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Use it to thoroughly cleanse and disinfect the sink and dissolve the muck that clogs the drain-pipes. Also to "cut" the grease and burnt crust on pots and roasting tins. And to remove the stains from the closet without disagreeable scrubbing. Other uses, too, that make it indispensable to every cleanly housewife. Be sure you get Comfort Lye, and you're sure of best results.

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TORONTO 701

LEGISLATURE SKETCHES

R. J. McCormick and Valentin Stock

[J. H., in Ottawa Free Press.]

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HIS name is Robert John McCormick and if someone would be sayin' he's Scotch sure it's the face of him and the brogue of him that would be denying it. Wasn't he born in County Armagh? He was that. The little member for East Lambton is a Liberal, but naturally, in a legislature of the political complexion of this one, being a Liberal is not the passport to general popularity that it should be. McCormick is the most well-liked man in the House and it is no more than his due.

Robert John McCormick numbers his friends even among the Toronto members, despite his name. Now there is nothing wrong with McCormick. It's a good name, is McCormick; but the other two are a strain on any self-respecting member from Toronto the Good. Robert is all right, nice solid name, and John will go anywhere, but the combination is one that a certain big fat gentleman interested in street cars has not made popular. To have overcome a handicap like that is something.

The little member for Lambton came to the Legislature in 1908 and he won out on the hustings through the same kindly, lovable qualities that have made him so well liked in the House. He is a farmer and eloquence is not in his line, but the men of Lambton sent him to Toronto with a majority of three hundred.

When he goes back to the people for re-election it is a safe bet that Lambton will know whom to vote for. Robert John does not get into the newspapers much, for he seldom introduces a bill, but it is whispered that when the little Irishman turns his smile on Sir James Whitney he can get more of the good things for his constituents than many a hard-working, faithful, Government stalwart.

McCormick has a good word for everyone, even his political opponents. "Sure they mean well," he says, and on the rare occasions when he gets up to speak the Conservative members vie with the Liberals in pounding their desks.

Robert John has one hobby—model schools. Ever since he came to the Legislature he has made a yearly demand that the model schools be restored. The first time he got up to speak he delivered the shortest address on record. It was during the debate and his turn to take part had come.

He got slowly to his feet, smiling a trifle nervously. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "we want them model schools restored back again."

Then, as the House sat back ready for more he sat down.

The following year, he pleaded again for the schools but at greater length, and this session his appeal would have brought tears to all eyes if the legislators had not been so busy laughing. John Wesley Johnson, who waves the flag on occasions, had been unwise enough to suggest overcoming the scarcity of teachers by importing them from the old country, and Robert John "went for him."

"Mr. Speaker," he said earnestly, "we can't have that. Those teachers 'll ask want to speak their own language. The Scotch teachers 'll want to teach the Gaelic, the Irish 'll want to teach Irish, the English 'll want to teach English, and the French 'll want their own language. I'm against that. We only want one language in Canada."

To this day the members are not sure whether he was joking or not.

At the end of the row from McCormick sits a man who is as unlike the little Irishman as well, as Robert John is unlike him. He was born in Zorra but wonderfully enough, he is not Scotch. Valentin Stock is the son of a German from the Fatherland, and as near the German type as it would be possible to get. Big, slow of speech, and deliberate, he is, like McCormick, a man esteemed by all.

Valentin Stock has had more political ups and downs than any member of the House, past or present, with the exception of Hon. Nelson Monteith, now numbered among the "departed." For eight years he and Monteith sat on either end of a "teeter totter" in the constituency of South Perth. When one was down the other was up.

Monteith was up first when he defeated Stock in 1899. Three years later the electors dropped Monteith into the outer darkness and the big man took his place. In 1905, the end of the "teeter-totter" on which Valentin was sitting flopped and Monteith was found smiling contentedly among the "ins." That was the sweep that put the Liberals out of power. Monteith was rewarded with the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture, but three years later in an election that cut down the Liberal contingent still more Hon. Mr. Monteith, much to his surprise and that of everyone else, found himself stranded high and dry.

Valentin Stock does not take up the time of the House with a cargo of bills every session, but there is one question upon which he feels strongly. For two years now he has been trying to get the Legislature to slam daylight out of the reckless chauffeur, but at the critical time the auto owners get busy and nothing happens.

The member for South Perth is not opposed to everything on four wheels that hasn't a four-legged animal ambling ahead, as some farmer members of the Legislature are. The smell of gasoline does not disturb his equanimity at all, but the "joy rider"—let him beware.

Valentin takes the defeat of his bills quite philosophically. "I did my best," he says, and who will say that the farmer, yelling sulphurous words as he crawls from under the wreckage of his buggy as a cloud of dust rolls on, does not think kindly of the big legislator. And it was votes sent Hon. Nelson Monteith back to the farm—votes Valentin received.

And lest there be any doubt of it, take notice herewith that no "E" will be allowed upon the end of his Christian name. Valentin has had a lot of trouble on that account and now that he has educated the newspapermen the compositors are proving offenders. Even the Parliamentary Guide has fallen away from the narrow path of exactitude.

NEVER BE WITHOUT BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mothers, if you wish to guard the health of your little ones against the sudden outbreaks of those ailments peculiar to childhood, always keep a supply of Baby's Own Tablets on hand. These Tablets never fail to relieve baby of distressing stomach aches, pains caused by difficult teething and the many other little troubles that make baby's life miserable. The Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a Government analyst to contain not one particle of opiate or other injurious drug and they may be given to the youngest baby with perfect safety. Concerning them Mrs. Hypolite Chiasson, Eastern Harbor, N. S., writes:

"We have used Baby's Own Tablets for our baby, and they have done her much good. Please send us two more boxes as I find them the only medicine that helps our little one." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

SENSATION IN A QUEBEC COUNTY

INVALID RESTORED TO HEALTH AFTER FIVE YEARS' SUFFERING.

Antoine Bouchard Cured His Kidneys By Using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and His Dropsy, Cramps and Backache Were Cured, Too.

St. Hilarion, Charlevoix County, Que., March 31. (Special)—Charlevoix County is ringing with the wonderful cure of Antoine Bouchard. For five years he was practically an invalid; today he is a well man. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it, and the people of this neighborhood are more than ever convinced that they are the one sure cure for all Kidney ailments.

Interviewed concerning his cure, Mr. Bouchard said:

"My sickness started with a cold, which developed into Kidney Disease, and for five years I suffered from Dropsy, Cramps in the Muscles, Backache and Nervousness. It took two dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure me, but they did cure me completely. They are a wonderful remedy."

Dodd's Kidney Pills simply cure diseased Kidneys. But the different diseases Mr. Bouchard suffered from are all caused by diseased Kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them by curing the Kidneys.

EFFECTS OF INTENSE LIGHT.

Retinal Fatigue Depends on the Amount Received.

It is not so much the intensity of the light focused on the retina as it is the quantity received by that sensitive organ that causes retinal fatigue or worse. In the great snow fields of the arctic regions the natives protect their eyes from the glare of the snow by goggles made of hollowed pieces of wood in which they have made small holes to look through. This, says the Optical Review, reduces the quantity of the light which passes into their eyes with consequent relief from the glare.

So, too, if we look through a minute pinhole disc at the sun we can endure the very bright light much longer than when we look with the naked eyes. If we look at a distant electric arc light there is no retinal fatigue, while if we look at the same light from a short distance there is great discomfort, and yet the two retinal images are of equal brilliancy, only in the first case this image is very much smaller than in the second case; that is the quantity of light is very much different.

Then there is the flaming electric light which is now to be found in all of the large cities of the country. This light is much less brilliant than that of the arc light, and yet its size is so great that this more than makes up the difference, and it is therefore very glaring and uncomfortable to look at. In skiascopy it is possible to use a very intense light if it is made small in area, and for the reasons above stated.

Evening Dress Menaced at London Theatres

George Alexander Relaxes Rule Which Requires Evening Dress in the Stalls—Gives His Reasons.

ANOTHER ingrowing, deeply-rooted English custom is threatened. Several managers of fashionable theatres have decided that no longer shall evening dress be insisted upon as the only costume to be worn in the stalls of their playhouses.

If this innovation really comes about there is no telling what may follow in its wake. Once open the floodgates of reform, and the customs of centuries may be swept away. Even the supremacy of the British single eyeglass would be in danger.

This attack on the swallowtail and the shirt front is not the wild vaporing of some third-rate advertisement seeking manager, but is headed by no less a person than Mr. George Alexander. It is well to explain to those who don't know London social conditions that Mr. Alexander is not only the Beau Brummel of English actor-managers, but also that his theatre, the St. James, in the heart of Mayfair, has a most exclusive and fashionable clientele. In that respect it is not exceeded, if even rivalled, by any in the whole city.

Adjoining Mr. Alexander's dressing-room there is a reception room that is very untheatrical in its refinement. There are no photographs of gorgeous actresses on the walls or large portraits of Mr. Alexander—only fine old engravings. The surroundings make you feel very cultured and regret that you are not wearing a dress suit. Still, it was in this very room last night that Mr. Alexander struck his blow at the thraldom of evening dress and told me how he hoped to popularize the theatre in England by allowing people to dress as they pleased when they went to it.

"The main reason that I have decided not to enforce the evening dress rule," said he, "is that it makes theatregoing too expensive. That in turn makes it prohibitive. I believe in cheapening theatregoing as much as possible so that the public can afford to come. You see, wearing evening dress makes it necessary to go in a private conveyance or a taxi. The omnibus lines are practically out of the question, as there are very few theatres whose doors they pass, and attempting to walk a block or two in our uncertain and rainy climate is apt to be disastrous to finery. Then, too, buses are not pleasant to ride in when you are all dressed up.

"In New York and other American cities it is different. There your theatres are nearly all reached by tram lines, and cabs are not necessary. You can get to a theatre in evening clothes very comfortably for 5 cents. Here the taxicab price, on top of the high price of ten-and-six we have to charge for our few reserved seats, makes it cost a lot.

"In America theatregoing is a part of your daily life. It is looked upon as a sort of necessity. Here it is purely a luxury. That is the handicap we managers have to struggle against. Our theatres are not only smaller than they are in America, but we have so many more cheap-priced seats on account of the pit and the shilling gallery that it is necessary to keep them filled to make them pay. So if abolishing evening dress will fill them let's abolish it.

"Personally, I think it is very nice to dress for the evening if you can afford it, not only to go to the theatre in, but to wear in your own home, although you live in but a small house. Of course, I know that in London the people dress more than in any other city in the world, and I don't imagine there is going to be any great revolution in that respect, but I do hope the public will come to understand that they can go to the theatre in business clothes without losing their self-respect."

"Have you already inaugurated the new rule here?" I asked. "Can I come to the St. James in a lounge suit and sit in a ten-and-six stall?"

"You certainly can. If you buy a ten-and-six seat you can not only dress as you please, but we will be very polite to you as well."

"Does a dressed up audience enthuse the actors?"

"Oh, I don't think we notice it. A full house in tweeds would inspire me a good deal more than half a house in evening clothes. Somehow I seem to have acquired a reputation for being an extensive buyer of clothes and neckties, but I assure you it is not deserved. I wear the same sort of clothes year in and year out, and I do not believe there is an actor in London who has a smaller assortment of neckties."

For that matter Mr. Alexander did seem a bit out of place in his own refined reception room. He had on a blue lounge suit, which he generally affects, and his favorite necktie, blue, with white polka dots. Probably, to make his stand against evening clothes still more emphatic, he held in his hand a briarwood pipe. Fortunately he was not smoking. Had he smoked it would have been the last straw of offence against the nicety of that room.

The other managers who agree with Mr. Alexander on the subject of theatre wear are Mr. Herbert Trench, of the Haymarket, and Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, of the Royalty.

HOUSES SCARCE FOR CORONATION

Trouble in Finding Lodgings for Coronation Guests.

ONE OF THE problems of the coronation ceremonies is where to lodge the various visitors, royal and otherwise, who are to be in London. The householders who are not willing to let or to lend their residences for this purpose have already sent in their names, but although the list is long, that of the distinguished guests is far longer.

Buckingham Palace will be crowded to its utmost capacity with royal guests and York House will also be used for accommodating some of the more distinguished visitors. The present American embassy, Dorchester House, is missed by the officials who have this matter of accommodations in charge, for at King Edward's coronation it belonged to Capt. Holford, one of the King's equerries, who gladly lent it during the coronation proceedings to his royal master. The Duke and Duchess of Aosta were quartered there with a very large retinue.

Even among those most willing to assist in accommodating distinguished visitors there is no great desire to give up residences to far eastern princes for lively recollections are retained of just how thoroughly their retinues can damage a house. Eastern ideas of housekeeping and cleanliness differ so widely from western notions that the nobleman who lent his home to a certain eastern prince at the last coronation had to have the entire residence done over after the guest and his 56 or so dusky servants had left.

The house that John Hays Hammond, the special American representative at the coronation, has secured, is one of the most desirable houses in London. It is the residence of Mr. Burdett-Coutts at 1 Stratton street, Piccadilly. It is not particularly imposing from the outside, though its queer painted windows make it noticeable, but inside it is spacious and beautiful, as well as containing valuable pictures and objects of art. Only recently Mr. Burdett-Coutts has had many renovations made, so that the dining-hall, reception room and ball-room are particularly beautiful with soft hangings, painted ceilings and beautiful tapestries collected from various parts of the world.

There is no finer gold and silver plate in London than that seen on the dining table of the Burdett-Coutts house on special occasions. The hand-woven damask and Irish linen used in the house are also noteworthy.

DON'T BE UNREASONABLE

If You Neglect the Care of the Scalp You Should Not Expect Beautiful Hair

The hair is more exposed and hence more liable to accumulate dust and dirt than any other portion of the body.

In spite of this, the hair receives, as a rule, the least attention, and no real effort is made to keep it healthy.

If the dandruff germ is allowed to work unmolested and the scalp becomes crusted with dirt accumulations, one may expect the hair to die and fall out. There is no cause for surprise in this phenomenon; it is natural and happens in every instance where the care of the hair and scalp is overlooked.

The one sure remedy which prevents the loss of hair and permits a healthy, luxuriant growth is found in Newbro's Herpicide.

The dandruff germ cannot live on a head to which Herpicide is regularly applied. The germ dies. The hair ceases to fall. The terrible itching stops almost instantly.

That is what Newbro's Herpicide does.

One-dollar size bottles are sold and guaranteed by all druggists.

Send 10 cents in stamps for booklet and sample to The Herpicide Company, Dept. R., Detroit, Mich.

Applications at the good barber shops.

Anderson & Nelles, 268 Dundas street, and Callard & McLachlan, 330 Richmond street, special agents.