

## Electricity a Dudge.

Domestic Burdens Borne by This Agent.

It Cooks the Breakfast, Washes Clothes and Dishes, and Scrubs.

Washing Revolutionized and the Servant Problem Settled.

A new goddess is born. She is called "Electra." She is the goddess of all work, is swifter than Mercury, and brighter than the star of the morning. On her brow is a blaze of jewels she carries a flame-tipped wand.

She comes to unbind burdens, to succor women and horses. There is no service so exalted that she cannot attain to it, no service so lowly she will not stoop to it.

She will light the kitchen fire and cook the breakfast. She will wash the dishes and scrub the floors. She will curl and brush the hair. She will sweep the room and run the sewing machine. She will run errands and draw the cart. She will pull and fill the tub, be the physician, and put the weary to sleep. She will play on the piano or the wash-tub as desired. She will amuse the children or entertain the company. She will tend the door or converse the

She will manufacture climate to order, and bring Alpine blasts in mid-summer to a city flat.

This is not a panegyric, but a prosaic catalogue of the duties that electricity is prepared to assume in family life.

The women of no time have entered into so fine a heritage, and it is worth while sometimes to realize the privileges of the age, and live in.

An anxious mother wishes to pay a visit, and at the other end of the town puts her mouth to a hole in the wall and assures herself that the baby is still asleep.

A woman lying ill in the torrid days of early June could not be persuaded that the well were suffering, so cool was she from the gentle zephyrs wafted by a silent little electrical fan playing at the head of her bed.

A dinner under way is about to be wrecked by the heat, when a more stimulating climate is ordered and brought into the room. A silk cord is attached to an iron, and on the iron is disposed of a whole wash before stopping. To carry it on to a vine-sheltered porch or under a neighboring tree is only a question of length of string.

One swings an electric bulb over the arm and goes to bed to finish a novel. The same green string may be switched off to the curling irons in the morning to prepare the curls for breakfast. The performance of the most diverse duties is only the hooking on of a silk twisted cord.

An interesting experiment has been made in Toledo in connection with one of the electric light stations. The principal object was the heating of a block of 27 houses, controlled by a syndicate, with hot water obtained from the exhaust steam spared from the engines used for the electric light.

It seems that in producing electricity for lighting only a small force of the percentage obtained from the coal is wasted. The balance is thrown away in waste steam.

In the Toledo experiment this waste steam was carried into tanks of water, and there stored, as it were, for heating purposes. In addition to this there was ten per cent more exhaust steam than was needed for heating, and this was turned into electricity of low grade and conveyed to these houses for cooking purposes.

It is the boast of the Toledo block that there is not a match for the premises. The men light their cigars and the women curl their hair by electricity. Together they make Welsh rabbits on the malachite and onyx tables of the dining room, all the cooks having no fires to make.

The most interesting development in domestic life with which women have to deal is cooking by electricity. Every woman knows that the kitchen range is the real hub of the universe. A change of fuel is a more serious experiment than a change of sect or party.

The first thing that commands electricity to a woman is its cleanliness. For this gas has prepared them somewhat. But even with the products of combustion still oblige the washing of the outside of the platters. In cooking by electricity there is no combustion. The heat is merely localized. This distinction is radical, and affords the most curious and interesting feature of the new process.

There is no such thing as an electrical stove in the sense of the kitchen range. For example, there is an electrical kitchen in a commodious Brooklyn home. One experiences a curious nineteenth-century feeling of listening to the middle-aged cook explaining the mysteries of her switch-board.

There is a slab of Numidian marble in the jut of the kitchen range. On the marble are hinged the wooden handles that, moved up or down, make or break connection. One is now down, engaged in baking the family loaf. The cook is eloquent over the oven that with the aid of the thermometer to tell her when the oven is just right, and the glass door to allow her to watch the operations within, never fails of her expectations.

If the baking or roasting is going on too quickly she shows how she switches off the current to allow the oven to cool. This it does evenly, as it is heated evenly.

In this case the cooking utensils are themselves designed for electricity. Here there are tea kettles, boiler, stew pan, farina kettle, coffee pot, of copper lined with tin, and for table use nickel-plated, each with its twisted cord and separate generators tucked away somewhere inside.

These articles can, in fact, be used anywhere where there is a chandelier or bracket for electric light.

In point of fact, but for the odors of vegetables and meats, there is no reason why a dinner should not be cooked on a butter's tray by the table side when the duty of cooking falls on the mistress, and it can be done with the same grace that is lavished on the nocturnal chafing dish or an afternoon tea.

An electrician who was putting in an electric cooking plant in the marble kitchen of one of the notoriously rich men, said:

"This sort of thing does not pay us. It is not the few electrical kitchens of the very rich we are working for. What it does, however, is to give us the opportunity to experiment and furnish a basis on which to work out electrical cooking so that it will come within the reach of the people. This is not in the interest of philanthropy or the new woman, but because there are millions in it."

"The electrical and cable railways in the smaller towns, by exhausting into the air tens of thousands of horse-

power, actually waste energy enough to heat, ventilate and furnish light and cooking facilities, the revenue from which would produce more than equal the cost of production."

"Every 1,000 horse-power going to waste would equip 250 average sized dwellings, whose actual coal bills averaged \$400. To speak briefly, each station is at present throwing away ninety per cent of its power."

That this will be eventually turned to domestic purposes he does not doubt. When this is done the cost of electricity for all purposes will be so cheap that it can be freely used.

It does not yet appear whether cooks will have to take out licenses like engineers and present them with their characters, but cooking by electricity seems to demand a higher order of intelligence than the kitchen range has yet developed. Who knows but that in addition to all else she performs, the goddess Electra will yet solve the servant girl question, as his greatest achievement?—Washington Star.

## Early Days of the Advertiser

Reminiscences Which Will Interest Many Readers—From the Hand Press, Printing Its Few Hundreds of Copies an Hour, to the Web Press, Printing, Pasting and Folding Many Thousands Hourly—From Handsetting to the Wonderful Linotype Machines.

(From "Printer and Publisher.")

The Printer and Publisher was in London the other day, and made a call on John Cameron, the founder of the "London Advertiser," and its controlling shareholder and virtual owner. Mr. Cameron was asked if he objected to interviewing. "Not in the least," was the reply. "An interview, well done, is always readable." Thereupon the interviewing scribe pulled out his note book and sharpened his pencil. Mr. Cameron had just returned from a month's canoeing and camping trip west of Lake Superior, having "paddled and portaged, and camped, and fried-baconed," to his great delight. Face and neck and hands showed healthful brown, and he declared he never felt younger.

According to page 415 of "Men of Canada," Mr. Cameron was born Jan. 21, 1843, at Markham, Ont., receiving some part of his education at the Stouffville and London public schools, and the most of it at the University of Toronto.

At an early age he was apprenticed in the London Free Press office, the first year getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning through snow and storm, to carry a round of papers. He recalls his ecstatic emotions on a Christmas Day, when, after delivering his carriers' address cards, he found himself with nearly \$10 in slitting, York slittings and other coins.

He has never felt so rich since. His frame-mate at the case was William Southern, now manager of the Hamilton Spectator. His first newspaper composition was a short description of a sea-sick picnic party at Port Stanley. It was handed to the editor, it was printed. He says he carried that paper about in his pocket for a week, every now and then taking it out and reading it over with great satisfaction.

When Macaulay saw his "History of England" in print he could not have been happier.

When Mr. Cameron was only 21 years of age he started the "London Advertiser," which, according to "Men of Canada," has gone on ever since, after developing into the principal newspaper in Ontario outside of Toronto.

He has been twice president of the Canadian Press Association, is an elder of Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, London, and is seldom absent from the General Assembly as commissioner. He was married in 1869 to the daughter of the late Capt. Miller, captain of the 4th Regiment of the Royal Canadian Rifles.

"Here is a copy of our Quarter Century Edition, issued in 1888," said Mr. Cameron. "On the first page you will find a fac simile of the first copy. It was four pages of that size. For a good many years my brother William, an able newspaper man, was associated with me in the publication, and after his death my younger brother, L. K. Cameron (now Queen's Printer), was for a few years business manager. W. J. McIntosh, now of Chicago, was also at one time connected with the paper. But I was myself the founder of the paper, and though the paper is now conducted by a company, I am the president and manager and controlling shareholder."

"You were connected with the Globe for some years?"

"Yes, I spent seven or eight agreeable years in Toronto as editor and general manager of the Globe, after the death of Hon. George Brown. C. W. Taylor, a man of fine qualities, was my chief associate at the business end, and we had the satisfaction, during my term of getting the company into a proved financial shape. A co-director was Robert Jaffray, now president of the Globe Printing Company—a more than ordinarily able man."

"The 'Advertiser' made a rather humble start as to size?"

"Yes; it started about the size of a copybook. The time, just about 32 years ago, was precarious. It was the exciting close of the American civil war, when people were eager for news of the contest. Like Topsy, the paper 'grewed,' until it is now a household word in Canada, and especially in Western Ontario. I always believed in bright paragraphing and striking headlines, and in making a readable paper, and one acceptable to the family circle. We insert no anonymous letters. We have always been pretty radical; for example, being the first paper in Ontario to advocate equal electoral rights for men and women. The 'Advertiser' was the first paper to advocate the plebiscite system. Its general tone is optimistic. Our over-editorial motto being Robert Browning's lines:

"Gods in His heaven. All's right with the world."

"The 'Advertiser' publishes two editions daily, with 16 pages, on Saturday, and a mammoth, readable 96-column weekly, the 'Western Advertiser,' which, like the daily, makes a specialty of the news of the fertile and smiling areas of Western Ontario, of which London is the railway and natural capital."

In reply to inquiries, Mr. Cameron stated that he started in without a dollar of capital, but had the opportunity given him of taking over the printing plant of the Evangelical Witness, an organ of the New Connection Methodist Church, and of acquiring it gradually. At first he was editor, reporter, proofreader, everything.

Among the humors of his existence, he relates that on one occasion he received a poem from a country post-office, professing to be a first effusion, but which was at once recognized as a little poem by Longfellow. On another occasion, after a tea meeting in the country, an honest young farmer confided to him that he was surprised to find him so agreeable in pri-

## No Courtship in Jerusalem.

Of courtship as it is known in America there is none whatever in Jerusalem, writes Edwin L. Walker in the November Ladies' Home Journal. A young Mohammedan never sees the face of the girl who is to become his wife until after marriage. His mother and sisters may see her and report their impressions, but if it is a case where the union is by them considered a desirable one, they are likely to accredit her with charms she does not possess. Among Jews and Christians there is a greater latitude in this respect, though the young people are never permitted to see each other without the presence of a third party. In every case the services of an intermediary are necessary. Brides at 14 are not uncommon, and at 12 some are married. I have known of one bride 10 years of age. She was a Moslem.

## What We Should Sing.

Ennobling Character of Songs of the Highest Class.

The Psalms of David Receive Very High Praise.

Songs Should Teach Peace and Good-Will Not Magnify War and Hatred.

Every emotion that passes through the human mind leaves its impress. The longer, oftener and more intense these emotions, the more they mold our character. If these are low, coarse and vulgar, we cannot rise above them. But if, happily, all the higher and nobler traits of our mind are brought into exercise, and intensified by surrounding conditions, they ennoble our nature, refine our tastes, inspiring in us a feeling that there is something higher and grander than we can ever attain to in this life. Now, I believe that by the aid of music, we have in a good degree the control of these conditions. Music is one of the greatest intensifiers of our feelings, and when blended with poetical sentiment, may inspire, if not create, the highest and holiest emotions of which man here is capable. Gratitude is one of the supreme laws of our being. When we behold the beauties and the bounties of creation, gratitude must overflow the swelling heart, and vent itself in grateful songs of praise. Many of the hymns are sweet, tender, beautiful and appropriate for worship. The hymns:

How gentle God's commands,  
How kind his precepts are;  
Come, cast your burden on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.

Sung to the tune Dennis, is excellent and often admired; yet few would compare it with the 23rd Psalm. But it is in sublime grandeur that the original Psalms so far surpass the hymns.

We sing, not only because we feel the sentiments expressed, but that we may have the sentiments created and intensified; and I believe you will see a marked difference between the Psalm and hymn singer in religious character and religious taste. The Psalm singer must imbibe a deep reverence, and stand dumb before the terrible power and majesty of his Creator, while the hymn singer speaks of his religion and his Creator with as little restraint as he would speak of his secular affairs, or of his fellow-man.

What part could the old school Presbyterian take in the songs and parade of the Salvation Army? As there are a great variety of tastes to meet, we must not be too exclusive. But the songs of the church, if they mold men (and they do mold men) should aim as far as possible in making man what he was as he came fresh from the hand of his Creator, bearing his own image.

When we sing the 145th Psalm, as it should be sung to the exulting strains of Duke Street, touched by the sublime grandeur of the song, we are carried far beyond the height of choicest hymn. Man once having felt the exultation of making man what he was as he came fresh from the hand of his Creator, bearing his own image.

The uses of song are not confined to the church, but enter into every condition of life. Pope has beautifully expressed the uses of music to the various moods and conditions of man. By music minds are equal, temper known.

Nor swell too high, nor sink too low,  
If in the breast tumultuous joy arise,  
Music her soft persuasive voice applies;  
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,  
Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds.

Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.

We wonder not at the heroism of Scotchmen, when we hear the unconquerable spirit of their songs, very notably, "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled," etc. We are, however, glad that the age of military heroism with us has ended, and we should with our songs woo men away from deeds of bloodshed to a far higher, truer and nobler heroism, namely, "Peace and goodwill to men." Lord Byron has well said—"There is more real glory in the dying up of a single trait than in the shedding of human gore."

Water Scott, in his poem, Rokesby, says:

"The hunting tribes of air and earth  
Respect the brethren of their birth;  
Even tiger fell and sullen bear,  
Their lion's roar and lion's mane spare;  
Their lion's mane kind nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man."

Love is the fulfilling of the highest law. Let our songs, then, breathe a universal love. They must come from the heart to the heart, or they cannot mold our lives. The songs of Europe reached the universal heart, because they were the true reflection of a highly sensitive mind. His love songs were always studded round with the beauties of nature. The hawking, the hawk, with its feathery plumes, the sweet hawthorn, the mossy banks, the babbling brooks, the warbling birds, from blooming spring to hoary winter, everything in nature has a charm for the different moods of the poet.

Varied as these charms and moods may be there is but one grand purpose in them all, to lead us up through nature to nature's God.

THOS. B. SCOTT, Vanneck.

REMARKABLY PROLIFIC CANARY.  
A Whitehead fancier, says the London Daily Graphic, has a canary which has clearly laid herself out like other folk, to "break the record." She began operations on March 20, and up to August 1 had laid 30 eggs and brought out 16 birds, 10 of these being alive and good, and at the present time (her last nest of birds being almost reared) she is making arrangements for another big lay.

DEAR SIR:—I have suffered from Eczema for two years; tried different kinds of medicine. I was at the hospital for some time, and was told there that all had been done for me that could be done. I ceased treatment at Christmas. After leaving the hospital I was under the care of a Hamilton physician, but got no relief. I have taken four bottles of Kootenay Cure, and I am now well and free from Eczema. Yours very truly,

WM. MCNEIL,  
212 Barton St. East, Hamilton.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

CURES RHEUMATISM.

DEAR SIR:—After examining a very severe sufferer from Rheumatism, also a bad case of blood disorder and skin disease, I have no hesitation in recommending your medicine as an Alleviator.

DR. ENGRY, Niagara Falls, Canada.

Parties wishing pamphlet containing hundreds of cures can obtain same by addressing

S. S. BYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

Irwin & Geldart, Brass Manufacturers. CONTRACTORS for Brass Supplies for waterworks and engine builders. All special lines of Brass Casting and Brass Finishing done on shortest notice. Jobbing and repairing a specialty. Brass and iron polished and nickel plating.

232 York Street. Phone 525

Hot Meat Pies, - - 5c

Oyster Stews, - - 15c

HARRY YATES, Market Bazar

4 and 5, OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

## Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

## Bowman, Kennedy &amp; Co.,

Wholesale Hardware Merchants, LONDON, ONT.

Window Glass, Paints, Cut Nails, Enamelled Glass, Oils, Wire Nails, Cathedral Glass, Putty, Galvanized Wire, Rolled Plate, Rope, O and A Wire, Spades and Shovels, Harvest Tools, Builders Hardware.

We are just opening importations of Cutlery and English Shelf Goods. All goods bought for cash at lowest value. We lead in prices, quality and new goods. Prompt shipment and best attention guaranteed.

**SCALDS**  
and Burns are soothed at once with  
**Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER.**  
It takes out the fire, reduces the inflammation, and prevents blistering. It is the quickest and most effectual remedy for pain that is known. Keep it by you.

SEARCHES OUT THE CAUSE OF DISEASE  
**KOOTENAY**  
CURES  
GOUT  
RHEUMATISM  
BLOOD POISON  
LIVER COMPLAINT  
KIDNEY DISEASE  
Mrs. E. N. NEWCOMB,  
241 John St. S., Hamilton.  
I have taken 1 bottle and a half of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure for Kidney Complaint. My case was an extremely bad one, I never had any thing to do me so much good. I recommend it highly.  
R. E. MORGAN, Esq., of Morgan Bros., Four and Five Merchants and Wholesale Dealers, 24 John St. S., Hamilton.  
Cured of Rheumatism by Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.  
Parties wishing pamphlet containing hundreds of cures can obtain same by addressing  
S. S. BYCKMAN MEDICINE CO. HAMILTON, ONT.

## The Shoes that Slaters' Build.

These are the shoes with the price on the sole, put there to protect the purchaser so that no dealer can sell them for more than the maker intended. The shoes won't wear any better for having the price stamped on them, but the value of the shoes is the less for it—very early now that it's a proof that the manufacturers of

The Slater Shoes

have confidence in the wearing quality, workmanship and value of them, when they brand each pair with their name, rhododendron, imported calfskin, Goodyear Welt system. Six-shapes—all sizes—many widths.

Three Grades—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

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FOR SALE BY POCOCK BROS.

**Karl's Clover Root Tea**  
FOR CONSTIPATION  
For sale by W. T. Strong.

DEAR SIR:—I have suffered from Eczema for two years; tried different kinds of medicine. I was at the hospital for some time, and was told there that all had been done for me that could be done. I ceased treatment at Christmas. After leaving the hospital I was under the care of a Hamilton physician, but got no relief. I have taken four bottles of Kootenay Cure, and I am now well and free from Eczema. Yours very truly,  
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