

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

Recollections of a Brantford Scotchman—A Highlander's Tribute.

There has passed to rest, a very simple gentleman, whose life and influence will be remembered amid his kinsmen by reason of his qualities of humanity, rather than his near claim to royalty.

"The Duke," as they called him among his hills and isles of western Scotland—the wee Duke wi the white knees" quite as frequently, and they sincerely regarded the scion, of what looked to them to be, an impoverished line of chieftains. The democracy of highlander to highlander is proverbial and many incidents, brimful of the ironical humor of the Celt, occurred in the chance meetings of crofter and Duke. On one occasion in Glen Ira, five miles out of Inverary, the capital town, a crofter, Donald Campbell, was repeatedly warned unless he paid his rent, he would have to go to which he replied "She would be obliged to the factor for a new roof to her barn first." Factor and tenant, looking equally obstinate, failed to come to any agreement, and the Duke then on a visit to Inverary, hearing of the incident, bled himself to interview "Donald" whereupon the following conversation ensued.

"What's this I hear Donald—wont pay your rent, the factor tells me? 'Aye, jist so, but yir highness she (I) has been paying to rent these last twenty years an' she's no paying it forbye till she has a new roof on ta barn?"

Well Donald, you are a valued old tenant I know, but I'm a poor man you know. I'd be poorer, were I to rush into expensive alterations on the estate—

"Aye, aye, but ye've got a mither-in-

law that's fairly well off—so, she'll have a new roof and the factor'll have the rent.

Argyle, ever the kindest of men, had many such stories he could tell against himself, his alliance with royalty was often made the butt of the worthies of Argyleshire. As a literateur, he was renowned, and as the general participant at Burns' club's and similar patriotic functions, a popular demand, he as often as possible acceded to. His poetry is suggestive of Scottish scenes, somewhat in keeping with the rugged grandeur and mist-driven coasts of Argyle; it has sweetness such as broods over the scenes on an autumn morn, and it has strength, strength that visualizes and is the epitome of the broad, lithe, handsome fisherfolk and crofters who dwell on his kingdom.

To see him, as he often appeared in public in a top hat, showing slight wear, carefully brushed, a flat collar, loosely set tie, held often as not by a gold band, a dark grey suit and an overcoat, if showy, that many of his staff of household retainers would have shied at; an umbrella not rolled but bagging loosely—baggy trousers, old comfortable footwear and a look of quiet unobtrusive gentleness on his finely moulded features was a surprise to many.

The last public appearance in which the writer saw him, was in London as he followed "Her Highness" down the lines of tents and stopping here and there exchanged a word with some clansman composing the Argyleshire section at Coronation 1911. He just fitted the dress description I have penned on that occasion and looked very tired, and we thought, aged. The Duchess came on our tent, squatted at lunch, and as we hastily scrambled up to the salute, dropping knives, mess tins, forks, etc., a smile at once sympathetic and kindly lit up the weary old man's eyes, and his "Sorry, lads" was the apology of a gentleman who really felt to trouble anyone. Princess Louise received her salute, however, with evident pride and her "Too bad, sergeant; jist go on, lads, have your meal," was sincerely meant, this gallant lady delighting in such surprise visits to military camps.

On another occasion when Princess Louise attended, to present the colors to the 9th Batt. A. S. Highlanders, she was accompanied, and in startling contrast to braided and betasseled military, was this elderly gentleman, almost shabby and seemingly but half aware of the show and pomp around, with the inevitable umbrella carried in his left hand, and bulging on either side of the elastic fastener. These little touches, make a whole world kin and to the people of the Isles he was much the person I have portrayed. A little, quiet man with an air of conscious breeding and quiet scholarly mien, very gentle and kind of heart—a nature's nobleman—in a Duke's investiture, he, had life flung him elsewhere than where the ease of wealth and the culture of courts made it secure would have made a name as a scholar and a thinker.

In far-away Argyle there will be scenes of mourning, the old town on Loch Fyne will be touched with black; the pipers' lament will sound eerily over the castle grounds, and a hush of death as though the angels' wings still trailed over the old seat of the Campbell's brood over the old world that full of strange Celtic feeling, aches for a common sorrow and gives a clansman's grief to share in bereaved wife's loss. The heart of the Lorne country will be touched—the Duke is Dead.

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GIRL TRIES TO SHOOT ROCKEFELLER, BLAMING HIM FOR THE MINE WAR



HOME OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR. IN WEST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET

At John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, house in New York a number of persons were arrested for performing the "mourning march of the free silence movement" for the slain in the Colorado mine war.

● "Beautiful Marie" Ganz, a companion of Alexander Berkman, the anarchist, who shot H. C. Frick, invaded John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, office, New York, and threatened to shoot him if he did not settle the mine war. She was ejected and was mobbed in Bowling Green, where she tried to make a speech.

Legend Of Oil Discovery And Its Use In Time of War.

The use of fuel oil in the British Navy has given a great impetus to the oil trade. For some time representatives of the Admiralty have been investigating oil fields in various parts of the Empire, including shale deposits in Eastern Canada and wells in Western Canada, with a view to ascertaining what supplies would be available from the Dominions in war time.

The growth of the petroleum industry has during the last few years been remarkable, due chiefly to the invention of the combustion engine. This had led on to the ever increasing use of motor cars and vehicles, and to the application of oil for power and heating purposes.

The world's output of crude oil now exceeds 50,000,000 tons, and although only a comparatively small proportion of this is consumed for the purposes referred to, the oil power department of the industry is the one in which the greatest activity is observable, and in which the most conspicuous progress has been made. During the past year an enormous amount of tonnage has been added to the world's oil tanker fleets, and a number of bulk oil vessels are afloat capable of carrying over 15,000 tons of oil in a single cargo in bulk.

The production of oil in the fields, which are now being exploited in every country of the globe, is advancing year by year, and it is a significant fact that the most recent and most prolific areas yield a description of oil entirely suitable for fuel purposes. In 1907 California, a heavy oil field produced only 40 million barrels. In 1912 the figure was 88 million barrels. Mexico, the infant prodigy of the petroleum industry, produced only about one million barrels in 1907, and in 1913 the output amounted to 26 million barrels. Trinidad, within our Empire, has also made great strides during the last few years.

To take the huge supply to desti-

nation a large fleet of tank steamers is necessary, and several privately owned ships are chartered by the British Admiralty for bringing to their various depots the fuel oil required for the navy.

Legend of Oil Discovery. Legend traced the first find of oil in Mexico to the Totomac Indians, one of the Aztec tribes, who, wandering on the shore of the Gulf, found patches of chapopote (a heavy asphaltic oil) washed up by the sea. In 1868 the discoverer of Angostura Bitters discovered the oil springs of Cugas. He exploited the oil by tunnelling into the side of the hill from which it exuded. During his excavations he came across several miniature idols buried in the asphalt. In 1902 the Pearson interest began drilling in the southern end of the State of Vera Cruz, but production did not begin on the large scale until 1907.

In 1908 the famous Dos Bocas well was struck, which after hurling the drilling gear 150 feet into the air, caught fire and burned with flames from 100 feet to 1,500 feet high. The fire was extinguished 58 days later. The Potrero del Llano No. 4, probably the largest well in the world ever placed under control, was struck in December, 1910. The daily flow at first was estimated at 125,000 barrels. Today the daily flow is limited by the capacity of the pipe lines to 40,000 barrels.

For the transport of oil in Mexico 425 miles of pipe line have been laid down and 51 miles of additional line are in course of construction. The oil tank steamers at Tuxpan are loaded by means of pipe lines laid along the bed of the sea to a terminal one and a half miles from the shore. During 1913 more than 200 tank steamers were loaded in this way, and pumping facilities were such that ships could be loaded at the rate of 10,000 tons in 24 hours.

Another product derived from the same source is that of a very high grade bitumen, which is being used for road construction.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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"Alexis Paulvitch," came the woman's voice, cold and fearless, "you are a coward, and when I whisper a certain name in your ear you will think better of your demands upon me and your threats against me." And there came a moment's silence in which Tarzan could imagine the woman leaning toward the scoundrel and whispering the thing she had hinted at into his ear—only a moment of silence and then a startled oath from the man, the scuffling of feet, a woman's scream—and silence.

But scarcely had the cry ceased before the ape-man had leaped from his hiding place. Rokoff started to run, but Tarzan grasped him by the collar and dragged him back. Neither spoke, for both felt instinctively that murder was being done in that room, and Tarzan was confident that Rokoff had had no intention that his confederate should go that far. He felt that the man's aims were deeper than that—deeper and even more sinister than brutal, cold blooded murder.

Without hesitating to question those within the ape-man threw his giant shoulder against the frail panel, and in a shower of splintered wood he entered the cabin, dragging Rokoff after him. Before him on a couch the woman lay. Paulvitch's fingers were gripping the fair throat, while his victim's hands beat futilely at his face.

The noise of his entrance brought Paulvitch to his feet, where he stood glowering menacingly at Tarzan. The girl rose falteringly to a sitting posture upon the couch. One hand was at her throat, and her breath came in little gasps. Although disheveled and very pale, Tarzan recognized her as the young woman whom he had caught staring at him on deck earlier in the day.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Tarzan, turning to Rokoff, whom he intuitively singled out as the instigator of the outrage. The man remained silent, scowling. "Touch the button, please," continued the ape-man. "We will have one of the ship's officers here. This affair has gone quite far enough."

"No, no," cried the girl, coming suddenly to her feet; "please do not do that! I am sure that there was no real intention to harm me. I angered this person, and he lost control of himself; that is all. I would not care to have the matter go further, please, monsieur."

The girl evidently was in fear of these two. She dared not express her real desires before them.

"Then," said Tarzan, "I shall certainly act on my own responsibility. To you," he continued, turning to Rokoff,



"I hope that you will not suffer for the kind deed you attempted."

"and this includes your accomplice. I may say that from now on to the end of the voyage I shall take it upon my-

self to keep an eye on you, and should there chance to come to my notice any act of either one of you that might even remotely annoy this young woman you shall be called to account for it directly to me, nor shall the calling or the accounting be pleasant experiences for either of you.

"Now, get out of here!" And he grabbed Rokoff and Paulvitch each by the scruff of the neck and thrust them forcibly through the doorway, giving each an added impetus down the corridor with the toe of his boot. Then he turned back to the room and the girl. She was looking at him in wide eyed astonishment.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, "I hope that you will not suffer for the kind deed you attempted. You have made a very wicked and resourceful enemy, who will stop at nothing to satisfy his hatred. You must be very careful, indeed, monsieur."

"Pardon me, madame; my name is Tarzan."

"M. Tarzan. And because I would not consent to notifying the officers do not think that I am not sincerely grateful to you for the brave and chivalrous protection you rendered me. Good night, M. Tarzan. I shall never forget the debt I owe you." And with a most winsome smile that displayed a row of almost perfect teeth the girl courted Tarzan, who bade her good night and made his way out.

It puzzled the man considerably that there should be two on board—this girl and Count de Conde—who suffered indignities at the hands of Rokoff and his companion and yet would not permit the offenders to be brought to justice. It occurred to him that he had not learned her name. That she was married had been evidenced by the narrow gold band that encircled the third finger of her left hand. Involuntarily he wondered who the lucky man might be.

Tarzan saw nothing further of any of the actors in the little drama that he had caught a fleeting glimpse of until late in the afternoon of the last day of the voyage. Then he came suddenly face to face with the young woman as the two approached their deck chairs from opposite directions. She greeted him with a pleasant smile, speaking almost immediately of the affair he had witnessed in her cabin two nights before.

"My husband feels that he owes you an immense debt of gratitude," she said.

"Your husband?" repeated Tarzan questioningly.

"Yes, I am the Countess de Conde." "I am already amply repaid, madame, in knowing that I have rendered a service to the wife of the Count de Conde."

On his arrival in Paris Tarzan went directly to the apartments of his old friend D'Arnot, where the naval lieu-

tenant scored him roundly for his decision to renounce the title and estates that were rightly his from his father, John Clayton, the late Lord Grey-stoke.

"You must be mad, my friend," said D'Arnot, "thus lightly to give up not alone wealth and position, but an opportunity to prove beyond doubt to all the world that in your veins flows the noble blood of two of England's most honored houses—instead of the blood of a savage ape. It is incredible that they could have believed you—Miss Porter least of all."

"Why, I never did believe it, even back in the wilds of your African jungle, when you tore the raw meat of your kills with mighty jaws, like some wild beast, and wiped your greasy hands upon your thighs. Even then, before there was the slightest proof to the contrary, I knew that you were mistaken in the belief that Kala was your mother."

"And now, with your father's diary of the terrible life led by him and your mother on that wild African shore; with the account of your birth and final and most convincing proof of all, your own baby finger prints upon the pages of it, it seems incredible to me that you are willing to remain a nameless, penniless vagabond."

"Tarzan," replied the ape-man, "and as for remaining a penniless vagabond, I have no intention of so doing. In fact, the next, and let us hope the last, burden that I shall be forced to put upon your unselfish friendship will be the finding of employment for me."

"Foh! foh!" scoffed D'Arnot. "You know that I did not mean that. Have-I not told you a dozen times that I have enough for twenty men and that half of what I have is yours? And if I gave it all to you would it represent even the tenth part of the value I place upon your friendship, my 'Tarzan'? Would it repay the services you did me in Africa? I do not forget, my friend, that but for you and your wondrous bravery I would have died at the stake in the village of Mbon-ga's cannibals. Nor do I forget that to your self sacrificing devotion I owe the fact that I recovered from the terrible wounds I received at their hands. I discovered later something of what it meant to you to remain with me in the amphitheater of the ape while your heart was urging you on to the coast."

"When we finally came there and found that Miss Porter and her party had left I commenced to realize something of what you had done for an utter stranger. Nor am I trying to repay you with money, Tarzan. It is that just at present you need money. Were it sacrifice that I might offer you it were the same—my friendship must always be yours, because our tastes are similar, and I admire you."

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Lawyers in Witness Box in C. Barber.

Two lawyers in witness box in the case of the late Lord Grey-stoke, who had been charged with losing a gold watch and a diamond ring, the value of which was estimated at \$10,000, to a woman who was a few of the number of the course of an action, which was brought by the Countess de Conde at the city Hall recently. The case was brought by H. M. Man, against Harry Rash, Joseph S. Samuel, Rosenber, and Gray relative to a promissory note.

The action was dismissed, and the case was dismissed, and the defendants denying the facts of the case. The case was dismissed, and the defendants denying the facts of the case. The case was dismissed, and the defendants denying the facts of the case.

Council for Joseph Wilder, just in time to hear his honor the case against Rosenber, an judgment against Joseph and Wilder.

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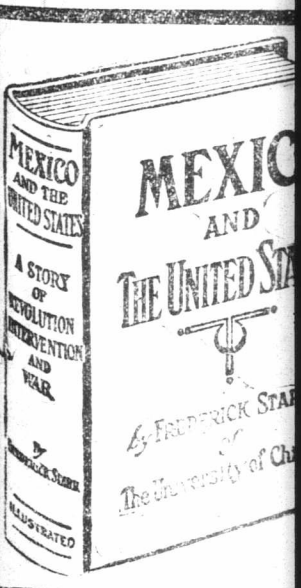
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