

London Advertiser

Founded in 1853.

ADVERTISER BUILDING,
Dundas Street, London, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One week by carrier..... 10c
One year by carrier..... \$2.00
One year by mail, outside city..... \$2.00
One year, delivered, outside city..... \$3.00
Weekly Edition..... 15c

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The London Advertiser Printing Co.,
Limited.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28.

HERE AND THERE.

The Whitney majority on the Howard Ferguson committee never labored more diligently to prevent inquiry into the Proudfoot charges than the Asquith-Labor majority on the old country committee labored to prevent inquiry into the Marconi charges. Toronto Telegram (Con.)

Of course, this is not true, and anyone who has read the accounts of both investigations, if the force at Toronto can be called an investigation at all, will laugh. The doings of the British ministers were thoroughly sifted, and not one Tory, however rabid, of the British House of Commons, dares or will now assert in or out of the House that the charges of corruption made by certain members and certain newspapers against Messrs. Samuel, Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs were not false. The Telegram knows this perfectly well.

If there were any doubt among honest and informed readers of the fullness of the Marconi inquiry, all that is necessary is to read the accounts of the Marconi and Proudfoot trials. The whole Marconi affair was threshed out in the regular courts and a verdict found for the ministers against the accusers. The ringleaders in accusation were fined. Not so here in Ontario. There is no comparison between the actions of the British and Ontario ministers, nor between the steps taken by the two Governments to deal with the charges. In England the charges are so blown away by full revelation of circumstances and by verdicts of juries that no one dare now repeat them in print or on the platform. In Ontario Mr. Rowell and Mr. Proudfoot are not silenced, and the Telegram knows that their case is a good one. Keep the British libel trials in view.

The Marconi charges were part of an organized campaign of slander carried on by the Unionist party for the last two years. First Mr. Bonar Law charged Mr. Asquith over a year ago, in a vague way, with wholesale appointments of unworthy persons, and introducing the old American spoils system into the British civil service. Though he has been given by Mr. Asquith every opportunity to formulate his charges and substantiate them, he has never done so. The policy has been to move on from one lying accusation to another without becoming too precise about anything, nor pressing it to proof. There have been allegations as to the Indian silver purchases and as to palm-oil concessions, bubbles pricked as soon as blown. However, in this Marconi business the slanders have been caught, and some of them punished. It is a pity that Mr. Maxse, editor of the National Review, has not been put through in the same way as another Conservative journalist, Mr. Chesterton.

Here are some of the phrases used by the latter to designate the actions of unoffending ministers: "Swindle, or rather, theft, impudent and barefaced," "raids upon the public purse," "public theft and knavery" by "malefactors," "this absence," "a private financial conspiracy," and other pearls of invention. But Mr. Chesterton himself, after hearing the evidence against him, confessed to the judge in court that he no longer charged any corruption. The jury condemned his charges as not only unfounded but grossly criminal, and the judge for his part wanted Mr. Chesterton put in jail.

Mr. Maxse so far has escaped prosecution for his blackguardism, probably because it was less specific, though not less foul in character. But a gag on the editor of the National Review, organ of the gentlemen's party, would be a relief to the general public.

The British ministers have not robbed anyone except themselves by their investments or speculations. They did not receive money from anyone. The circumstances of the Marconi speculation are not in the same category at all as Mr. Hanna's taking money from Mr. Taylor, and the whole transaction was ransacked both by the committee and by the courts. The Hanna-Taylor relations are still shrouded in a mystery that is suspicious to the Toronto Telegram itself.

THAT VACATION.

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." So we have been told. But when the spring has passed, and the summer sun comes scorching down, and the air is dry and sultry, when the house fly dances on the bald man's head, and his shirt collar wilts with perspiration, when the children are home from school and raising Cain about the house, when the grasshopper chirps on the street, and the creek of the bull-frog is heard from the distant pond, when a tired feeling comes over the human frame for which sarsaparilla and blood bitters bring no relief, then the fancies of all sorts and

conditions of people turn to that vacation, and the weary cry out for that "lodge in some vast wilderness," which is supposed to cure the ills of summer. To the man who can take his family down the St. Lawrence and get a room at the Chateau Frontenac at \$10 a day, the problem is easy. To most other men it is not. And the solution is often worse than the problem.

Perhaps it will be possible only to take a day at a time, when the store or the factory is closed. So they talk of it for a week or two before, then prepare for it. The good wife cooks a supply of food for the picnic, and fixes up the children's dresses, for they must be as nice as economy will permit. And on the morning of the eventful day the head of the household shoulders a big basket of dishes and eatables, and they take an early train to the port, and he carries that basket up hill and selects a suitable spot, and they spend the day in eating and washing dishes, and walking about, and climbing hills, and getting sunburned. And when night comes they gather up the fragments and wend their way homeward, the good wife with a headache and a backache, the children cross and fretful, and the head of the household with a grouch that he does not get over for a week.

But they may be in a better position for a longer holiday, only it must be done as cheaply as possible. So they get an old tent, and pack up some bedding and canned goods, and hire a tent to a lonely spot by the river side, "far from the madding crowd." And they cook their meals out doors, and eat their meals under the trees, and carefully pick out the caterpillars from the dishes. And the milk for which they have trudged two or three miles is not very clean, and the water from the creek is not very pure, and on some days the hot sun burns them and on rainy days the water soaks through the tent. And they have a splendid time. But after a week they conclude they have had enough and go home.

It may be, however, that they can take their vacation more comfortably. They hire a cottage at Point Pelee, and select some of their old furniture, and lay in a stock of provisions and settle down for the summer by the lake shore or the river side. The head of the household remains at home to attend to business. He gets his lunch at the club, and has a game or two afterwards for a little recreation, he sees his friends who are in town, discusses politics, goes to the baseball, and criticizes the players. When evening comes he may run down to the cottage, and get up early next morning to catch the train. But he is very apt to find important business that he cannot leave, in which case he has to remain at home, see the boys at night, when a hand or two at poker will pass the lonesome hours away without any difficulty. Meanwhile, the ladies of his household go bathing, gossip with their neighbors, play bridge on the verandah, and kill time as effectively as they can, and the children, if there are any, have a good time.

And yet there are some disadvantages about all these holiday trips. We will suggest a better plan. Get all the railroad circulars and time tables you can. Select a suitable locality, and plan carefully a route of travel. Then throw it all in the waste basket, and stay home—thinking Providence that you have a comfortable house in a garden city like London. Here in the broad parks and shady avenues you can imagine yourself in the country. You will have pure water to drink, free from the typhoid germs too often found in country wells. The milk from the dairy is pure and has its full percentage of butter. The roads are not so dusty as in the country. Your window screens will keep out the flies. If it is a very hot day you can close the shutters, and keep reasonably cool; as a last resort you can go down cellar, though we do not advise that plan. The good man will not have to get his own meals or take them at the club, nor stay out so late at night, all of which are bad for his stomach, and his head, and his pocket. And you can rest at home, if you try very hard. Do as little work as possible; dress as lightly as possible; sleep as much as possible—a nap in the daytime will not hurt you. Forget life's cares as much as you can; think as charitably of your neighbors as you can; be at peace with all men if you can. You will save strength, and you will be better off physically, morally and financially, than if you had been "enjoying" an outing at the seaside, a camp in the woods, or even a day's picnic at the lake.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

In the present uncertainty as to what the American tariff, with respect to Canada, is going to be, will our anti-reciprocal journals state just what they want, just what is good for Canada, the American wall up, or the American wall down? Is it good for us to have a free market there for our wheat and meat, as anti-reciprocalists were admitting a few weeks ago, or seeing that we may not get it after all, will they turn round again and say the grapes are sour? The veering vane of American politics keeps our anti-reciprocal economists chasing themselves round in a circle, like a pup chasing its tail. At this moment,

however, they stand stone-still like the ass that was equal-placed and unable to budge between two carrots of equal attractiveness.

The next thing our American friends will have a reciprocal arrangement with Argentina. Then at last the east and west haul will be safe, and we can go on hauling to our heart's content all that a distant market can absorb? No, it is a good guess that the coalition government at Ottawa will then pretend that, circumstances having altered, Canada had better get in with Argentina. We might have been in without Argentina.

Where is the wandering Foster tonight?

The caterpillars may not make as much noise as the British suffragettes, but they make as much havoc.

Wide regret is felt for the death of Mr. Robert K. Cowan. Little acts of kindness and of love were a large part of his generous life.

Harry Lauder's son has taken his degree at Cambridge University—not even Scotch. His father should give us a song and dance about it, what it cost, etc.

There is not much encouragement to the British Unionists in the Leicester election. It is true the Liberal majority was greatly cut down, but that was by the entrance of a Labor candidate into the fray, who got over 2,500 votes, practically all of which were Liberal.

Alexander G. Bell, the great Scottish-Canadian inventor, has been made a Doctor of Laws by Dartmouth University. He has received the same distinction from half a dozen other universities. Rather a curious degree for an inventing scientist, unless it be remembered that he is also something of a philologist, and a man of wide general culture.

Some Englishmen who have been in Canada a little while think that if only Great Britain had a tariff on about everything, it would get free of pauperism and low wages. They are not aware that because of a high tariff German and French workmen live more miserably than their British brothers. They do not know that Canada after nearly 20 years of protective tariff had not improved, but after the opening of western land by the Laurier Government, Canada leaped ahead. Open land is the secret of high wages and prosperity. Landlordism spells pauperism to a fringe of the British population. If there are fewer paupers in France and Germany than in Great Britain, in spite of a lower level of wages and living among the artisans, it is because landlordism at any rate has no hold on France, and less on Germany by far than upon England. Of course, the British landlord draws a red herring across the track, and urges an attack on free trade, to raise wages, forsooth, but he is himself the thorn in England's and Scotland's flesh.

"FIRM AS A ROCK."

[Westminster Gazette.]

Lord Avebury used to tell a rather good story of his electroneering experiences. He was standing for a constituency once, when the Temperance party asked him to receive a deputation one afternoon at six. To his surprise, the temperance men (who were keen footballers, but keen Liberals) put in an appearance at 5 p.m. Being on the spot, Sir John, as he then was, consented to see them, but suggested that there had been some mistake, as he was not at the time. "Not at all," said the Temperance men; "we are coming again at six with a reporter, but we thought we should like to come at five without a reporter just to explain how the land lies. When we come at six we are going to insist on your supporting the local veto bill, but we thought you mightn't quite understand how we really are." "I grasped the situation at once," said Sir John, "and when they came at six I was as firm as a rock."

UP-TO-DATE CLASSICS.

[Sydney Post-Standard.]

What variety of new meanings the word "classic" has taken in this day, when publicity is the handmaid of art!

Classical literature—A series of books beautifully bound and selling at a dollar down and a dollar a month.

Classical painting—A picture that an American millionaire may be stung \$100,000 or more for.

Classical music—Anything excepting ragtime.

A classical play—One upon which the producer doesn't have to pay a royalty.

Classical dancing—Any style of footwork done by a woman who wears the minimum of clothing the police will permit.

FAVORITE FICTION.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Zoological Gardens."

"All Well, and All Send Love."

"Passengers Will Please Keep Their Feet Off the Seats."

"I Don't Care Particularly Which Team Wins; All I Want is to See a Good Game."

"If I Am Wrong About This I Shall Be Glad, of Course, to Be Corrected."

"I Shall Think of You Every Minute While I Am Away."

"Killing Time."

THE IRISH SECRETARY.

[New York Post.]

George Wyndham was at one time chief secretary for Ireland. It is a post which many other statesmen with a fondness for literature have held in our day—Mr. Bryce, Mr. Birrell, John Morley, to mention no others. It was Morley who described the secretary's office as "that grim apartment in Dublin Castle, where successive secretaries spend unshining hours in saying no to impossible demands, and hunting for plausible answers to insoluble riddles."

PILES

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DR. MURPHY SHOWS DOCTORS MAGIC OF MODERN SURGERY

Takes One of Man's Two Thumbs and Makes Nose For a Lady.

If You Lose a Limb He Can Fix You With a Better Article.

Some of the magic of modern surgery was unfolded at Friday afternoon's session of the meeting of the Canadian medical convention, by Dr. John B. Murphy, of Mercy Hospital, Chicago. After hearing his clinic, illustrated with slides, showing a splendid photographic record of successful operations performed, one came away with the feeling that after all it was no great cause for worry if one had the misfortune to lose a limb, because surgeons of the calibre of Dr. Murphy would quickly replace it and it would be as good as ever, if not a little better.

Or if a young lady were perchance to share the fate of the laundress in the nursery rhyme, and lose her nose, she need not despair, knowing that a piece of a cat's hind-leg could quickly be made into a fine nose, with the added advantage that she could have it any desired shape.

Wizard of Scalpel.

Wizard is about the only appellation that could be attached to Dr. Murphy, after seeing some of the cures that he and his associates have wrought. For an hour and a half he held the fixed attention of that large gathering of medical men, while he explained to them the results of his long experience in treating broken bones. It must have been a great inspiration to any doctor whose efforts have been attended with discouraging results to know what possibilities modern science had opened up in the healing of the maimed and lame.

"Bone regeneration" occupied a large place in the doctor's lecture. It was in seeking to promote this that many of his more remarkable operations were performed. To the inexperienced layman some of the repairs effected in broken bones looked like the work of a skilled carpenter. Wooden pegs in numerous instances held the shattered limbs in position until bone regeneration took place. Fine wire wound around the bone was the medium in other cases. In many cases parts of the bone were diseased, necessitating their removal. Undismayed, the great surgeon had removed bits of bone from some other part of the patient's body, where it could be better spared, a little grafting operation followed, and the limb was restored.

Put On a New Chin.

A young man in the State of Wisconsin had a quarrel with his affinity and decided to shoot himself. He secured the revolver, and leaning his head back, fired. Unfortunately, or fortunately, he leaned back too far, and succeeded only in blowing off the lower part of his face. Then he changed his mind and decided he wanted to live, but as life without a chin was not altogether a pleasing prospect he came to Dr. Murphy's office, where he could be done towards getting a new one. Nothing simpler, Dr. Murphy removed a bit of bone from the tibia, or large bone of his leg, and soon fitted him with a splendid chin.

A young lady in the same hospital suffered an accident to her nose, which almost annihilated her. There was in the hospital at the same time a man with a double thumb. Dr. Murphy moved the thumb of the lady, and of it fashioned a fine nose for the lady. Both patients had cause to be well satisfied with the operation.

Wonderful Operation.

And so other, where the seemingly impossible in surgery had been accomplished.

The great point Dr. Murphy wished to make was that bone regeneration was best accomplished by transplanting bits of bone from other portions of a patient's body. Bones of animals transplanted into the human body taken from another patient were used in about 90 per cent. of the cases. Transplanting bone from the patient's own body was a complete success in 100 per cent. of the cases.

Ivory was sometimes used by Dr. Murphy in replacing broken bones. It's a good medium for building up a broken work, but, of course, does not become a part of the body, as the engrafted bone does. He made no comment on its value for replacing broken heads.

Convention Concludes.

Dr. Murphy's lecture brought the 46th annual meeting of the Canadian Medical Association to a close. Judged from every standpoint the gathering was a tremendous success. The number and quality of the papers read will surely make the gathering an historic one, and the presence of such notable medical men as Dr. Barker, Dr. Billings, Dr. Murphy, Dr. Emil Black, Dr. Osmer and others all tended to make the gathering a great success.

The majority of the delegates left for their homes Friday evening, the convention closing in the afternoon.

Dr. H. A. McCallum, of this city, president for 1913, expressed himself as being entirely satisfied with the convention. In point of numbers, and, in fact, in every respect, it was the greatest yet held by the association, he said.

CUTTING HAY

Crop in Wyoming District Will Not Be Heavy This Season.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Wyoming, June 28.—Some haying has been done already in this district. Where the second crop of red clover was expected for seed, or alsike grown, the mow has been started to work.

Some of these crops are already in the barn. Timothy and timothy and red clover mixed is thought to be the better of a little longer standing. Haying will not be on the whole a heavy job. Corn sowing and hoeing is employing the farmers' time previous to starting the hay harvest.

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BROTHERS PERISH BATHING IN RIVER

Alfred and Wilson Nickles Drop Into a Hole While Playing in the Thames Near Dundas Street Bridge and Are Drowned.

Stepping suddenly into a hole in the river under the Dundas street bridge Friday afternoon, shortly after three o'clock, Alfred Nickles, six years old, son of Mr. Charles Nickles, 423 Dundas street, lost his balance and was drowned. His brother Wilson, two years older, noticing the struggles of the younger brother, went to his assistance, and stepping into the same hole, lost his life also. Another brother, Ernie, five years of age, started to where the boys were struggling, but was stopped six feet from the shore by a limb of a tree imbedded in the river.

Ernie started to cry, and Mrs. P. J. Watt, who was rowing nearby, was attracted to the spot. "I want my brother; he fell in the river," sobbed the child, and realizing that something was wrong Mrs. Watt called to Mr. Gordon, who was standing on the river bank, to send for aid. Running to Mr. William Mullins' store, three blocks distant, she told him that a boy had fallen into the river, and he immediately sent in a call for the fire department and the police.

Sergeant Birrell hurried to the scene with grappling irons, and taking Mrs. Watt's boat, he and Mr. J. Bell, of 7 Dundas street, started across the river, the former dragging the irons and the latter rowing.

Evidence of Tragedy.

After rowing back and forth several men in boats, including Mr. Mullins and others, could find no trace of the boy, and it was thought that there had been no fatality, but that the little fellow, becoming excited, had told Mrs. Watt that his brother had fallen into the river. A few feet up the river, however, was mute evidence of a tragedy, in a little bundle of clothing, a pair of trousers, a jersey, and a peaked cap. As soon as they were discovered the men renewed their efforts, and Fireman Thomas Tozer, of the central fire station, dove several times, and at last appeared on the surface with the body of Wilson. Just as he was bringing the body ashore a woman, Mrs. Nickles, was seen running down the hill, asking her boys. It was thought up till then that only one had been drowned, but as soon as the mother reached the spot it was learned that two of her boys were in the river.

Tozer again went to the middle of the river, and five minutes after locating the body of the oldest boy he came up with the body of Alfred. Mrs. Nickles was in a state of hysteria when taken to her home.

Doctors Work on Bodies.

As soon as the bodies were brought ashore several men set to work in an attempt at resuscitation, and a call was sent for doctors. Just then a street car bound for the ball park arrived at the bridge and a number of medical men, who are in London for the convention, hurried to the scene. Drs. Stapleton and Macgregor, of this city, Dr. Hutton, of Appin, and four other physicians, who refused to give their names, hurried down the bank to where the little bodies were lying. Down in the mud on their knees they went and worked frantically for over an hour trying to restore life by artificial respiration. The heat was intense, and a great crowd had gathered, making it worse, but the doctors worked on, unmindful of the heat, and the mud in which they were kneeling. While they were working trying to restore life to the bodies, the crowd in the park was sending up cheer after cheer, unaware of the tragedy close at hand.

While endeavoring to restore life, the physicians were informed that the mother was hysterical and in a serious condition, and one of them, although greatly exhausted, hurried up the hill to the Nickles home.

Boys Had Been Warned.

The boys left home early in the afternoon after being warned by the mother not to go near the river, because, as she afterwards told a reporter, she always had a horror of the water, and was afraid some of the children would be drowned. Arriving at the river bank, they played about for a time, and one of them suggested that they go in for a swim. Stripping, the two oldest boys walked out into the river for a short distance and started to play. Then Wilson started to walk towards the shore to make Ernie, the youngest of the trio, who was wading out into the river with his clothes on, go back, because he was afraid he would be drowned. Suddenly he noticed Alfred sink and come up once, struggling.

Realizing that there was something wrong, Wilson started back to help Alfred, when he stepped into a hole and sank also. Neither of the boys cried for help, and Mr. J. Robinson, of Dundas street west, who was standing on the cement base of the middle pier, fishing, about ten feet away from where the boys sank, was not aware of the accident until someone called to him, 20 minutes later, and asked him if he had seen a boy go down.

Came From Parkhill.

The family that lived in this city from Parkhill last September, and Wilson, one of the boys who was drowned, was lost the first day, being found 15 miles out in the country, after being carried away by a farmer and then put off the rig.

Shortly before the accident the father started for the East London depot of the Grand Trunk, with his son-in-law, and brother-in-law, who had been in camp here, and who were on their way home. When halfway there he had a sort of intuition that something was wrong, and getting off the street car, started to hurry home. On his arrival at the corner of Dundas and Ridout streets he was told of the death of his sons.

Coroner Dr. MacLaren was called, and after viewing the bodies he decided that an inquest was unnecessary and gave permission for their removal. They were taken to the home on Ridout street, and were sent this morning to Parkhill, where the funeral will take place, by Smith, Son & Clarke, undertakers.

LIBERALS WON

Big Majority Over Unionist and Socialist in Leicester.

London, June 28.—The result of the by-election in Leicester yesterday was as follows:

Howard (Liberal).....10,853
Wilshire (Unionist).....9,278
Hartley (Socialist).....2,589

The Liberal majority of the Unionist was 1,534. The previous Liberal majority was 5,591.

Leicester has always been an extremely democratic stronghold. A remarkable incident in this contest was a manifesto assumed to have come from the Labor leaders in Parliament disowning Hartley's Socialist candidature. The manifesto, however, was ultimately repudiated by the Labor executive, declaring that they remained neutral in the present contest. Leicester is a two-member constituency. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor leader, being the other representative.

The by-election was necessitated by the resignation of Crawshaw Williams, who has been named as co-respondent in a divorce suit. Williams was formerly private secretary to Lloyd George.

VICTORIA NURSES RECEIVE DIPLOMAS AND GOOD ADVICE

Twenty-Four Graduates Centre of Ceremonies at Masonic Temple.

Class Was Addressed by Mayor Graham, Dr. Seaborne and Dr. Moorehouse.

Twenty-four nurses received their graduation diplomas at the closing exercises of Victoria Hospital Training School in the New Masonic Temple Friday night.

Mayor Graham presided. To the graduates he said that the vocation of the nurse was the highest calling open to woman next to that of wife and mother. The power of woman's influence for good was emphasized. He said that the great mistake that women were making in the world today was allowing themselves to be brought down to the level of men instead of raising men to their level.

Presented Diplomas.

Rev. Dr. James Ross, of St. Andrew's Church conducted the opening devotional exercises, after which Lieut.-Col. Gartshore, chairman of the hospital board, presented the diplomas to the graduates after receiving from them the Florence Nightingale pledge.

In the absence of Dr. J. S. Niven, Dr. Moorehouse presented the medals to the special prize winners. He dwelt upon the honorableness of the nurse's calling, and the Christian and unselfish character of the work of alleviating suffering and sickness. The gold medalist was Miss Jean Ferguson; the silver, Miss Eva Rowland, and the bronze, Miss Mena S. Hanson.

Address to Class.

The inevitableness of death which theology, religion and even philosophy have for so long admitted, was questioned by Dr. Edwin Seaborne in his address to the graduating class. Life, he pointed out, has from time immemorial been a continual warfare between time and death. The lash of death has even been held over humanity. All religions, Confucianism, Buddhism, the religion of the ancients, Egyptians, Mohammedanism and Christianity have taken death into consideration. All have re-echoed the thought, "The end of all component things is death," and aimed in various ways to attain the immortality of the soul.

The greatness of thought as compared with action was dwelt upon. The philosopher and the scientist were compared with the soldier. Dr. Seaborne outlined the development of the germ theory, and Lister's part in the founding of antiseptic surgery. The great foothold of death, he said, was ignorance. He emphasized to the graduates that every task, however trifling, done a little better than it had been done before, was so much more ground wrested from the great enemy, death.

Nurses' At Home.

Following the graduation exercises, an at-home was held. During the promenades, Miss Gertrude Rowntree sang a charming solo, and Miss Edythe Warrine Nash gave a reading. Delightful music was rendered by the Cortese Orchestra.

The nurses receiving their diplomas were: Misses Mary C. Wright, Eva Rowland, Lila M. Grover, Myra M. Henderson, Hilda M. Stuart, Edna M. Scott, Mena S. Hanson, Lillian Veale, Jean Ferguson, Agnes Munnoch, Gladys L. Dundas, Elizabeth A. Gray, Mary A. Barons, Margaret E. Baird, Alma C. Anderson, Mabel I. MacRobert, Ruby K. Sussex, Ada H. Nash, Ina Rice, Nellie M. Foreman, Charlotte A. King, Margaret M. MacDonald, Alia Matheson, Vera E. Smith.