

Touring the Old World

Interesting and Entertaining Letter From a
Maple City Young Lady—The Charms of Auld
Scotia and Bonnie England.

A Maple City young lady at present in Europe wrote the following chatty and descriptive letter. The reader is permitted to guess the writer:

Well, I don't know what to tell you about my trip as I have seen and done so much. Really, everything came up to my expectations, which is saying a great deal. I was sick one whole day, which was quite sufficient, but then I wasn't very bad. I simply had to sit perfectly quiet and couldn't eat much of anything. I have decided that sickness and homesickness are the two worst diseases one can experience.

Scotland is a very interesting country. I went to Burns home near Ayr and to Glasgow. Then the trip through the Scotch lakes and the Trossachs was glorious. You can hardly imagine the wild beauty of the scenery and Roderick Dhu is ever in your mind. We stopped several days in Edinburgh, which is said to be the most beautiful city in the world, and I can quite believe it. It has both water and mountains to add to the beauty of the landscape. And everything about it is artistic. Then there is no end of interesting associations there.

England is also beautiful. The grass is so green, the foliage so luxuriant, and oh, the roses. I wish you could see them and enjoy their fragrance. Every little cottage has its climbing roses, and great big beauties like we have in our hot houses. Then I saw whole fields of big red poppies and I really cannot tell you what a pretty sight it was. Near Kenilworth castle I got out of the coach and picked a huge bunch of them.

It was interesting to visit all the places I have read and dreamed about. Oxford, the university town, is very fascinating with its beautiful chapels and quadrangles. You can't imagine how interesting London is. I spent two weeks there. Of course I went to the tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Parliament Buildings—where I met Mrs. Glass and Miss Glass—the shops in Cheapside and Regent streets, White Chapel, Hyde Park, etc. I greatly enjoyed the picture galleries and I went out to Windsor Castle for a day. From there I visited Eton College and Stoke Poges churchyard, where Gray wrote the elegy and is buried. Another day I went to Richmond and Hampton Court, the grounds of the latter are perfectly beautiful, and although it was raining, I went in the maze.

London is very interesting, but to see the beauty of England one must visit the country and villages. That's why I enjoyed my trip in Scotland and England so much. We drove through the country and stayed overnight in so many small towns. We drove all through the English lake country, visiting the houses of Wordsworth, Coleridge, etc. So many famous people have lived there and it is so indescribably beautiful.

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We took a steam yacht and spent the afternoon on Lake Windermere and I don't know which is the more beautiful, it or Loch Lomond. Of course the latter is wilder and more weird.

From London I crossed to Rotterdam and then I went to the Hague. My you feel ignorant over here when you can speak only one language. You have no education if you can't speak French and German. Even the children can understand quite a little and make themselves understood.

The Hague is a beautiful modern city with handsome homes and charming canals. I visited two of Queen Wilhelmina's palaces but I must say that the interior at least of royal palaces is very disappointing. I couldn't believe that Buckingham Palace in London was where the King lived. I expected something more like Windsor Castle—walls, towers, etc.

I forgot to say I saw the King, Queen, Princess Victoria and the five children of the Prince of Wales. Wasn't I fortunate? I was sorry Queen Wilhelmina was away from the Hague. The Dutch people love her so and are longing for an heir to the throne. From the Hague I visited Delft, Leyden, Rotterdam and Scheveningen, the famous Dutch watering place. It is all sand just like the Eau, and really there are thousands of people there on the sand in bath chairs, on the promenades, the piers, etc. It is perfectly delightful, and I enjoyed it so much that I went out there three times.

Reminiscence Of the Goldstream

Captain E. W. B. Morrison, editor of the Ottawa Citizen, who served with the Canadians in South Africa, recalls the following interesting experience, on the occasion of the visit of the Goldstream Guards Band—

which delighted so many residents of the Maple City recently—to the Canadian capital last week.

It was nearly three years ago and the place was in the far northeastern part of the Transvaal. The rain was falling in a dull, sickening downpour and a cold raw wind blew across the veldt. A fatigue party of big, loose-jointed, "kark-clad" Goldstream Guardsmen were spading away at the mud in a water-swamped trench. They were up to their ankles in water, and as they delved out the heavy mud and threw it with a sullen squish on the ramp, the clammy mist blew in spirals among them and almost hid the "non-com." on the top of the bank, with his swagger cane under his arm, stolidly superintending the heart-breaking job. The Tommy at the near end of the line of shovels straightened up with a series of jerks, and leaning on his spade, looked out over the desolate veldt, the slopes of soggy tents, the parked guns of a battery with its shivering horses crouching on the picket lines, the cemetery in the kraal in the hollow with its lines of new-made graves, the little lonely railway station in the distance and the long line of glistering rails undulating away through the nek in the distant kopjes. As he followed a disappearing train with his eyes he began to sing with a rich Cockney accent but in a cadence that was little more than a doleful whine that rose above the squatter of the rain:

Ho, lie'en to th' band,
"Ow be-yootifullee it p'lys,
"Ho, isn't it jus' grand!"
"Ear everybody s'ys."

It did not take a mind-reader to interpret the far-away look in his eyes. It was Sunday afternoon at home in London—"dear old Lunnun"—and the sun shone through the trees in Hyde Park and glistened the Marble Arch and made a mist of gold of the dust cloud over Piccadilly; the crowd was listening to the band in the park and the children were playing about on the grass in the warm sunshine and he—

"Come, my man, wake up there, and let us get through with this job 'fore it gets dark."

It was the sergeant strolling up the trench and the dreaming Tommy stopped his song and came down to earth and resumed his digging, and out onto the glacial of the entrenchment.

It was a trivial incident, but it lingered in the mind of an on-looker that bleak, miserable day, and the scene came again before his eyes as he listened to the superb band of the old regiment stirring the hearts of a Canadian audience yesterday.

FALL FAIRS.

Blenheim.....Oct. 9
Florence.....Oct. 8
Harrow.....Oct. 7
Rodney.....Oct. 6 or 10
Wallaceburg.....Oct. 8
Highgate.....Oct. 13
Brigden.....Oct. 13
Alvinston.....Oct. 8
Thamesville.....Oct. 8
Ridgeway.....Oct. 20, 21, 22
Merlin.....Oct. 1-2

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AT THE MERCY OF THE MILITIA

By Bennet Musson

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If there was one thing which Colonel Hammond loved more than regularity that thing was the Grand Army of the Republic. His sister Mary often said she wondered what her brother's life would have been had he lived after the civil war and been out off from the glory of parading with his "comrades."

At 9 o'clock on the morning of Washington's birthday the colonel sat in the library of his little flat impatiently awaiting the time for his morning bath. He had risen at 7, as usual, taken his horseback ride, breakfasted at 8:15 and was reading his paper until the proper time should elapse after his meal. Then he would take his bath, don his blue uniform and soft hat, which were laid out in his bedroom, and hurry to the point where the parade formed.

Gertrude Elliott, the colonel's niece, paused in her fancy work and regarded the old gentleman pensively.

"Uncle," she said, with a little catch in her voice, "George Page is coming here this morning."

"Huh?" snorted the colonel.

"Now, uncle, you shouldn't dislike him so merely because he belongs to the militia," Gertrude continued.

The colonel dropped his paper. "I could stand even the militia," he declared, "but I can't stand a man who runs away from a dog."

"But it was a savage dog, and George had on a new suit of clothes which he didn't wish to have spoiled."

"A brave man wouldn't run away from a dog if he had on three new suits of clothes," the colonel said, somewhat obscurely, as he started for his room.

Miss Elliott sighed and resumed her fancy work. Presently the colonel appeared clad in a bath robe and made his way through the little hall to the bath room. The water splashed merrily, Gertrude sighed again, and the door-bell rang in a faint hearted manner.

A good looking young man dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of national guard entered and took Gertrude in his arms. Then he looked about rather anxiously and said:

"Has the colonel gone?"

"No; he's taking his bath," Gertrude replied.

"Did you tell him I was coming?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said you shouldn't have run away from that dog if you had on three suits of clothes."

"I couldn't."

"Be serious, George. I talked to uncle last night, and I'm sure he won't consent to our marriage."

"Then we'll marry without his consent."

"I shouldn't like to do that."

George Page seated himself on the sofa, with Gertrude beside him, and considered.

"There is one course open to us—strategy," he said, and plunged into a brown study. "After 9 now, parade starts at 10," he murmured. Then aloud, "Is there a lock on that bath room door?"

"Yes," Gertrude said wonderingly.

George Page stepped softly down the little hall and listened to the energetic splashing of the water. The keyhole in the bath room door was empty. George tiptoed to an adjoining bedroom, took the key from the lock and, cautiously inserting it in the bath room lock, turned it slowly, and it went complete-



"Sir," he said, "AS A STRATEGIST YOU ARE WANTED IN THE MILITIA."

ly around. Gertrude looked on, open-eyed, as George withdrew the key and put it in his pocket.

The colonel's sister, an elderly, gray-haired woman, entered the library and greeted George Page.

"It's time your uncle was starting for the parade," she said to Gertrude.

The door of the bath room rattled. There was a pause, then another and longer rattle. "This door seems to be fastened," came in muffled tones from the colonel.

"George has locked him in, aunty," said Gertrude.

"What for?" demanded the older woman.

"For strategy," said Gertrude.

"Will somebody open this door?" came gently from the colonel. "Something is obstructing it."

"The door will not be opened until we have had a consultation," George Page answered loudly.

There was silence in the bath room. The two women and George walked down the hall and stood in front of the

colonel's prison. Presently a voice came from within.

"What the deuce does this mean?"

"It means that, being a coward, I have taken a cowardly advantage of you, and you will remain a prisoner until the parade passes and even until you admit that I am a fit person to marry your niece," said George.

"This is preposterous, Mr. Page," began Miss Hammond, "and I demand that—"

"Preposterous, but necessary," Page interrupted firmly.

The colonel had come to a decision. He was seated in a chair, with his bath robe folded about him. "I'll wait," he said grimly.

"And miss the parade?" inquired George.

There was no answer to this, and for a moment Page looked helpless; then he asked, "Are you quite comfortable?"

"Doing very well, thank you," chuckled the imprisoned warrior.

George turned to the two women. "Will you both kindly visit your friends in the flat above?" he said. "I have emphatic statements to make to the colonel."

"I cannot countenance anything of the kind," protested Miss Hammond.

"You admit that your brother's foolish prejudice stands between Gertrude's happiness and mine?"

"Yes, but—"

"The bath room door is locked, and the key is in my pocket. You cannot possibly get the colonel out. Please go upstairs for a few minutes," pleaded George.

The women departed with great reluctance, and as the hall door closed behind them the word "traitresses!" was hissed from the bath room.

"Colonel Hammond," George said, "you have your choice of coming out of that bath room in a proper frame of mind and parading in your G. A. R. clothes or of remaining there for an hour or so while Gertrude and I are being married. In the latter event I shall open all the windows in this flat and bribe the janitor to turn off the heat."

The colonel rested his chin in his hand and looked thoughtfully at a sponge. In the rapid self-analysis which followed he realized that he was brave enough to acknowledge defeat.

"What time is it?" he asked softly.

"Twenty-five minutes of 10."

"Open the door."

"When the colonel's eyes rested on Page there was in them a trace of admiration."

"Sir," he said, "as a strategist you are wanted in the militia."

And he hurried to his bedroom and his blue uniform.

A Wise Old Mouse.

"When we think of mice it is usually of the trouble they cause us; we are not apt to credit the rodents with much intelligence," said a lady at the sewing circle, "but I recently had an experience which shows that the little creatures possess a good bit of wisdom, after all. I had been annoyed for some time by a family of mice which lived in the walls of the bedroom. They nibbled my clothes, disturbed my sleep, and when they grew so bold as to go into the canary's cage and eat up its seed my patience gave out, and I determined to fix them. I bought a trap and set it by the hole in the wall. For five nights I caught a mouse, then several days passed without catching one, although they were still there, for they kept up their noise, although not coming into my room any more."

"I found that the trap was all right, but the hole in the wall had been closed from inside. I pulled the filling out. It was not easy work, for it had been made of bits of plaster and rubbish. I kept the hole open, with the trap close to it, but next day it was filled again. I repeated this clearing out process five times, and five times the filling was replaced. It was evidently the work of the mother mouse to prevent her little ones from passing through what had proved a fatal gate to so many. And I left the hole closed, for the mice did not come into my room again."

Shakespeare's Handwriting.

W. Carew Hazlitt in an article on Shakespeare's handwriting said: "We have to bear distinctly in mind when we seek to criticize these somewhat uncouth examples of penmanship that the great dramatist used the court, not (like Jonson and Bacon) the Italian, hand, and that in the case of his contemporary and countryman, Michael Drayton, the characters of the signature are equally distant from fulfilling technical postulates and, if possible, still less elegant. The question of handwriting is, of course, independent of that of educational acquirements, as we may satisfy ourselves from innumerable instances, ancient and modern, but if Shakespeare was less happy in his calligraphy than in other directions the circumstance does not affect, as some have sought to demonstrate, his general learning and was his personal idiosyncrasy rather than the blame of the excellent provincial school which had the unique honor of being his alma mater."

Equal to the Occasion.

The rising artist was painting in his studio when a visitor entered leading a dog. The animal at once commenced to bark furiously at the picture on the easel.

"Oh," said the caller, "you follow nature closely. The best evidence of the faithfulness with which you have painted that dog in the background is the earnest way my dog barks at him."

"But that isn't a dog," was the reply.

"That's a cow."

It was a terrible situation, but the visitor did not lose his head. Said he laughingly: "Well, the dog's eyes are better than mine. He always did detect cows."

Game Laws Overlooked

A Planet Scribe Enumerates Them For the
Benefit of Those Not Posted-Careful Study By
Chathamites Suggested.

At this season of the year Maple City sportsmen pay considerable attention to the game laws, and to save them trouble in looking them up, a few of the more important enactments are here appended:

GAME LAWS.

I. The close season for pavement contractors extends from November 1st to May 1st.

II. The open season for the River Thames extends from March 8th to December 31st.

III. The open season for Chatham hotel bags is from 7 a. m. to 7 a. m. seven days a week. The close season is fixed only by a death in the proprietors family.

IV. The indiscriminate shooting off of the month by irresponsible parties is prohibited by statute under pain of an apology.

V. Jealous musicians not protected by the game laws.

VI. The open season for the Peninsular Fair extends from Sept. 22nd to 25th inclusive.

VII. The shooting of oil wells is permitted on any day of the year except Sunday.

VIII. There was no open season for political orators this year but the Dominion Government expect to grant about three months for sport next spring.

IX. Sidewalk cyclists are protected from the hour of 1 a. m. to the hour of 6 a. m.

X. Girlish boys are protected all the year round from matrimony.

XI. King street loafers are protected only on the sufferance of the police.

XII. All buildings in the city are protected all the year round under the special direction of the chief of the fire department and the water-works commissioners.

XIII. There is no close season for muddy roads in Chatham except when the thermometer is below zero.

XIV. The open season for union men is eight hours a day.

XV. The "Is it hot enough for you?" man must not be taken alive. The same law applies to the proud father of a baby son and all other bors.

XVI. The umbrella thief is not protected by law and he may be taken at all times.

XVII. Chatham chicken fighters are protected at all times in the City of the Straits by the sporty aldermen and the deputy Sheriff.

XVIII. The Conservative party has protection all the time.

XIX. W. B. Wells, S. O. Simmons, Dr. Musson and other well known bachelors are protected every year, except leap year, which comes every four years. James Fleming has been protected since spring.

XX. The man with a grievance is not protected by the game laws.

XXI. The "didn't know it was loaded" fool has an open season of his own.

XXII. Millinery openings, open season from April 1st to May 31st, and from Sept. 15 to October 15.

XXIII. Mosquitoes, open season from April 1st to November 1st.

XXIV. The close season for green racing tight is—well, it depends on who wears them. Anyway, White and green are the colors of the Chatham Athletic Clubs.

XXV. The open season for rows in church choirs is from January 1st to December 31st inclusive.

XXVI. By special permit, Ald. Piggott is allowed to hunt for gar shops and factories all the year round.

XXVII. The open season for taking votes in a municipal contest extends from November 1st to the first Monday in January. If you are a doubter you, are referred to Archie McCob.

XXVIII. The open season for taking medicine depends on the victim.

XXIX. The open season for taking pictures depends on the weather.

XXX. Ex-Ald. W. H. Harper, T. J. Rutley and Archie Park are permitted to take trips to Brieau in season which extends from May 1st to October 1st. Taking these trips on foot is not allowed. They must be taken on the cars only.

XXXI. The open season for taking sentences in the Chatham police court extends from January 1st to December 31st.

XXXII. The open season for taking a young lady up to the Opera House from September 1st to May 1st.

XXXIII. It shall be unlawful to hunt and kill piano peddlers between January 1st and December 31st.

XXXIV. It shall be unlawful to shoot, stab, wound or maim any book agent between sunrise and sunset.

XXXV. It shall be unlawful to ensnare, entrap, inveigle or entice any old maid into any kind of matrimony between the first day of May and the last day of April.

XXXVI. The man with a grievance and the woman with a mission may be exterminated at any time.

XXXVII. Hoss traders and crap shooters are not to be killed on the first day of the week—commonly called Sunday.

XXXVIII. The close season for fish apories is only when you are out of range of A. C. McKay, G. S. Heyward, Col. Sam Holmes, Chas. Mount, Vitel Goudreau and E. J. MacIntyre.

A CASE OF BUNDO

"By gee, Mr. Holmes, when dat duck tam com' in when you shoot the duck wild?" queried John Raymo of Col. Sam Holmes.

The man from Dover drew the man from Chatham aside and whispered in his ear.

"Why, the duck season has been in for a month," responded the Colonel.

"Dat so, really?" continued the surprised Doverite.

"Sure," replied the Colonel.

"Den, dat Ben Taylor he do me so bad," remarked Mr. Raymo.

"I go out some tam' this week and shoot at eight big duck gray. I kill de eight all right. Den dat Ben Taylor he come along and say, 'John, you should no shoot duck. Taint right tam'. Give me two or I tell Mr. Kime. Den I got much scare and give him de eight big duck. Now I find he do me. I feel so bad I lik to get square. Duck tam' been in a month and I no know dat. Oh, but he do me bad."

Then the victim departed still full of regrets.

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