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MASTERS OF MEDICINE.

The British Medical Association meets in Toronto this week. The presence of the masters of medical science within our gates is our honor. To the members of no other profession is it given to be so intimately associated with our coming into the world, our passing thru it, and our going out of it. Rare is the man who never needs the sympathy or the skill of a physician.

He is called to a high calling, he ministers to universal needs. The human body and the human mind are the subjects of his study, for the life of a physician is the life of a student, no one is ever so proficient that he has nothing more to learn. And the human is so fearfully and wonderfully made that no one man may hope to master all his complexities.

Yet one man has spent his life in one line of research, and another in another; one has topped his profession in a specific branch, and another in another. By association, with true generosity, one can give to his fellows the ripened results of his own study and may receive from others the brightest light to beckon him on to quickened endeavor.

They are men with hands, minds and hearts on the brittle thread of life ramifying into the lives of all men. Their successes are our gains, their triumphs the world's.

Toronto is proud to house and host the men of large vision, practised skill, and wide sympathies, who comprise the British masters of medicine.

THE FISHERIES OF ONTARIO.

During the past few years many attempts have been made to prevent the slaughter of commercial and game fish thruout the inland lakes of Ontario. Commissions have been appointed, protective associations of anglers have been established, but all to no purpose.

The question has been so intimately connected with that of politics, especially under the Ross regime, that now nothing but drastic measures can save our fisheries from total extinction.

White fish and trout are becoming scarce, pickerel have been exterminated by the use of trap-nets, and the seining of bass which took place last spring, especially in Lakes Erie and Huron, calls for immediate action.

There are two remedies. One, which probably would meet with great opposition, but which would be permanent in its effects, is to prohibit the sale of all fish for two years.

The other is to prohibit the sale of pickerel, allowing only anglers to take it with rod and line, in the same way as bass or maskinonge, and to limit the size of white fish and trout taken in nets. If the latter plan were adopted a rigid inspection should be instituted by officials provided with fast gasoline launches, who, during the spawning season, should make certain that there is no illegal fishing, and, in addition, the department of fisheries, which might effectively be combined with that of game, should be placed on a non-political basis of public ownership.

The revenue necessary for the maintenance of proper inspection could be obtained by increase of fees, both for fishermen and anglers.

TWO CENTS, TOO MUCH.

Coincident with obeying the law in reducing the fare to two cents a mile, Manager Moore of the Metropolitan Railway intimates that commuters and return passengers must pay more than the usual fare. The commuters and the returners will not be pleased. A fairly large body of public opinion will be aroused. It may be worthy of Mr. Moore's time to consider the adage about letting sleeping dogs lie. It is within the range of his classical training that the Dog of the Seven Sleepers spoke with a human voice. The commuters and the returners have been lulled to sleep by generous treatment, tho got at the expense of the single fares. To disturb their sleep by raising the fares and cutting off narcotic concessions, may raise a baying at the Moore.

There is a reasonable opinion among men that two cents a mile on electric railways is too high a maximum rate. Even Mr. Moore will agree with us that the legislature that made the two-cent rate law, still has power to reduce the maximum to one-and-a-half cents a mile. If Mr. Moore persists in his recalcitrant attitude, the traveling public may be disposed to force on Premier Whitney the necessity of further reducing the maximum fare on electric railways.

Any way it is too soon for Mr. Moore to antagonize commuters and returners. Let the new rate have a chance. His traffic returns for one month may show that the lighter fare is an angel in disguise, and that the Metropolitan Railway is still far from the poor house.

ELECTRIC TRACTION.

During the recent meeting of the British Association at York an interesting contribution was given by Mr. C. F. Jenkin, who dealt with the introduction of electric traction on railways. Its real advantages, he held, lay not so much in reduction of cost of haulage, but in the increased profit coming from the provision of a faster, more frequent and more comfortable service, thus attracting a much larger traffic.

In developing this point Mr. Jenkin touched upon various aspects of the electric railroad situation, to which he recently called attention. Electrification, said Mr. Jenkin, permits the adoption of new methods such as extending railway service on to street railway lines, providing an express service to every suburban station instead of stopping trains, and developing the traffic on branch lines on an economical basis.

British street railway service, especially in suburban districts, is regarded as slow by critics accustomed to the faster speeds usual on this continent, and it is a common argument against municipal ownership and operation. Such critics forget or are unaware that the speed limit on the street railways of Britain are fixed by the board of trade and are based on considerations of public safety. The relative slowness caused by these precautions is not, therefore, chargeable to municipal management, but is equally found in privately owned and operated systems.

Mr. Charles Booth, whose investigations into social conditions in crowded centres of population are well-known, in a recent volume pleads for a relaxation of what he calls the extravagant precautions now demanded, affirming that as a result far more lives are lost in city slums than are saved by the avoidance of rare accidents. While this point does not directly concern American conditions, it may be kept in view when criticisms such as those of Mayor McClellan of New York are offered for public guidance. Instructive lessons cannot be drawn u less the circumstances are at least approximately similar, and a truer basis of comparison exists as between publicly and privately owned systems in the same country, than those of different countries. The judgment of citizens of the towns of Britain, who have had experience of both systems in their own localities, is a safer guide than the casual impressions of a visitor, with a conscious or unconscious bias against unfamiliar conditions.

BRITISH POLITICS AND LABOR.

Cockermouth by-election, which thru the appearance of a labor candidate, resulted in the loss of the seat, has caused a decided coolness between the British Liberals and the Independent Labor party. The ministerialists attempted to derive consolation from the fact that the poll showed a greater shortage on the Conservative side than in the combined Liberal and labor vote, but along with the explanation there was also a natural but marked irritation. The breach has since widened, and a threat of retaliation made from the government side by the under secretary for the colonies has not helped to re-establish friendly relations.

In a speech made at Dowlais, Mr. Keir Hardie, the leader of the Independent Labor party, declared retaliation to be a game that two could play at, and went on to remark that "if it is assumed that labor is going to rest content with thirty representatives in the house of commons, that assumption will receive a severe shock." Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the secretary of the labor representation committee, and whip of the party, insisted on their right to contest seats whenever they chose and declared that the blame for three-cornered fights lay as much with the Liberals as with labor.

What adds to the oddity of the situation is the fact that the Independent Labor organization with a parliamentary force of twenty-nine declines to acknowledge the 23 labor members who accept the ministerialist party whips. The independents who generally favor socialism are clearly resolved to strengthen their position in the house of commons, the except thru Liberal support it is not easy to see how they can hope to do so.

An incident which occurred in the lobby of the house of commons on the evening before the Cockermouth poll illustrates the feeling between the Independent Labor men and the government. It happened during the division on Sir Charles' Dilkes' amendment to the trades disputes bill providing that the attendance of trade pickets was not to be held a nuisance. After the rejection of the amendment, which was opposed by the government, Mr. Keir Hardie complained that Mr. Whiteley, the chief ministerial whip, in shepherding members into the government lobby, had added to his other arguments the remark, "If you vote for the amendment, you will be playing this fellow's game." The complaint was neatly turned down by the chairman, who said the observation seemed to him to come under the heading of "peacefully persuading in a reasonable manner." Mr. Whiteley admitted using the expression, but on a personal appeal from Mr. Hardie withdrew it. Small in itself the occurrence indicates that no love is lost between the official Liberals and the labor socialists.

The ministerialist majority is thus by no means a happy family, and the latent antagonism involved in the differing aims and objects of its sections is more likely to increase than diminish. Even in the cabinet itself there is a marked conflict over important parts of state policy, resulting in a parliamentary attitude clearly suggesting that it is the outcome of a compromise. The record of the first part of the session shows the government to be a curious compound of strength and weakness, with the not uncommon paradoxical consequence that it has been weakest where it was expected to be strongest, and the reverse. It is practically admitted that the tenor of the debate in the house of lords on the second reading of the education bill presage a remodeling of it on lines more acceptable to churchmen and to Roman Catholic opinion.

The Jam of Nawanagar is dead, but the Jam of Streetcarriders is still quick.

Will Frost, the English cartoonist, was a welcome relief during the hot spell, but he has melted now.

Crown Attorney Corley has not yet taken action against The Globe for its confidence game on this power question.

It is a two-cent fare on the Metropolitan now, and all the King's horses and all the King's men can't boost it up again.

The dray horses of Toronto are seeking subscriptions to present the King's horses with a bale of new mown hay tied with a purple string.

CRITIC FROM CANNINGTON.

The World this morning introduces to Toronto William Glynn of the Town of Cannington, Ont. Mr. Glynn begins with today's issue a series of seven articles on Mr. Cannington's Impressions of Toronto. Mr. Glynn has a reputation all over Canada and the United States as a writer of poetry and fiction, his work having appeared in the leading publications in both countries. He is a resident of Cannington, and has made that his headquarters for disseminating his literature.

Commissioned by The Toronto World, he personifies the point of view of Cannington, and will look at Toronto, Toronto's men and Toronto's doings thru Cannington eyes.

The article that appears in this morning's edition is introductory, but when you read thru the poetry of it, you will see that the Puritan spirit of Our Friend From Cannington has been shocked by the Sunday electric cars.

To-day Mr. Glynn, as the representative of The Toronto World, will call on Mayor Coatsworth, Police Magistrate Denison and Acting Premier Foy, and to-morrow the readers of The World will be given the concrete impressions these gentlemen made upon the mind of Our Friend From Cannington.

THE CONTEST IN KANSAS.

The state campaign in Kansas has as the issue, the control of railroads. At the last session of the legislature a new railroad law was adopted containing provisions for the control of rates, both freight and passenger, by a board of three commissioners elected by the people. The contests in the conventions have been centred largly on the nominations of these members. The Republicans named two men who were championed by a so-called "railroad crowd," and one who was presumably championed by a more radical faction. The defeated faction has organized with the avowed purpose of compelling the candidates to accede to certain principles in the state management, and to compel them to pledge themselves to issues not advocated in the platform. To accomplish this there is in progress a movement, known as the questioning process. Blanks have been forwarded to every county chairman and to every candidate for state and legislative office. The candidates are expected to reply directly. These questions are asked:

"Are you in favor of the assessment of railroad property by the same agency and authority as other property in this state, and on the same basis?

"Are you in favor of an anti-pass law, making it a crime for a person to give or receive free transportation to any form whatsoever in this state, except such as is issued to bona-fide employes of the public service corporations, and their immediate families?

"Are you in favor of a law fixing the maximum rates of passenger fare in this state at two cents a mile, or at as low a rate as conditions will justify?"

Scores of the candidates have made answer, some being unequivocally in favor of the propositions; some nuwilling to commit themselves; some opposed to certain of the provisions. Gov. Hoch has issued a statement in which he endorses most of the ideas contained in the questions.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

A DEEP LAID PLOT.

Editor World: I noticed in your paper to-day that the statement was made that a Liberal ticket for the board of control had already been put on the slate, consisting of Messrs. Urquhart, Spence, Ward and Graham. Anyone reading the bitter editorials of The Globe and Star criticizing most unfairly the work accomplished by this year's board of control can easily see that they are written in pursuance of a little plan to make an opening, no matter how unfair the means, for the discarded pets. In fact, The Star's articles are probably written by either Mr. Urquhart or Mr. Spence. Controller Hubbard recently stated that some facts were disclosed in these editorials that could only have been furnished by some one who was present at the secret meetings of last year's board of control. Watch and see.

Toronto, Aug. 18. Observer.

BY BADGES YOU'LL KNOW 'EM

Unique Emblems Which Will Be Seen During I.O.O.F. Convention

If you memorize the following and keep your eyes open during the Oddfellows' convention you'll be able to spot the locality from which visitors have come. All the states delegations will sport some badge emblematic of their native heath. The most pretentious so far received by local secretary Macdonald is from Pittsburg. From a button are suspended by colored ribbons a cork, a piece of glass, a piece of coal, a piece of coke, a piece of steel and a miniature cucumber. These indicate the chief industries of the smoky City.

Other representative badges will be: Manitoba—bag of No. 1 hard wheat; Kansas—sunflower; Connecticut—wooden nutmeg; Ohio—A buck-eye; New Jersey— a big 'skeeter— Florida—an alligator; Rhode Island—clam; New Hampshire—bit of granite; Maine—pine cone; California—gold nugget; Colorado—silver nugget.

The Detroit and Michigan Patriarchs militant are making big arrangements for their part in the convention. They will occupy the dairy building at the fair ground.

Five Michigan cantons have entered for the prize drill.

SWEET CAPORAL

CIGARETTES
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

MY FRIEND FROM CANNINGTON WHAT HE THINKS OF TORONTO

Below we give the impression of William Glynn of Cannington, Ont., of his first Sunday in Toronto. He has a tussle with a street car very much in imagination, and moralizes as only a man from Cannington can do. Cannington is a town of 2000 inhabitants, east of Toronto, on the G.T.R. thirty miles, and then north fifty miles. It is in the north riding of Ontario, which is represented in the federal house by Geo. Grant, M.P., and in the legislature by W. H. Hoyle, M.L.A. Cannington is one of the "loveliest" towns in the county, but like many another habitation has not been struck by a boom and projected into cityhood. It is a typical country town. What Cannington is, a thousand other towns in Ontario are—good places to live in far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife.

Ye People of Toronto, Greeting:

It was only 7 o'clock Sunday morning. I hadn't hit the pike for over half a dozen blocks and that was the second car.

My Puritan morality—allwuz admirable if I do say it—was heaving like a third earthquake. But I sat down on it, for I wish to state right here that while I am a very good young man, used to going to church twice on Sunday, taking part in the singin', and never indulging in anything but slang, which comes from readin' high-class modern poetry, I am also a cautious one.

"No, no, Bill," says I, "you're a teetotal stranger—never been here since you were scared out of town by the completion of the city hall, an' you'll just wait for the fourth car hopin' it won't come."

But it did. And my moral duty was plain—very plain—one of those times when it's like a man kickin' you.

Taking from my pocket my red handkerchief, which I allwuz carry for occasions like this, of baitin' the bull, I jumped out on the street car track and waved it fiercely.

"Hey there," I shouted, "just stop that thing, will you?"

The man that turns the wheel turned it and came to a pause, eyeing me like a cat in a corner.

"Well, I am stopped," he says, "come and get on."

"Get on," said I, and I hope I looked the full thing, for I felt it. "I want to tell you," I says, ginger risin', "that I'm not goin' to get on, and that I'm right here to keep you from gettin' on too. This thing of sneakin' street cars around back streets on Sunday mornin' before the policemen have slep off Saturday night is played up. You'll find out, sir, that I rise too early for you."

I was ready to fight him.

"I'll do it over you, you varmint," the man at the wheel says, sneering, "if you don't move, and you'll never rise no more."

I folded my arms.

"I'm planted here," I frowned. "Come on, McDuff."

He did—ran the car to my very toes. But strong in my faith as a Rock of Ages, I moved not, scowling back at him and the conductor, who had now teetered up. They were both red with rage, but as they were about as small as they were actin', it didn't matter much for I could have slung them as far as the bay. It didn't matter either what they said, for when they got thru—5 minutes of sky-rockets—I was still unmoved.

"I'm planted till Monday mornin'," I says; "you can go home and take breakfast. A little soda-water might be good for you, too, perhaps."

The motorman cussed strongly at that and threw out his arms at me, but didn't get close, for I gave him my well-known Sir Henry Irving glance that has made me so famous in amateur dramatics out home, an' it sent him up the street in search of the cop I wanted, his shadow following.

Meanwhile I thought it well to address a man in the cocked hat in the car, who looked like Faust and wanted to speak, but couldn't for the way his eyes bulged—as well as the bouquet of beautiful young ladies and handsome young gentlemen—in common language, spalpeens—from the beautiful an' handsome neighborin' alleys, an' teach 'em the errors of their ways.

It has alwuz been my particular delight to address ladies anyway—especially at foreign mission meetin's to whiten Africa—an' the way they looked at me, they rather seemed to expect it. So with my heroism like an evening star in my breast, I dipped at once into a most glowing description, in the very best imitation of George D. Grant, M.P., and of the great and honorable premier of this Dominion of ours, of the simple country life, especially in the place of one's birth.

And if I was interrupted sometimes with "What's the row about anyway—what's the car stopped for?" What did it matter. Nor did I pay any attention to the cocked hat, when it managed to splutter, after many mouthings, "Who are you, anyway?"—for I had a poem published in The World once—"When the calves come home," I think it was—and I knew they couldn't forget me.

"Would you live?" I asked. "Would you live in the real meanin' o' the word? Would you live to the height of yourself. Then go out in the country to the Town of Cannington. Out to the rolling hills of wheat, the fragrant forests, the scented by-paths, the wild flowers, birds and things, that teach forever the lesson of the simple life. Go back to nature and eat nature foods. Feed your soul. Feed it with the dewy freshness of things, the mist of poetry in which all things are bathed, the deep, eternal meanin's that we grasp only in the soul's silence, the elusive but poignant thread of love runnin' thru the whole fabric of nature and life. Leave the hurry, the scurry, the worry of the baser lure of commercial interests and seek only the soul's health and peace. You'll find somethun' that is worth more than all the wealth of Senator Cox, an' you'll never be asked to give a hundred thousand to anythin'."

Aunt Miranda, but I was eloquent! I remembered that much word for word, but when I dipped the dip it was still like the droppin' of rain, and the man in the cocked hat, still mouthing, was fairly riveted.

"And there are other things besides those," I said. "There are women that beat the visions of your heart; there are men that match the Spartans of old; there are sweet-voiced maidens and the soft-toned splendor of hallowed age—and all set in a romance of quiet—a breathing space for hearts—to which your city life is but froth on the surface.

"There is Joseph A. Kift, whom the Liberal press tried to thrust greatness upon by setting him up in business with Harry D. Talbot, when that gentleman lost the postoffice for makin' no mistakes. There's Major C. Bick, who leads a choir, and a company to camp, an' there are others."

But at this point of the discourse the cocked hat again burst. "Who on earth are you?" he ejaculated. "Where did you hail from, and when are you going to stop?"

He was almost a Vesuvius, now, and close so. "Sir," said I. I am the author of "When the Calves Come Home," published in The Toronto World.

"I don't read The World," he thundered, "and don't care if the calves never came home. I want you to let this car go so I can make my call and get back to my church in time to preach."

"A preacher!" I gasped. "And you say 'on earth' and ride on Sunday cars. There are Sunday cars, then?"

"There are. And I want you to explain this foolishness. When were you here last, anyway—the time of Noah?"

It was a voice at my elbow, and I turned and looked into the eyes of a big policeman. The conductor and motorman were grinning at his side.

"Yes, when he put 'Big Ben' in the ark," I said, "and I didn't stay over Sunday, and I never read the papers since, except The World, in which appeared——."

But he drew me aside, and was so "attached," it took me a good hour to get away from him. Then I wandered up the street with a sorrowful spirit, taking impressions.

Monstrous, indeed, are the iniquities of a great city! The windows were without blinds, but vivid with the eyes of advertisements. Here they asked you to buy a pair of pants, here a hat, here a pair of shoes—first thing Monday morning, I suppose!

Waxen heads with dead hair floated around with [illegible] every week-day appeal to baldness—that ever-unappreciated shining of intellect. The Alabaster Indian on Yonge-street proffered a cigar.

The portraits of stage celebrities in front of theatres had only withdrawn within the first portals to look at churchgoers with mischievous eyes. Shops that remembered to draw their curtains, remembered to leave their ads on the outside.

The cars were screeching one after another like a very Inferno.

But from the horrors of a city life I fell to dreaming of the dear old Town of Cannington and my friend Robinson—once a devil, but now an editor and Sunday school superintendent leading his choir of cherubims in evangelistical style.

Billy Glynn.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

DURING AUGUST STORE CLOSES SATURDAYS AT 1 P.M.

Good Trouser Buying

Need a new pair of trousers? Most men do about this time, to help out the summer suit.

The store was never in better position to supply that want.

And do it well!

For we're receiving new deliveries of the fall's selling from our own workrooms, where best of fabrics are fashioned by skilful tailors.

You can't do better trouser buying anywhere, you can't get such price satisfaction.

For $1.25—Good-weight all-wool domestic tweeds; sizes 32 to 44.

For $1.75—Dark gray with hair-line stripes; well tailored; side and hip pockets.

For $2.00—A better quality, in very neat stripe; best of trimmings.

For $2.50—Dark brown and gray striped worsted in handsome patterns; faultlessly tailored.

MAIN FLOOR—QUEEN STREET.

A Delicious Hot Weather Dish

SHREDDED WHEAT

With cream or milk—supplies in palatable and digestible form all the nutriment needed for the day's work. Makes the stomach happy, and keeps the bowels healthy and active. Try it for breakfast.

MADE IN CANADA of selected Ontario Wheat.

Send for the "Vital Question Cook Book," postpaid.
CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office, 32 Church St.

HIGHLANDERS WON.

Team of Ten Defeated 77th Regiment in a Rifle Contest.

The 48th Highlanders of Toronto and the 77th Regiment had a team shoot on Saturday over the Dundas rifle ranges. The Highlanders won by 53 points. The day was good for high scoring, altho at times the wind was an uncertain article to strangers to the range. The Highlanders were entertained by the 77th after the match. The following are the scores:

Highlanders—	200	500	600	Total
Major W. Henderson	31	31	32	94
Q. M. Sgt. J. Vittie	34	33	31	98
Staff Sgt. A. Graham	34	33	31	98
S. Sgt. W.D. Davidson	27	32	30	89
Col. Sgt. H. Roberts	33	31	30	94
Corp. J. R. Ferguson	29	25	25	79
Pte. A. Baynton	30	30	25	85
Pte. Geo. Meade	34	29	29	92
Pte. R. S. Mitchell	29	29	30	88
Pte. T. Holdsworth	30	26	25	81
				898

77th regiment—	200	500	600	Total
Col. Ptolemy	26	28	27	81
Col. Ross	29	32	28	89
Capt. T. S. Bertram	33	26	28	87
Pte. C. Collins	31	26	23	80
Pte C. Hetherington	29	35	29	93
Pte. C. McLaughlin	34	28	24	86
Pte. W. J. Hendry	31	30	28	89
Pte. W. F. Moore	26	28	27	81
Pte. N. Finyalson	28	29	23	80
Pte. W. J. Wood	30	30	19	79
				845

FIREMEN AT UNIVERSITY.

Four of Them Will Guard Against Danger During Convention.

Four firemen will protect the exhibits of the medical convention at the university this week from danger from flames. Two will be on duty all day and two all night and they have a supply of Babcock extinguishers sufficient to cope with any blaze that may originate.

There was a false alarm fiend busy on Saturday evening. While the firemen were out to an alarm for a fire at 34 River-street, where $25 damage was done to the contents of a clothes closet, a false alarm was sent in from box 254, at Broadview-avenue and Queen-street. At eight o'clock another bogus call was received from box 251, at Gerrard and Sackville-streets.

A Bismarck Story.

A hitherto unpublished story of the three weeks' war between Prussia and Austria, of which the fortieth anniversary falls this month, has just been published. It now appears that this struggle might have ended with a tragic event which would have profoundly altered the course of recent European history. A writer in The Linzer Tagespost, who was an eye-witness, relates that four days before the armistice of Nikolsburg, King William of Prussia, accompanied by Bismarck, arrived at Poisdorf (a small town situate about 50 miles from Vienna). The king and Bismarck had just taken a seat on the terrace of a cafe opposite the town hall, when suddenly, from the roof of a house, a small window was seen to open noiselessly, and thru it appeared a man with a rifle. As he was an Austrian soldier, a shot from his rifle might have meant the death of both the king and Bismarck. He was, however, pulled backwards by his wife, who wrested the rifle from him, thus preventing him from accomplishing a terrible deed on the enemies of his country. The noise caused by the dispute which took place between husband and wife attracted the attention of Bismarck, who immediately got up, followed by the king, and thetwo walked away, unconscious of the narrow escape from which alone fate seemed to have saved them. Mr. Schwayr further adds that the soldier is dead, but his wife is still living to tell the story. Had it not been for this woman the whole face of modern history might have been changed.

Money cannot buy better Coffee than Michie's finest blend Java and Mocha, **45c lb.**

Michie & Co., Limited

Just Out

O'Keefe's PILSENER Lager

A new brew and the pride of the brewery. It's the best Lager that Canada's model brewery ever sent out. The equal of the finest imported Lager in every respect.

All the leading hotels, cafés and bars now have O'KEEFE'S PILSENER. Order up

"A Light Beer in a Light Bottle"

LOCAL FRUIT MARKET.

Saturday's market was, in some respects, a surprise. Receipts were comparatively light, and the whole tenor of trade was toward a good snappy demand, which, considering the late arrival of the fruit trains, cleared up stocks in short order. In tomatoes, the supply was very small. Apples are abundant, and, for good cooking and eating stock, there is always a fair demand. Lawton berries have sold well all season, and the demand is about equal to the supply. Some good peaches are in the market, but the bulk of the fruit, so far, has been of an inferior quality, rather than otherwise, and reports from the peach-growing districts are somewhat contradictory, in some places promising, while others state that the crop will be both small and of an inferior quality. The general consensus of opinion of commission men, however, is that the crop is a good average one, with enough for everybody. Saturday's prices are:

Raspberries	$0 07	to $0 09
Lawtons, per quart	0 07	0 11
Blueberries, basket	1 25	1 35
Peaches, Canadian, basket	0 20	0 50
do., large, fancy	0 70	0 80
Elbertas	2 00	2 30
Bananas, bunch, firsts	1 85	2 00
do., eights	1 25	1 35
Lemons, Messinas	5 00	....
Lemons, Verdillas	6 50	....
Oranges, oval, half-box	6 50	....
Oranges, navel, half-box	3 00	....
Oranges, California, late.		
Valencias, per box	6 00	....
Cocoanuts, per 100	4 00	....
Pineapples, Floridas, case	3 50	....
Canadian melons, basket	0 25	0 30
Watermelons, each	0 30	0 40
Cucumbers, Canadian basket	0 10	0 15
Tomatoes, Canadian	0 15	0 20
Spanish onions, case	3 25	....
New potatoes, per bush.	0 50	0 75
Green apples, per basket.	0 15	0 20
Red Astrachan and harvest apples, per basket	0 15	0 20
Duchess apples, basket	0 15	0 25
Yellow beans, basket	0 15	0 20
Pears, small, Canadian	0 20	0 25
Pears, large, Canadian	0 35	0 50
Egg plant, per basket	0 35	0 40
Peppers	0 30	....
Corn, per dozen	0 08	....
Canadian celery, per doz.	0 35	0 40

SAID GOODBY TO RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 18.—The emigration from Russia this year exceeded a quarter of a million persons.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought