is "small and ridiculous," and in a petition to the government asking that the "listening table" be abolished, point out that they are at times reprimanded for the offense of being unnecessarily polite. Employees are daily black-marked for replying to subscribers, "Yes, Monsieur," instead of simply "Yes"; and for saying "the line is busy, Monsieur," instead of "line is busy." An operator was black-marked for responding "perfectly so" instead of "Yes," another for conversation "unnecessary for the service" and still another for spending too much time in attention to her respiratory organs.

On the other hand the objecting girls affirm that the listening table fails to correct the alleged great evil of the telephone system which is that of delay in answering the call of the subscriber and delay in cutting the connection after the conversation is over.

BEES SWARM IN LADY'S BONNET

A singular circumstance occurred recently at Avon, N. Y. A Mrs. Baker was in her garden, when suddenly she heard a buzzing in the air, and upon looking up saw a swarm of bees coming directly toward her. She stood still and the whole swarm alighted on her sun-bonnet. With due presence of mind Mrs. Baker removed the bonnet, placed it on a stick, took them to a hive and secured them without assistance.

Facts About Locomotives

The selling price of a modern up-to-date locomotive is in the neighborhood of $20,000. Audits of the Canadian Locomotive Company's books show that they have earned at the rate of a little over $300,000 per year. With their capacity doubled, they should make at least $600,000 per year.

The manufacture of locomotives is a profitable enterprise, in that among other considerations there are no book debts. The railroads pay for their locomotives in installments every thirty days on progress certificates, so that a locomotive manufacturing concern receives cash for its output as the manufacturing proceeds, and obviates the necessity of keeping large stocks of raw material on hand. They order simply as requirements arise. The elimination of book debts enables the locomotive companies to obtain a much larger profit than if they were compelled to wait many months for their money.

Messrs. Webster & Kernohan in announcing change in personnel of firm, wish to extend their thanks to the many friends who have favored them with their fuel and builders' supply business.

The firm name will now be

Webster-Harvey, Limited

Robt. J. Webster and Alex. Harvey will have the active management of the business, and will continue as Sales Agents for the celebrated

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The fuel that has given such excellent service in the past, and made for the firm many satisfied customers.

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Such results are best secured in Alma College, which is both home and school.

FALL SEMESTER OPENS SEPT. 11.