

STOP NOTED MEN AND WOMEN OF THE OLD LAND

From the Reader, London, England.

During their majesties' recent stay in Paris nothing so much struck the Parisians as the youthful looks of the Queen. A young French journalist of my acquaintance told me that he saw the Queen one morning in the Rue de la Paix, attended only by two ladies of her suite. He followed in her wake, amused to notice the unconcern of the passers-by, who would have been so excited had they known. In one shop which the three ladies entered he saw a girl, who was looking back in a chair, beckon, without attempting to rise, to another girl to serve the customers, but, continuing to watch, he noticed, as it were, an electric shock run through the whole place a few minutes afterwards. On leaving the shop, the three ladies paused on the curbstones and seemed about to attempt the crossing. But, deterred by the traffic, they beckoned to their motor, and crossed over in it. "Do you know that one of those ladies is the Queen of England?" said the Frenchman to the policeman. The incredulous agent uttered the French equivalent of "What are you giving us?" "Yes, really!" persisted the journalist. "Which one, then?" "The shortest, youngest and prettiest!" "Look here, young man," said the policeman, scornfully. "I'll soon prove to you that you don't know what you're talking about. The Queen of England is over 60 years of age, and that lady isn't anywhere near 40 even." It was in vain that the journalist protested that, having seen her majesty many times when in pursuit of his vocation, he was sure of what he stated. The policeman is still unconvinced.

RUESSELL'S STORY OF GORDON

The late Sir William Russell had a great store of anecdotes of famous men. One related to Gordon, whom he knew well, and who made Russell's



"Such a nice young man took me out to dinner last night—such a well-mannered man. I'd know, when the coffee came and 'e'd poured it in 'is saucer, instead of blowing on it like a common person, 'e fanned it with 'is 'at'!"—Punch.

son, who was one of the original party that went up with him to Khartoum, governor of Fashoda. Sir William first met Gordon in the Crimea, and the story he used to tell of him is this: There was a sortie, and the Russians got into one of our parallels. Gordon was in command, and, with the greatest coolness, or rather indifference, he jumped on to the parapet and encouraged the trench guards to drive them out. Of course, he remained there in imminent peril of his life. Brother officers cried, "Come down, Gordon! Come down! You'll be killed." He took no notice, however, but simply stood there urging his men on. Then a plain Tommy of the ranks put in his word, and this was what he said: "Leave Gordon alone. He's all right. What's being killed to him? He's one of them blessed Christians!"

HOW RUSSELL LEARNED TO LECTURE

Perhaps the story that Russell told with the more gusto is how he was trained to lecture on his Crimean experiences. Thackeray and others urged him to do so, and, as he was by no means loath to make a little money, he agreed. Accordingly, a lecture was prepared, and was several times rehearsed before a select audience, composed chiefly of members of the Garrick Club. There were Delane (of the Times), Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Dickens, John Leach, Sheridan Knowles—indeed, a whole host of the rare spirits of the time, who did not fail to "punctuate" the lecture with "Hear, hear," cheers and laughter. At length the actual night for the lecture came, and when the lecturer reached Willis' Rooms—the scene of his debut—saw the great and fashionable audience gathered there to hear him—"Well, I finked it!" said Russell. "I peeped in from behind the platform and my hair almost stood on end. Half the audience seemed to be Crimean officers. I can't go on," said I. "Nonsense!" cried Thackeray. "I've done it, and so can you." "I can't do it, I tell you," said I. "Go on, somebody, and say I'm ill—that all money came up with a glass of champagne, saying, 'will put you all right.' But I can't take a step. Then I took another peep at the audience, and, lo!

death do us part." They descended the steps of the platform an engaged couple, hand in hand.

A NOVELIST OF THE SEA.

Mr. Clark Russell, who will be 63 on Sunday next, was born in New York, but was soon brought to England, and received his education at Winchester. His mother, prior to her marriage, was a Miss Lloyd, a connection of Wordsworth, and had in her young met Coleridge, Southey and Lamb. At 13 Clark Russell became a midshipman in the merchant service, and the next eight years were spent at sea, where he obtained the knowledge that was afterwards turned to splendid account in his books. For a time he lived in Newcastle, writing regularly for the Daily Chronicle of that city; and later his association with journalism was continued on the London Daily Telegraph. But long ago he gave himself entirely to authorship. Since 1890 he has resided in Bath. Mr. Russell is a great admirer of the Marquis of Graham, and felt keenly disappointed when that young man—whose interest in seafaring is well known—failed to win a seat in the House of Commons.

LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

Lady Frances Balfour, who has been giving a charity lecture on the House of Lords this week, is one of the most intellectual of the leaders in the woman's suffrage movement. Fifth daughter of the late Duke of Argyll, whom she greatly resembles in features, she is an excellent platform speaker, and writes well on the most facts. Her husband is Col. Eustace Balfour, a younger brother of the Opposition leader, and well known for his interest in volunteers in general and the London Scottish corps in particular. Lady Frances is one of the many cultured ladies connected with the women's movement who do not court publicity, but only come to the front of the battle out of sheer devotion to the cause.

SIR RICHARD SOLOMON.

It is curious that Lady Solomon should have both husband and brother filling the office of attorney-general—the one in the Transvaal and the other in England. While the brother, Sir Lawson Walton, is sharing here the common task of his party to solve the House of Lords question, the husband is waging a keen warfare with Sir Percy Fitzpatrick in Transvaal politics. Sir Richard Solomon's career has been one of steady progress. He is the son of a missionary at the Cape, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1879. For a time he was mathematical lecturer at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, but his first great chance occurred in 1886, when he acted as legal adviser to Lord Rosmead's commission which inquired into the condition of Mauritius. Since then he has gone from one post to another, until he became attorney-general of the Transvaal. The only daughter of Sir Percy, now four years of age, distinguished herself so greatly in the direction of railways, first in Egypt and afterwards in South Africa, and who returned to England to assume a staff appointment last year.

A SCOTTISH CENTENARIAN.

One of Wordsworth's strongest minds—of whom the noisy world often hears least—died the other day in the rural district of Fenwick, Ayrshire, Scotland, in his 101st year. Matthew Powells was his name. He was no more than a weaver at the handloom. All the same, he had derived the patent of nobility direct from nature. In May of last year, "old Matthew," who was a Dissenter and a Radical, with the old blue blood of the Covenanters traceable in his descent, celebrated his centenary. His portrait, as painted when working at the loom in his nineties, by Mr. Monro S. Orr, was then presented to him by his friends. "Old Matthew" passed the gift to his son, Mr. George Powells, who is now the minister of public health and education in the Government of New Zealand. He visited his father at the centenary, accompanied by Sir Joseph Ward, now the premier of New Zealand.

PLAY IN THE DARK.

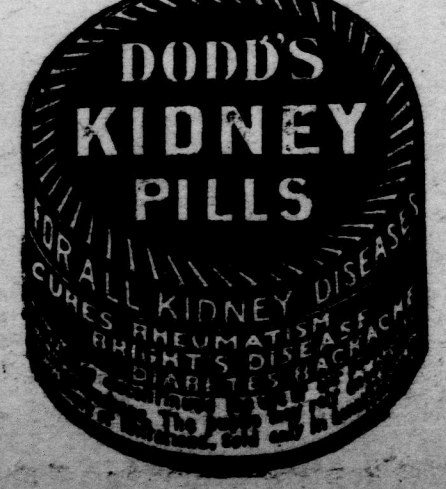
Because they have no sight, and must cultivate the sense of feeling, the blind are peculiarly sensitive to touch. The average piano student can profit by this knowledge and help himself more than he realizes by a few minutes of nightly practice without artificial light.

Try going to the piano when the lights are low, or not burning at all. Run over the scales in consecutive order. Then play the arpeggios and running scales, and the dominant seventh, and diminished fifth. Then let yourself go on the pieces you have memorized.

You will find yourself musically awakened, for you can hear better when you are not distracted by what you see, and your touch will become more firm and sure, and your dependence on printed notes will gradually grow less.—Eude.

PUNISHING ENGLISH SCHOOL-BOYS.

In English schools for boys the punishment is inflicted for the most part by the students. By way of example, the cricket captain or the football captain can give so many cuts with the cane to a player who has done his duty. A well-known English authority on educational matters called attention to the strange fact that "an heir to a dukedom, or actually a duke himself, may be well thrashed at Eton by an annoyed monitor, who is only a schoolfellow, after all, and nobody make the slightest remonstrance." On the other hand, "the son of a village cobbler cannot be given even one stroke by the head master of the village school for outrageous conduct without also seeing enough strike made in the village to incline one to think that the punishment had come to an end."—American Boy.



My Wife and I

By Cecil Haydon.

"Well, Alice," said the man as he entered the room, "how have things been today?"

The woman raised her head. She had made no movement of welcome as he came in. Her face was set in a stern, faultless if it had not been drawn into such a petulant, weary expression. "Just the same as every day, Keith," she said. "I can't complain of excitement."

"Poor little girl. Things will change some day, sweetheart," he said, jerking his head away from her touch. "I'm tired of waiting for some day, some day, some day—it's always some day. And while I'm waiting for some day I'm getting old and ugly."

"Never that, Alice," he said, smiling. "Words, nothing but words," she retorted. "If you only would do something worth while I might believe in you, Keith. Where are you going now?"

"I have something to write, dearest." "Always the same old story. Why don't you write something that people want to read? What you write is dry as dust and read by about two people—paid for like so much typewriting. Why didn't you accept Mr. Challoner's offer? Then you would not have had to do this writing."

"I tell you my principles would not let me accept." "Your principles—always your principles. What about your invalid wife?" An expression of pain crossed the man's face, but he did not answer. He unwrapped a book from its coverings.

"Here's something with which you can beguile the time away while I'm writing the tiresome story," he said. "A new book," she cried. "How extravagant of you, Keith. What is it? 'My Wife and I' By Gerald Knollys. Who is he, Keith? Anybody much?" "Nobody much," said the husband, turning away.

For an hour the man wrote and the woman read, and as she did so an unwonted flush came on her face. Finally she laid the book down. "What a book," she thought to herself. "It's simply grand. What a wife and what a husband. I wonder if ever I could have been such an encouragement to a man. I wonder if Gerald Knollys could have written that book if I had been his wife."

Poor Keith. I will tell him how I love him and how sorry I am and how we will try and live that book. She turned towards her husband, but he had fallen asleep. She went to him and her eyes fell on the writing with a letter to his mother. In amazement she read an account of the home he had prepared for his wife, of the new luxuries she was to get unexpectedly, of the health he hoped those would bring her.

"Keith does not know yet," he had written, "that I am the author of the success 'My Wife and I'." A sudden movement of the quiet figure at the table startled her and she saw that her husband was looking at her with a strange appeal in his eyes. Into a sudden gesture of remorse and love she threw herself in his arms and Keith saw that he was "somebody much" at last.

THE WORLD'S GREAT CANALS

THREE OF THE LARGEST OF THEM JOIN THE GREAT LAKES OF AMERICA.

There are nine great ship canals in the world and all of these have been built within the last 75 years. They are the Suez Canal, the Corinth Canal, the Manchester Ship Canal, the Kaiser Wilhelm, the Elbe and Trave, the Welland and the two canals connecting Lake Superior and Lake Huron, between Canada and the United States.

In a single year a greater number of ships pass through the lake canals of the north than through the Suez Canal, and there is no doubt that the latter is by far the most important water link in the world. It is the longest, being 90 miles from entrance to exit, and it cost more than \$100,000,000 to build. About 4,000 ships pass through the Suez Canal annually. It takes eighteen hours for a vessel to go the entire length of the canal. There are no locks and a part of the route, about two-thirds of it, is made up of a series of shallow lakes.

The Corinth Canal, the Corinth Canal, the Manchester Ship Canal, the Kaiser Wilhelm, the Elbe and Trave, the Welland and the two canals connecting Lake Superior and Lake Huron, between Canada and the United States.

After the construction of the Corinth Canal, which is only 4 miles long, a saving of 175 miles was made by ships sailing from Adriatic ports. A part of this canal was cut through solid rock, and, short as it is, it took nine years to build.

A direct route from Manchester, England, to the Atlantic Ocean was obtained by the digging of the Manchester Canal. From Manchester ships now go through the artificial waterway to the Mersey River and from there to the open sea. This canal is fitted with hydraulic locks.

For the express use and convenience of military and naval forces the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal was begun in 1887, and completed less than ten years later. Since it has been opened it has been found of great value to mercantile traffic. The canal is 661 miles long and extends from Kiel, on the Baltic, to the North Sea. The Elbe and Trave Canal is another important connecting link between the Baltic and North

PAINT IS A PUNISHMENT.—Pain is a protest of nature against neglect of the bodily health, against carelessness regarding the physical condition. It steals in at the first opportunity, and takes up its abode in a man, and it is sometimes difficult to eject it. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will drive it out in short order. Pain is a sign where it is used, but it is not a disease.

You must take something for your Kidneys.

Why not GIN PILLS?

You know that biting pain in the back is caused by the kidneys. You know that sick kidneys are bringing those bearing down pains—those constant headaches—and making you an ill woman.

Is it not worth 50c. to you to find out the remedy that will change you into a well, happy woman? GIN PILLS are the remedy. They will take away every trace of pain—strengthen and heal the kidneys—build up the whole system.

For pain in the back and through the hips—for painful urination—for highly colored, burning urine—for headaches, loss of flesh and appetite—for swollen hands and feet—for Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia—GIN PILLS are the greatest remedy in the world.

Won't you give GIN PILLS the chance to show you what they can and will do? Simply buy one box as a test. We know that you will feel so much better after taking them that nothing could induce you to delay buying the second.

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Hoping others will be benefited thereby. Yours truly, MRS. MILLANOR P. RIPLEY.

This is what everyone says who has ever used GIN PILLS. This is what YOU will say after finishing the first box. Don't be ill. Don't hesitate. Get GIN PILLS and cure yourself. 50c. a box. At all dealer or sent on receipt of price.

SOLE DRUG CO.

WINNIPEG, Man.

SCORES OF ELEPHANTS WORKING IN SAWMILLS

EACH ANIMAL REPRESENTS A VALUE OF \$1,500.

To see the working elephant in all his glory one must go to Burmah, the center of the teakwood industry. Some of the great sawmills of Maulmain and Rangoon employ hundreds of elephants, some with and others without a mahout or driver.

The companies own immense timber concessions, and each year a certain number of trees are marked for cutting down. Those so marked are girdled to prevent the sap rising. This causes the tree to die.

In three years it is quite seasoned and dry. It is then cut down, the branches are lopped off, and one, two, or three elephants are attached to it by chains to haul it to the nearest stream.

The creek in which the elephant has deposited its log may be dry in the timber-cutting season; nevertheless, the creature continues to pile log after log in the bed of the torrent against the time when the monsoon shall break and wash the accumulation of logs into one of the main rivers.

When this is done men collect at various points and examine the various owners' marks. The logs are then sorted and bound into rafts, and a family of Burmans forthwith installs itself upon each, and builds a little hut of bamboo and leaves in which to live while the big raft of teak logs is coming down the river to Rangoon.

When the rafts arrive opposite the saw-works, herds of working elephants are in waiting to heave the logs out of the water and take them to different parts of the mill. They display an intelligence almost human; and when the dinner bell rings at midday, logs are dropped in every direction and the ground fairly shakes as hundreds of tuskers scamper off to dinner like playful children let out of school.

When the logs have been sawn other gangs of elephants move dexterously about among the huge circular saws, avoiding them with extreme care, clearing away debris, and in a marvelous manner disposing of the sawdust. The elephants stack the sawn planks. They are so careful that the edges are not injured.

Most amusing is it to see one of these working elephants taking a huge squared log and placing it on the stack. First of all he estimates its length and weight as it lies on the ground. Then he digs his tusks under it at one end and curls his trunk over and tucks it under the other end of the log over and tucks it.

Should he find the task beyond him, he will give a queer little trumpet note, and up comes a colleague to help him at the other end. In a moment the two elephants have swung the big log between them, walk in step to the pile, and then one of them, apparently by preconcerted agreement, places his end in position on the stack, while the other rams home the log.

Every timber yard has its own particular set of elephants, more intelligent than the rest, and one belonging to Messrs. Macgregor & Co., of Rangoon, was in the habit of turning on a water tap and helping himself to a big drink, though he could not be induced to turn the water off again. Similar obstinacy and occasional bad temper is often shown, and the mahouts are very highly paid, for they live, always in the risk that the huge tuskers may turn upon them and kill them, particularly if the mahout has at any time shown cruelty or unkindness.

A Hindu mahout was employed with a working elephant in Bangkok, Siam, and frequently used a steel gad, in defiance of all warnings. The result was that his elephant made frequent attempts to kill him, and finally the man was discharged. Nearly four years afterwards, by a most remarkable coincidence, both elephant and mahout met again in Maulmain, Burmah, and no sooner was the big tusker out of sight of the sawmill and well into the forest than he curled his trunk up backward, seized his old persecutor by the neck, hurled him to the ground, and in an instant the mighty forefoot had crushed out his life.

Each working elephant represents a value of \$1,500, and years of experience have shown that until quite recently this was the most profitable form of labor that could be employed in the great forests of Burmah and Siam. Now, however, highly ingenious American, German and British machinery—chiefly portable railroads and steam hoists—are gradually taking the place of the giant workers, and in another decade the independent elephant laborer may be entirely extinct.—The Circle.

WASTEFUL BOILER-ROOMS.

The use of superheated or ad-heated steam has now extended to all classes of steam engines, and these adaptations have established the now well-known feature, that economy is obtainable by the elimination of saturation or moisture, and in especial that the source of major losses by condensation is directly and favorably affected by the introduction of superheated vapor.

In the major number of installations, however, it would be possible to produce, by judicious changes effecting suitable relations of fuel to drafts, to grates and to flues, greater economies than can be accredited to the mere introduction of superheat to the steam supply.

The direct and pressing competition of the gas-producer and gas engine has already forced the steam engine and boiler combinations to a second place in the record for economic production of power, and but for the timely development of the steam turbine would have already changed much of the course of engineering practice. If steam is to retain its place as a method of power development, its whole cycle of operations must come under the definite and concentrated treatment which has been accorded mainly in the past, to one end of the operation, viz., the steam cylinder part of the combination.—Engineering Magazine.

THE INSTRUCTOR: The only Child's Shoe made in Natural Shapes of Solid Leather.

The way your children's shoes wear out must often surprise you.



They seem to fall to pieces or the soles wear away as if they had been held to a grindstone.

You have put it down as the result of the incessant running of the little feet. That, of course, has something to do with it, but only to a small extent.

The real reason is that all children's shoes have been made from factory

leavings. You know only part of a hide is good, tough, even-grained leather. The balance is poor stuff that falls to pieces in a short time.

Now each factory uses the best part of each hide of leather to make their best shoes—the shoes they put their name on and back up with their guarantee.

But they want the profit that is in the balance of the leather. It is a dead loss to throw it out, so they make it into "nameless"

shoes for your children's growing feet. They put them together in any way with cheap labor, because it is cheap leather—the result is a poor, cheap, nameless shoe.

It is the "nameless" shoe that surprises you by wearing out so quickly. It is also this "nameless" shoe, thrown together in a cheap, shapeless manner, that distorts your children's feet and fills their future years with the pains of corns and bunions.

Now comes the Instructor Shoe—the first child's shoe made in Canada on a scientific basis—the only child's shoe branded with the name, and guaranteed by its maker to be solid leather through-and-through.

We are putting the best leather, the best skill and the result of years of foot study into the Instructor Child's shoe. We have staked our reputation on it.

The Instructor Shoe is made of the best parts of the best leather. The soles are cut from the centre section of the finest oak-tanned sole leather. The soles are sewn on by the new system which sinks the stitches in a channel, so the sole can wear down without the stitches cutting and the sole falling to pieces.

The Instructor Shoe is built on lasts modelled from children's feet. The shape permits the foot to lie perfectly flat—each toe out straight—growing as nature intended it should.

The Instructor Shoe is the only child's shoe which is made in several widths—a perfect fit is certain.

If you would give your children the life-long joy of perfect, painless feet—if you would buy shoes for them that will outwear two pairs of the ordinary kind—ask your dealer for the Instructor Child's Shoe, made in 35 styles and four widths. Name plainly stamped on the sole.

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