



Alex L. Johnston, C. H. Good, George Capps, George F. Boyce, Charles W. Walton, C. H. Macdonald. ROYAL CANADIAN BICYCLE CLUB, CHAMPIONS 1904-5 OF THE TORONTO TEN-PIN BOWLING LEAGUE.

Celebrating a Spanish Labor Day

Revolutionary Sentiments Fail to Influence the Workmen - Speeches That Do Not Worry the Authorities.

NE does well to heed the sarcastic warning which Heine gave Theophile Gautier about the danger of writing of Spain in Spain. "Commentez vous pour parler de l'Espagne quand vous y serez aller?" As every where, the more he distrusts sweeping judgments of it, he they his own or another's. Yet to offer, while the impression is still fresh, a simple account of the manner of celebrating the Fiesta del Trabajo, May 1, in this provincial city of Burgos, need not argue a certain condescension in the foreigner.

matter. They all knew that they were the ones who produced whatever was good in Spain. The rich were a lazy and rotten set. The government was not worth a pin. Unless it hastened for the latter to cast out their rulers as so much garbage (basura), it was due to talk about things with scorn and buy dynamite. For Spain, only two things were possible—either the social revolution or anarchy. Let the capitalists choose. Working himself up to a great pitch of excitement, Rivera flung his arms about and closed with a mighty shout of "Three cheers for Labor! Three cheers for the rights of the workers! Death to the plutocracy!"

Whether it was the sentiment or the name that touched the hearts of his hearers, I know not, but they frantically applauded him. After that, the same utterances were repeated by the speakers fell flat. The real angry note had been sounded by a really angry man, and no artificial straining could reach it again. True, the resolutions finally adopted were not at all cut-throat. Labor called upon the authorities to grant the eight-hour day, and do the other proper things with scrupulously a threat lying behind. All was orderly and regular. So it was all over, and the evening of the Fiesta del Trabajo in many cities. Yet there can be no doubt that a vast smouldering discontent exists. A partial crop failure is threatening. The finances are disordered. All that was expected of Prime Minister Villaverde in the way of doing something for the malograda peseta has come to nothing. The currency is more than ever depreciated. Prices are rising. Work is scarcer in the south of Spain than in actual disrepair, and many municipalities are having to feed the hungry. These hard facts, and not fanciful socialistic theories, are what give to the workmen's agitation in Spain at the present time real and, perhaps, ominous significance. The movement is egged on by The Herald of Madrid, which betrays a suggestive resemblance to American journals of the baser sort. It is no so vulgar as a Spanish taste would suppose to go over. But like American handbills and vicious newspapers, The Herald sets up as the people's champion, their only saviour from oppression, willing to go any length in their behalf if they will only give it a great circulation and enable it to make money. Another resemblance is The Herald's practice of accepting doubtful or openly dirty advertisements, along with floods of announcements of infallible quack medicines. Thus one sees that the method of sav-

thick of his practice as a busy parliamentary barrister he pursued hobbies such as would have served fully to occupy the time of most men. The late peer had left a very interesting account of the work of the erection of the Westminster clock and its ponderous heralds. There seems to have been an immense amount of squabbling and contention over the business. It had been going on for sixteen years before Sir Edmund Beckett was called in to aid and assist, and it can hardly be said that his accession tended much to the allaying of discord, but he was the means of carrying the work to the end. "I was only brought into this business originally," he wrote, "with the view of saving somebody else trouble; and as soon as it was found that by the legal effect of the contract I had the real power to direct the work every possible effort was made to get rid of it and me." He was, however, enthusiastically bent on having a good clock, and determined that he would not be got rid of, and would have things his own way. The great simplices were eventually made by Mr. Dent, from drawings supplied by the lawyer. It was finished in 1854, at a cost for the mechanism alone of £4800. But in addition to this the hands and dials cost no less than £533. The hands are thin copper tubes, 9 inches wide near the centre of the dial and 5 1/2 inches at the points. These tubes are set in gunmetal stalks with counterpoising weights behind them inside. The tubes and stalks and counterpoises bring each minute hand to a total of 2 cwt. The dials are 2 1/2 feet across, and are nearly 40 feet in area. The minute spaces are a foot square, and the figures two feet long. So wonderfully awful was the design, that it is said to be 6 1/2 seconds of time. The bells altogether cost about £6000, but the iron frames in which they are hung cost another £6000. The pendulum strikes Big Ben weighs 4 cwt. The mechanism by which the chimes and the hours are struck has to be wound up twice a week, and each part takes five hours.

The first Big Ben cast was ruined by two heavy a clapper, and had to be cast. For three years the bells were struck on this fourth quarter bell, big Ben the second was badly cast, but he had done so well that he should have done, and there was a great deal of acrimonious squabbling and threats of litigation over the matter, but the bell was hung, and has ever since—of a note sufficiently discordant, one would think, to vex Father Time himself.

When the new great bell of St. Paul's has been cast, the difference between a cracked bell and a sound one, is not so great as it used to be.

Auto-Boating an Enjoyable Pastime

Inventor of a Unique Craft Navigated Lake Michigan in a Big Storm and Waxed Enthusiastic.

UTO-BOATING, so popular in Europe and the east, has invaded the west; and Theodore Wiese, of the Chicago Power Boat Club, has come to the front with the smallest and most original craft of the kind yet constructed. Mr. Wiese's boat is of his own design. Few would have the temerity to ride in it, for it apparently possesses every element of danger that could be compounded in one small machine. It is 23 feet long, yet it defeated two 42-footers in the preliminary Oshkosh race. It is built of half-inch cedar planking without metal sheathing. The boat is tapering, averaging 3 1/2 feet beam. It has a flat motor, 12-horse power, and is made entirely of wood. The gasoline engine by which it is propelled is necessarily light. It is the gasoline engine, Mr. Wiese asserts, that enables him to defy the waves of Lake Michigan. The boat, which is built on the conditions of the inland lakes in the vicinity of Oshkosh, are nothing like those of Lake Michigan. It is a trial on the big lake. However, despite the warning of his friends, who called it a foolhardy venture, I put out to sea from the Sturgeon Bay canal, steering for Chicago, and, turning on full power, which averages 16 miles an hour, I went directly east. The waves, I thought, would swallow me in minutes, but the little boat stood the test.

"The second day of the trip, my friends became ill and refused to continue, so I had to complete the journey alone. It took two days to make the trip. Before the journey, the sea became so high that I had to put in at Waubesa for a short rest. I resumed the cruise while the sea was still raging; and, heading for Chicago, arrived at Hanthorn street, drowned, with 6 inches of water in the boat, but triumphant."

Nuggets of Wisdom

The sun that shines in the face rises in the heart. There is no man ever any better than he seems to be. The trouble with most advice is that it is only accusation. Most men are rich in wealth, but it takes industry to convert it into cash. The only man who ever made a mistake died when he was a boy. The man who is too good for his job has a job that is too good for him. The fellow who waits always gets what he wants when he wants it himself. If a book bores you, it's an easy matter to shut it up; but when a man bores you—well, that's different. Most single women say they wouldn't marry the best man in the world, and most married women know they didn't. If all would work a little, none would be overworked. It takes less than two half-truths to make a full-sized lie. People who advertise their troubles never clear off their stock. The difficulties that dishearten the small man only determine the great. He isn't very much in love if he writes sensible letters to his best girl. Take sunny views of things. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the street. A man is seldom able to see a job when he looks thru the bottom of a beer glass. So many of the difficulties we complain of are difficulties only because we complain.

Peer; Barrister; Locksmith

Lord Grimthorpe and Big Ben.

BY the death of Lord Grimthorpe, which occurred recently at Batch Wood, the country east of St. Albans, an interesting and striking individuality has been lost to the world. At different periods of his life he was known under three designations. He was the eldest son of Sir Edmund Beckett and a daughter of William Beveridge of Beveridge, who was endowed at birth with the surname of Lady Denison, widow of Judge Denison. He was, therefore, Edmund Beckett Denison till he succeeded to his father's baronetage, when he dropped the appended surname and became Sir Edmund Beckett. This he remained until he was raised to the peerage under the title of Grimthorpe. The subject with which his name, or at any rate his personality, has been associated publicly have been even more varied than his designations. He has been known as the leading authority on clocks and watches, as the designer of the great Westminster clock and its bell, Big Ben, and no man was supposed to know more about locks and keys and church architecture. He was for many years an expert on the subject of the public press, and he was continually in the front of the subject, from capital and labor to ritualism and ecclesiastical law.

Lord Grimthorpe was born at Carlton Hall, near Newark, on the 12th of May, 1815. At the time of his death he was, therefore, 89 years of age. He was educated at Doncaster, Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship, and in 1838 came out third Wrangler. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1841, and four years later married Fanny Catherine, daughter of the late Dr. Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield, whose biography he wrote in 1858. In 1854 he was made a knight, and in 1855 he was appointed Vice-Chancellor and Vicar-General of York. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Grimthorpe. The exceptional energy of the man was shown through a long life by the eager avidity with which in the

Opening Letters. The question sometimes arises, whether husbands and wives have a right to open one another's letters. This they must, of course, decide for themselves, but if there is a right which belongs to any one, it is the right to open and read one's personal letters before any other eye rests upon them, and this rule should be strictly guarded. I have known families in which letters were not in the least treated as private property, so that any member of a family coming home after an absence might find that her

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HELEN MCGREGOR AND PERTHSHIRE. This team won the first prize in the open carriage class for fifteen hands or over at the recent Canadian Horse Show. It is owned by Mr. Arthur A. White of Acton. Helen McGregor has won many prizes in special classes.

seemed to have begun in the act. At a single exception. At one moment, a breath of nature was felt. A gray man, Companion Rivera (such I learned his name to be) came forward in his house to show what direction, even if unorthodox, could do to make one forget the smooth and empty common-places of the others. The big awkward fellow swayed and lunged about the speaker's table, waved his great and grimy hands about, but went straight up to what was, for him, the heart of the

ing the common people by preying upon their credulity and catering to their vices is not confined to American journalism.

Woman's Lexicon.

Browning's Maxims.

"Mamma, what is a woman?"

"A spinster, my dear, is a spinster!"

"But don't tell your father I said so."

that day kept her... be for you... them my comm... own hand... mouth. You... yourself, but... and your man... my words... menia. You... Saturday... at which... Sabbath... the year... and four... of the... I receive... diligently... where... all you... You... are baptis... the Lord's... of the char... You... Your... will... I will... give you... and he that... be heart... especially... that which... all not be... holy the Sabbath... have to... a copy of... in my own... own mouth... blishing it... of one... number as the... in this... and if he belie... mandments, I... him and con... children and... er shall have... in their... neither... shall thunde... the Holy Scri... Judgment. All... by shall be... of this my letter... Pink.