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ROOSEVELT GETS REMARKABLE WELCOME

Million People at New York Cheer Ex-President After His Long Absence From America — Demonstration Without a Parallel.

NEW YORK, June 19.—Mr. Roosevelt is home, the happiest man alive. His reception in the gateway of his country went straight to his heart. He laughed like a boy. He wept unashamed.

Nothing in all his career—he said it with clinched jaws and a bang of his fist—so affected him as the fervency of the greeting he got on land and water yesterday. New York just reached out, gripped him by the hand, elated him on the back and said, "Teddy, you're mighty welcome home!"

From his year and a quarter of hunting and sightseeing and speechmaking he returned with no politics to declare. Afloat and ashore standpatters and insurgents cheered his smile, plucked at his sleeve and prayed for a declaration. He laughed them aside. He was in no mood, he told them all, for political discussion. The future? Well—and then he was dancing away, fiercely, feverishly intent on missing nothing of the spectacle in his honor.

Theodore Roosevelt was no man's critic yesterday. His delight embraced them all. For the strenuous, the molly-coddles, the of the soft body and the hard face, the fall from the heights of the world's estimation, he had the same smile and every degree of citizen cheer with the same enthusiasm. He said once that he felt like reaching out and giving the whole United States a hug. There you have him all day long.

The Biggest Ever.
It is the simple truth that to American was ever so mightily acclaimed as ex-President Roosevelt yesterday. Says the Sun to-day, describing the stay in New York boundaries he got every mark of honor that time and his own comfort permitted.

Twenty-one guns and more than a million people lined the waterways and the streets and cheered him every foot of his way.

"One thing I want now is privacy," he said to the reporters. "I want to close up like a native. I'll go to New York on Monday to attend my boy's wedding, and I will go to the city on Wednesday to see to my editorial duties. I have you representatives of the press will not come up here to Sagamore Hill, because I have nothing to say."

It was remembered that his first words down the bay to the chief of his official welcomes were that his holiday was over and he was glad to be home—ready to "put his shoulder to the wheel." And in his speech at the Battery he said: "And I am ready and eager to get on my feet as far as I am able in helping to solve problems which must be solved if we of this, the greatest democratic republic, are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities."

No Politics.
Mr. Roosevelt was asked if he had any statement whatever to make concerning political or other matters in which the public might be interested. He said he had not. He said he was to have anything of importance to say for some time. Lloyd C. Griscom stepped up to him and suggested that he state a statement.

"I'm going to make a few public statements as I can," said Mr. Roosevelt. "I may take advantage of my momentary notoriety to relieve my mind of certain non-contentious matters. I think I may be something like the man to whom it was said, 'All we want from you is silence, and blame little of that.'"

His welcome began when the Hamburg-American steamship Kaiserin Victoria boomed at 8 a.m. through the mists of Sand Hook and it ended so far as this city is concerned, only when he went on his train for Oyster Bay at 4:30 p.m.

When the pilot scrambled aboard, about the first person he caught sight of was the ex-president standing at the rail. He rushed toward Mr. Roosevelt with his hand outstretched and said: "Mr. President, I'm mighty glad to be the first man to shake hands with you."

The colonel wrung his hand and said he was very glad to greet any member of the Pilots' Association, a body of men that he admired for their skill and bravery.

There was a surprise.
Roosevelt had only a partial idea of the magnitude of the reception that was awaiting him. The details of the elaborate welcome had not reached him in London and he was unaware of what really was going to take place when he entered New York harbor. At 8 o'clock off Quarantine he was received by representatives of President Taft and Gov. Hughes, the senators and governors and legislators had private citizens of distinction.

New York bay, under a splendid sun, with a fleet of war and merchant vessels assembled to escort him up the North River and back to the Battery. The battleship South Carolina's guns were firing the salute that is reserved to honor the first citizen of the republic and five of the most powerful torpedo boat destroyers of the United States navy were ready to show him the way home.

He came up the bay on the revenue cutter Androssogga after greeting on board the cutter Manhattan his children who had remained in this country and a few intimate friends. The reception committee selected by Mayor Gaynor surrounded him on the Androssogga and shook hands with him. For nearly every man who passed him in the line he had a few words of easy

Continued on Page 7, Column 4.

The Queen's Own Rifles

"I am more glad than I can say to get home; to be back in my own country, back among people I love. And I am ready and eager to do my part so far as I am able in helping solve problems which must be solved if we of this, the greatest democratic republic upon which the sun has ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities."
— From Colonel Roosevelt's reply to the mayor's speech of welcome.

SUICIDE OVERPOWERS HIS WOULD-BE RESCUER

Leaps From Lower Steel Arch Bridge Into Niagara River—Prevented Twice, Then Succeeds.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., June 19.—(Special.)—Leaping from the lower steel arch bridge shortly before 1 o'clock this morning, Frank Quinn, a 25-year-old St. Catharines man, committed suicide. A score of people saw the man climb the rail of the bridge and take the fatal plunge into the river. A sharp lookout was kept on the wharf all day, but nothing was seen of the body.

With two companions Quinn was returning from a night spent over the river on his way home to St. Catharines. A short distance from the American end of the bridge he attempted to climb the railing, telling his companions that he was going to end his life. They managed to drag him back to the footpath and the three resumed their journey across the bridge.

Another attempt was made by Quinn to get over the railing when the party reached the middle of the bridge. He was again prevented carrying out his desire to end his life, and another start was made for the Canadian shore. One of his companions went ahead to summon the police, who arrived just after Quinn went to his death. It was when the two men were within several hundred feet of the Canadian shore that Quinn succeeded in throwing off the clutch of his companion and climbed over the rail.

As the man with him, who was rushing to the assistance of the man who was holding the bridge, Quinn pleaded to be allowed to end his life, declaring that he preferred death to a life of agony. He dropped into the water, while George Patterson and Thomas McGraw of this city, who were returning to the station here, saw the man who was holding the bridge.

"For about three years Quinn has suffered from an incurable disease, and for some days has been melancholy. Just before his leap to death he had been drinking. His father is an insurance man in St. Catharines."

DIVIDED FROM CANOE

It Drifted Away and Swimmer Lost His Life Trying to Get Ashore.

NORTH BAY, June 19.—(Special.)—Norval Mathie, nineteen years of age, junior in the Traders Bank here, drowned last evening while swimming down Lake Nipissing. Mathie, who was in a canoe, was drifted away in the wind before he could return. He then started to swim ashore, but sank in twelve feet of water. The body has not been recovered.

FRENCH EXPRESS WRECKED

Plunged Into Rear of Local—Fourteen Bodies Taken From Wreckage.

VILLE PREUX, France, June 19.—The Granville express yesterday crashed into the rear of a local train standing at the station here. Both trains were wrecked and the wreckage caught fire. Nineteen were dead and thirty injured and fourteen bodies taken from the wreck. The wreckage caught fire after the accident, and one of the trains was entirely consumed.

CHICAGO LIMITED WRECKED.

NORWICH, N.Y., June 19.—A passenger train loaded with emigrants, en route to the west, running as the section of No. 5, the Chicago Limited, on the Ontario & Western Railway, was wrecked at Parker, a small station sixteen miles east of this village at 2:15 o'clock this morning. Three passengers were killed and twenty-five injured.

The Summer Vest is the Thing.

Many a man like a two-piece suit, but do not care to wear it without a vest. This is where the white or light fancy vest finds its place. At Oak Hall's big new store at the corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets, summer vests are shown in linen, white fancy silk and wool, pure silk and fancy weaves. Many of these patterns are quite exclusive and cannot be duplicated. Prices range from \$1 to \$5.50. There is a wide variety to choose from, in sizes to suit all kinds of men. When down to-day drop in and look them over.

Street Railway Men Are Annoyed.
Many a meeting of the local Street Railway Men's Union in the Labor Temple yesterday the evidence discouraging to centre allies in open cars given by Engineer Wyse of the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board at the Lynch Inquest was severely criticized.

HONOR VETERANS FOR PRESENT GLORIES

Col. Sir Henry Pellatt's Tribute to the Used-to-be Riflemen—Stirring Address of Chaplain Llwyd at Impressive Open Air Service.

The Queen's Own Regiment.

Saturday.
Ten thousand attended garden party at exhibition grounds.
Two thousand at "smoker" in the evening.

Sunday.
Two thousand ex-members join regiment at divine service.

To-day.
Unveiling Ridgeway memorial window, university, 3:30.
First production of historical pageants at exhibition grounds—a brilliant spectacle with 1200 performers, 8.

Something unique in military records is the celebration of the Jubilee of the Second Regiment, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, long spoken of as Toronto's "crack corps." That 2000 "old boys" wearers of the rifle sash should be mustered together, headed by a band of former members, is a record to be proud of; when the number includes many who have risen to high rank in other regiments, it is all the more a matter for glory. Pity it was that Brigadier-General, Omer, chief Canadian soldier, who commanded the Queen's Own in the old days, could not have been present for yesterday's church parade.

Saturday's garden party at the exhibition grounds was a most auspicious beginning for the week's program, while the smoking concert at the armories in the evening provided amusement for a big crowd and afforded opportunity for a testimonial presentation to Col. Sir Henry Pellatt from officers in the regiment formerly connected with the Queen's Own.

"It is to the veteran members of the last 50 years, who built up and made the regiment what it is to-day, that we owe the reputation of the Queen's Own," said Col. Pellatt, in responding. "We are proud of maintaining the records you have made."

An impressively service. The scene and service Sunday will doubtless live long in the memories of the army of nearly 8000 for whom it was especially designed, and almost equally so in those of the several thousand citizens, their wives and families, who surrounded the enclosure, and who, in their summer attire, enhanced to no slight degree the striking effect.

Large as the public assembly was, it would undoubtedly have been much stronger numerically but for the extreme sultriness. The sun's rays streaming down upon the scene, the foliage of the trees would have delighted the soul of an artist, but unfortunately they were responsible for a measure of physical discomfort which made the service, brief and admirably conducted, too it was, somewhat trying, especially to the occupants of the chairs at the north end of the enclosure beyond the friendly zone of the sheltering trees. However, the parlous of the ladies proved valuable aid.

The long march in the hot sun was also very trying on a number of the "boys of the old brigade," and there were not a few grey-headed men who yesterday renewed the days of their youth when they were as smart in soldier togs as any of them.

The spot was one admirably chosen from the standpoint of sheer picturesque. On the north were the cool stone walls of the old barracks, and on the south the octagonal bulk of the convocation hall, while on the east stood buildings of the university group with a fringe of trees shading the roadway which formed the western boundary. Hardly a cloud flecked the sky, and leafy June was at its leafiest.

The vanguard of the parade came in view on the southeast at about 3:30 p.m. Its progress heralded by the strains of the "United Empire" march, played by the band composed of ex-members of the famous rifle regiment. The musicians were muffled clad, as were the ex-members who followed, marching in fours up the east side of the lawn.

There were to be seen in the ranks men who had served in the regiment years their junior, but who could also claim post-graduate honors in the crack corps. Some wore silk hats and coats of Prince Albert design, others looked more comfortable in Panamas and negligee vests. All exhibited in their demeanor pride in the old regiment. In their march movements they showed the stirring times of '64, '70 and '80 and a distinguished group of military men, variously uniformed, who at one time or another were members of the Q.O.R.

Behind came the brass and bugle bands of the Queen's Own and the companies of the regiment in their dark, rifle green uniforms. They formed up before the pulpit, a table surmounted with drums, round which were grouped the cassocked and surpliced choir of St. James' Cathedral under Dr. Albert Ham.

The band struck up the opening bars of the militant hymn "Onward Christ." Continued on Page 10, Column 2.



THE QUEEN'S OWN PARADE.—In the foreground can be readily distinguished the Lieut.-Governor the Hon. Col. J. M. Gibson; Gen. Cotton, Col. Sir Henry Pellatt, Q.O.R.; Lieut.-Col. Mason, R.O., and Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, R.O. The group of officers shown headed yesterday's parade.

CONFERENCE MAY END CRISIS AFTER ALL

Nation Weary of the Present Muddle, and Will Support His Majesty in an Effort to Find a Solution to the Vexed Problems.

NEW YORK, June 19.—The Tribune's London correspondent cables: The conference regarding the veto is accepted without enthusiasm as a political necessity for each side. Neither Premier Asquith nor Mr. J. Balfour can run counter to the King's wishes without incurring odium for disloyalty. Each is forced to face maskenades among his followers. Mr. Asquith's Radical adherents are secretly rebellious, but there is no sign of a premeditated revolt. David Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill are with him, and the Radical journals, which ordinarily receive their cues from them, are sullen but not openly hostile to Mr. Asquith, as they were at the beginning of the session.

The Morning Post also affects to be watching Mr. Balfour with profound misgiving, but its disquiet is not serious when the ardent tariff reformers have consulted Mr. Chamberlain and are convinced that the constitutional question must be disposed of before fiscal revision can be undertaken. The Nationalists in John Reed's group are strenuous opposers to peace and carry the Labor members and the unconditional Radicals with them.

Otherwise the advantages and disadvantages of a settlement are fairly equalized between the main parties, and this is a good augury for the success of the negotiations when the public conscience, a Republican party that has long outlasted its usefulness—these and many more things are all mixed up in the feelings and in the minds of the Ninety millions of people who are to-day thrilled by the return to America of a president who only quit office fifteen months ago, and who for some reason or other makes these ninety millions think that if some One Man cannot start the era of reform, then some kind of social revolution must do it!

Canada is only a few steps behind in the same situation. Does Sir Wilfrid Laurier know where he is going? Do the rich men in Toronto who regard the efforts of some of our men and leaders to arrest public rights, to teach and preach public ownership of great public utilities, as the efforts of demagogues and socialists, have they no ken of what they are doing, and how nearly related are their conduct and their ideas to the chaotic conditions that prevail in the states? Does Byron E. Walker, for instance, think when he deplores the efforts of the legislature of Ontario and the people, the cities and towns of Ontario to distribute electric energy, generated at the great Niagara Falls—God's gift to us all—at cost price—that he is not in the same boat with the Morgans, the sugar trust officials, who are guilty of crimes unparalleled in the history of crime? Mr. Walker and his friends, Colonel Pellatt, Senator Robert Jaffray, had better revise their compass, their ideas, and see if they are not trying to lead us whither the American people have landed, those ninety millions of people who identify Roosevelt as a Deliverer. Lincoln was a saviour but for a time; a saviour is still more needed now!

Are human rights of less importance than the rights of property. Are enormous property concentrated in a few? That's the question. Are the people less than Privilege, the Privileges of Property? Is Sir Wilfrid Laurier the mouthpiece of Privilege in Canada?

RAIDED THE TRIBUNE

Employees Were Engaged in Poker Game When Police Interfered.

WINNIPEG, June 19.—A successful police raid was made last evening by Inspector Robertson when he entered The Tribune building and raided a room in which he discovered several employees of the paper playing poker.

"You had better cash in," said the inspector, and the players then handed their chips to a man named Orrie, and he paid their equivalent, establishing the case for the police. It is understood that they will all plead guilty.

Human Rights Against Property Rights

It is a little over three hundred years back to the times of Great Elizabeth, to Shakespeare, to Cecil. There are people here in America who, six handshakes or six curtseys back, are in touch with those spacious times! Not a great distance, not much of time, as history goes. The late Goldwin Smith must have seen men or women who had seen Prince Charlie, and these had seen men who had been with Cromwell, and these times with the Reformation mark the dawn of English freedom and the English system of government. The history of the Queen's Own Regiment is one-sixth of all that time!

That period has seen the settlement of America, of the French colonies, of the Spanish approach to America by the Gulf of Mexico, up the valley of the Mississippi and up the Pacific Coast, and finally the spreading of English ideas of government in America, of social conditions, modified to the new world, spread over the whole of this great continent.

A hundred and odd millions now speak that English tongue, are experimenting—only experimenting—in forms of government based on the models of the mother country! The history of the past one hundred and fifty years in government in America are the most pregnant for us, probably for humanity, in the history of the world.

And where have we landed? Not on any very definite standing ground. It is still an experiment. For the United States, for us, we are somewhat at sea. Strange things have happened: the democracy, the simplicity, the equality in political power, the equality in social standing, has required a wrench, a wrench in the United States, has received a wrench, only last pronounced, in Canada.

Political power, wealth, social superiority, have been, are being concentrated in a few. Many millions of people, it is true, are better off, have more of the world's goods, more of the comforts of life; but above them are the few, are the concentrations of unprecedented political power, of wealth, of influence, the hands of individuals or of interests—of that new and terrible giant of this century which puts the control of much of the accumulated wealth, of power, of political influence, in the hands of a soulless board of managers, of a single dictator. There is no Elizabeth, there is no Cecil, there is no Cromwell; there is a Morgan, there is a Sugar Trust, there is a Railway Merger, a Banking Merger, a Wall Street, and the minor stock exchanges that are its satellites; there is no superlative poet or dramatist, but there is a press that has passed into the hands of the super-wealthy, the trusts, the interests. And what follows?

The American Republic that was supposed to be the home of a new and a better and greater democracy than the world had ever seen, is questioning it all, is doubtful of the present, still more doubtful of the future, is beginning to think that Bryan was more than half right and that Roosevelt is to be the Deliverer, because he is to smash the conditions that are, that he is to be the marking of a new departure, of a new heaven, at least of a new earth, of new equality, of a better distribution of wealth, of a dispersion of the awful conditions that prevail among ten millions of submerged humanity in the American cities, not to mention the ten millions of the colored race that are in a worse bondage, and of a more hopeless outlook than ever known to the past!

Roosevelt, the insurgent movement, the Bryan policies, the uprising against Cannon, against Aldrich, against a people's chamber that has lost its influence, a senate that has become an oligarchy of wealth, of trusts, of interests, a press that does not lead, that chloroforms the public conscience, a Republican party that has long outlasted its usefulness—these and many more things are all mixed up in the feelings and in the minds of the Ninety millions of people who are to-day thrilled by the return to America of a president who only quit office fifteen months ago, and who for some reason or other makes these ninety millions think that if some One Man cannot start the era of reform, then some kind of social revolution must do it!

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RAILWAYS WILL BUILD

DECLARES A. B. INGRAM

City Also Isn't Looking For Trouble, But Perhaps Expects It—Company's Officials Mum.

"I don't think the railway will appeal, but will accept the order all right and will proceed to construct the line."

This is the view taken by A. B. Ingram, vice-chairman of the Ontario Railway Board, regarding the outcome of the order issued by him on Saturday, on the authority of the board, ordering the company to start forthwith in the building of the line prescribed by the board on May 18 last.

Mayor Geary and the board of control assume, like Mr. Ingram, that the company will accept the order; that is, the city does not intend to go out of its way to look for trouble. The railway board and the city have done all that they need to do, and now simply await the company's compliance. If the railway decides to appeal later, that can't be helped, but the civic authorities are hoping their best that there will be no such unpleasantness. But what will the company do? There is no sign as yet. Manager Fleming said last night, "I haven't seen the order yet. I have nothing to say. Everything is in abeyance" and H. S. Oster, the company's solicitor, declared, "I have nothing to say about that matter. I can't talk about it at all."

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30TH YEAR

LEVEL CROSSING CLAIMS THREE VICTIMS

Carriage Struck by Wabash Train Near Aylmer, Ont.—Man Killed Was Brother of Principal of Whitby Ladies' College—Thrown 50 Feet.

AYLMER, Ont., June 19.—Another fatal level crossing accident occurred to-day shortly after 1 o'clock, when a carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hare, well-known farmers, living four miles from here, and Miss Scott, sister of Mrs. Hare, was struck by the second section of Wabash express No. 3 about ten miles from here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hare were instantly killed, being thrown with terrific force over 50 feet. Miss Scott was terribly injured, and lived only about half an hour.

The train was in charge of Engineer Sanderson, one of the most careful and experienced employees of the Wabash Railway at St. Thomas. Sanderson stated after the accident that he had given the customary whistle signals, but the carriage had driven on to the tracks directly in front of the swift-moving train. An inquest will be held.

Mr. Hare was a brother of Dr. Hare, principal of the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby. Miss Scott was a sister of Dr. Scott of Ottawa, and was on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Hare, at the time of the accident. Mr. Hare was 72 years of age, his wife was 66, and Miss Scott 60.

PAISED TORONTO CORPS

Gen. French Mistook Engineers for Regulars on Account of Smartness.

PETAWAWA, June 19.—(Special.)—Gen. Sir John French, K.C., M.G., and Major-Gen. Sir Perry Lasles, inspected the troops at Petawawa camp just before church parade to-day. The men presented a fine appearance and made a good showing, particularly the second and third companies of Canadian Engineers from Toronto. Gen. French mistook the company for regulars, on account of their smartness, neatness and steadiness on parade.

Gen. French will see the men carrying on the work of the camp to-morrow, which is more to his liking than ceremonial parades.

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WHERE WAS UNCLE NICHOLAS?

The representative of the Six Nations Indians from the Grand River Reserve who were in the city on Saturday and Sunday were looking for their old friend Nicholas Garland, but Nicholas was not in evidence, as far as The World knows. The Grand River man who is also an eminent citizen of Toronto and is still with us, Mr. Samuel May, should also have been out to smoke the pipe of peace with them in the exhibition grounds.

Another Torontonian, but of much less significance, but one who is in his boyhood knew these Indians, or rather their parents when the squaws were plus hair, breadcloth pants, moccasins and broadcloth blankets, met them in Eaton's grill room on Saturday night. He felt like giving the war whoop and suggesting a war dance on the sixth floor, but the political proportion persuaded him otherwise. But the member for South York nevertheless greeted them with the word of peace and said that the latching string to his lodge on Richmond-street would operate the door thereto at the slightest touch. They accorded.

A RETROSPECT.

June 20, 1822: A bill was introduced into the Imperial Parliament to facilitate trade in, and with Canada, "Canada Trade Act," and to incorporate the legislature of Lower and Upper Canada.

The Law Society of Upper Canada was incorporated.

June 20, 1827: Accession of Queen Victoria.

June 20, 1877: St. John, New Brunswick, was almost destroyed by fire.

The first business telephone in Canada was established in Hamilton, Ont.

The University of Manitoba was established.

June 20, 1882: Dominion Election: Conservative won.

WARM YESTERDAY.

Did you feel warm yesterday? It was really a real hot day, and the man with the straw hat and the light weight suit had it on the other fellow. We fancy, however, that most every one was prepared, as far as the hat question was concerned. Dinsen Company reports that it broke all records in straw hat selling on Saturday. The stock, however, does not show any serious inroads, so if you have not purchased yet, drop in at Dinsen's to-day or this evening, for the store is open until 10 o'clock every night, splendid lines in Panamas and in English and American straw.

Fuel

To accomplish range. The cost of but the range that ng run. Therefore

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Water Heaters

ices are from \$10

to \$25. Ranges for

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