

Men's Ready-Made Clothing

The splendid fit and finish of our Men's Readymade Clothing will be found deserving of special attention. This department has an unusually large assortment of smart Spring Pants in Stripes, Checks and mixed effects, in both Tweeds and Worsteds.

The range of Men's Suits includes the most approved shades of the season in English Tweeds and Worsteds. This section is showing several extremely attractive lines in Men's three-piece Navy Serge Suits. These will be found very moderately priced, considering the high quality of the material and the general excellence and high character of workmanship.

Men's Tweed Suits

\$3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50 to 12.00

Men's Worsted Suits

\$6.00, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.50 to 12.00

Men's Serge Suits

\$5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00 to 12.50

Men's Tweed and Worsted Pants

95c, \$1.00, 1.10, 1.25, 1.40 to 4.00

Men's Fancy Summer Vests

\$1.80, 2.75, 3.75, 4.00, 5.60 and 6.20



BOYS SECTION: A more attractive and desirable line is now being carried in Boys Clothing than at any previous time, this store having made special endeavor in their selection of Boys Sailor, Tunic, Velvet, Rugby and Norfolk Suits, etc., to portray in an accurate and impressive manner the latest styles of the season.

Boys' Norfolk Suits.....	Prices \$1.80 to 4.80
Boys' Rugby Suits.....	Prices \$3.20 to 8.00
Boys' Sailor Suits.....	Prices 75c. to \$3.30
Boys' Tweed and Serge Tunic Suits.....	Prices \$2.20 to 3.30
Boys' Velvet Suits.....	Prices \$2.00 to 2.80
Youths' Suits (Long Pants).....	Prices \$3.30 to 6.20
Boys' Overalls, all sizes.....	Prices 50c. pair up
Boys' Tweed and Serge Knickers.....	Prices 65c. pair up
Youths' Long Pants.....	Prices \$1.00 pair up



Last Rites High Up in the Air.

Priest Was Lifted Eighty Feet by Means of Rope Ladders.

Louisville, Ky., May 7.—While more than a thousand people looked on yesterday, some cheering and others kneeling in prayer, the Rev. Charles Raffo was lifted eighty feet through

the air by means of rope ladders to the fifth floor of an incomplete elevator to administer the last rites of the church to Martin Wiggenton, who was dying on the concrete floor.

Wiggenton, a young iron worker, while on the eighth floor, lost his balance and fell to the fifth floor.

The alarm was given and a hook and ladder company responded. Wiggenton, realizing that he was dying, called for a priest. Father Raffo was

found and hurried to the scene.

When it was seen that Wiggenton could not be got down alive, the priest asked that he be raised to him.

THE KOHLER AND TONK Planes are famous and their agencies are world-wide. Hundreds of users in Newfoundland can confirm their splendid points and should be better than one solitary opinion. Call and see them at the White Piano and Organ Store. CHESLEY WOODS.

THE "LAST OF THE GREAT KINGS."

BY JOHN NELSON.

He Passes to be King Among the Dead.—The Passing of Arthur.

Now that he has passed out into the shadows to join the great kings, of whom he was by no means least, many of his subjects, both at home and abroad, will recall him as he appeared in life, and the head and centre of that great Empire which he did so much to create.

There are so many in Victoria to whom the personality of the late King was familiar that what follows must not be regarded as an attempt to paint an intimate portrait, but merely the modest tribute of a Canadian journalist whose good fortune it was last June to meet His Majesty, and, because of the happy auspices under which he was placed, of especially observing the Sovereign, on two unique occasions. Both of these opportunities arose in connection with the Imperial Press Conference held in London last Spring, to which the writer was a delegate. So unusual and so lavish was the hospitality bestowed on the colonial members that attentions would have been regarded as almost epoch making, were robbed, at the time of some of their significance. Among these must be placed the two occasions when the members were honored with attentions by the King.

The first of these events was social and domestic, the other national and military. Each emphasized the immense popularity of the King, one in a select and the other in a popular sphere.

After the first conference at the foreign office, the delegates were the guests at luncheon in the House of Commons. We knew that we were to attend a garden party the same afternoon at Marlborough House, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, but great was the general delight (especially of the lady members of the party) when it became known that His Majesty had motored up from Dorset, where he had spent the week-end, to personally receive and honor his overseas subjects.

It was a radiant June day. Outside the walls of the grounds roared the traffic of London, but inside its boundaries the rain of the previous night had freshened the trees and the wonderful sward and stolen a richer fragrance from the flowers. Military bands crashed brave music at different quarters of the lawn, and gay marquises were devoted to refreshments. By the path stood the Prince and Princess, and by their side Princess Mary and Prince John, dressed in the simplest of frocks and all welcoming their guests in as unaffected a manner as a country squire his tenants.

But for the moment it was the personalities of the guests that perhaps appealed most to the colonials. A thousand men and women thronged the green, and not only did they comprise the smartest dressed ladies in the metropolis, but scores of men whose faces the press have made familiar throughout the English-speaking world. Premier Asquith, Lord Morley with his finely chiselled features, Sir Edward Grey, whose face has almost equally fine lines; Mr. Balfour, old Lord Brassey, bluff Sir Charles Beresford, "Bobs," the church personality in the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the stage in George Alexander; Prince Alexander of Teck (brother of the present Queen), a strapping soldier in helmet and spurs; the Duke of Connaught, that splendid royal warrior; his daughter, the beloved beautiful Princess Patricia; Prince Christian, a cousin of the King—all these were conspicuous figures. But in that great company finally there was but one man for whom all had eyes. Presently the heir apparent and the Princess withdrew into the palace, and a few moments later the band crashed out the National Anthem, and the royal party emerged—first the Prince with Her Majesty on his arm, and then the King, with the Princess of Wales. The great company awaited them in a semi-circle at the foot of the steps, and as they descended all male heads were bared save where a military band came smartly to the salute, while the ladies curtsied deeply.

Later, as a special mark of favor to the colonials, the King and Queen permitted a personal presentation to the sixty delegates and their ladies. The time this consumed permitted a close observation of His Majesty—an observation which in the writer's case was perhaps the closer because of reports of the ill-health of the Sovereign. Surely on that spring day no man could have appeared in better health or spirits! His Majesty had long since mastered the tendency to become bored, or perhaps he had only learned to conceal it. A hearty bluff man, of huge girth, but with a clear and merry eye, he shook hands with each, accompanying the act frequently with some kindly observation. The writer was bracketed for presentation with the delegate from St. John's, Nfld., (W. J. Higgins) and as the name and home town of the latter was announced His Majesty with a delighted air told of his first touching at St. John's on his Canadian tour. He spoke with a thick, almost guttural, intonation suggestive of Teuton rather than of Anglo-Saxon.

Across the street a sentry paced to and fro in front of that older palace from which the court of St. James takes its name, and one reflected that the unhappy Stuart King need never have walked from its portals to the gallows in Whitehall had he learned as well to identify himself with the life of his people.

The Queen and Prince each also shook hands, while from the windows the younger members of the heir apparent's household looked down on the gay scene as their father doubtless had done decades before when the King was Prince of Wales.

We had seen King Edward at home. The other glimpse we had of His Majesty was in a more brilliant setting, in surroundings with which memory will always associate him because of the splendor of the event and also because of its epochal character. It was at Windsor, where the King set his formal seal on the Territorial Army—that force which officialdom has fought so bitterly and which Mr. Haldane has so tenaciously espoused.

In all their history, as the Thunder said the next morning, "the old and massive battlements of the castle have seen no more impressive and picturesque ceremony than the muster of guidons and colors on the east lawn." One hundred and eight stand of colors had to be consecrated and presented, and the scene was laid on this wonderful lawn, which, with its velvet expanse and glorious trees and thousands of brilliantly uniformed soldiers, formed such a vivid setting to the great dignity of the castle.

Sixty-nine years previously His Majesty, then ten weeks old, had been carried on to that same lawn to survey his first review.

Our places were on the battlements when a complete survey of the whole scene could be obtained. While the coming of the King was awaited, the eye feasted on a scene of color and beauty rarely excelled. To the flutter of two hundred silken banners, and the varied uniforms of foreign attachés, and the glitter of medals and stars of different orders from half a hundred field marshals and admirals. Nearly all the members of the cabinet attended in court dress. Maharajahs and Indian princes in snowy Oriental garb mingled with army nurses, with household troops, with the Knights of Windsor, with Gurkhas, blue tunicked Argentine officers and smartly uniformed Japs. The royal pavilion—an Indian canopy of gold and red—faced the parade. The massed bands of the Guards occupied the centre.

As the royal party emerged from the castle the Royal Standard broke out on the pavilion, and as they crossed the garden the vigor and heartiness with which the King pointed to this and that feature of the garden and his general evidence of health, awakened the hope that the grim event which last evening plunged the Empire in woe might be long deferred.

For nearly an hour the King and Queen stood together, first to follow the impressive religious service by which the colors were consecrated, and then to touch the stands of colors as they were presented before him. It was a sight to bring tears to the eyes of the emotional (for public feeling was tense over the Anglo-German situation)—forty thousand men, led by the massed bands of the Guards, raising their voices together in:

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SUNLIGHT SOAP?

If you have never used Sunlight in your home, try it to-day.

Use Sunlight in the Laundry; use it in the kitchen; use it in the house-cleaning generally. Sunlight does all the work quickly and at the same time thoroughly.

Oh, God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home!

Even deeper thrills came to the heart, as after each had received its banner, solemnly committed to it by consecration prayer, and hand of Sovereign, and after each color party had rejoined its regiment, a strapping colonel of the Guards stepped into the centre of the square and removing his spiked helmet called for three cheers for the King. Then as His Majesty stepped forward and with hand at the salute, accepted the royal homage of his soldiery, two hundred pennons fluttered down and dipped their fealty to their Sovereign.

It is thus that one would choose to remember him—a splendid but worn and solitary figure standing out in that brilliant square fringed with dipped colors receiving the first homage of over a hundred new British regiments representing a potential strength of over a quarter of a million citizen soldiery, and by that act binding to throne and constitution those broad dominions which under various skies are bearing his colors and his arms.

The one dominant idea left with the onlooker after the pageantry had faded was the universal love in which he was held. Veteran statesmen and soldiers, artists, literary lights and churchmen, all yielded him enthusiastic homage. The cabby in the streets was equally his loyal subject. The whirlwind of cheers on the east lawn at Windsor was the vocal expression of a loyalty and love felt in every back room and fort under the red ensign around the world, and he reciprocated that love in a slavish devotion to duty, reflecting the best tradition of the race. "The King has a superstitious feeling that his reign will be a short one," said a veteran journalist of the House of Commons, at one of the conferences dinners, "and he wants to improve every moment of it."

"He is the last of our Great Kings," he added with a sigh.

BUNIONS NO JOKE.

Hard to get rid of them, too. Two or three applications of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor softens the thickest tissue, and removes it painlessly. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes corns, warts, and callouses quickly and painlessly. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

The Star Association

Pass Resolutions of Condolence.

A special meeting of the Star of the Sea Association was held Friday night when resolutions of condolence with the Queen Mother and Royal Family were passed with expressions of congratulations and loyalty to the new Sovereign, George V. The rooms were elaborately draped with mourning, all amusements were suspended, and a large picture of the late King draped in mourning was hung at the head of the convention room. President E. M. Jackson presided and in an eloquent address paid a glowing tribute to the virtues of the deceased King Edward and of his mother, Victoria the Good, while words of hearty congratulations were spoken of King George V. and Queen Mary. Eloquent addresses were also made by Messrs. W. J. Higgins, Secretary W. F. Graham and Councillor J. T. Martin.

BICYCLES

BICYCLE SUNDRIES
DISC RECORDS BICYCLE MUNSON
At Cut Prices 249 Yonge St.
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* April 18, 11.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

B.I.S. Meeting.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society took place yesterday at noon. Mr. J. L. Slattery, the Assistant Vice-President, occupied the chair. The reports of the different officers which were read and laid on the table showed that the Society was in a prosperous condition. The following resolutions on the death of the King were unanimously adopted and ordered to be presented to His Excellency the Governor for transmission. Appropriate speeches in support thereof were made by Mr. W. J. Higgins, the proposer, and Mr. Geo. F. Power, the seconder, both of whom warmly eulogised the work of the deceased King in the cause of peace and his friendly attitude to the Irish people and their descendants.

Resolved that we, the members of the Benevolent Irish Society, the oldest organization in the most ancient Colony of the Empire, in meeting assembled place on record our grief at the universally regretted death of our late Sovereign Lord and King, Edward the Seventh; our deep sense of appreciation of the wisdom and statesmanship which made his reign such a remarkable period in Britain's rule; and our testimony to the liberality and breadth of his views, so that the territories under his sheltering aegis were never so much in harmony with the sister nations of the world;

Further Resolved that we humbly offer our heartfelt sympathy to the grief-stricken Queen Mother and the remaining members of the Royal Family, who mourn the loss of one whose domestic virtues were as commanding of their love and affection as his kindly qualities so endeared him to his subjects throughout his dominions.

Resolved, also that we acknowledge our allegiance to the person and Throne of His Gracious Majesty King George the Fifth, under whom we pray for a continuance of the concord and happiness so manifest at the commencement of his reign.

COLIC CRAMPS, STOMACH PAINS.

They come mighty suddenly some times. Are you ready with a remedy like Nerviline that takes but a minute or two to relieve. If words could express the security and comfort Nerviline is capable of affording not a family in the land would go to bed without a bottle in the house. Nerviline is one of those remedies that must be used to be appreciated. It fulfils so perfectly every service as a remedy against pain, that once used, you're never again without it. It becomes in your family the one and only remedy. In other lands for forty years it has been known and trusted. We sell under a guarantee. Nerviline is the only pain remedy ever offered in this way. We want you to test the extraordinary merit of Nerviline, — you can test it at your risk. Nerviline is sold and guaranteed by druggists, large size, 50c., trial size, 25c.

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May 16th, 1910.
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Fresh Mutton,
Choice Potatoes,
Choice Turnips.

JAS. R. KNIGHT,
Commission Merchant,
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BIG SALE!

LADIES Cotton UNDERSKIRTS

Prices for this week only:

65cts, 75cts, 85cts.

—ALSO—

Colored Moire Underskirts, at 85c & \$1.30

A. & S. RODGER.

Sciatic Rheumatism

Unable to work or sleep—Six years of suffering—Cured by DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Mr. Alex. Ethier, Jr., Clarence Creek, Russell Co., Ont., writes:—"My nervous system was run down to such an extent that I suffered a great deal from weakness of the nerves and sciatic rheumatism, and at times was like one paralyzed. I could not work, was unable to sleep, and had no appetite."

"Nothing seemed to build up my nerves until I made use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After having used about \$12.00 worth of this medicine I feel like a new man. I can walk all right, do a great deal of work, have a good appetite and sleep well every night."

When you have tired of experiments you can turn to Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food knowing that persistent treatment is bound to be rewarded with lastingly beneficial results. But you must get the genuine, bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D. 50 cts. at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.