

## Apple Pudding Makes a Great Musician— He Says So Himself

A Personality Sketch by Walter Damrosch.

Some people say that a stern father's everlasting persistence and a family taste for music made Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, the great master musician he is, but Walter himself says apple pudding did it.

To the Damrosch family, in the late seventies, apple pudding was "Tausche Apfelspeise," which, in common English, means apple food à la Tausig. Herr Tausig, inventor of apple pudding, was also a wonderful singer and came over from the "fatherland" to sing in Leopold Damrosch's opera company. He boarded at the Damrosch house.

"Always when Herr Tausig came for dinner," explains Walter Damrosch, "mother made Tausche Apfelspeise, and, naturally, too, Herr Tausig received the first helping. What was left fell to my brother and me. One night the apple pudding was fine, and Herr Tausig left little for us. That night Tausig's bed broke down in the middle—overloaded with Tausig and his pudding. So you see how I got my ambition to be a musician, too, applying myself with great diligence, hoping that success would bring me plenty of apple pudding, too.

Excepting that a hankering for apple pudding, Walter Johannes Damrosch has little of the artistic temperament. But he is conductor of the great New York orchestra, composer of "Manila Te Deum," and best American Wagner lecturer, not to say anything about him as a producer. One year he cleared \$54,000 out of an opera company and kept 57 different varieties of artistic temperaments in accord.

Damrosch was born in Breslau, Prussia, Jan. 20, 1857. At 9 he came to America with his father. At 19 he became conductor of the Newark (N. J.) Harmonic Society, and on the death of his father, four years later, became assistant conductor and director of the



WALTER J. DAMROSCH.

Oratorio and Symphony Societies in New York, which rendered for the first time Wagner's "Parsifal" in concert form in the United States.

Since 1903 he has devoted himself exclusively to the New York Symphony Orchestra and to composition. In 1890 he married Margaret J. Elaine, daughter of James G., one-time candidate for president.

Damrosch no longer looks to apple pudding as a reward, for, as he says, "Nobody now makes Tausche Apfelspeise as mother used to make it."

## HOW SCOTSMAN SWINDLED EUROPE OF BILLIONS

In the history of finance the South Sea Bubble is frequently cited as a prominent example of speculation gone mad, but even this extraordinary incident pales into insignificance before the gigantic gambles floated in Paris in the early years of the eighteenth century, when the public of France in particular and of Europe in general were simply swindled out of billions.

The hero of this record of gambling bubble was not a Frenchman, strange to say, but a Scotsman, John Law, who had a remarkable genius for finance. Having killed a man in a duel he was forced to travel abroad, and while in France he became acquainted with the Duke of Orleans.

How the Bubble Began.  
In the year 1715 the Duke of Orleans became regent, when the national debt amounted to 3,111,000,000 livres, and the country was on the verge of ruin. It was at this crisis that Law came forward and offered to save it with a scheme of paper money. He declared that in a country where there existed no circulating medium but gold and silver, its riches could be greatly augmented by the introduction of paper money. He proposed to establish a national bank issuing notes on the basis of land property and royal revenue. He finally did start such a bank himself, which eventually became a royal bank, with Law as director-general, and several branches of it established in other towns. After three years it became more of a commercial company.

In 1717 Law instituted a gigantic "Company of the West," popularly known as the "Mississippi Company," a grant being made of all the tract of land on the American continent through which the Mississippi flowed, this being, then, French property. The stock consisted of 200,000 shares, at 500 livres (\$125), each. Soon the name of the original organization was changed to the "Company of the Indies," with an increase of 50,000 shares. Law became then the director and manager of the colossal organization. He was now, in fact, the most powerful man in France. The India company was not only the excitement of the nation, but of all Europe. The public was so crazed over the get-rich-quick proposition that it seemed to be mad. Everybody went into it, priests and peers, princes and plebeians, and even ladies vied with their maids and cooks in the scramble for shares. The stock rose to 1,000 livres.

Then it rose to 5,000.  
In November, 1719, it was valued at 10,000 a share.

The people became delirious in their desire for wealth, and the stock-

### Had a Dry, Tickling Sensation In Her Throat.

COUGHED ALMOST ALL NIGHT.

A bad cough, accompanied by that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat, is most aggravating.  
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is rich in the healing virtues of the Norway Pine tree, and for this reason it will quickly stop that tickling in the throat which causes the dry hard cough that keeps you awake at night.

Miss Margaret MacDonald, Port Hood, N.S., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. I took a severe cold, coughed almost all night, with that dry, tickling sensation in my throat. The first bottle did me so much good, I thought I would try a second one, which I am pleased to say resulted in a complete cure. I can strongly recommend it to any one suffering from a cough or any throat irritation."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark; price, 25 and 50 cents.  
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

jobbers were almost mobbed by crowds that were riotous in their clamoring. Houses in the vicinity of the Rue de Quinquemaux that had been rented for 800 livres a year now got 10,000 per month. A shoemaker who had been counting his cash at not more than two livres a day now earned 200 a day by letting men and women sit in his little shop, listening them with chairs and stationery. Indeed, there was a story of a humped-back man making a fortune of 150,000 livres by allowing the jobbers to make use of his deformity for a lucky writing desk.

A Mad Race.  
Every manner of man and woman were now taking up the mad race for wealth. The crowds assembled in the street became too vast and the India stock speculation headquarters were removed to the Place Vendôme, and even this large square proved too small. Finally Law bought the Hotel de Soissons and erected pavilions in the gardens. He was now the most important personage in the kingdom.

A BITTER BLOW.



CAN YOU BURN ICE? IT'S VERY SIMPLE.

Did you ever burn a dish of ice to astonish your unscientific friends? It creates quite an impression on people who see it for the first time and gives the person who does it quite a name for mysterious power. And it is one of the easiest things in the world to do.

The ice does not burn up—it melts, but it appears to take fire, and it actually burns with a brilliant flame until the last vestige of ice is gone.

Cracked ice is the material to use. A dish of it is set on a table in front of the guests, the host lights one of the pieces with a match, and the amazed multitude sits and watches the stuff burn.

What the audience does not know is that the particular lump which the host lights is not ice, but gum camphor. It looks exactly like ice—and the camphor will burn until the last vestige of ice is consumed. All that is necessary for the successful performance of the trick is to practice two or three times to determine just the amount of camphor that is necessary to cause all the ice to melt.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

pursued by bishops, judges and peers of the realm. The women were almost fendlike in their lust for the gold, giving enormous bribes to servants to be admitted into the presence of the money king. But this schemer, fakir, actor, and absolutely unscrupulous man assumed a haughty demeanor, the very attitude of which reassured the applicants for stock, and he would keep his visitors, no matter what their quality, needlessly waiting hours for an interview.

Blown and Burst.

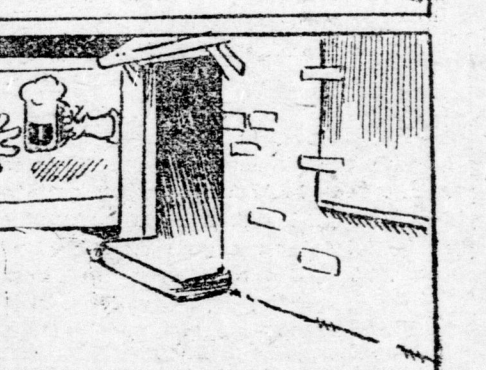
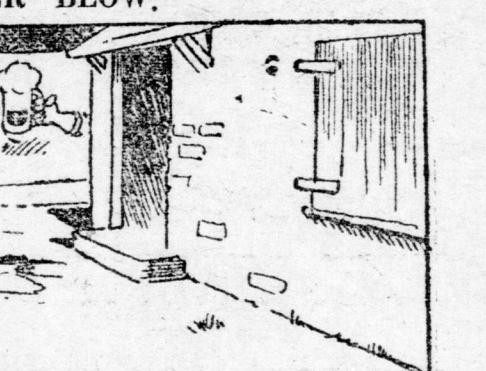
The great Mississippi bubble was now full blown. France was announcing itself as proud in giving birth to such a genius as Law. Suddenly some people began to have suspicions that all was not as it reasonably should be and began to sell out, changing the paper to gold and silver. The Prince de Conti, having been offended by some transaction with Law, demanded material for his paper and it took three wagon-loads to carry the money from the bank to his house. Law's cashier sent 40,000,000 livres to other countries and then defaulted for the amount. Many stock jobbers sent away with their pockets something like 500,000,000 of livres, out of France. Every attempt was made by the regent to stop the outflow of specie by issuing edicts of warning; that the notes were safer than specie, and, lastly, in desperation, it was forbid that anyone should have more than 500 livres in his possession.

But the big bubble had expanded until the outside pressure made it burst. With a decree ordering all payments to be made with paper, new notes were issued to the amount of 2,600,000,000 livres, while the value of the specie of the country was only half of this. Then the inevitable happened. Notes became waste paper, 100,000 livres in the pocket could not buy a loaf of bread.

In his endeavor to keep the scheme afloat, desperately attempting a survival of the India Company, strange to say, Law himself became a bankrupt. He was ordered out of France. Somehow he became deluded with the idea that his scheme was a good one, and he made one more attempt to save it by issuing 20,000,000 perpetual life annuities, and, of he had met with a response, he looked for 2,600,000,000 of notes would have been gotten rid of. But it was too late. There was first a panic, then a riot, and then various tragedies in the outcome.

Law went to England and turned to as a gambler for anything and everything. He supported himself in this way, brilliantly at times, and precariously at other times. He ended up in Venice in 1723.

A BITTER BLOW.



CAN YOU BURN ICE? IT'S VERY SIMPLE.

Did you ever burn a dish of ice to astonish your unscientific friends? It creates quite an impression on people who see it for the first time and gives the person who does it quite a name for mysterious power. And it is one of the easiest things in the world to do.

The ice does not burn up—it melts, but it appears to take fire, and it actually burns with a brilliant flame until the last vestige of ice is gone.

Cracked ice is the material to use. A dish of it is set on a table in front of the guests, the host lights one of the pieces with a match, and the amazed multitude sits and watches the stuff burn.

What the audience does not know is that the particular lump which the host lights is not ice, but gum camphor. It looks exactly like ice—and the camphor will burn until the last vestige of ice is consumed. All that is necessary for the successful performance of the trick is to practice two or three times to determine just the amount of camphor that is necessary to cause all the ice to melt.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

## STRESS OF MODERN LIFE AGES MANY MEN RAPIDLY AFTER 40 YEARS OF AGE

[From Public Opinion, London, Eng.]

Dr. Newsholme, medical officer of health for the local government board in his annual report, demonstrates the remarkable fact that, in spite of the great reduction in the general death rate due to improved social and sanitary conditions, the death rate among men between the ages of 45 and 65 is increasing.

Prematurely Aged by Town Life.  
An analysis of the general death rate for the two sexes shows, he says, that the improvement in mortality has not taken place at all periods of life, the higher ages participating in it little or not at all.

This seemed of such significance that a special inquiry was made, and as a result it may be said that, owing to the rapidly increasing aggregation of population in towns and the associated industrial conditions, we age rapidly after 40, the result of the stress of modern life. Man, it is commonly said by doctors, is as old as his blood vessels. Our blood vessels begin to give out at 45 today, or, in the language of the profession, "we become prematurely old through arterial degeneration."

The Overtaxed Heart.  
The facts supplied by the national statistics give the report speak eloquently enough, says the Daily News, "and hustling city men should remember that they will not know of the degeneration of their arterial system till it breaks down suddenly, say, through inflammation of the lungs, following a chill. It appears it is not the inflammation which kills them, but the heart, overtaxed for years, in circulating more and more efficiently the blood in a body which gets plenty of wear but little repair, and finding a new burden is placed upon it, stops."

Taking the main results of the tables given in the report, which compare the percentage reduction of increase in the death rate between 1841-45 and 1906-10, we find that in the later period at ages under five somewhat more reduction has occurred among female than male children. Between 5 and 25 years of age reductions have occurred varying at different ages, and in the two sexes from 44 to 65 per cent—a vast improvement. But between 35 and 45 the anxiety and bustle of business life begin to tell, for a much greater improvement is seen in the female than in the male rate (38 as against 25 per cent).

Both in men and women diseases of the heart and blood vessels were the registered cause of one-third of the total deaths between the ages of 55 and 65.

Dr. T. W. Andrews was requested by the local government board to investigate arterial degeneration and its premature occurrence. In his exhaustive report he says there can be no question that the strain of a persistently high blood pressure is a fertile cause of premature age. The wearing out of arteries is accelerated by mechanical strain (such as anxiety, and a busy mind would induce) causing high blood pressure.

Comfort for the Average Man.

The Treasure of the Poor

There was once upon a time, according to a French story told by Jean Richelin, two very poor people who possessed nothing of anything. They had no bread. They had no house in which to place a bread pan, and no plot of ground on which to build a house. If they had possessed a plot of ground they might have been able to find something wherewith to build a house. If they had possessed this house they might have been able to place there a bread pan. And if they had possessed this bread pan no doubt they would have been able to find a little bread to put in it.

But having neither field nor house nor bread pan nor bread, they were very of the poor—very poor.

These two poor people felt themselves poorer than ever one sad Christmas eve.

As they were commiserating themselves on this lonely Christmas eve, the black night, they stumbled upon a poor cat who meowed to them.

This was truly a very poor cat, as poor as themselves, for it was nothing but skin and bone and had scarcely any hairs on its skin.

If it had had some hairs on the skin no doubt the skin would have been in a better state. If its skin had been in a better state no doubt the cat would have been able to catch mice, and would not have remained so dreadfully thin.

But not having any hairs and with its poor skin on its bones, this was in truth a very poor cat.

The poor are kind to the poor and help one another. These two poor people took the poor cat with them, and did not think of anything themselves, but gave to the cat a little food which had been given to them in charity. The cat, having eaten, started off a little in front of the two poor people and led them through the black night until they came to an old deserted hut.

There were two stools and a hearth in this hut, as they could see by a ray of moonlight which shone and disappeared at the same time.

And the cat also disappeared with the moonlight.

So they found themselves seated in the darkness before the black hearth which the absence of fire made still more black.

"Ah," they said, "if we only had a few embers! It is very cold! And what could be so pleasant as to sit warming ourselves over a bit of fire, telling stories?"

But there—there was no fire on the hearth because they were very poor people; in truth, of the poor, very poor.

All of a sudden there appeared two bright, glowing embers at the bottom of the chimney; two beautiful bits of fire—yellow, like gold.

And the old man clasped his hands joyously and said to his wife: "Do you feel how nice and hot it is?"

"I feel it," answered the old woman. And she spread her open palms over the fire. "Blow upon them and make them flare up," she said.

"No, no!" answered the man. "That would only burn them up quickly."

And so they began chatting to pass away the time, without sadness now, because they felt cheered up by the sight of the two little yellow embers.

The poor are happy with very little, and these two rejoiced in seeing the

"The very conveniences of life are our undoing, because they keep the body and nerves in a state of perpetual tension, till at last something gives way," says the Mail. "Thus the great increase in diseases of the heart and blood vessels among men of from 45 to 65 years of age is explained."

At the same time the average man may take comfort from the philosopher. It is better to live an active, strenuous life and to suffer for it than to vegetate, as does the giant tortoise, which is credibly reported to reach an age of 250. It is better in Stevenson's words, to live and be done with it than to die daily in a sick room; and from this standpoint there is a good deal to be said for the American business man's existence, which is alleged to be spent mainly in "hustle" and to end prematurely.

Wanted, Elbow Room.  
"We interpret strain to mean hard work or rapid work; we are probably off the track in this connection," says the Pall Mall. "It is well to keep in mind the advice that worry, and hard work, is the deadly enemy of human peace and longevity. We do more work, certainly, than our fathers; but we have also greater facilities for doing it. To find the cause of premature senility and collapse we must look not so much at the work as at the conditions which invest it."

"What are the worries, then, that distinguish our modern life? One of the foremost is overcrowding. Nothing frets the nerves so much as having other people always in the way. We are heaped together in the street, in conveyances, in offices and factories, and in homes which for the majority are too small."

Live Cheerfully and Live Long.

"There is another element, however, in the wearing out of humanity, and that is the quality of its emotions. Cheerfulness and health generally go together, and the note of cheerfulness in contemporary life is neither full nor strong. In the literature of the day we find existence painted in predominant tints of pathos; life is presented as a process, if not actually as a menace. This is due partly, and it may be chiefly, to the besetting anxieties of the wage-earner—the conditions which keep the nightmare of unemployment so constantly beside him and make his subsistence dependent on the hazard of forces beyond his control. Economic anxiety is certainly a most pervasive element."

"Our problem is too level the track—to spread out the clustered population, to diminish the friction of the senses, to build stronger and broader foundations of economic security. These are not tasks for a day or for a generation. But a warning like Dr. Newsholme's reminds us that they bear very directly upon the simplest elements of life—its length and its value. Men will live longer when they live more cheerfully," adds the Pall Mall. "One of the chief ends of government is the greatest cheerfulness of the greatest number."

Comfort for the Average Man.

The Treasure of the Poor

There was once upon a time, according to a French story told by Jean Richelin, two very poor people who possessed nothing of anything. They had no bread. They had no house in which to place a bread pan, and no plot of ground on which to build a house. If they had possessed a plot of ground they might have been able to find something wherewith to build a house. If they had possessed this house they might have been able to place there a bread pan. And if they had possessed this bread pan no doubt they would have been able to find a little bread to put in it.

But having neither field nor house nor bread pan nor bread, they were very of the poor—very poor.

These two poor people felt themselves poorer than ever one sad Christmas eve.

As they were commiserating themselves on this lonely Christmas eve, the black night, they stumbled upon a poor cat who meowed to them.

This was truly a very poor cat, as poor as themselves, for it was nothing but skin and bone and had scarcely any hairs on its skin.

If it had had some hairs on the skin no doubt the skin would have been in a better state. If its skin had been in a better state no doubt the cat would have been able to catch mice, and would not have remained so dreadfully thin.

But not having any hairs and with its poor skin on its bones, this was in truth a very poor cat.

The poor are kind to the poor and help one another. These two poor people took the poor cat with them, and did not think of anything themselves, but gave to the cat a little food which had been given to them in charity. The cat, having eaten, started off a little in front of the two poor people and led them through the black night until they came to an old deserted hut.

There were two stools and a hearth in this hut, as they could see by a ray of moonlight which shone and disappeared at the same time.

And the cat also disappeared with the moonlight.

So they found themselves seated in the darkness before the black hearth which the absence of fire made still more black.

"Ah," they said, "if we only had a few embers! It is very cold! And what could be so pleasant as to sit warming ourselves over a bit of fire, telling stories?"

But there—there was no fire on the hearth because they were very poor people; in truth, of the poor, very poor.

All of a sudden there appeared two bright, glowing embers at the bottom of the chimney; two beautiful bits of fire—yellow, like gold.

And the old man clasped his hands joyously and said to his wife: "Do you feel how nice and hot it is?"

"I feel it," answered the old woman. And she spread her open palms over the fire. "Blow upon them and make them flare up," she said.

"No, no!" answered the man. "That would only burn them up quickly."

And so they began chatting to pass away the time, without sadness now, because they felt cheered up by the sight of the two little yellow embers.

The poor are happy with very little, and these two rejoiced in seeing the



One thorough application of  
Zam-Buk at night will bring ease  
by morning. Zam-Buk stops the  
smarting, heals the cracks, and  
makes the hands smooth.

PROOF—Miss Ilattie Petrand, Galesburg, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with chapped hands and arms and nothing ever seemed to heal them thoroughly until we found Zam-Buk. It has cured them. My father has also used it for several skin troubles and injuries, and thinks there is nothing like Zam-Buk."

Mothers should see that their children use Zam-Buk daily, as there is nothing like prevent on. A little Zam-Buk lightly smeared over the hands and wrists, after washing, will prevent chaps and cold sores.

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin diseases, eczema, itch, ringworm, blood-poisoning, piles, and for cuts, burns and bruises. 50c box at all stores and druggists, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.



GET OUR PRICES FOR  
Tin, Lead, Zinc, Babbitt, Solder, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe  
The Canada Metal Co., Limited  
FACTORIES: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.



The Beer of Quality  
The ingredients of this successful and delicate beer contain the best known tonic qualities, namely, the extracts of the finest Barley-Malt, Bohemian Hops and Pure Water. When we put this beer on the market we offer you the very purest bottled lager that an up-to-date plant and science can produce.  
Kept by All Dealers

CARLING - LONDON

EVERY VOTER  
WHO IS BALDHEADED, Come to Prof. Micheel, He Will Fix You Up With Hair

We are ready for the social opening. Our stock is complete in Switches, Braids, Basket Braids, Puffs and all other new hair creations.  
MARCEL WAVING AND FANCY DRESSING, 75c.  
We rent Wigs and Fancy Costumes. Also sell Make-Ups and Face Creams.

Beautiful Calendars Given Away Free. Ask For One.

PROF. MICHEEL  
221 DUNDAS STREET.

The three big American electrical corporations, according to a trade journal, employ nearly 95,000 persons, and have a weekly payroll of nearly \$1,500,000 at present—the highest figure ever attained so far.

"Our college won." "They did? Bah! Bah! What did they win?" "The debate." "Oh, pshaw!" — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Inquisitive Old Gentleman — "And what are you digging for, my good man?" "Knight of the Pick." "Money?" "O. G.—You don't say! And when do you expect to find it?" "K. of P.—Saturday night." — Judge.