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LONDON, THURSDAY, OCT. 25.

BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES.

The British admiralty within the past few months has sprung two surprises and thrown other naval powers into consternation. The first coup was the launching of the Dreadnought, the greatest battleship in the world. It was the first application of the turbine system to this class of warship. Furthermore, the Dreadnought has a speed of 23 knots an hour, or three knots greater than any other battleship, and an armament of eight 12-inch guns, or six more than any other craft afloat.

The second surprise is still more overwhelming. It is now announced that the three supposed armored cruisers, which have been building in the Clyde, and are nearing completion, are in reality first-class battleships, four knots swifter than the Dreadnought and its equal in gun energy. They will be seven knots faster than the fastest German, French or American battleship, and even faster than the fastest cruiser. While the naval experts of continental Europe and the United States have been declaring that the turbine is not practicable for battleships, the British admiralty has quietly forestalled them by adopting it and by demonstrating its success in the trial trips of the Dreadnought. So carefully has the admiralty guarded its designs that its latest achievements have come as a thunderbolt to rival sea powers. The United States navy department has been for a year planning to outdo the Dreadnought and had secured an appropriation for a 20,000-ton vessel, but the new British battleships will be in commission before the keel of the American monster is laid. Says the New York Post:

"As a sort of consolation, the American experts are trying to figure out that their twelve-inch guns are about the same as the British in size and ballistic qualities. There is but little satisfaction to be obtained from that, for the truth is that, by the revolutionary speed obtained for her new battleships, England has more than ever emphasized her naval superiority. Her designers saw the possibilities of the turbine, while the American experts are only just now—because of the Dreadnought's success—ready to take up the question of putting turbines into a battleship. No matter how much her naval rivals may strive to imitate her, England can always get ahead of them by her ability to build, equip, and send to sea a great battleship fully a year before a vessel started in any other country at the same time."

It is in Germany, however, the only power which aspires to challenge British naval supremacy, that Britain's stolen march causes the keenest chagrin.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

The London correspondent of the Boston Transcript, summarizing the statements as to municipal trading in Great Britain published in the "Municipal Year Book," makes out that only indifferent success has attended these ventures. For example, it is shown that only seven out of 189 municipal electric light works were last year in a thoroughly solvent condition, and 61 of them were actually run at a dead loss. Fifty-eight made no allowance at all for depreciation, though expert electric engineers hold at least 3 per cent should be counted for wear and tear. Glasgow and Rotterdam had apparently the best conducted plants, for they allowed 4 per cent for depreciation. There were 23 others which made some contribution to the rates, but of these 22 allowed an altogether insufficient sum for depreciation, and really had no right to represent their enterprises as having been run at a profit.

As to electric railways, thirteen were run at a dead loss, and fifteen made no allowance for depreciation. Twelve allowed more than 2 per cent, Glasgow again showing up well with 8 per cent for wear and tear, and Ayr had 5 per cent for the same purpose. It is reasoned out that of the 58 municipal tramways, but five are in a satisfactory financial position.

It is pointed out also that in Great Britain the number of municipality-controlled concerns which are losing are increasing as years pass by, though there have been, as we have shown, several noteworthy successes.

Other correspondents tell a different story, and represent municipal ownership in the old land as having been thoroughly vindicated. The trouble is that the average investigator of municipal problems approaches them with a bias for or against the public management of public services, so that it is useless for people on this side of the Atlantic to appeal to British experience. Everything depends upon the standard of municipal government. Is it as high in Canada as it might be?

A JOKE AT GERMANY'S EXPENSE.

All the world is laughing over an incident the other day in Germany which would have been deemed a crazy improbability if it had formed the plot of a comic opera. Near the town of Koepenick, a squad of German soldiers, returning from target practice, was met by a man wearing a captain's uniform, and an unmistakable air of command. He halted the troops, placed himself at their head and told them to obey orders. He marched them up to the town hall, and under his instructions they arrested the burgomaster and treasurer. After directing a portion of the squad to escort these astounded officials to Berlin, as military prisoners, the "captain" ordered the remainder of the troops to carefully guard the town hall. Then he cracked the safe, abstracted all the cash, which amounted to \$1,000.50, and took his leave with military formality, his faithful escort remaining on duty. He had plenty of time to place a goodly distance between himself and Koepenick before it was discovered that the "captain" was an enterprising and original burglar.

The episode has covered German militarism with ridicule. The German Democrats are eagerly exploiting it as a proof of the subordination of the civil to the military power, and the absurd and mischievous extremes to which the worship of the uniform has been carried. The spirit of revolt against the military regime of Germany is very strong in that country, but the bogus captain's naive adventure riddles the system more effectively than all the treatises and speeches of the German radicals.

The Mail and Empire, which has been solemnly reproaching Liberal newspapers for criticising land-grabbing M. P.s, now has a libel suit on its hands for calling an innocent man a briber.

The Toronto press is full of pious reflections upon the immorality of London. Toronto is the city where free beer is an item on the programme of public meetings, called by the Conservative ward associations.

Colonel Denison's innocence is shocked by the practice of choosing deputy returning officers from the ranks of one party. This is not a custom peculiar to London, as he seems to have thought. It is probable, however, that London is the only city in which it is practiced in municipal elections. It was introduced during Mr. Beck's regime.

The Woodstock Sentinel-Review remarks that it will be the duty of the Attorney-General's Department to turn the searchlight "on the other side." Of course the department will do no such thing. Every attempt is being made to keep witnesses out of the box who might tell something derogatory of "the other side."

Thirteen estates of dead millionaires have paid into the British treasury within the year \$125,500,000. This beats all records, the next highest sum realized in any one year being \$65,000,000. The inheritance tax in Great Britain was the invention of a Liberal Government, and was described by the Conservatives at the time as confiscation. It has been the same in Ontario, but the Whitney Administration is not going to sacrifice so handy a revenue producer.

MR. HYMAN'S POSITION.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]
The Mail and Empire thinks, or professes to think, that the continuance in office of Mr. Hyman is a public scandal. Of course, the Mail and Empire is not actuated by any partisan feeling in this matter; it may be taken for granted, therefore, that the only reason why it has not demanded the resignation of certain Conservative politicians who have been figuring prominently in the investigation of the insurance commission is because it has overlooked the matter. For while Mr. Hyman's position might easily be much more desirable than it is, there is this to be said in his favor, that so far there is not one little bit of evidence to show that he has been guilty of anything of which either he or his constituents need feel ashamed. If his position is unpleasant, it has been made so by others, not by his own conduct. On the other hand, whatever has been done to make the positions of the eminent Conservative representatives uncomfortable has been done by themselves. This is a fact which the Mail and Empire, in its desire to be fair, would not willingly lose sight of, and no doubt it will be grateful to us for drawing its attention to it. Further investigation may involve Mr. Hyman personally; if so, Mr. Hyman must take the consequences; but so far he must be judged by the evidence so far produced, and that leaves him without personal taint.

THE WATCHER.

[Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.]
The long road and the low shore, a sail against the sky.
The ache in my heart's core and hope so hard to die.
At me! but the day's long—and all the sails go by!

CLOSE QUARTERS.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]
Two Irishmen were starting west in a sleeping car. Terry had never been in one before, so his friend Dennis generously gave him the lower berth, while he himself climbed into the upper. After a while Dennis, thinking it might be

well to see whether his friend was all right, leaned over and asked, "And how are ye gettin' on down there, Terry?"
"Sure, Dennis, I'm having the devil of a time gettin' in me little ham-mock."

CORDYLIA OF THE ALLEY.

[Catholic Standard and Times.]
At the corner of the alley where the people come and go
Sits Cordylia McNally,
In a penitential procession
Passing to and from confession
In the old Church of St. Joseph that was
Built long ago.
Oh! 'Tis well she knows there's many
More convenient to their fingers than
Any other day,
An' her tongue it is so smooth 'rin'
An' so masterful de-suth 'rin'
There are mortal few whatever she'll be
Lettin' get away.

For, Oh! the Irish eyes of her
They twinkle at ye so,
Ye hate to think the signs of her
Are part of the disguise of her,
So, folk, she has yer penny gathered in
Before ye know.

There's small use in walkin' faster
Jist to hurry in-a-past her
Shure, she'll let ye go, un-noticed, wid yer
Little load o' sin.
But, Oh! man, has the charitable penny ye spotted,
An' yer penny good as potted,
For she knows that ye'll be softer comin'
Out than goin' in.
For there's nothin' but good nature
In the manest Irish creature
When he feels the soul inside o' him is
Cleaned of iv'ry blot.
Should Cordylia then address ye
Wid her good-bye, "God bless ye!"
'Tis not you will dare to judge if she's
Deservin' it or not.

For, Oh! the Irish eyes of her
They twinkle at ye so,
Ye hate to think the signs of her
Are part of the disguise of her,
So, folk, she has yer penny gathered in
Before ye know.

PULLING HIS LEG.

[Toronto Star.]

The conference of provincial premiers is over, and the net result is that the paymaster's leg is two and a quarter millions longer.

A BAD MISTAKE.

[Bon Vivant.]

Jules (facetiously)—This is a picture of my wife's first husband.
Jacques—Heavens! What a brains-looking idiot! But I didn't know your wife was married before she met you.

Jules—She wasn't. This is a picture of myself at the age of 20.

GOD'S COUNTRY.

[Saturday Post.]

Sing me the song of the bit and spur,
The song of the smiling plain;
Blow me the breeze from the mountain
top,
And send me the western rain!

Mine be the light of the western stars,
My breath the wind of the west;
Where youth and joy and love come back,
Like the taste of a rare old wine.

So here's to the song of the mountain
stream,
To the still of the coyote's cry,
And may I wake in that western land,
'Stead o' heaven—when I die.

AUTUMN REFLECTION.

[Belleville Ontario.]

A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes; the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives, all bear secret relations to our destinies.

OH, NO, WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

[Times Hayes Bay, 179-189.]

Oh, no! we never mention him, his name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once so familiar word;
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me, they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others seek;
But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
I do not see I behold no more the valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn tree; but how can I forget?

For oh, there are so many things recall the past to me;
The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea;
They rosy tint the cheeks the sky before the sun is set—
Aye, every leaf I look upon forbids me to forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the gayest of the gay;
They hint that he forgets me, too—but I need not want that say;
Perhaps like me he struggles with each feeling of regret;
But if he loves as I have loved, he never can forget.

EASY TO UNDERSTAND.

[Independent.]

An ardent teetotaler, in conversation with the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, once found fault with the practice of "christening" vessels with champagne before being launched. Sir Wilfrid did not altogether agree with him, and said a good temperance lesson could be learned from the practice.

"How can that be?" asked his companion.

"Well," replied the witty baronet, "after the first taste of wine the ship takes to water and sticks to it ever after."

THE HIDDEN ONE.

[Metropolitan Magazine.]

Love, in that labyrinthine house of thine,
Where does thy spirit hide? Long have I sought
Its door down all the corridors of thought.

In every impulse, every lurking line
That is thy being, but the outer sign
Has veiled itself in beauty. Whence was brought
The mystic flame wherein earth's dust
was caught?

And fused with love, reflecting the divine?
Thou art all mine, in answer to my prayer;
Mine in thy purposes, thy faith, thy will.

My dreams of unity thou dost fulfill;
My secret seal is on thee everywhere.
Yet, when I love thee most I am aware
Of the strange something that eludes me still.

NOT THE SAME.

[Washington Star.]

'Tis not the same, the garb she wears
As when the summer days were bright.
No more the filmy fabric dures
The sun to speed its shafts of light.
The style is jaunty, yet severe,
And somehow when she speaks a name
It sounds peculiarly severe.

In sooth, she's not at all the same.

And her complexion, once so tanned,
Is faintly blushing, like the rose;
The tapering of her slender hand
And other things doth now disclose.

She starts her letters with "Dear Jack—"
"Twice 'Need' who formerly could claim
The mischievous that she wrote. Alack!
There's nothing that is quite the same!

SIMPLE FORMULA
OF NOTED DOCTORWORK OF A FAMOUS SPECIALIST
THAT HAS ATTRACTED GREAT
ATTENTION.

Mix half an ounce of the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine with two ounces of glycerine and half a pint of good whisky; shake well and use in teaspoonful doses. A famous throat and lung specialist, who established a camp for consumptives in the pine woods of Maine, and whose remarkable cures there have attracted great attention from the medical world, declares that the above formula will heal the lungs and cure any cough that is curable. It will break up a cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be secured from any good prescription druggist at small cost.

Inquiry at the prescription department of a leading pharmacy elicited the information that the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine is put up only in half-ounce vials for dispensing; each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case with engraved wrapper, showing the name—Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure)—plainly printed thereon. There are many rank imitations of Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), which are put out under various names, such as Compound Oil of Pine, Pine Balsam, etc. Never accept these as a substitute for the Pure Virgin Oil of Pine as they will invariably produce nausea and never effect the desired result.

Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) is also said to be a perfect neutralizing agent for uric acid.

A PATHETIC STORY

Young Girl in Despair Plunges Four
Stories to Pavement.

New York, Oct. 24.—A Polish immigrant girl two months in this country made her escape from a disorderly house in the neighborhood and killed herself at noon today by leaping from the roof of a four-story tenement at 282 West Fourth street. The police learned enough to disclose a pathetic story.

Michael Belsky, a chairmaker, with his wife and baby, was just sitting down to dinner Saturday night in their two-room home on the fourth floor of the house, when they heard a knock at the door. There stood Sam Lieberman, who keeps a saloon next door, with Polish, the friend of Belsky's, and a strange young woman, hatless and sobbing as if in great grief.

Polski, Belsky's friend, said he had found the woman on a river pier, and, fearing she contemplated suicide, spoke to her. He was surprised to find she was Polish, like himself. He said he thought if Belsky and his wife would take her in for the night he might find her home in the morning. Belsky and his wife consented and welcomed the stranger.

She said between sobs she came from Russian Poland two months ago. Her name was Annie Kaska. She had left her old father and mother, promising to save all her money and send for them soon. At the battery she was met by a man who said he would get her a good place to work. He took her to a house where she had been compelled to submit to all kinds of indignities. She was not permitted to keep a cent and a letter from home told her that her old father and mother were starving and begged that she send for them. It made her desperate.

Friday night she managed to escape. All night and all day Saturday she tried to get somebody to understand her, but she could speak her language. Finally she lost heart and decided she would kill herself and started for the river. There Polsky found her. It took the kind-hearted Belsky's best part of the evening to get this from her. They urged her to eat, but she refused.

"I do not fit in with you," she said, "and I have no money to pay you."

A few minutes before noon she left her room. She went to the roof, walked to the front and threw herself to the pavement.

BUILT BY BRITISHERS

Old Country Engineers in Charge of
Hudson River Tunnel.

London, Oct. 24.—The greatest subaqueous tunnel which has ever been constructed is now being built to connect New Jersey with New York city, and the city with Long Island. That portion which runs under North River is completed, as far as boring is concerned. The other and longer section, under the East River, will not be finished for another two years. But the dawn of 1909, if all goes well, will see the beginning of a new era for New York in the way of railroad communication. The city will be coupled up with the whole eastern and continental transport, and the ferry as a link in the chain will disappear.

From the British point of view, the most interesting fact about this gigantic undertaking—which is to cost the Pennsylvania Railroad something like \$20,000,000—is that it has been planned and is being carried out under the superintendence of British engineers, and that in the tunneling British plant is being used exclusively.

There are two tubes under the North River, and one of these was opened on Sept. 12, when a party of adventurers traversed on foot 2,000 yards which are under water. Among them was Mr. Daniel T. Pierce, who is now on a visit to this country. In conversation with a Daily Chronicle representative he related some remarkable facts about the work.

Doctors Change Their Methods

Years ago they fought catarrh by internal dosing. They saw this ruined the stomach and changed to the ozonated air cure, better known as "Catharization." This treatment is sure to cure. It goes to the source of the disease; it destroys the causes that maintain catarrh and even in the worst cases permanent cure is guaranteed. Failure with Catharization is impossible. Antiseptic, healing and far-reaching, it's bound to cure every time. Indorsed by more than 20,000 physicians in America alone and sold in 25 cent and \$1 sizes, by all dealers.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO

Great Special Values for Friday

All new seasonable and wanted goods at decided savings from usual prices.
There's something here for everyone.

Masks Free With Boys' Suits

With every Boy's Suit Friday and Saturday, we will give free a mask. The boys will like the mask, and the mother will like the bargain specials offered for tomorrow and Saturday.

A big special for tomorrow and Saturday is Boys' 3-Piece Tweed Suits, nice dark colors, well made and thoroughly lined; sizes 9 to 16 years; regular \$3.50 to \$4.50. Reduced to \$2.95

25 only Buster Brown Suits, made of all-wool fancy tweeds, nicely trimmed, very cute suits for little boys; regular \$4.75 and \$5.00. And don't forget the mask. Reduced to \$2.95

Of navy blue cheviot, nicely trimmed; a mask goes with each suit. To-morrow 85c, \$1.25, \$1.50

Boys' Blouse Suits

For every Friday and Saturday it is our intention to have a table of Ladies' and Misses' Winter Coats at a special price. After the week's selling many broken lines and single numbers are left, and these will be grouped and put on a table at one price. This week's attraction is \$3.00 to \$10.50 values, in Fancy Tweed and Plain Cloth Coats, 42 to 48 inches long, stylish in every way. Your choice \$7.50

Skirt Special

Tailor-made Walking Skirts, for present and winter wear, of desirable tweeds and black chevots, pleated, with foot and box pleats, nicely designed, worth \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50. Bargain Day \$2.85

Black Capes

For elderly ladies' wear, made of heavy black cloth, lined and trimmed with Thibet fur collar, worth \$6.50 to \$10.00, reduced to \$4.25

Remnants and
Specials in Dress
Goods

There's much to gain by buying from our remnant pile this week; good lengths, seasonable goods, best values.

40-inch Brown Sicilian, for shirt-waist suits, waists and skirts, golden and russet brown, worth 50c yard, Bargain Day 25c

Pressed French Opera Flannel, in sky, crimson, navy, brown, gray and black, suitable for ladies' house waists and children's dresses, worth 45c yard, Bargain Day 25c

54-inch English Cheviot, in Oxford and mid-gray, specially for tailored suits and separate skirts, worth 50c yard, Bargain Day 39c

Scotch Plaids and Fancy Weaves, especially for children's dresses, a big variety at, per yard 25c

Lining Bargain

Another case of Percale Lining; this lot is principally in black, splendid quality, worth 12½c and 15c; mill ends, per yard 8½c

Mail Order Service

Make known your wants to us, and we can serve you by mail with utmost satisfaction. Try us today.

Suits, Overcoats

15 only Men's Fine Worsteds Suits, all sizes, Progress Brand, regular \$12.00, Bargain Day \$9.95
20 Men's Fine Black Overcoats, full length, worth fully \$10.00, your choice tomorrow \$7.95

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128½ Dundas St.

THE SIMPLE LIFE
KILLED THEM

German "Sun Brothers" Parade Broken Up by Death of Leaders.

Berlin, Oct. 25.—The "simple life" proved too complex for the group of German authors, painters and philosophers who tried to follow it on the Island of Kabakon, in the Bismarck Archipelago.

They were eager to start life afresh under physical conditions approximating those of primitive man. They formed a colony under the name of the "Sun Brothers," in allusion to their wish to enjoy permanent sun baths in the costume of Adam. Their food was to be limited to nuts and fruit. Their labor was to consist of tilling the land and tending their herds.

The enterprise proved as brief as it was simple. Herr Lutzwitz, the author, and Engelhardt, the philosopher, have died from the combined result of exposure from not wearing clothes, and exhaustion from inadequate diet. The natives killed Herr Bettman, the philosopher. The others have returned in despair to civilization.

The Sun Brothers founded their colony on the Island of Kabakon, in the South Pacific, in 1903. The leaders were August Engelhardt, a vegetarian, physician and philosopher, of Munich, and Max Lutzwitz, musical director of one of the Berlin theaters.

Engelhardt's philosophy was the "simple life." He believed in life in the tropics where man could go naked, eat nuts and fruit, drink only water, and work only

from the engine at the time she saw it. Miss Anglin pursued her lips thought a second and replied:

"The distance is the distance from the steps to the railway, minus the distance between the horses' nose and the engine."

"Exactly," replied the lawyer, scratching his head, trying to figure it out. Both the court and the jury laughed, but the question was not repeated or more light asked for.

The trial will be continued today.

Years ago the French Government offered 200,000 francs (\$30,000) to any one who would give a remedy for the phylloxera, but the prize has never been awarded, because no remedy has been discovered. It is easy enough to kill the pest with a poisonous spray, but that same spray kills the grape also.

MISS ANGLIN'S QUICK WIT

Makes Court and Jury Laugh and Discomfits Lawyer.

New York, Oct. 25.—Margaret Anglin, the actress, yesterday afternoon in the United States circuit court told of injuries she suffered in a railway accident at Stamford, Conn., July 29, 1905. Incidentally, Miss Anglin asks \$50,000 damages from the N. Y. C. & H. R. Railway Company.

She told how she had driven a pair of ponies across a viaduct in Stamford, had been thrown out, breaking a collarbone and otherwise injuring her. She was in bed for eight weeks and her production of that season was delayed. The company's lawyer asked her about the distance of her horses' nose

Waists To Go
for a "Song"

The climax of our great waist sales comes tomorrow and Saturday, when the third lot and entire balance of Ladies' Cloth Waists which a manufacturer has on sale at 50c for choice. These waists as those who got them before well know are astonishing values, they're of seasonable materials in all colors; pretty styles and nicely trimmed; worth, regular \$1.25 and \$1.50, on sale tomorrow morning at, only....

69c

Week-End Sale of Ladies' Coats

For every Friday and Saturday it is our intention to have a table of Ladies' and Misses' Winter Coats at a special price. After the week's selling many broken lines and single numbers are left, and these will be grouped and put on a table at one price. This week's attraction is \$3.00 to \$10.50 values, in Fancy Tweed and Plain Cloth Coats, 42 to 48 inches long, stylish in every way. Your choice \$7.50

Remnants of
Ribbon

We're cleaning up our Ribbon stock; 200 yards of remnants, including Silk, Satin and Duchesse Ribbons, all colors, all widths, suitable for all kinds of Christmas fancy work. Tomorrow, about half-price.

Cups and Saucers

6 dozen Fancy China Cups and Saucers, gilt and floral decoration, worth 20c, half-price for Bargain Day 10c

German Steins

Pewter Top German Steins, artistically decorated. These are some of our Christmas novelties. Priced from 25c to \$2.75

Men's Underwear

An improved line of Men's Fleece Undershirts and Drawers that won't knot in the washing, good wearing, worth 65c and 75c a garment, Bargain Day 50c

Comfort Bargain

Brand New Comforts, size 60x76 inches, pure white filling and English silkline covering, Bargain Day \$1.25

Men's Cardigans

Don't wait till you feel the nip of Jack Frost. Buy that Cardigan Jacket tomorrow. We have best Scotland imported direct from Scotland 75c to \$2.75
Men's Natural Wool Socks, a big special, 4 pairs for 50c

Men's Shirts

Sizes 14 to 17, Soft Front Shirts, with attached or separate cuffs, special 75c

Carpet Bargains

8 rolls Heavy Reversible Union Carpet, special Friday and Saturday, a yard 30c
Odd lengths of Carpet Borders, suitable for