

### WOULD TAKE IN MOUNT DENNIS TOO

#### Ald. Anderson Favors Pushing City Limits Further West.

### NEED FIRE PROTECTION

#### Islanders Complain of Poor Equipment and Fire Chief Will Investigate.

When the city council gets thru next Monday discussing the extent of territory that should be annexed to the city, the present probabilities are that a pretty general demand will be made for pushing out the northern limits a goodly distance on either side of North Toronto.

Ald. Anderson was asked by Controller McCarthy in the board of control if he deemed it advisable to recommend to council that all the territory between North Toronto and the tracks of the northern division of the G. T. R. extending north to 400 feet beyond the old Belt Line, should be annexed.

"Why not keep on westward to include Mount Dennis?" Ald. Anderson queried. "There is a population of 10,000 in Mount Dennis."

"And why not take in Todmorden?" Controller Church demanded. "There is between three and four thousand of a population there."

"You know where I stand," Controller Church said. "I'm against annexing any more territory."

"So am I," added Controller Church, "unless it is petitioned for. We should not recommend annexation of a territory that is postage stamp policy of annexing." Controller Church declared to Controller Church. "Be consistent. Either favor wholesale annexation or none at all."

It was decided to recommend the annexation of the two lots within Dufferin street and North Toronto, extending 400 feet north of the old Belt Line.

**Water Meter.** Controller O'Neill put thru a motion that all water supplied outside the city limits be metered.

"The cities are getting together to insist upon more representation, now that the redistribution bill is being prepared," said Controller Church. He moved that Toronto co-operate, and the motion was adopted.

Ald. Wickes submitted a report upon the civic expenditures that are charged to capital account, although belonging to revenue account. He suggested the appointment of a strong committee to investigate. The matter will be taken up next week.

The City Planning Conference will be in Toronto next year, Ald. Anderson reported. The executive requires \$1200. The board of trade and other organizations have assured \$900. It was decided to recommend that the city guarantee the other \$300.

Ald. Burgess, who was one of the losers in a recent fire at the island, appealed for better fire protection. "It's a scandal," he declared. Chief Thompson will be asked to confer with the harbor commission and report.

At Controller Foster's request the commissioner of works will report upon the cost and condition of the concrete pavement on Poullette st.

Ald. Anderson asked for shelters for High Park and Kew Gardens, explaining that revenues from parks would cover the cost. The request was granted.

There are so many complaints of lack of watering troughs that the commissioner of works will report at next meeting of council the progress made in the last five months in betterment of water supply. The motion carried.

Controller Foster moved that legislation be got to increase the license fee for circuses. It was adopted.

Controller O'Neill put thru a motion that all civic automobiles must be taken to the courtyard of the city hall while waiting to be used, and

### SUFFERED TERRIBLY WITH HAY FEVER

#### Until "Fruit-a-tives" Completely Cured Her.

MRS. HENRY KEMP.



MRS. HENRY KEMP. Cornwall Centre, Ont.

November 27th, 1911.

"I was a martyr to Hay Fever for probably fifteen years and I suffered terribly at times. I consulted many physicians and took their treatment—and I tried every remedy I heard of as good for Hay Fever. But nothing did me any good. Then I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and this remedy cured me completely. I am now well, and I wish to say to every sufferer from Hay Fever—'Try Fruit-a-tives.' This fruit medicine cured me when every other treatment failed and I believe it is a perfect cure for this distressing disease."

MRS. HENRY KEMP, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

must not be left standing on the streets surrounding the hall.

**\$3.10 All Round Muskoka Lakes, \$2.10 Muskoka Wharf and Return, Saturday, June 21.**

The Grand Trunk Railway offers for the opening tourist season a popular excursion via the favorite route, viz., Muskoka Wharf to all points on the Muskoka Lakes, passing Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, the Severn and the delightful ride from Muskoka Wharf via Beaufort, Carling and Rosseau, Royal Muskoka, Cleaveland, Pt. Cockburn, etc. All points may be visited for above rate and tickets will be valid returning until Tuesday, June 24, 1913.

The new "Muskoka Express" makes its first trip Saturday, June 21, leaving Toronto 12.01 noon, arriving Muskoka Wharf 3.50 p.m., making direct connection with "steamers" for all points on Muskoka Lakes. This train will carry parlor-library-buffet car, dining car and first-class coaches Toronto to Muskoka Wharf. This is an excellent chance to visit Muskoka, affording passengers a four-day excursion at small cost.

Tickets now on sale at city ticket office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209. Ask for copy of "Muskoka Lakes" folder, containing map, list of hotels and boarding-houses.

**NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.** The Natural History Society will meet this afternoon at 2.30 in High Park at the end of the College street car line. The party will be led by well known Toronto botanists. All interested in nature study are cordially invited.

**WILL ACQUIRE CRYSTAL PALACE.** LONDON, June 13.—(Can. Press.)—Lord Strathcona has made a contribution of \$50,000 toward the purchase of the Crystal Palace, the acquisition of which for the nation's use is now assured.

### RAGGS' WEEKLY LETTER

Squeedunk, Ont., June 13, 1913. My dear Toronto-Onters:

This is such a nice town! But why use a term so commonplace that it carries no conviction? Let us rather say: "This is a gladsome village an Arcadia, a happy valley of contentment and dreams!"

One was a God-child in this town. God-child's name is "Babe Joan," and she is three. The darling turned a muddle upside down on her curly head this morning when I was in charge. Did you ever shampoo a three-year-old? It sounds simple to the uninitiated.

I safety-pinned a bath towel about his person. I gave her a soft silk "handkerchief" and murmured fondly: "Now, belovedest, (one always calls one's God-child 'belovedest.' It is expected of one by one's dear friend who is one's God-child's parent)—'now, belovedest,' cheerily and firmly, 'hold the hanky tight-tight over the big blue eyes, so no crazy old soapy will make 'em smarty.'"

She gurgled merrily at my attempt at early English, and did as she was bid. Poor lamb! I got her hair all "wetly," then proceeded with the "soapy." The hanky was not as effective as I had hoped. (I also like to will draw a veil over what followed—a veil rent by such shrieks of anguish and terror as must have curdled the cold blood of Nero when Rome burned.)

The soapy had somehow, in spite of my precautions, insinuated itself into the "boo eyes" with cool water. I held Babe Joan tight in my arms and wept with her! At last she sobbed herself to sleep in my arms, and I put her in a hammock in the sunshine. There she slumbers, the wee mite, as peacefully as if there were no such horrors in the world as soap, shampoo and "soapy" to smart "boo eyes."

She looks so sweet, dear little mortal, the tears still wet on her rosy cheeks, her little tummy giving an occasional convulsive heave, as she sobs pathetically in her sleep, and her hair standing out stiffly full of soap, which her mother will have to take out—while I take a long country walk this afternoon. I don't know how she'll manage it. I personally would guard, blindfold, and chloroform the child, as all possible means.

**C. P. R. Inseminia.** I couldn't sleep, coming from Toronto. I was too busy—thinking of several things. I'm so glad I was too busy thinking to sleep. Such a wonderful night it was, as the train traveled north! The stars were bright—brighter than in my home village, New York. There, the poor dears are like the faded beauties in the last row of the chorus, sadly bright, but not so bright as the stars on lights of the Great White Way.

Shining down on woods, and farms, and rivers, each star seemed like Royal Muskoka, Cleaveland, Pt. Cockburn, etc. To every one in towns and villages and rushing trains—and to the great dark trees, too, though they are not so bright as the shelter the little birds nesting in their branches.

My window was horribly draughty, and I got a chill. I took a book, but didn't care. From my darkened berth I fixed my eyes on a bright star, and for hours we winked and blinked at each other, and at the other stars, and then the train went "ch-ch-ch," school—you know the way a train roars its song at night—turning west, and I lost my star for good. But after a while the stars swung, and there was the same old star, twinkling and winking at me, and saying: "You looked the other way, and thought I had gone! Ha! It's a little habit you humans have—you hide your faces and cry tragically: 'Lost! Gone forever!'"

But, after a while the stars did blink hard a few times and disappear—all but the morning star. A purple haze appeared 'way off over the fields and hills, and the back-schish, we ed to me like lonely arms supplicating the morning star to shine on, and I dozed and dreamed a parable of night and day, the first being of the sun, and the silent glory of the stars—and I awoke to find the sun a great big ball of yellow light high in the sky, my star gone and one thought in my mind—breakfast!

My clock had paused as it were, in the night, but as the brunette porter told me that I had only ten minutes to dress before we arrived at Squeedunk it didn't really matter much.

I was met by my fascinating friends, and a large man, who undertook withunction, the sole responsibility of delivering my trunk. He wore an air of haughty pride, which said very plainly: "I don't care where you come from, by his, but I care where you met a man so entirely capable of matching trunk checks as me!" He wore also a fascinating tie of many colors, with "a present from Miss" woven in the fabric. I want one!

**I Love To Sing.** When I sing in church the other people pause, as if in appreciation. The folks furnish the pew in which I chant with girlish head up-lifted) turn and look, and in their faces is what you may term "a mingled look." Horror is there—bhorror that such a voice as mine should be in the congregation rather than the choir, and disappointment—a disappointment that amounts to annoyance, that they

have lived so long without hearing me before. Sometimes, too, a look of pity flashes over a strong man's face—no doubt, for his wife at home putting the children to bed, and for the world at large, thinking missing something—it knows not why.

Perhaps I can best describe my voice in simile—it is like the cry for help of a shipwrecked soul floating on his (or her) back in a sea of despair!

But as I was saying, a keen student of human nature, these turned heads and appreciative glances interest me keenly. I quite missed them when I stayed last summer, at a military station in Ontario. The regimental brass band took the place of the church organ, and for the first time in my memory (and I remember lots of things that happened when I was four), my voice was not heard ringing strong in clarion tones above the inefficient and insignificant music of the organ choir and congregation.

On Sunday evening I went to church in this village, and made a discovery of vital importance to me, as fan of music. In this remote Canadian village is an entire choir possessed of my unusual type of voice, men's and women's alike, are like mine, of the thrilling quality known as "strangled notes." Their voices (also like mine) have one tiny defect—my only fault, I may say—that of singing slightly flat on the high notes and sharp on the low ones.

In unison we sang a number of hymns, chants and an anthem, and I sang in solo (unadvertently) the more the less charmingly) the first verse of the psalms for the day—which it appears, are said, not sung in this church.

Having been "raised" (to use the parlance of Squeedunk), in the Church-of-England-in-Canada, the services and hymns are so familiar to me that I prefer to leave my books at home to prop up the leg of the desk Aunt Maria gave me. Had I had this fact published in the pulp magazine I should have saved the congregation much unnecessary trouble, and myself many small bruises.

The village policeman, the drug clerk's wife, the postmaster, and the late rector's widow, at intervals during the service all stretched long arms from different directions, punched (or pinched) me and offered "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." As a painkilling precaution I finally accepted the late rector's wife's hymn book—at least it was she who passed it to me, but I find it hard to believe that she was who wrote on the front page: "If water rots your boots, what'll it do to your stomach?"

This is such a funny little place. I met the rector after church. I said, "Don't sound like work among the many forests, ever so interesting?" He replied, "Well, dear lady, the fact of the matter is that the Italians and Poles are Roman Catholics, and the Chinese are all Freshy-trians."

Yours, hastily, Raggs.

P.S.—Maybe we shouldn't laugh, but rather weep, that humans can spend their lives in these small towns, and grow sweeter, finer, and bigger every year, as many of these little people do. Perhaps it is the nearness of nature that brings happiness closer to the chosen few.

What if it would weary some of us after a time? Is not that the fault of over-loyalty? Is not the longing for a world of brilliant minds, who find greater joy in thought than in life, is not a grievous thing that we worship in the bushes, rather than in great men? What more can you say of life than a good friend's hand in yours, for your growth?

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But awake! She said as she opened her eyes: "I don't have to know my nose (blow my nose)—if I like I can 'niffle' it."

**IMPROVED SUMMER TRAIN SERVICE.** Grand Trunk Railway System, Effective June 22 From Toronto.

12.05 a.m.—New Buffalo Express daily, will carry through Pullman sleepers and coaches, arriving Buffalo 3.55 a.m. Passengers may occupy car until 7.30 a.m.

2.20 a.m.—Fast Express daily will carry Pullman sleepers and coaches to Muskoka Wharf and North Bay, making direct connection for Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Algonquin Park, Maganetawan River, French River and Timagami Lake. (Sleepers will be open at 9 p.m.)

4.40 a.m.—New train daily for Hamilton and points south, daily except Sunday, arrive Hamilton 8.40 a.m. Returning leaves Hamilton 12.40 p.m., fully equipped for Toronto 1.40 p.m.

8.00 a.m.—For Detroit and Chicago, daily, will run via Junction Cut, near Hamilton station, arrives Chicago 9 p.m.

8.40 a.m.—Daily for Guelph, Berlin, Stratford, Sarnia and intermediate stations instead 8.35 a.m.

10.15 a.m.—Penetang - Huntsville, North Bay express, daily except Sunday, will not run via Muskoka Wharf, but through to North Bay, making direct connection at Penetang for Honey Harbour, Guelph, Berlin, Stratford, PARRY Sound and points on Georgian Bay and 30,000 Islands; at Huntsville for points on Lake of Bays, and at Hurk's Falls for Maganetawan River Resorts.

12.01 noon—Muskoka-Huntsville express, daily except Sunday, will make direct connection at Muskoka Wharf for Muskoka Lakes points and at Huntsville for points on Lake of Bays. Parlor-library-buffet car, dining car and coaches Toronto to Huntsville.

1.40 p.m.—Daily except Sunday, for Brampton, Guelph, Berlin, Stratford, Sarnia and intermediate stations instead 3.40 p.m.

3.10 p.m.—New train for Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmansville, Port Hope and intermediate stations, daily except Sunday. Returning leaves Port Hope 6.20 a.m., arrive Toronto 8.45 a.m.

6 p.m.—New train for Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Brighton, Trenton, Belleville, Napanee, Kingston and certain intermediate stations, daily except Sunday. Returning leaves Kingston 6 a.m., arrive Toronto 11.05 a.m. Parlor-library-cafe car and coaches.

11.35 p.m.—Daily for Guelph, Berlin, Stratford, Sarnia, Port Huron, Detroit and Chicago, instead 11.00 p.m. Commencing Monday, June 23, Put-

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JAIL BREAKER SENTENCED.

John McGarr, the man who in April last took advantage of his privileges at the jail farm and ran away, was sentenced to two years less a day in

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the Central Prison by Magistrate T. H. Brunton, in the county police court yesterday.

McGarr was serving an indeterminate sentence and made off while working outside the jail. He later gave himself up to the county police.

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Without energy, without inclination to work, with muddled thoughts, depressed brain, lack of ambition, pains in the back, headaches, dull, stupid sensations, loss of appetite, arising in the morning unrefreshed from sleep, gloomy and despondent—the man whose nerves and strength are breaking down feels like giving up the fight. Do you feel these symptoms? If so, take heed.

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is for you. It pours glowing, exhilarating life into a weakened body; it rejuvenates, animates sluggish vitals, stimulates the brain to activity and fills the body with life, ambition and endurance. In one day it will make you feel as if born anew. It furnishes the motive power that runs your body and quickly banishes physical debility.

It is for those who open their eyes in the morning upon a world that looks blue and discouraging, for those who feel tired, despondent and out of luck; who have lost the fighting spirit—those who have almost sleep, and who wish that they were as strong as they used to be. It is all a matter of nervous energy—that is what ambition comes from—and that is what you can get from Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism Cured in Three Weeks. Jack Fish, Ont., Sept. 16, 1912.

Suffered 7 Years With Dyspepsia—Cured Now. Box 7, Windthorst, Sask., Aug. 12, 1912.

Dr. McLaughlin:—Dear Sir,—I can gladly say that I have found great success in your Belt. It has cured my kidney trouble in three weeks and my Rheumatism troubles me no more. If this Belt ever wears out, I will certainly have another one for it is the best thing I ever had. I am satisfied in every way with it and I will recommend your Belts to all my friends. Wishing you success in your good work, I remain, Yours truly, F. J. HORTON.

You can believe my word or not, as you like, but these men speak from experience, and if it weren't for the prejudice in the minds of people generally against treatment by an Electric Belt, I would not be able to fill all my orders.

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