

43RD YEAR NO. 17861

THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1906.—TWENTY PAGES.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

COMMITTEE WANTS COMPANY PUT PROPOSAL IN WRITING

Until That Is Done, Plan for Improvements Will Not Be Discussed—Mayor and Alderman Clash.

The railway committee of the city council last night considered briefly the verbal proposition made to the city, through Mayor Judd, re the elevation of the Grand Trunk line east of the Wharncliffe road to Ridout street.

The scheme, as given the committee by the mayor, was for the company to be allowed to construct subways at the Wharncliffe and Wootley roads, both subways to be a width of 36 feet. This would mean the widening of the present overhead bridge at the Wharncliffe and also the widening of the Wootley road subway, which is now very narrow.

As regards the cove bridge, the company's plans would not be affected by the present negotiations. It is the intention to build a bridge of two spans, 186 feet long, with a center pier.

After looking into the proposition and hearing the opinion of City Engineer Graydon, the committee decided to inform Mr. McGulgan that the city cannot see how a subway can be constructed at the Wharncliffe road without doing great injury to Railway street and the abutting property, as the approach to the subway will be several feet lower than the level of the street mentioned. And as the company has informed the city that it will not consent to be responsible for any damages resulting from the improvements, the city would like to know if the company can suggest any other scheme to carry out its plans, which will not result in damages to the property of the citizens.

Clashed With the Mayor.
The meeting was chiefly remarkable for the manner in which Mayor Judd and Ald. Garratt exploited the feud between them, which now seems to be at high-water mark.

After the mayor had repeated Mr. McGulgan's proposition, Ald. Garratt moved that as the Grand Trunk had not placed its scheme in writing, there was nothing before the committee, there was nothing to do, and that the Grand Trunk be informed to write the city as to what it wants.

This looked like a slap at the mayor, who a second before had told the committee what the company desired, and that there was nothing to do, and that the Grand Trunk be informed to write the city as to what it wants.

Ald. Garratt said the company is simply carrying out a portion of the plan laid before the railway committee some time ago, but the mayor claimed that the scheme of elevation being carried on outside the city was drafted in 1903.

BIALYSTOK PEOPLE PANIC-STRICKEN
Rumors That Recent Excesses Will Be Renewed—Robbers Kill Messenger.

St. Petersburg, June 23.—Dispatches from Bialystok report that the citizens are panic-stricken owing to unfounded rumors that the excesses will be revived today. There is a general display of icons and crosses before the houses to protect the inhabitants from attack, patrols are sent everywhere, and strict martial law is enforced. Three men, two of whom were Christians, were recently shot for failing to obey orders to halt.

In St. Petersburg, a sergeant of police was killed last night near the Paul factory in the turbulent Narva district, which is the center of an armed revolutionary organization.

Vorenezh, Russia, June 23.—The peasants of the village of Krutynagorki, enraged at the killing of a cow by two members of the rural police, called a commune meeting, formally condemned the two men to death and executed the sentence.

Kieve, European Russia, June 23.—Messengers on the Southwestern Railroad, who were carrying \$125,000, were attacked yesterday by four robbers, who killed one messenger, wounded a second, seized the money and drove away at a gallop in a cab. Two of the messengers pursued the robbers and wounded the robber, who was carrying the money, with the result that he fell from the cab and the money was recovered.

BIGAMY AND ASSAULT
George McMichael at Woodstock Gets Year in Central.

Woodstock, June 23.—One year in the Central Prison was the sentence imposed by Magistrate Ball this afternoon on George McMichael, arrested in Windsor yesterday by Provincial Constable Cox on the charge of bigamy and assault. In the police court he pleaded guilty to the charges.

CROPS IN PERTH.
Toronto, June 23.—Hon. Mr. Montagu has just returned from his farm in South Perth, is enthusiastic as to the crop prospects in his district. He states that the hay crop is now assured, although a week ago it was a very doubtful quantity. The rainfall of the past few days has been a God-send to the farmers around Perth, and they are all more than pleased, was his remark.

"I am not saying that the Grand Trunk is asking the city for anything," said his worship. "Mr. McGulgan simply asked me if I thought the city would desire the improvements to the Wharncliffe and the Wootley road crossings, which I have outlined."

Ald. Garratt still persisted in his assertion that there was nothing to consider and the mayor became angry. "Mr. McGulgan treated me courteously," he said, "and as long as I am mayor of London, that he is treated similarly. This is no one-man council, and this is the reason I brought the matter up before the proper body, the railway committee."

He did not propose to deal with verbal propositions, whether they come from the mayor or anyone else," Ald. Garratt declared.

Finally, it was decided to write the company as stated above, and again the mayor and Ald. Garratt came together. This time it was over who should receive the company's reply.

"I think it should go to the chairman," said Ald. Armstrong.

"So long as I am mayor of the city, all communications shall go through the city clerk, the proper channel," said the mayor. And this ended the argument on this score.

Removal of Train Crews.
During the discussion several of the aldermen stated that the city should not deal with any proposition of the Grand Trunk which is not made in writing, as they alleged that in the spring Mr. Brownlee promised one thing after another, and the company went back on nearly all of them.

Ald. Booth again brought up the moving of train crews from London by the G. T. R. He said that the company has removed all its freight crews to Toronto and Sarnia.

Chairman Garratt said he thought it was outside the committee's powers to remedy the grievance. No one could expect to interfere with a concern moving its employees where it was thought they could be used to the best advantage.

As it was feared that if the city should ask the company for anything, it would compromise its independent position, it was decided to allow the notion of Ald. Booth to ask the company to bring back the train crews to London to lay over.

The committee passed an account for \$112 presented by W. T. Jennings, the engineering expert for services in connection with a report on the proposed improvements of the G. T. R. in London.

HAAGON AND MAUD HOLD FIRST LEVEE
Great Assemblage of Special Embassies, Statesmen and Officials.

Trondhjem, Norway, June 23.—King Haakon and Queen Maud today held their first levee, commencing at 11 o'clock in the morning, and the palace was again the town's center of interest. All the special embassies, statesmen, officials and other prominent persons, attended. Arrangements have been completed for King Haakon to receive in audience the Norwegian American delegates to his coronation on Monday. Dr. Daue, of Chicago, will on that occasion present to his majesty a congratulatory address and the Norwegian consul at Chicago, F. G. Gade, will give the King a portfolio containing music, poems and drawings in behalf of the Norwegians of that city. The delegates number about a dozen persons. The great bulk of the Norwegians who came from America did not come to Trondhjem but scattered on their arrival to their former homes in various parts of the country.

The crowd, which came to see King Haakon and Queen Maud, was already breaking up, but the special embassies will remain here until Tuesday or Wednesday. The formal levee-taking of the embassies will occur Tuesday. The formal programme ends Wednesday with an excursion around the Fjord, but the King and Queen will remain here until Emperor William comes, July 8.

TWO ELEVATORS BURNED
Twenty-Five Families Homeless—100,000 Bushels Grain Lost.

Chicago, June 23.—The Mabbatt elevators "A" and "B" located at Archer avenue and Wood street, owned by Geo. A. Seaverns, and occupied by J. S. Templeton, grain brokers, were destroyed by fire today. Both of the buildings were four story structures, and contained 100,000 bushels of grain. So great was the heat that three adjacent buildings were destroyed, and 25 families were driven from their homes.

Several explosions, which shook the surrounding buildings, followed soon after the fire was discovered. Spontaneous combustion in the "dust" room is supposed to have been the cause of the fire. The loss to the elevators and their contents is estimated at \$250,000.

A HAPPY ENDING TO CHICAGO ROMANCE

Engagement Begun in 1881 Will Culminate in Wedding.

Chicago, June 23.—A romance of the storybook kind will culminate at the Lady of Sorrows Church in the marriage of Edward Van der Castele, a widower, 51 years old, editor of the Standard, De Pere, Wis., and Mrs. Minnie L. Gussenhoven, 46 years old, of San Antonio, Texas. Both arrived in Chicago yesterday, intending to be married last evening, but the arrival of the bride-to-be being several hours late, the ceremony was postponed until this morning.

Mr. Van der Castele and Minnie J. Karstens, a school teacher, were engaged to be married 25 years ago, when she canceled the engagement to marry Dr. Gussenhoven, who died three years after Van der Castele was killed by the school teacher, he married and his wife died a year ago.

Four months ago Mrs. Gussenhoven subscribed for the Standard, and the editor sent her a marked copy containing an announcement of his wife's death, not knowing that the new subscriber was a widow. A correspondence followed, and arrangements to meet in Chicago were agreed upon.

The bride and groom took apartments at the Sherman House, and will return to De Pere.

RECORD OF CRIME IN MONTREAL

Three Cases of Manslaughter or Murder—Musician's Mysterious Death.

Montreal, June 23.—The coroner and police were unusually busy yesterday because of a number of mysterious cases that had just been reported. Three men appeared before Judge Lafontaine charged with having murdered Emile Clermont on Commissioners street last Monday night. They were Joseph Chaput, N. de la Sablonnerie and Thos. Leithead. These three men are said to have been seen in company with Clermont on the night in question. Clermont was found on the street with his skull fractured.

Coroner McMahon held an inquest touching the death of Charles Wm. Horton, a colored man, who resided at 21 Buller avenue, and earned his living as an itinerant musician. Horton was arrested on Amherst street on June 7 for vagrancy, and on coming before the court next day the recorder did not think he was in a position to plead and remanded him to jail. On the Saturday following, he was taken ill, and Governor Vallee had him medically attended, but he died the same night. It was subsequently ascertained that he had been thrown out of a saloon, and there were marks of violence on his forehead. The jury advised further investigation.

William Dayter, 22 years old, Papineau avenue, was admitted to the General Hospital suffering from the effects of having swallowed a dose of Paris green. Medical treatment was successful in bringing him around, and in answer to questions he said he did not remember the circumstances under which he took the poison. He is expected to recover.

The body of a male child about three months old was found by the police floating in the river at the foot of Moreau street. It had evidently been in the water several weeks. A cord was tied tightly around the neck, and appearances point to strangulation. The police are working on the case, but so far have no clue to the identity or parentage of the child.

FIFTY-YEAR FRANCHISE

Secured from Windsor City Council by New Traction Company.

Windsor, Ont., June 23.—At a special meeting of the city council last night the Windsor, Essex and Lake Shore Electric Railway, at present under construction from Windsor to Leamington, and within two years to be extended to Chatham, received a 50-year franchise through the city. The company will be permitted to use "rail wherever it wishes, but it is to substitute girder rails after three years if the city so orders. If it is found necessary to widen Arthur street, which the company will use for a short distance, the city will bear the expense—about \$2,000. The agreement was strongly opposed at every step by four aldermen, but carried by a good majority.

OTTAWA MEAT INSPECTION.

Ottawa, June 23.—Some idea of the amount of undesirable meat offered for sale on the markets of Ottawa is furnished by the report of the meat inspector for a week. This week he seized 51 quarters of veal, 650 pounds of pork, 150 pounds of beef and 12 hens.

CANAL BLOCKADE CLEARED.
Montreal, June 23.—The blockade caused by the sinking of the barge Alice in the Cote St. Paul lock of the Lachine Canal has been removed. During all of last night gangs of men were at work, so that now traffic is going on the same as ever.

WIFE IN CATTLE CAR; HUSBAND IN PULLMAN

Couple Got from Denver to Omaha Without Money.

Omaha, June 23.—George H. Miller, a San Francisco refugee, rode from Denver to Omaha on a pass in a passenger train, while his wife, dressed in his clothes, with her hair cut short to resemble a man, traveled in a cattle car. The arrangement was a woman's making. It was a piece of characteristic western pluck. Miller and his wife got as far as Denver one of the free refugee trains. There they sought work in vain.

A friend procured a pass for Miller, but this had his description punched as a male. This obviously would not carry Mrs. Miller. Another friend, a cattle man named Ernest, offered to let Miller go through in charge of a load of cattle. Still there was no way open for Mrs. Miller to get transportation, and they had no money. All their earthly possessions had been lost in the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

Then Mrs. Miller remembered how she had taken care of the milk herd on her father's ranch in the old days. "Don't you suppose," she said to her husband, "that I can just as well take care of a lot of harmless old cows all panned up so tight they can hardly move?"

Her husband and Ernest finally agreed. Mrs. Miller blessed the freckles which generously covered her face. Greeting her teeth she mustered her timidity. In the stuffy caboose she slept not a wink and talked little. Once she thought one of the trainmen suspected her. If he did he said nothing about it.

FRANK JEWELL TO BE NEW AUDITOR

Son of Late City Official Said To Be Choice for Vacant Position.

A successor to the late City Auditor Jewell will be appointed at the special meeting of the city council which will be held on Monday night.

It is said that nine of the aldermen have pledged themselves to vote for Mr. Frank Jewell, son of the late auditor. If this is true, Mr. Jewell has the appointment clinched.

All eyes are on the water commission now, as rumors as to who will be appointed auditor for that body are now rife.

Several names are mentioned, but there is nothing certain as to who will secure the appointment.

RAILWAY MAN KILLED

C. P. R. Engineer Receives Fatal Blow—Linenman Electrocuted.

Fort William, June 23.—Wm. L. Williams, yard engineer of the C. P. R., received injuries to his head this morning and died in the evening. Williams had his head out of the cab of the engine, and in passing under a bridge on track 21 he was struck by one of the projections of the bridge and was unconscious with his head still out of the cab window and bleeding from his ears and nose. Williams' parents live in Portage la Prairie.

Hamilton, June 23.—J. Lorne Carter, head liner of the H. G. and B., was killed near Beamsville yesterday afternoon. He was working on top of a construction car, and caught hold of a wire, which gave him a shock. He was thrown from the car and was dead a couple of minutes later. It is supposed he was killed by the shock. The unfortunate young man was 23 years of age, and had been in the employ of the H. G. and B. several years. The body was brought to the city.

STEAMERS ARRIVED.

June 22.—At New York—Calabria, La Provence.
At London—Pomeranian.
At Port Arthur—Hibernian.

THE WEATHER

TOMORROW—MOSTLY FAIR.
London, Saturday, June 23.
Sun rises, 4:36 a.m. Moon rises, 6:01 p.m.
Sun sets, 8:03 p.m. Moon sets, 3:21 a.m.

At Toronto, June 23.—A.m. Showers and thundershowers have occurred in many places today from Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and a few light scattered showers are also reported from a portion of the Northwest Provinces.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Dawson, 46-70; Port Simpson, 41-56; Victoria, 50-70; Edmonton, 42-60; Calgary, 42-60; Qu'Appelle, 38-62; Winnipeg, 48-50; Pelly Sound, 52-66; Toronto, 56-70; Ottawa, 50-74; Montreal, 62-78; Quebec, 62-70; St. John, 50-73; Halifax, 52-73.

FORECASTS.

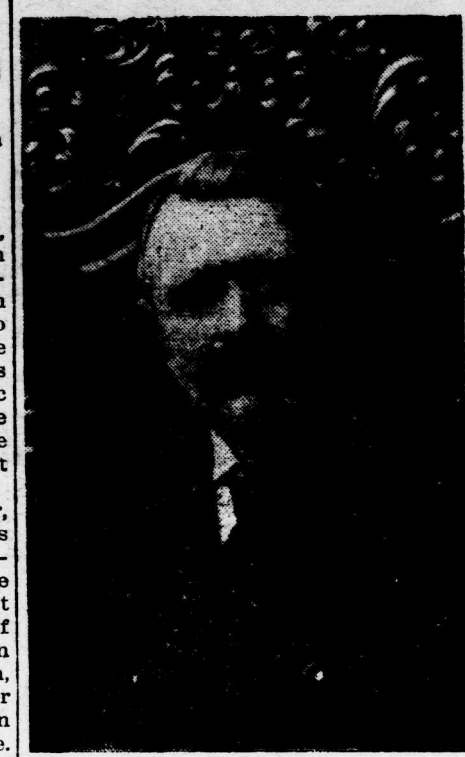
Moderate winds, chiefly west and north; some local showers, but mostly fair today and on Sunday; not much change in temperature.

TEMPERATURES.
Stations. 8 a.m. Min. Weather.
Calgary 42 Clear
Winnipeg 42 Clear
Port Arthur 42 Clear
Pelly Sound 52 Clear
Toronto 56 Cloudy
Ottawa 56 Cloudy
Montreal 56 Rain
Quebec 56 Rain
Fisher Point 52 Cloudy

WEATHER NOTES.
Rain has now spread throughout Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Conditions are very unsettled in Ontario. Moderate showers are likewise reported from many portions of the Northwest Provinces.

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest and lowest readings of the thermometer at the local observatory for the 24 hours ended at 8 p.m. Friday were: Highest, 62°; lowest, 53° above.



THE LATE ROBERT YULE.

DOMINION STEEL CO.'S HANDSOME SURPLUS

The Annual Statement Shows \$652,500 Over All Expenses.

Montreal, Que., June 23.—The annual statement of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company was issued today and shows as follows:

The earnings, after paying all interest charges, and of the sinking fund on the first mortgage bonds, leave a surplus of \$652,500.

For the first four or five months of the year little more than the fixed charges were earned, and the surplus was practically earned since October. It is expected that further improvement will be made in the year now begun.

The bounties on pig iron and steel ingots on the 1st of July next will be reduced to 70 cents and \$1.05 per ton, respectively, and unless extended they will cease altogether on June 30, 1907.

During the year \$633,600 were derived from these bounties.

On the reduced scale of the coming year, and with same average production of the past six months, the amount derived would total about \$500,000.

The profit and loss account shows a balance carried forward of \$389,113.

FATAL QUARREL

Man Killed on Steamer En Route to Soo from Port Arthur.

Port Arthur, June 23.—A drunken row occurred between William Slater and Lester Young in their room on the steamer Monarch while en route here from the Soo, where both had taken passage. Slater struck Lester on the forehead with some weapon, said to have been an umbrella, inflicting a severe gash, and the injured man died shortly afterwards. Slater has been handed over to the police.

HER FATAL MISTAKE

Lady at St. Catharines Takes Rat Poison for Salts.

St. Catharines, Ont., June 23.—Mrs. Maggie Mackenzie, of Gananoque, who came here about a week ago to attend the wedding of her niece, Miss Alice Northrup, took a dose of rat poison in mistake for salts on Thursday last, and although the doctors did everything possible to save her life, she died this morning. The remains will be taken to Gananoque for burial.

FUNERAL OF MR. DAVEY

Royal Foresters Accompany Remains from Queen City.

The funeral of the late Thomas G. Davey, who died suddenly in Toronto, was held this morning on the arrival of the 11 o'clock G. T. R. express from the east. Interment was at Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The services were conducted by Very Rev. Dean Davis, supreme chaplain of the I. O. F. The honorary pallbearers were Messrs. Thomas Ball, Harry Hamblin, A. M. Hunt, and Ald. Gerry, of the Foresters, this city, and Messrs. T. H. Purdon, K.C., P. M. Love, N. P. Graydon, and Sam Turner. The lodge rites were taken by the Royal Foresters from Toronto, among them being Col. Stone, Major Abbott, Major Brooker, Lieut. Marks, Dr. Rose, Brigadier Norton, and Major Emory. Among others from Toronto who attended were Messrs. Thos. Lawless, Assistant Supreme Chief Ranger Robert Cuthbert, G. A. Mitchell, Ben Greer, and E. S. Cummer, past secretary. The acting pallbearers were taken from the Royal Foresters. The floral tributes were magnificent.

A memorial service in honor of Mr. Thomas G. Davey, organizer for several years of the Independent Order of Foresters, was held in his late apartments in the Temple building last night. The service was conducted by Rev. Alexander McGillivray. Dr. Oron-Hysatek, S.C.R., sent a telegram from Detroit regretting his inability to be present.

VICTIM OF AN EXPLOSION.

Montreal, Que., June 23.—George Fisher, an employee of the Dominion cartridge works at Brownsburg, LaChute, who was brought to this city last night, suffering from terrible injuries in an explosion at the works, died this morning. He was foreman of the priming room. The building was blown to atoms.

Run Down by Light Engine; Foreman Fatally Injured

Robert Yule Struck by Locomotive While Returning from Bridge Inspection.

Robert Yule, of 151 Bathurst street, general foreman of the bridge and building department of the Grand Trunk Railway, was struck by a locomotive east of the Cove Bridge at ten o'clock last night, and sustained injuries from which he died at 6:55 this morning.

Mr. Yule dined with his family last evening as usual and about 8 o'clock he took his motor velocipede, and started for the Cove Bridge, to examine some contemplated works. He remained there for some time, and then jumped on his machine and started back for the city.

Running light from Hyde Park was engine No. 545, in charge of Engineer Harry McHarg. It seems that the noise of the velocipede prevented Yule hearing the approach of the engine, for the locomotive, running the tender first, overtook him and threw him onto the rails and then passed over him.

Engineer McHarg brought the engine to a halt within a few feet, as he was running only about eight miles an hour. The wounded man was placed in the cab, and brought to the city depot.

TWO LIVES SAVED BY TELEPHONING

Mrs. Lloyd, Near Sandwich, Sent Word Across River for Help.

Sandwich, June 23.—The telephone saved two lives yesterday. Mrs. Lloyd, at her summer residence, a few miles down the river, saw a small overturned rowboat with two boys clinging to it, floating down the stream, which is a mile and a half wide there. No assistance being at hand, she telephoned by way of Windsor and Detroit to Smith's dock, on the American side, opposite her home. The big freighter Manitoba was just leaving the dock. The captain was notified of the boys' peril, and he rescued them and took them to the American shore. The boys were almost lifeless from cold and exhaustion.

FOREWARNED OF DEATH

Man Struck by Train Had Dreamed He Was in Accident.

Akron, O., June 23.—David Frank, who was struck and crushed by a street car last night, is the third brother to die by violence. Henry Frank was killed by a train at Paxton five years ago, and ten years ago Hugh Frank was killed by a cow.

David Frank had been acting strangely for several days, and the night before he was killed he dreamed of being in a railroad accident and seriously injured. Officers who investigated his death believe that he was dead the day when he was struck, and that his horse had wandered around that night with him, either dead or unconscious from a paralytic stroke. On account of his failure to return home during the day, messages of inquiry were being sent over the city and surrounding country.

He was a prominent farmer in Copley Township, this county, for many years.

NEW POINT IN LAW

Raised by Appeal Against Assessment of Priests' Residence.

Windsor, Ont., June 23.—The appeal against the assessment on the new residence of the priests of St. Alphonsus Church raises a point in law that will be far-reaching in its effect if the appeal is upheld.

E. C. Cleary, acting for the parish, contends that under a recent decision in England, all church property is exempt from taxation.

The court of revision refused to give a decision and passed the question on to the county judge.

If the English decision is upheld, it will mean that all over Ontario the residences of ministers and priests cannot be assessed, and thus more valuable property will be added to the list of exemptions.

THE SECRET AGENTS OF RUSSIA

WATCHING NEW YORK LIBRARIES

Persons Who Read or Copy from Books on Anarchy Are Under Surveillance.

New York, June 23.—The Tribune says: The arrest of a man charged with stealing books from the Astor Library yesterday developed the fact that the Russian Government has for several months had an agent always in the library to watch the movements of persons who read or make notes from books on the subject of anarchy.

C. H. A. Bierregaard, librarian at the Astor, confirmed this and said that the Russian Government had spies constantly working with its agents in the library.

Yesterday a young man who said he was Henry Melnek, of the Bowery, took two books from the library. Detective Fitzgerald arrested Melnek who was taken to Jefferson Market police

The police ambulance was summoned, but it was out on another call, and then the private ambulance of D. A. Stewart was pressed into service, and Mr. Yule was taken to Victoria Hospital.

Yule was found to be terribly injured. He had sustained a fracture at the base of the skull, where the tender of the engine struck him, his scalp was fearfully lacerated, his left foot was cut off, his right ankle broken, and his body was bruised and cut.

Dr. English and the house surgeon worked over him for nearly two hours, but they held out no hope of his recovery. He lingered in a semi-conscious condition until this morning, when he died.

The late Mr. Yule came here with his wife and family from Stratford last January, remaining up till this week in South London. The family are not yet settled in their new home on Bathurst street. The deceased was 49 years of age, and was well known on the Grand Trunk between Toronto and Windsor, having been in charge of many works at various places along the road.

He was connected with the Masons, was a member of the A. O. U. W. and other societies. He was a member of St. Andrew's Church.

Yule is survived by a widow and four children, the eldest of whom is about twenty years of age. They are James, John, Nellie and Marnie.

IMPORTANT DEAL IN REAL ESTATE

Mr. J. B. Smallman Secures a Dundas Street Store for \$24,000.

The largest real estate deal recorded since the sale of Bennett's Vaudeville Theater, was made public today, when it was announced that Mr. J. B. Smallman, of Smallman & Ingram, had purchased a store now occupied by the firm on Dundas street, from Mr. William Smith, for the sum of \$24,000.

The price is considered by many to be pretty stiff. The store was leased by Smallman & Ingram, and the lease would have expired shortly. It is next to the Cote Block on Dundas street.

SUICIDE AT NIAGARA

Man Shoots Himself on Brink of the Horseshoe Falls.

Niagara Falls, June 23.—Last evening, an unknown man shot himself at the brink of the Horseshoe Falls in Queen Victoria Park. When found, the body was slowly slipping into the river, from where it had fallen. The police were promptly notified, but by the time they arrived life was extinct.

The man is about 65 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches, weighs about 150 pounds, light gray beard, cut to a point, navy blue suit, fawn-colored fedora hat, Masonic pin in lapel of coat, all marks on clothing had been removed by being cut out. In his vest pocket was New York pawn broker's ticket for watch, dated June 20. Also belt line ticket around the gorge party used.

NOW SHE'S SORRY

Princess Evira Regrets Eloping—Will Go to Convent.

Rome, June 23.—Acting on the Pope's initiative, a Spanish priest has persuaded Princess Evira, daughter of Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, to quit Count Filippo Folchi, the married artist with whom she eloped eight years ago, and to enter a convent. The princess is now in Rome, the guest of her sister, Princess Mislina. At the time of her elopement her father issued a proclamation to his followers, disowning her. A reconciliation will take place between father and daughter before the princess retires from the world.

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THE SECRET AGENTS OF RUSSIA

WATCHING NEW YORK LIBRARIES

Persons Who Read or Copy from Books on Anarchy Are Under Surveillance.

TRANSIENT CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS—NO ADVERTISING LESS THAN TEN CENTS.

MEETINGS—When no admission is charged, one cent per seat for insertion. **ARTICLES FOR SALE TO LET**—HELP WANTED, SITUATIONS WANTED, ED. BOARD AND LODGINGS, LOST AND FOUND, ROOMS TO LET, REAL ESTATE FOR SALE, ETC.—First insertion, one cent a word; each subsequent insertion, one-half cent per word. No advertisement less than ten words.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS

BIRTHS
BELLSMITH—At Teulon, Man., on June 10, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Mariett Bell-smith, a son.

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

BASEBALL

ST. THOMAS VS. CHAMPIONS.
At Teulon Park, Wednesday, 4 p.m. Admission, 15c; stands, 10c; ladies free.

CHOSEN FRIENDS' OLD RELIABLE excursion to Sarnia, July 15, good for two days.

JUBILEE ROLLER RINK—OPEN SATURDAY evening, June 23. Seventh Regiment Band.

MACCABEE EXCURSION TO DETROIT, Civic Holiday, June 30. Cheap fares, \$1.50 return, good for two days. Special fast train leaves C. P. R. depot at 7 a.m., returning leaves Detroit at 9 p.m., or on any regular train until Tuesday night.

BOYS OF ENGLAND—EXCURSION TO Detroit, Civic Holiday. Fare, \$2.42-30.

\$20 DULUTH

and return, special boat. Excursion includes meals and berth. F. B. Clarke, 415 Richmond street.

EXPRESS OF BRITAIN, THE FAVORITE fast new steamship, sails Quebec and Montreal to Liverpool, June 23. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

EXPRESS OF IRELAND SAILS Thursday, July 12, from Quebec and Montreal, to Liverpool. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

MERCHANT LINE—PORT STANLEY, Cleveland, Windsor and Toronto, via Montreal, via water; low rates; first-class accommodation. F. B. Clarke, agent, Richmond street, next New Bank of Commerce.

PRIVATE DANCING PARTIES—Springbank Pavilion, complete arrangements guaranteed. Orchestras, etc. Phone 174. Dr. O. J. McCormick.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING by R. B. Millard. Waltz, two-step. Lessons any hour. Residence and academy, 365 Princess avenue.

50 PUPILS ATTENDED LONDON CONSERVATORY of Music last year. Mr. Barron hears all pupils play, and gives reports.

CHOICEST MUSIC FURNISHED FOR private parties, balls, banquets, etc. Telephone 1285. Tony Vitta's Italian Harpers, 122 Queen's avenue.

TONY CORSE—THE ORIGINAL London Harpers. Music furnished for all occasions. 161 Maple street. Telephone 159.

MEETINGS.

TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL—Emergency meeting tonight, Carling block. All delegates requested to attend.

LONDON COUNCIL, No. 19, C. O. C. F. All members requested to attend regular meeting, Thursday evening, June 23. Important business. W. E. Wellman, C. C. A. M. Legg, recorder.

NOTICE—THE ANNUAL GENERAL meeting of the Association of the London and Southeastern Railway Company will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Richmond, P. O. Building, 100, London, on Tuesday, the 26th day of June, 1906, at 4 o'clock p.m. J. W. Little, secretary and treasurer.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—BULL TERRIER PUP, WHITE nose and feet; white tip on tail. Reward, D. Fraser, 232 Central avenue. 611

STRAYED FROM 550 LORNE AVENUE—Horse, with four white feet and white face. Liberal reward for information leading to recovery. 611

LOST—WHITE TERRIER DOG, TAN and white cowlick on each shoulder. Hindley Beattie, 514 Dundas street. b

CANE LOST ON THURSDAY AFTER-NOON. Reward at 174 Mill street. 60c

LOST AT SPRINGBANK, WEDNESDAY, partly worked sofa pillow. Mrs. Bennett, 307 King. Phone 1968. 60c

LOST—ON MARKET PLACE, TWO tens, two fives, three ones. \$5 reward for return to this office. 611

SITUATIONS WANTED.

THREE NURSES WITH GOOD RECOMMENDATIONS open for engagement; maternity cases preferred. Phone 1570, or apply 39 Dundas street. 611

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED—MALE OR FEMALE TEACHER for S. N. O. 4, Township London. Duties to teach English, arithmetic, holidays. Address C. B. McCandless, secretary-treasurer, Ilderton. 61c-lyw

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. N. O. 3. Applications must be in by June 23. Apply H. Odell, P. O. 61c

WANTED—PROFESSIONAL TEACHER, holding first or second class certificate at S. N. O. 12, Township London, to teach coming term; personal application preferred. Apply Mrs. G. W. Odell, 27, St. John's London Township, Ettrick P. O., Ont. 61c

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUMMER SCHOOL—INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION in shorthand, typewriting and bookkeeping. Pupils may join classes any time. Situations secured for graduates. Western Business College, 76 Dundas street. W. C. Coo, principal. 51c-lyw

HEALTHY BABY GIRL FOR ADOPTION, age 4 months. Apply Inspector Sanders, City Hall. 61c-wt

WANTED.

WANTED—YOUNG LADY—BOARD and room; furnished room for light housekeeping; private family preferred. Address Box 4, Advertiser. 61c

WANTED—FROM 25 to 30 LOADS OF earth. Phone 225, or apply 101 Wharfedale road north. b

WANTED—FOUR OR FIVE UNFURNISHED rooms; modern conveniences. Apply Box 2, Advertiser. 51c-lyw

WANTED TO RENT—TWO UNFURNISHED rooms for widow lady; north or east preferred. E. Z. this office. 61c

WANTED—SECOND-HAND INCANDESCENT gasoline lamp. 96 Wilson avenue. Call evenings. 61c-xyt

DNE HUNDRED FAT CATS WANTED. George Jackson, 71 Wellington street. 61c

SUNDAY SERVICES.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST Church—Rev. E. Bosworth, Grand Lane, secretary, 11 a.m.; Rev. T. T. Shields, 7 p.m. Baptism in evening.

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Epworth League anniversary. Rev. Dr. Crews will preach morning and evening. Good music. Cordial welcome.

BISHOP CROYN MEMORIAL Church—11 and 7, Rev. Dyson Hague, rector.

CATHEDRAL, ST. PAUL'S-MATINS; preacher, Rev. Canon Dann, M.A. Even-song; preacher, Rev. R. Hicks, B.D., rector of Simcoe.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST—REV. George McAllister, Morning, Miss Kathleen Morton; evening, service of praise. Strangers welcome.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. Services at 11 and 7 p.m. All welcome.

CHANNING HALL, UNITARIAN, 276 Dundas—Rev. J. G. Gilman, minister. Service, 11 a.m., subject, "The Religion of Nature."

CHRISTIAN WORKERS—KING Street—Services by the pastor; morning, 10 o'clock; evening, 7 o'clock. Free will contribution. Work for All. South Street—Evening, Mr. Ludbrook.

CHRIST CHURCH—REV. R. S. W. Howard, M.A., rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

COLBORNE STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. Dr. Daniel, pastor. Services usual.

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST Church—Rev. E. B. Lancelotti, pastor. Will preach, evening subject, "The Regeneration of the Church. Morning, 10 o'clock; evening, 7 o'clock. Free will contribution. Work for All. South Street—Evening, Mr. Ludbrook.

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST Church—Rev. I. B. Wallin, B.A., pastor. Morning, "The Pure in Heart." A cordial welcome to all.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST)—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. W. Graham, B.A., pastor. Services 11 and 7. In morning memorial service for late Thos. McCormick. Addresses by Rev. Dr. Daniel and Rev. J. W. Graham. In evening special service sacred song, on theme "Penitence, Pardon and Peace." Pastor will preach.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. D. D. Hamilton, B.A., pastor. Will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Children's Day service in the evening. Everybody welcome.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. D. Hamilton, B.A., pastor. Will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Children's Day service in the evening. Everybody welcome.

GOSPEL MEETINGS EVERY SUNDAY—Rev. D. D. Hamilton, B.A., pastor. Will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Children's Day service in the evening. Everybody welcome.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST Church—Rev. D. D. Martin, pastor. 11 a.m., "The Sons of God"; 7 p.m., "Ahas, the Son of the Living God." All welcome.

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church—The pastor, Rev. James Rollins, will preach morning and evening.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS, MAITLAND street—Preaching at 11 a.m., 7 p.m. All welcome.

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. Thomas H. Mitchell, B.D., pastor. Will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—REV. JAS. Ross, D.D., pastor. Morning, "Our Believing Sin"; evening, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." The minister's Bible Class is discontinued for the summer.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Rev. J. W. Graham, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST—SERVICES, 11 and 7. Rev. W. T. Hill, rector, at both services.

ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, West London—Pastor, Rev. Thomas Hamilton, B.D., rector. 10 o'clock. Public worship, 7 p.m.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. J. Ross, pastor. Morning, "The Pivotal of the Spirit." In the evening the pastor will give addresses upon "The Infancy of Jesus." Baptism after evening service. Seats free. All welcome.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. Dr. Daniel, pastor. Services at 11 and 7. All welcome.

YORK STREET MISSION HALL—A great Irish divine will preach at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Class meets at 10 a.m.

HELP WANTED.

\$2.00 PER WEEK, BOARD AND EXPENSES to person of energy and good character; state age and give references. The John C. Winston Company, Ltd., 100, London, Ontario.

WANTED—WAITERS, AT ONCE. Apply New York Cafe, Richmond street. 61c

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—BOARDING HOUSE BUSINESS, furniture, etc.; nine boarders; paying \$1.50 per week. Thos. C. Knott, Room 101, Masonic Temple. 61c

FOR SALE—WALKER'S BLACKSMITH and shoe shop, etc. Terms. Apply Wm. Walker, Odell P. O. 61c

NICE BUSINESS FOR SALE—GOOD reason for selling out. Apply Box 2, Advertiser. 61c

MANUFACTURING PICTURE FRAMES and moldings; large wholesale trade; big profits; all-day working hours; rent well premises; ill-health. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple. 61c

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN, OWNER going west—14-story brick, nearly new, three bedrooms, room for bath, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen and cellar; large lot; terms to suit purchaser. Apply on premises, 322 Hamilton road. 61c

TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE, MODERN improvements. Apply 86 Hamilton street. 61c-23, 30, 33, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 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GENERAL REVOLT
OF THE ARABS

Most Tribes Have Joined the
Sheik Mahmud Yohia.

THE SULTAN'S SOLDIERS MUTINY

Arabic Forces Unable to Accomplish
Anything—Many Troops Have
Been Sacrificed.

Boston, June 22.—The recent reports from Southern Arabia show that the revolt of the Arabs in the Province of Yemen, which has been going on for nearly a year, has been almost universal and nearly all the tribes in Southern Arabia have joined Sheik Mahmud Yohia, the rebel leader. The Sultan sent nearly 40,000 troops to the scene of the rebellion, but they have been powerless. Many of them mutinied on the transports in the Red Sea, and refused to land until they had received their pay, which was in arrears for seven or eight months. Their officers had no money to meet the demands and were compelled to communicate with Constantinople. Funds were forwarded to meet part of the arrears, but the soldiers refused to fight until they were paid to date.

The Mutinous Soldiers.

Nearly all of the mutinous soldiers came from Syria and Palestine. The remainder of the Sultan's force is made up of Kurds and Bash-bazouks, who do not endure the climate. The Kurds came from the Armenian highland, and the Bash-bazouks from European Turkey. They are also accustomed to higher lands, and colder weather, and are of no service in desert warfare. A representative of one of the Armenian societies in London, who was sent down to Arabia to see how the rebellion was getting on, has just returned. He says: "The refusal of the troops to fight is almost total. That portion of the force which has gathered from around Damascus, Aleppo and the southern part of Mesopotamia, are in sympathy with the Wahabites. The Kurds from Armenia, which make up the bulk of the troops, cannot fight even if they are paid, on account of the climate. While the Bash-bazouks are of no service in the warfare as conducted by the Arabs. The Arabs really do not have to fight, although well supplied with modern arms and ammunition. All they have to do is to get the Sultan's troops to follow them as far south as they can be drawn, when the latter die of disease and the march. Since January last the money raised by Arab sympathizers has been used to purchase horses and camels for them, which gives them the greatest advantage over the Turks. Those supply of horses and camels has been entirely cut off.

The people of the United States and the outside world generally have very little conception of the intelligence and ability of the Arabs. We look upon Arabia as a hopeless desert with a few wandering barbarians, forgetting the marvelous history of the race, and the fact that they, like the Chinese, have reserved their individuality, their virility and the strength of body and mind which characterized their ancestors during the crusades. The descendants of Ishmael are a masterly race, although in this generation they have fallen behind the more progressive Europeans, for several centuries they played the most important role in the world's history, and their monuments are found in Spain, Africa, India and other parts of Asia. They were the world's greatest teachers of the arts and sciences; they established the first colleges and universities; many of their public libraries were as large as the libraries of modern times, and they were the inventors of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, astronomy and philosophy.

The Present Rebellion.

The present rebellion against the authority of the Sultan is the result of a schism in the Mohammedan faith. The tribes of Arabia, the direct descendants of Mohammed, do not consider Abdul Hamid the legitimate successor of the prophet. They regard him as an interloper and interloper, whose ancestors supplanted the real Padishah (Father of all the Sovereigns of the Earth), and they will not recognize his authority, even under force. The schism began in 1805 under Sheik Abdul Wahab, who, next to Mohammed and Abu-Bekr, is the most revered of all the sons of Ishmael. There have been nine wars similar to the present since 1807, led by the Wahabites, who are called the "Moslem Puritans." Whenever they could get money, arms, ammunition, camels and horses, they have resisted the authority of the Sultan of Turkey and have driven his governors and his soldiers out of Arabia. In the present case Sheik Mahmud Yohia, the leader of the rebels, obtains his military supplies from the Young Turkey party, the Macedonian committee and the Armenians. The arms, ammunition, and other supplies are purchased in France and are shipped from Marseilles to several different ports on the Red Sea and Persian Gulf, where they are distributed. Much of the funds are contributed by Christians, but if the Arabian rebels were aware of that fact they would not accept them. They are very fanatical. They kill and drive away all Christians who appear in their territory, and are under the impression that all their outside help comes from the Young Turkey party, and other Moslems.

Tenets of the Wahabites.

The Wahabites, as the followers of Abdul Wahab, the great Moslem reformer, are called, claim to be the orthodox sect of Islam, and they differ from other adherents of that faith on several important points. Abdul Wahab taught that Mohammed the Prophet never claimed divine power during his lifetime, and therefore he did not ask and is not entitled to reverence as a divinity. He was a human being and lived and died as such. Hence the worship of Mohammed and his sepulchre is idolatry. Abdul Wahab forbade pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina, destroyed the temples and relics in those cities and dried up the Zam-zam spring, which claim to be miraculous.

2. Mohammed left no successors and had no authority to bestow his power and as the head of the church upon any other individual. Furthermore, the present Sultan and all of his predecessors of the house of Osman, since 1259, have been impostors. His ancestors overcame and drove out the real heads of the church.

3. No Islam has the right to enslave a fellow-believer in that religion, as the Sultan is doing; Abdul Wahab forbade slavery and proclaimed the universal equality and brotherhood of all Mohammedans.

4. He forbade the payment of tribute to Constantinople as against the teaching of the Koran and claimed that whatever is contributed by a people in the way of taxes should be used to supply their own needs.

5. He advocated self-government of all tribes of Moslems.

6. As the "Puritan of Islam," he forbade the use of coffee and tobacco as well as wine and liquor, condemned polygamy and declared the Turkish sultans infidels because of their plurality of wives.

The Wahabite rebellion of today is more serious than any of his predecessors, because the Arabs have better arms and ammunition, and are better supplied with animals. Three armies have been sent against them from Turkey during the last year, and each one of them has been destroyed and practically exterminated. This has been a serious drain upon the resources of the Sublime Port, and, as the rebellious Arabs do not seem to have sufficed to any extent, the fate of armies that are sent down there in the future is likely to be the same as those that have been sent in the past. Those who are familiar with the situation, claim that the rebels and the desert will swallow up all the troops the Great Turk can send, and that he can accomplish nothing. On the other hand, it is difficult to see how the Wahabites can separate themselves from the Turkish Empire, because they are divided into tribes whose leaders are not only jealous, but hostile towards each other. They would not agree to a centralized government, and they would not even if they should form an independent nation, and establish their rights to govern Arabia, distinct from the Ottoman Empire. They could only humiliate him.

It is frequently asserted by those who have knowledge of Arabia that if the Wahabite movement had been successful a century ago, Arabia would by this time have been a highly civilized and flourishing country, because the influences behind it were progressive and its tendencies were to purify, improve and elevate. In 1815, when the second Wahabite rebellion occurred, the Turks destroyed everything of value in Arabia, and the people have never recovered from that devastation. It is the policy of the Sultan to destroy and to keep his subjects in poverty. He goes on the theory that the less a country is advanced and the more backward, the less they have to resist his authority; the less they have to eat, the weaker they will be, and therefore in Arabia, as in all other parts of the Turkish Empire, progress ceased generations ago; the country is less advanced and the people are not so well off as in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, it is a great deal of business done in Arabia.

MADE SIXTY YEARS AGO

Piano Owned by General Grant's Mother—
Was Made by Mr. T. A. Heintzman,
Founder of the Old Firm of Heintzman
and Co.

There is in existence today a piano that was owned by Gen. Grant's mother some 60 years ago. The instrument, of course, is of the old-fashioned kind, but it is still in good condition, and its solid rosewood case is bright and polished. It was made 60 years ago by Mr. T. A. Heintzman, founder of the old firm of Heintzman & Co., Toronto, who was then engaged in the manufacture of pianos in Buffalo, N. Y. The splendid condition in which it is found today, combined with its beauty of tone, is evidence of the fine work Heintzman & Co. have always put in their pianos. There are hundreds of this firm's instruments throughout the Dominion that have passed down from grandfather to father, and again down to another generation. It is conscientious work like this that has given this old-established Canadian firm their pre-eminence as piano-makers, not alone in their own country, but the world over. A beautiful assortment of Heintzman & Co. pianos always in stock at their London warehouse, 217 Dundas street, corner Clarence street.

A LINIMENT FOR THE LOGGERS.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

Don't waste time finding fault with yourself, that's what your friends are for.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house. Insanity is said to be akin to love—but a man in love doesn't care if he is crazy.

BERKMAN AND
EMMA KISS

Osculatory Smack Quiets Noisy
Throng That Welcomed
Back Their Leader

New York, June 22.—With a salutatory kiss that averted into silence the 1,500 spectators in the Grand Central Palace, Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, high priest and priestess of anarchy, proclaimed to their adherents, yesterday, that they had accepted each other as husband and wife on a limboed contract and without transgressing the cardinal rule of their creed with a civil or religious ceremony.

The osculation was the climax to the welcome back to the fold extended to Berkman after his imprisonment of fourteen years in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania for attempting to assassinate Henry C. Frick. The men and women in the audience stood up on the seats and shouted themselves hoarse. Berkman worked his way through the throng to the front of the stage. All semblance of order had disappeared, when the kiss caused a sudden hush and the spectators waited with bated breath to hear the first word spoken by the released anarchist.

Fifty police reserves were distributed through the hall an hour before the meeting was to begin. About half were in uniform and the others only in plain clothes. Berkman preceded Goldman and made a fiery speech, in which she said he was not there by the grace of the prison keepers, who had sworn that he should never leave his dungeon alive. "Bully boy!" irreverently shouted an enthusiast as she gave the courts and laws of Pennsylvania a hard smack.

When Berkman got the floor he was manifestly suffering from a severe attack of stage fright. He mumbled his words nervously and said he was happy to return to his friends.

"They say that 1,900 years ago a man was raised from the dead, after having been buried three days," he continued, "but I think the resurrection of the peaceful slumber of a three-days' grave is not nearly so miraculous as the actual coming back to life from a living death of fourteen years. No travelers ever return, it is said, from the land of shades beyond the River Styx—and may be it is a good thing for them they don't—but you can see there is an occasional exception even to that rule, for I have just returned from a hell like which, for human brutality, is not to be found even in the fire-and-brimstone creeds of our loving Christians."

"But if I've lost my hair, I've kept my head and come back to you stronger than ever and full of determination to devote my life to the work of showing to the world the true social freedom. Persecution cannot stifle the voice of justice and liberty. Oppression cannot down us. We shall know no defeat, but go on to the end, even at the cost of our lives and liberty."

"Your false civilization is a disease, and capitalism is its most malignant form. It is the acute stage that is bringing into the world a race of cowards, weaklings and imbeciles; a race of mannikins lacking the physical courage and mental initiative to do the deed and think the thought not inscribed in the book of practice."

THE PACKERS SALTED

Heavy Fines Imposed on Swift & Co.
and Others.

Kansas City, June 22.—In the United States district court here this morning Judge Smith McPherson, of Red Oak, Iowa, passed sentence upon the seven defendants recently convicted in this court of making concessions and accepting and conspiring to accept rebates on shipments.

The judgments in the nature of fines were assessed as follows: Swift & Co. \$15,000, Cudahy Packing Company \$15,000, Armour Packing Company \$15,000, Nelson, Morris & Co. \$15,000, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway \$15,000.

Of the eleven cases brought up at this time, the Government has secured seven convictions, one defendant was acquitted and three cases were dismissed. Another case comes up in September.

DETECTIVE MURRAY'S MONEY

The Late Official Left \$40,676—Who Gets It.

Toronto, Ont., June 22.—The late Provincial Government Detective John Murray left an estate of \$40,676, of which \$32,000 is in debentures in loan companies. The Toronto General Trust Corporation are appointed executors. The estate is divided principally between the two daughters, Katie Boyd, of Sydney, B. C., and Mary Murray. The first receives \$500, furniture in the house. The house for life interest, or \$14,000 for ten years, after which the \$14,000 is to be paid to her or her children. Mary Murray receives \$555 interest, on \$12,000 for five years, when the amount is to be paid her. A number of small bequests are made.

The United States Senate passed the bill authorizing the city of Buffalo to construct a tunnel under Lake Erie and Niagara River for city water purposes.

MUSIC OVER WIRES
POSSIBLE FOR ALL

May Be Turned On or Off
Day or Night, Like
Wager or Gas.

New York, June 22.—The other day I told you about an old scrapbook, which contained an account of the first lecture of Prof. Graham Bell, concerning a new invention with which he was able to send music, song and speech over wire between Chicksbury Hall, New York, and New Brunswick, N. J. The same scrapbook contains the advertisement of "A Telephone Concert," given at Lincoln Hall, Washington, April 9, 1877, at which it was announced that "Music will be transmitted by telegraph for the second time," and that the people of the national capital, by the payment of \$1 admission fee and 50 cents extra for a reserved seat, to be secured at Mr. Metzerott's music store, sent over the wire this "supreme triumph of American science."

The advertisement reads that "Mr. Maurice Strakosch has the honor of announcing that the second public performance of Prof. Elissa Gray's marvelous telephone will take place on Monday evening, April 9. The following musical melodies will be performed in Philadelphia and distinctly heard by the audience in Washington."

"1. 'Home Sweet Home.'
"2. 'Com e Gentil,' 'Don Pasquale.'
"3. 'Then You'll Remember Me,' 'Bohemian Girl.'
"4. 'The Last Rose of Summer.'
"5. 'M'Appari,' 'Romance of Martha.'
"6. 'The Carnival of Venice.'"

I remember distinctly that the experiment was remarkably successful, and that the audience heard the half very much mystified. A good many of them were inclined to doubt whether the music they had heard had really been sent over the wire from Philadelphia. Humbugs are always about, and while Maurice Strakosch has an international reputation as an impresario, and Elissa Gray, of Evanston, Ill., the inventor, made a plausible address on the expansion of vibration and tones, and that sort of thing, several "doubting Thomases" were inclined to suspect that a magic might have been used to produce the effect.

It was a great sensation. The papers were full of it the next day, but the use of the telephone for the transmission of music has not been so extensive as for other purposes. The reason is obvious, but it looks as if the time had come for its development along that line, and if you go up to the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth street, where Park & Tilford recently had a big grocery store, you will find a new business engaged in fitting up the first central station ever established in the world for the transmission of music by telephone. It is to be the headquarters of the Cahill Telephonic Company, of Washington, D. C. In the fire-and-brimstone parlance of the middle of June, and it will supply residences, hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants, saloons, barber shops, hotels, asylums, schools and whomever it may concern from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the evening with all the music they may desire. It is only necessary to subscribe as you do for a telephone, and have the instrument put in. Then you can turn on the music whenever you want it, day or night, just as you turn on electric light or gas or water. You switch the key and the band begins to play loud enough to be heard by any ordinary audience or in any part of an ordinary house.

At the central station, corner of Thirty-ninth and Broadway, the Cahill Company is now installing an immense machine, 70 feet long, 10 feet wide and 5 feet high, which weighs 30 tons and contains 1,000 dials. This is the instrument which is to amuse all New York.

UNCLE SAM WAKING UP

Finds Markets of the World Are Being
Closed to Him.

Detroit, June 22.—W. R. Corwin, secretary of the New York committee of the American Reciprocal League, which advocates reciprocal trade relations with all countries, but especially with Canada, gave an address before the board of commerce last night.

He showed by statistics that the markets of the world are gradually being closed against the United States. He strongly advocated closer trade relations with Canada, and showed that as a result of our commercial warfare with that country our manufacturers have been forced to establish in Canada mills and factories for the purpose of making articles manufactured in this country. Over 120 of such industries, he said, had been established in Canada in the last few years, employing something like 40,000 skilled laborers.

THE ATLAS LOAN FAILURE

Continental Life Was a Heavy Loser—
Held \$29,435 Debentures.

Toronto, June 23.—When the failure of the Atlas Loan Company, of St. Thomas, occurred in 1903, the Continental Life held its debentures, which, with interest, represented an indebtedness of \$29,435. Mr. A. E. Wallace, manager of the Atlas Loan, was a director of the Continental Life Insurance Company; and because his company required money for the purchase of the loan company's debentures, he was also accepted as premiums on a \$25,000 policy held by Mr. Murch, a director of the Atlas Loan.

A meeting of the directors of the Continental Life Insurance Company was held a few days after the Atlas Loan failure, at which Mr. G. T. Somers, agreed to take over the debentures and pay \$20,000 to the company for them. A peculiar clause in this agreement, however, provided that Mr. Somers should be recouped for any loss he might sustain. The directors had been assured that the debenture holders would rank first on the assets of the Atlas Loan, and there has been paid already 37 per cent by the liquidator of the Atlas Loan; that is \$10,890 has been paid on the liability of \$29,435. The apparent loss is \$18,545 on the debentures and \$3,190 on a deposit.

This information came out at the investigation of the Continental Life this morning by the insurance commission.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF OTHERS for COLIC, ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

TWENTY APPLY
FOR VACANCY

Many Seeking Strathroy Collegiate Principalship—
Students Set Back.

Strathroy, June 22.—Mr. and Mrs. W. Paul, of Lobo, left Friday for a visit to the Canadian Soo.

Miss Pauline Buttery assisted at a musicale in Hamilton on Thursday under the directorship of Professor Hewlett.

Mr. Wm. Scott was quietly married in London by Rev. J. Graham to Miss M. Pike, of the 10th Con. Caradoc. They will reside in Strathroy. Over 20 applications have been received by the secretary of the Collegiate Institute board for the principalship made vacant by the resignation of Mr. J. E. Wetherell, who goes to Toronto to act as inspector of high schools for Ontario. The applications will be considered next week.

Some of the students had their matriculation certificates canceled this week as the result of the inquiry by the education department at Toronto to into the exams at Strathroy, June 1905. One pupil is barred until 1908 from again writing. Some of the students had entered college upon a professional course and feel the effect of the finding very keenly.

Mrs. (Dr.) Morrow, of Caledonia, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wright.

Strawberries are getting quite plentiful here now. Ten cents a box seems to be the average price.

Mr. J. W. McCoubrey, who has been visiting friends here lately left for New York this week.

The Canning Company intend opening up for business this week. The ladies will be the first fruit to handle. It will give employment to a number of women and girls in addition to the regular staff.

A large number from here intend taking in the K. of K. excursion to Niagara Falls next Wednesday.

Mr. J. Ross, who has been conducting a tailor shop here, left for Montreal last week. A relation who died in England left him \$25,000, and Mr. Ross has gone to secure the legacy.

Mr. J. Bunting is visiting in Pickering.

Jealousy bears a lot of fruit that should not be preserved.

I was cured of bronchitis and asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Lot 5, P. E. MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.

I was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

John Mader, I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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The Delicate, Fragrant Aroma of
Blue Ribbon Tea
Invigorates like the general warmth of the sun.
BLACK, GREEN, MIXED—25c to \$1.00 a lb.—ALL GROCERS.

Can You Get Along Without Meat?
Yes! Eat

SHREDDED
WHEAT

An Ideal Summer Food
MADE IN CANADA

It contains more nutriment than MEAT, is more easily digested, is more wholesome, is more economical, and is the cleanest, purest food made on this continent.

Send for the "Vital Question Cook Book," postpaid.
CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office, 32 Church Street.

Furniture Happenings at Our Store
BEDROOM FURNITURE

The kind that enhances the pleasure of a good night's rest.
Now, here is a dresser and stand. Though simple in design, it's elegant in every particular. Made in golden oak or mahogany and polished as if it were a piano. Price for two pieces
\$28
We have others from \$8 up to \$200.

THE ONTARIO FURNITURE CO.,
228-230 DUNDAS STREET.

ALMOST HAYMAKING
TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

Pure Manila Hay—
Fork Rope
Horse Hay Forks
Hay Cars
Hay Slings
Sling Chains
Prices right, goods reliable.

Westman's Hardware

121 Dundas St., Market Square.

Hot Weather Food.

It is necessary, during the summer months, to choose wisely the food for the morning meal. Food that heats the blood in the morning keeps the blood hot all day.

Diamond Wheatlets

Will NOT heat the blood. KING OF BREAKFAST FOODS. Ask your grocer for it. Manufactured by

HUNT BROS., - CITY MILLS.

Angelic Music

is certainly not the music which is produced on some of our pianos today. None of us are able to describe today heavenly music, and yet we are able to distinguish the superior from its opposite.

Newcombe Pianos Today

are made by master hands who have spent years in research, and with thorough attention to every detail are manufacturing as near a perfect instrument as possible. See our goods before buying.

Hewers' Music Emporium

226 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.
"The Modern Newcombe Piano Parlors." Telephone 2043.
(DOHERTY ORGANS)

It is seldom you see a candidate for Congressmen Nicholas Longworth and Mrs. Longworth left London for Kiel this morning.

FATHER OF DOWIE IS IN CHICAGO

To Clear Doubts as to Elijah's
Paternity.

HE AND SON "ALIKE AS PEAS"

The Old Man's Story—Voliva Tells
How He Saved Zion
from Hunger.

Chicago, June 22.—With two hands bulging with documents, a voluminous umbrella, and a well furnished satchel, the father of the famous John Murray Dowie, arrived in Chicago from Essex, Iowa, to establish his identity in court, and prove that he is the father of John Alexander Dowie, "First Apostle." His appearance tends to support his declaration, for John Murray Dowie and John Alexander are as like as two peas from a single mint.

John Murray Dowie carries his 52 years as lightly as a feather. He admitted that the rupture with his son was occasioned him pain, but "a man turns many a corner in 80 years," he said, and if he "lives on good beef and apple dumplings and cold water," it helps quite a bit.

While John Alexander Dowie sat in his suite at the Virginia Hotel, John Murray Dowie occupied a room at the Great Northern. Neither made an effort to communicate with the other.

"When I learned that the paternity of John Alexander was questioned," he said, "it became my duty to set the matter right."

"Why did my son deny me?" John Murray Dowie was pensive. "It is inexplicable. There is to my mind but one explanation. John Alexander has overworked himself and his mind is unbalanced. Many a night he has worked the whole time over his desk and gone out the next morning to his meetings and his healings. He is not right in his mind."

"So far as that British army officer is concerned I can easily disprove my son's claims."

THAT BRITISH COLONEL.
"That British colonel died in Edinburgh two years before Dowie was born. I was apprenticed to the widow of an Edinburgh draper with three children, who was thirteen years older than I. John Alexander was born six weeks after my marriage to this widow, but there has never been any doubt as to his parentage."

In Australia the elder Dowie served as justice of the peace, which accounts for the title of judge bestowed upon him. The extraordinary success achieved by his son led him to come to America in 1896. His reception, however, was not over-cordial, and he left Chicago for Iowa, where he settled at Essex and soon married a wealthy widow. After three years of wedded life, the woman, it is said, purchased her freedom, paying \$5,000 for it.

VOLIVA'S STORY.
Wilbur Voliva, the present head of Zion City, who succeeded Dowie as the manager of the city and its properties, testified in the hearing before Judge Landis in the federal court, to determine the rightful manager of Zion City, and its interests. Voliva stated that when he assumed control of Zion City he found in the candy industry a paid-up stock of \$155,000, an actual investment of \$15,000, and a total operating loss, up to Jan. 1, 1900, of \$92,000. In the supply manufacturing association invested in stock \$257,000, amount actually invested \$22,000; total loss in operation \$249,000. In the lace industry paid on the stock \$2,424,000, actually invested \$415,000, operating loss \$1,909,000. Losses on the other industries were on Jan. 21, 1906, as follows: Food supplies, \$27,000; railway construction, \$4,000; printing house, \$450,000; hotel, \$173,000; transportation, \$11,000.

"SHY" OF MONEY.
"Zion City Bank," said the witness, "had deposits amounting to \$500,000, but not one dollar in the bank to pay any of the \$500,000. Every day there was a long line of people in front of the bank looking for their money. Some of them would get 50 cents, some 75 cents, and some nothing at all. Every one of these people had \$1,000 or more on deposit. I found that \$2,000,000 had been diverted and that the losses in operating the different industries up to that time amounted to \$2,528,890."

"I found that the laboring men were receiving only enough to exist upon, and their pay was far behind. Many of them were paid in coupons, and when I assumed management about \$30,000 in these coupons were outstanding. I found many people at the verge of starvation, notably a Mr. Haskins, who had an annual income in Australia of \$3,000. I gave him a ton of coal and food to keep him alive."

Voliva declared that many men in Zion City had not been able to secure employment for two years, and had been supported out of a benevolent fund which he had established. He declared that he attempted to reform conditions, but was stopped by a telegram from Dowie, who ordered him to allow things to remain as they were."

NEW ISLAND.
Seattle, Wash., June 23.—An island has been thrown up by a submarine eruption in Behring Sea, according to cable advices from Seward, Alaska. The new land is near the Island of Boroslov, which came up in the same manner about a century ago. News of the formation reached Seward from Unalakleet, being carried to the latter port by Behring Sea fishermen. A quantity of rock was thrown up with the earth, forming several acres of headland. Fishermen reported the water was so hot they were unable to get near the island.

John D. Long, ex-secretary of the United States navy, is very much opposed to the new system of spelling. He says: "To spell well is the distinguishing mark of a scholar, as much as good manners are of a gentleman."

OASTORIA.
The kind you have always bought.
See the
Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

TWO MARINE MISHAPS

Steamer Majestic Grazes Lightship—
The Dewey Adrift.

London, June 22.—The White Star Line steamer Majestic narrowly escaped running down the lightship of Comingsheo, on the Wexford coast, last night while en route from Queenstown to Liverpool.

The Majestic was steaming at half speed through a thick fog, when the lightship suddenly appeared immediately under her bows. The lightship was so close that the immediate porting of the steamer's helm alone prevented a collision. As it was she grazed the lightship.

Singapore, June 22.—The American drydock Admiral Dewey, which is being towed to the Philippines, broke adrift on the night of June 20 when approaching this port, but was picked up again.

The tugs Caesar and Glacier, towing the Dewey, were in collision while the dock was anchoring here. The Glacier was damaged and has a list. The Dewey and her consorts will stay here for a few days to enable the crews to obtain rest.

BRYAN HEARD FROM

Prospective Democratic Candidate for
Presidency Has a Say.

Trondheim, Norway, June 23.—"Corporations should be controlled and reformed, but private monopolies must be exterminated, root and branch," declares William J. Bryan, who was interviewed shortly after his arrival here to witness the crowning of Norway's new king.

He had been informed that in American people now are calling him Conservative, and he was moved to say:

"I am not responsible for the phrases used in regard to me, but I am responsible for my position on public questions. That position ought to be well known. Take the trust question, for instance, as it seems uppermost just now."

"My position is that private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. That was the Democratic platform in 1900 and the plank was incorporated in 1904, and it is the only tenable position."

"There is some talk of controlling the trusts—you might as well talk of controlling burglary."

"We do not say that men shall only steal a little bit, or in some particular way, but they shall not steal at all. It is so of private monopolies. It is not sufficient to control or regulate them; they must be absolutely and totally destroyed."

INTERSTATE COMMERCE

Work of Commission Tends to Break
Down the Monopolies.

Washington, D. C., June 23.—The interstate commerce commission has practically finished its investigation of the railroad which carry bituminous coal to tide water in the east. The commission considers itself justified in believing:

That there will be a more equitable distribution of cars to coal companies, which will mean in the future an absence of discrimination for or against any concerns.

That there will be no repetition for some time, at least, of the colossal gain such as was developed in the inquiry into the Pennsylvania system.

That, as a result of the report it will make to Congress, legislation will be enacted at the next session placing coal-carrying cars under the interstate commerce commission, as is done by the pending railroad rate act in the case of refrigerator and other private cars.

The commission has been informed that Armour & Co., and the American Transit Co., are endeavoring to sell their private cars to members of the commission believe this is an indication of the passage of the day of the private car.

BACK TO BASIC FACTS

Governor Curtis Guild, Jun., on "Religion
and Republics."

Worcester, Mass., June 23.—The principal address of the 63rd convention exercises of Holy Cross (R. C.) College was by Gov. Curtis Guild, Jun., who said in part:

"It has been given to us to see the day come in Massachusetts when the Unitarian clergyman is invited in Boston to preach the broad truths of our common Christianity from a Unitarian pulpit; when a Jewish rabbi is asked to lead in prayer a great national convention that contains a handful of this particular faith; and when in a Jesuit college the valedictorian does not hesitate to cite as a guide in morality if not in dogma, the works of William Ellery Channing."

The tremendous social, economic, and political changes of this great day in which we live are forcing men through the crust of artificiality, agnosticism, and flippant criticism back to the basic facts of life. The student of twenty may be agnostic, the scholar of forty cannot be. Now and always true men, not of one creed, not of one country, not of one language, have found their own best advancement of their fellows, and their best inspiration in deep faith in God."

CURIOUS DIVORCE CASE

Chicago, June 23.—A remarkable divorce case was decided by Judge Gibbons yesterday when the Countess Sophie de Rilly, of Greece, formerly lady-in-waiting to the Queen of the Hellenes, obtained a decree from the court, and thus prevented her \$100,000 estates in Greece from falling into his hands. It is the first Chicago divorce that must go to a king for its royal "O.K." before it is valid. Prior to that it must be certified by the Greek consul here, by the American minister in Greece, and by the Greek minister of justice. Then when King George has affixed his seal to the document it must receive the approval of the head of the Greek church.

MILLIONAIRE'S SON WEDS A NURSE

Marriage of Rufus Hatch—Was
Hospital Attendant When
Wife Got Divorce.

Boston, June 23.—After a life of obscurity for four years, Rufus Hatch, son of the late Rufus Hatch, of New York, once managing director of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and for twenty years one of the best known financiers of Wall street, has again come into the limelight by his marriage to Miss Kathryn Killilea, a nurse at the Danvers Hospital for the Insane.

Young Hatch's marriage took place within a month after he learned that his former wife, who was Miss A. M. Loud, daughter of a millionaire lumberman, had secured a divorce in Ohio. The couple took out marriage licenses at Danvers and were married by a justice of the peace, having quietly left Danvers a week ago for that purpose. They are living in retirement near Boston, and Mr. Hatch contemplates a new fruit commission business, at which he has become expert.

The career of young Hatch has been eventful. He has known the extremes of great affluence and biting poverty. In 1885, two years after his father's death, he married Miss A. M. Loud, and the couple went to Montreal, where young Hatch started in business with the Fruit Dispatch Company. After a year's work he suffered a physical breakdown and returned to New York. While in this condition he became involved in 1902, in a sensational incident in a well-known New Jersey city, as a result of which his sanity was challenged, and he was sent to White Plains, N. Y., to a well known sanatorium for recuperation.

As a result of his own representations regarding his condition he was given a trial for the purpose of proving his sanity, which at the time attracted much attention. He was successful and left the place, coming almost immediately to New England. Here he underwent a series of most remarkable vicissitudes in the attempt to earn his own living. He worked for a time on a farm and again as a shoemaker, and about three years ago he took a place as an attendant at the Danvers Hospital.

It was here that the second romance of the adventurous young man began. While engaged in his duties at Danvers he first met Miss Killilea, a handsome young nurse, and their acquaintance ripened into love. Hatch was not free to marry, however, as the wife whom he had left behind when he left New York to begin his career anew, had never attempted a divorce, and he had been legally divorced from her for six months.

Young Hatch studied nursing while at the hospital and was a member of the last graduating class. Instead of waiting to graduate, however, he quietly slipped away to Lynn with his fiancée, and the young couple received his diploma, the young couple sent in their resignations to the institution.

"If I did a million dollars worth of business for someone else, I guess I can do it for myself," he said, in his new life.

All the youth of young Hatch was spent in luxury. In his New York home he never knew a want, and his education was in charge of the most expensive private tutors. He was at one time a pupil at the Berkeley school, and a party finished a course at Columbia University. He was a member of the Seventh Regiment, the Sons of the Revolution, and many other organizations. In 1906 he undertook a banking venture at New Rochelle, N. Y., which ended disastrously, and in 1908 he enlisted and served in the Spanish war, where he was corporal of Company M, Thirtieth Regiment of the Michigan Volunteers. While in Cuba he suffered an attack of yellow fever. Young Hatch has a brother in New York and a sister in California. His father, known to his acquaintances as "Uncle" Rufus Hatch, occupied a peculiar place in Wall street. His interest in the Pacific Mail he was connected with the Western Union consolidation. He was best known and most widely advertised by his creation of the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company, in the eighties, whereby he planned the exploitation of the place for the benefit of tourists on a mammoth scale. The enterprise collapsed.

AFTER THE OIL OCTOPUS

Uncle Sam Will Take Action Against
Standard Monopoly.

Washington, June 23.—Formal announcements of the purpose of the government to prosecute the Standard Oil Company was made yesterday by United States Attorney-General Moody. It appears from his statement that the proceedings in the first instance will be held under the terms of the Elkins law, which prohibits rebates in interstate commerce.

The attorney-general, however, gives notice that in all probability, should the investigation he still is making justify it, he will bring further action against the Standard Oil Company under the terms of the Sherman anti-trust law, and also will take steps to insure against the continuance of the part of the company of discriminations in trade and transportation and new subject to prosecution under existing law, but especially provided against in the pending rate bill.

DEALING IN CANADIAN LAND

Detroit, June 23.—The Canada Exploration Company has filed articles of association to deal in Canadian lands and mineral claims. The capital is \$80,000, of which \$2,000 has been paid in cash and \$50,000 is represented by lands in Nipissing, Ont. William D. Boerth 100, and John P. Glendon 500.

Ex-heroes can't understand who the world has such a poor memory. When trouble drives a man to drink, drink drives him to more trouble.

DRANK COCKTAILS AND SOON DIED

Woman and Boy the Victims—
Three Young Men Are
Critically Ill.

New York, June 23.—Less than 24 hours after celebrating the second anniversary of her wedding, Mrs. Jessie Bosquet, 23 years old, a teacher in public school No. 25, and her 17-year-old cousin, Joseph Hirsch, died at their home, No. 232 Chauncey street, Brooklyn. Their death is attributed to wood alcohol, taken in the guise of Manhattan cocktails.

Miss Evangeline Fulford, another cousin of Mrs. Bosquet, and three other male companions, who participated in the jollification, are in a dangerous condition from the liquor.

Because of her connection with a public school, where she was known only by her maiden name, Miss Jessie Budd, none but relatives knew of her secret marriage to Thomas Bosquet, a motorman of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, until just now. Then the schoolmistress-bride whispered her secret to Joseph Hirsch, a boarder in the Budd household. The "secret" spread quickly to her friends and a celebration was immediately proposed.

At first only harmless games were indulged in by the guests, but young Hirsch suggested that the bride would not live long and enjoy future happiness unless her health was drunk. Miss Evangeline Fulford, a prepossessing young woman of 18 years, declared that the only drink suitable for a lady's palate was a dainty Manhattan cocktail, with a red cherry. This ultimatum met with the approval of the rest, and Hirsch went to a nearby saloon and brought back a pitcher filled with the liquor.

At Herman Stenck's cafe, at Sumner and Ralph avenues, for 25 cents, Mrs. Bosquet and her guests quickly emptied the pitcher, and another was proposed by Martin Crook, 16 years old, who lives a few doors from the Budd home. A trip to Coney Island was proposed, but Miss Fulford and one of the men were the only ones able to take the trip. Mrs. Bosquet fell into a stupor, and Hirsch became ill. The rest of the group went to their homes.

When Bosquet returned from his work at midnight, he found his wife suffering intense pain. Dr. A. J. Bulger, of No. 496 Decatur street, declared the patient would soon recover.

Not moving the young school teacher went to her classroom as usual, and while instructing her pupils suddenly fell, and declared she was totally blind. She was taken to her home in a carriage. Dr. V. Taylor, of Decatur street, declared that the young woman showed symptoms of acute alcohol poisoning. Her death followed a few hours later. Hirsch complained to Dr. Taylor of peculiar pains. Despite Dr. Taylor's efforts to save his life the lad died in the same excruciating pain as Mrs. Bosquet.

All but two of the six young persons who had partaken of the liquor were suffering in the same manner, and medical aid was sent for. Miss Fulford and John Cook were said to be in a precarious condition last night. There was said to be little hope for Miss Fulford.

According to a story told to Police Captain Miles O'Reilly, of the Ralph street station, by the husband of the dead woman, about 25 glasses of the cocktail decoction were drunk by his wife's guests. The police say that Mrs. Bosquet, Miss Fulford and the Hirsch drank more than all the rest combined.

"My wife never touched liquor to my knowledge," said Mr. Bosquet to a reporter, "and I am positive that the stuff which my cousin, Joseph, bought was poisoned. I cannot understand why she disclosed the secret of our marriage while I was away from home, but we did not want the outside world to know of it until after the close of the summer vacation next year. Both of us saved \$50 apiece every month, and by that time we would have saved \$1,000. I had a little home, and that was her ambition. If the school authorities had known of her marriage they would, of course, have discharged her, but her mother and most of her relatives knew of our union."

Mrs. Bosquet declared that she had taken only a few drinks, but that Mrs. Bosquet had drunk considerable. "One of the boys told us not to take any more of the stuff," she said, "and warned us that it had a peculiar flavor, but we all liked it, and sent several times to the store for more."

According to Coroner's Physician West, both deaths were caused by wood alcohol poisoning. Acting on this information, Captain O'Reilly placed Stenck, the saloonkeeper, under arrest. The physician shows positively that the cause of death was alcohol poisoning, the charges may be changed to manslaughter.

THEIR NETS WERE BURNED

Fishermen Without Licenses Lose \$850
Worth of Outfit.

Toronto, June 23.—Acting on a report that illegal fishing was proceeding near the mouth of the Moon River on the Georgian Bay, Fishery Overseer Laughlin, of Parry Sound, hired a tug last week and made a successful raid. He captured two seines and eleven trap nets for which the owners had no licenses. The former, worth about \$50 each, were shipped to the fisheries department here, and the nets worth \$75 were burned.

THE COREY CASE

Pittsburg, June 23.—Mrs. William Ellis Corey, wife of the president of the United States Steel Corporation, who has begun divorce proceedings against him in the Nevada courts, charging desertion, is on her way to Pittsburg to meet her husband. If the couple show any disposition to agree to a settlement, their friends will do all in their power to bring about this consummation. Mrs. Corey is accompanied by her sister-in-law, Miss Corey, and Miss Gray, who have been visiting her in Reno, Nev. Attempts to bring about a reconciliation

LAST CHANCE

Two hundred and fifty thousand BODE'S GUM coupons have appeared in London papers during the past week. Thousands have been exchanged for a FREE PACKAGE of Bode's made-in-Canada Menthal "Pepsin" Gum. Have YOU taken advantage of the offer? This is the last appearance of the coupons, but they will be exchanged at any grocer's, druggist's, confectioner's or cigar stand any time you present them.

Subscribers can use these coupons from any distribution place and present them for a free package of Bode's Gum.

Clip five coupons from any paper publishing them.

1c. **Bode's Gum Coupon** 1c.

Five coupons like this will be exchanged at any grocer's, druggist's, confectioner's or cigar stand in London for a free package of

Menthal "Pepsin" Gum

1c. **BODE GUM CO., Limited, Montreal, Que.** 1c.

Five gum coupons will be exchanged for package of gum.

This is the coupon which has made Bode's Menthal "Pepsin" Gum famous.

Made in Canada only by BODE'S GUM CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

McEACHERN AND McPHERSON, Tecumseh House, London.

between the millionaire and his wife have been going on ever since Mr. Corey's infatuation for Mabelle Gilman, the actress, became common talk.

ROOSEVELT WINS; LOCK TYPE CANAL

Victory Crowns the President
in Contention With
the Senate.

Washington, June 23.—The advocates of a lock canal across the Isthmus of Panama won out in the senate by a majority of five. They succeeded in adopting the lock canal amendment to the bill of Senator Kittredge, providing for a sea level waterway. The test vote came upon a motion to lay the amendment upon the table. This was rejected by 31 yeas to 36 nays. After that there was no further contention. The lock amendment was adopted without a revision.

Until the moment of voting much uncertainty existed among Senators as to the probable outcome of the contest, although there was an almost general feeling that the advocates of a lock canal would win the day. The change in sentiment on this important question has been very sudden and is attributed to several reasons. One thing that influenced the senators was that the administration was already making plans for a lock canal.

The Hopkins amendment which takes the place of the Kittredge bill will now go to the House, where it will be passed without any delay. If Congress had authorized the construction of a sea-level canal, the commission would be compelled to do some of the work it has done. The policy Mr. Shonts has pursued, however, has been to make as much progress as possible in the way of preparation and actual construction and to do as little as had to be done which might be thrown away in case Congress adopted the sea-level project.

The genius of the whole enterprise," said Mr. Shonts, chairman of the Isthmian commission, "is the creation of an effective organization. I believe we have such an organization now. The government of the zone has its various departments in splendid shape and it is administering affairs in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The sanitary department has transformed the unhealthy conditions which existed on the isthmus into healthful conditions. We have beds in hospitals for 1,200 men, and have only 900 patients, although we constantly are increasing our forces."

The pay rolls carry from 26,000 to 27,000 men, but only two-thirds of these are efficient—that is to say, at work—and, of course, we pay only those who actually work. The force, having had experience, is becoming more effective and efficient. Every month shows a gain in this respect. It is proposed to increase the force as rapidly as additional men are needed. We have quarters now for 3,000 more laborers than are employed.

"As a matter of fact, we actually are engaged in construction work now, although we do not claim to be making much progress in this direction. We are removing constantly increasing quantities of rock, but this has been in the way of preparation for installing more steam shovels."

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN"

Western Farmers Would Emphasize
Horace Greeley's Advice.

Winnipeg, June 23.—"Not for many years has there been such a shortage of labor as this season," said J. J. Golden, provincial commissioner of immigration, yesterday.

"There has been so much railway construction in progress and the roads are so hard up for men that they are snatching up every available hand."

Nothing of farming.



This China Cabinet,
Quarter Cut Oak, \$28.00.

BEAUTY IN FURNITURE

We invite attention to the magnificent assortment of furniture. Exquisite designs and novel finishes in our display.

Selection at this store is made easy and every taste gratified.

Many great economies will be revealed by a visit and critical inspection of exceptional offerings throughout the entire store.

Satisfaction, coupled with saving, is our lien upon your patronage.

The Chiffonier in
Quarter Cut Oak, \$25.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS

174-180 King Street

Woods' Fair

Big showing
of Lace and
yards for 5c.

Ladies' Cotton Hose 25c

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, with natural wood or balbriggan feet, shaped, elastic top, spliced heel and toe, sale price 25c

25c Hose, Sale Price 15c

Ladies' Black and Tan Cotton Hose, perfectly seamless, spliced heel and toe, full fashioned, regular 25c, sale price 15c

15c Hose, Sale Price 8c

4 dozen Black Cotton Hose, ribbed or plain, some seamless feet, assorted sizes, value 15c, sale price 8c

Men's Underwear 35c Garment

Men's Fine Balbriggan Underwear, ribbed wrist and ankle, nicely finished, sale price, per garment 35c

Ladies' Tan Gloves 25c

Ladies' Super Lisle Gloves, in tan only, 2-dome, sizes 6, 6½, and 7, sale price, per pair 25c

Embroidery for Corset Covers

Wide Embroidery, for making Corset Covers, also Embroidery Beading to match, assorted patterns, good width, sale price, yard, 15c and 25c

Cushion Girdles, in assorted colors, 3½ and 3¾ yards long, sale price, each 25c

Fancy Pearl Buttons, used for dress trimmings, etc., sale price, per card 10c



Splendid line of Umbrellas, selling at 75c and \$1.00.

Floral Paper, ten feet in roll, sale price 15c.

HAMILTON AND MONTREAL NAVIGATION COY., Limited.

The comfortable and commodious passenger steamer DUNDURN, commencing July 7, leaves Hamilton every Saturday at 10 a.m., leaves Toronto every Saturday at 6 p.m., for the Thousand Islands, intermediate ports and Montreal. Each state room has hot and cold running water, electric lights and electric bells. Berths may be secured in advance by applying to F. B. CLARK, agent, 416 Richmond street, next Bank of Commerce.

City Bindery

Removed to
855 Richmond St.
H. P. BOCK.

SNAP-SHOTS AT VARIOUS SPORTS

A 100 to 1 shot got home at Windsor yesterday, and the only person who saw it was the leader of the Fusilier's Band, who took \$2 worth on a pool. The bandmen, you see, they are used to taking long chances whenever they play.

If John D. Rockefeller lives to be 100 years old, he will be worth over \$3 billion. It will likely be 23 for John. Taking the same limit of time, that's about what a man would be worth following the races.

Charlie Querrie, of the Tecumsehs, refereed a lacrosse match the other day, and declares that will be all for him. And yet nobody handed him anything like the bad treatment the Angelo Charles handed to a referee some years or so ago.

Anxious Inquirer—No, you are mistaken. The new Lord's Day Act will not allow you to change your clothes on Sunday. Wear them over night.

Jockey Shaw got \$5,000 for winning the Suburban Handicap. What's the use being a corporation lawyer?

A dog catcher in New York has captured 142,976 dogs in his career and he had never been at Fort Erie or Windsor, either.

The Toronto hand books were rounded up the other day, and it is rumored that if the bunch of tin-born gamblers were out of town, the population would shrink about 5,000.

There is considerable agitation in Toronto about level graves, but the populace would not worry a minute if the Toronto ball team was in the cemetery—mound or no mound.

The Toronto Tecumsehs will wear white today when they play the Caps of Ottawa. Nice shrouds.

No, Maud, Shakespeare's works were not captured in that raid at Toronto. There were several works of art, but they were somewhat racy for Sabbath reading.

That furious drive in the Suburban was not a circumstance to the drive those bold, wicked Toronto imitation sports took in the hurrah wagon the other night.

Of all the great inventions which
Ev stamped the Yankee force, sir,
I never yet heard of such
Ez pawnshops on the course, sir,
Portable seats tow move about,
Tew suit all kinds of folk, sir,
Ez want tew leave their garments in
Whin they ev gone an' broke, sir.

Serpose a pusson gits the cue,
Tew back for all he's warth, sir,
A gee-gee which, twixt me an' yew,
Ain't any chance on 'arh, sir—
Waal, all thet he ez got tew do,
Ef things ar bad as that, sir,
Is jest tew walk across the way
An' leave his bowler hat, sir.

Convenient, do ye see, an' cert,
An' not one minute lost, sir,
Why, guess that he may leave his shirt,
No matter what it cost, sir,
An' ez tew gettin' them agin,
Waal, let's hope her the best, sir,
Fairhaps he'll some day win enough,
Tew pay the interest, sir.

—London, Eng., Globe.

Well, what could you expect than the raid, to say nothing of the Napoleonic retreat of yesterday. Fact is the Tenderloin began to imagine it could do most anything short of lead pipe work and get away with it. And, after one has been piking along like an easy-liver, grabbin' the change anywhere, from a bell-hopper to a bank clerk, it's the reg'ul' doings to be roped up without a moment's notice—it's the blow off.

The talent used to say this was the dark lantern work this didn't go down the line, and treated the matter like a Christmas eve joke. But the hurrah wagon was the awakening. What with the closing of the handbooks and the effort to stop racing in Ontario, it will throw a lot of good men out of work. Busy times are these for the man with the muck rake. And, after all, it goes to show that, given enough rope, the imitation bad man will tie himself in a lover's knot. But the crowning glory of the Attorney-General will be when he puts his royal foot down on Fort Erie and Windsor and chases those Yankee come-ons and porch-climbers back to the land of their birth.—Telegraph.

"Rube" Waddell better be a clever stunt to go to Russia and sign a number of strong-armed bomb-throwers for the purpose of converting them into pitchers. He thinks that they would be cool under fire.

Five hundred and forty-four horses are named in the stakes which will be raced during the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' meeting at Lexington this fall. The Transylvania has twenty-three entries.

Oh, what is the use of these stories of
old, of deeds that were daring
and hearts that were bold?
Come, let us have at 'em with hammer
and mace; it's rip 'em and slash
'em till never a trace
Remains of their glamor, their glory
and pride; to ashes reduce them
and scatter them wide.

Ho-ho for the tale of young Mr. Revere,
a tale to the schoolmarm and
pupil so dear!
Ha, ha, for his horse that came clat-
tering by, foam-flecked from
his bit to his nethermost thigh—
Revere couldn't ride on a three-legged
stool, and I know for a fact that
the nag was a mule!

Ha, ha, for the story of Washington's
ax that showed his devotion to
plain, simple fax—
That cherry-tree tale is too silly by half
and would bring a broad smile
to the lips of a calf.
The tree was a sapling of turpentine
small, and Washington never
went near it at all.

And Barbara Fritchie, threescore and

gray-haired, who bade Stone-
wall Jackson to shoot if he dared
at which Jackson didn't, but passed
on his nag, with never a shot at
that beautiful fax—
The story's the veriest, truest bosh;
the thing she hung out was old
Barbara's wash!

And so they run on in a ne'er-ending
stream—tales flimsy and idle
and vain as a dream,
Old Put and his hill and Bill Jonah's
big whale—fish stories like that
have the steadiest sale;
Sir Walter, Queen Bess and the puddle
and cloak—the garment was
old and Sir Walter was broke.

I'm after them all with my hammer and
tongs, and I'll bring each one
down just where it belongs,
I'll smash 'em and slash 'em, I'll cut
'em all down; I'll whack 'em
and crack 'em and do them up
brown;

For I am the Man with the Hammer of
Steel, who doesn't want much,
but must have it real!

—John Kendrick Bangs in New
York Sun.

COVERPOINT.

BOWLING.

TOURNAMENT NEXT WEEK.

Berlin, June 22.—The annual tournament of the Central Bowling Association will be held at Berlin on Wednesday next to last three days. The clubs which will compete for the Seagram trophy include Galt, Berlin, Waterloo, Guelph, Ayr, Acton, Brampton and Hespeler.

BRANTFORD BY SMALL MARGIN.

Galt, June 22.—Four rinks of Galt

bowlers met four from Brantford this afternoon on the Imperial lawn and were defeated by 3 points. The score was:

Galt.	Brantford.
Elmalle, sk. . . . 13	J. P. Bell, sk. . . 13
Turnbull, sk. . . 16	D. Adams, sk. . . 13
Dr. McKendrick, W. Ward, skip 8	skip 19
R. Patrick, sk. . . 14	Woodward, sk. . . 14
Totals. 56	

Majority for Brantford, 3 shots.

Dinkelspiel on Prize-Fighting

(George V. Hobart, in the New York American.)

Home: Dis Veeck.
Mein Lieber Son, Looey.—We have received your letter from Chicago, and your mother and me was glad to know that your commercial drumming pitzness on der road is good and lively, alretty.

I notice it in your letter, Looey, vare you vent mit Charl Abbot and Chorge Lederer and udder friends, to witness a private prize-fight in a private ring in a private club for a private purse.

Such was a great idea, Looey, because vance in a vile a chentel prize-fight will loosen up your eyebrows and make more pliable der apex of your troat vare you yell, "Soak him, der lobster!"

For me, Looey, der day of der prize-fight vas offer because no longer through my weins rushes der eggsetted blood of yout', vich is der inspiration dot makes a spectator rise up on his hind legs and scream mit choy ven an upper-cut mashes into der front elevation of der man you dissent bet on.

To be a frankness mit you, Looey, prize-fighting never vas vun of my household pets.

Somewhat or udder, Looey, I could nefer bubble offer der enthusiasm at der idea of two huskies, mit self-folding jaws and muckles on der arms like footballs, pounding each udder into calfsfoot chelly for der championship of a \$50-bill.

Because, Looey, der trail of der serpentine vas offer it all, and every short-arm chap is nudgings but a jimmy to break into der bank and get der gate receipts.

Dis gits me reminiscences.
At der time ven Bop Fitzchimmions and Chim Chieffies punched out dot big fight I wrote your Uncle Oscar der particulars, yet.

Mebbe, Looey, you would wish to hear dem, because vot I wrote den means itself today, and der same meaning vill mean itself mit every time der gong sounds in der future.

Listen, please.
Bop Fitzchimmions and Chim Chieffies vunce fought a battle for der championship of a bank account.

Both ven.
Bop entered der safety deposit vaults at about sigs o'clock and retchistered his name mit der paying teller.

Chim made his first appearance about a minute later and passed der doorkeeper mitout a struggle.

At about sigs fifteen der referees pushed der button under der time-locks opened der doors to vech, vile der crowd outside cheered der Vizards of Easy Street as dey vas affectively called by der friends of Chim.

It vas soon noticed by der vast crowd of spectators in der bank dot der general plan and scope of Bop Fitzchimmions' phizeck vas like dot udder financialist, Russell Sage.

Chim Chieffies had more der abrupt appearance of Chon W. Gates.

Der paying teller now stepped into his cage and der two Vizards of Easy Street vent after all dot was coming to dem.

"Dis for a few acres of unimproved ground, Long Island!" set Bop, smashing Chames affectionately near der visibone.

"Dis for some more three per cent Gufferment bonds!" set Chames, mit his right fist on Bop's boogie.

"Now, den, for a block of Missouri Pacific stock!" set Bop, trying to knock der block off Chames.

Chames fiddled, undecided vedomer to get enough money to build a home on Riverside Drive or to took a European trip.

Den, suddenly, Chames declioned he would buy a interest in der Beef Combine, so he soaked Bop in der prime ribs.

Der day den started to draw lots to see vich vun should retire first, and vild vild vun Chames soaked Bop on der chaw mit a fist full of twenty dollar gold pieces and Bop retired—somewhat disgusted, but rich.

Before retiring Bop left a call for seven thirty next morning to go mit a eggspress wagon to der bank and get his rake-off.

Chames took his share home mit yacht.

Bop made a corkscrew twist in his blacksmith shop and asked Chames to allow him a few thousand on it, but Chames laughingly replied mit a smash on der chaw.

In der eighth session Jer paying teller hat eggshauted all der visble subby of gold und der Vizards of Easy Street hat now enough wealth to retire on.

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Bop felt a uncontrollable desire surging in his heart for a new Panama hat, so he aimed a \$60 blow at Chim's head, hoping to put it in der hands of a receiver.

Chames cleverly avoided payment, and showed his contempt for der Food Trust by hitting Bop in der stomach.

Der paying teller vas now almost eggshauted mit hard work, so der two Vizards of Easy Street vent to der corners and looking eagerly between der ropes counted up der house.

During der next sigs meetings of der Kings of Finance it vas come easy, go easy, and money changed hands like umbrellas on a vet day.

Bop landed two short-arm chabs in der suburban part of Chim's vaist-line, vich netted him a Queen Anne cottage in der country, and Chim mit a upper-cut bought himself a handsome steam

game in der Lakeside League, der score being 8 to 6. Umpire George Stewart, of Kincaidine, left himself open to criticism by his decision.

Der night der ninth innings resulted in a tie, the visitors scoring two runs in der tenth.

ENDED IN A TIE.
Rain spoiled what promised to be an exciting finish in der ball game Thursday evening at Springbank between der McClary office team and Robinson, Little & Co.'s nine. Six innings were just about completed, with der scores at Batteries—McClary 5, Robinson 2.

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A CORNER FOR THE FANS

Altizer's batting record in the outlaw Tri-State League, before he joined Washington, was .352. Deal, of Lancaster, was the only regular who beat him out.

From all accounts Frank Owen is back to his true form. The Ypsilanti boy can hold his own with any of them when he is right.

Waddell has more shut-outs than any other American League twirler this year. He won four of them, one of these at the expense of Detroit.

Love is a valuable utility man for any team. He is helping Detroit out greatly now in Schaefer's absence.

Willie Keeler goes along getting his two and three hits each day, and that's what he has been doing for some time.

Jack Warner has caught 13 games for Detroit by to date, and has not made the semblance of an error.

Not one of the Boston Americans is among the first thirty batsmen in the league.

Harry Davis, Harry Bay and Billy Keeler are the leading run-getters up to date.

The Chicago Sox have turned Outfielder Ernest Vinson over to Indianapolis.

The Pittsburg team is in good shape for a hard campaign with three good catchers, seven strong pitchers, extra infielders and outfielders who can play as well as the regular men, nineteen men in all.

Fred Tenney thinks that the Chicago Nationals are a strong team, but he is of the opinion that the club that beats the Pittsburgs will win the flag.

Manager Donovan, of the Brooklyn, has sent for Infielder Patee, of Brown, to report at once, and will use him as a utility player. Patee is a fine batsman.

Pat Livingstone, of Cincinnati, looks like a coming catcher. The youngster is lively, full of snap and can throw to bases, in addition to being handy with the stick.

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TENNIS RACKETS, BALLS, NETS, POLES, MARKERS, and everything for the tennis player.
Gurd's Good Guns
185 Dundas Street.

BURNS AND RUHLIN TO FIGHT AUGUST 1

Chicago, June 22.—Tommy Burns, heavyweight champion, and Gus Ruhlin practically have been matched to fight 20 rounds for the heavyweight championship at Seattle on Aug. 1. The managers of the club wanted Burns and Jack O'Brien, but the latter demanded a bonus to sign articles, and was sidetracked. Tommy then wrote the management, stating he would fight any man it would select, and, to his surprise, they named Ruhlin. Articles for the match are expected within the next day or two, and among other things will stipulate the men fight for a guaranteed purse of \$5,000, with a privilege of 60 per cent of the gross receipts.

Negotiations for the "Kid" Herman-Benny Yanger match were ended last night. Jack Curley, Yanger's manager, notifying the Wabash A. C. of Terre Haute that he could not bring the Herman party to town.

The Wabash A. C. offered a guaranteed purse of \$2,000, with the privilege of 60 per cent of the gross receipts, but stipulated that either Malachy Hogan or the writer act as referee. The Hermanites insisted that Abe Pollock be the third man in the ring. Herman is trying to secure a match with Battling Nelson.

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"SWELL" HOUSES NOW THE RAGE

Many Large Residences Being Erected, While Small Ones Show Decrease.

"Not in many years have so many fine houses been erected in London as this spring," said a well-known real estate man to The Advertiser today.

"For example, Mr. Martin O'Meara is building a very fine residence on Kent street at a cost of about \$8,000; Mr. R. G. Wilson, on the corner of St. James and Richmond, at a cost of \$10,000; Mr. J. G. Scandrett, is putting up a \$15,000 residence on the corner of Richmond street and College avenue; and Mr. John Purdon is building a \$5,000 residence on Burwell street.

"Besides these I can tell you of some very fine houses which are going up on the old drill shed property across from Victoria Park.

Handsome Residences.

Mr. Ed. Shea is building a house there which will cost \$8,000 at least; Mr. Sam. Abbott, a \$7,000 house, Mr. James Hickey a \$6,000 house, and Mr. Wm. Morrison an \$8,000 house.

Mr. E. J. MacRobert is spending about \$5,000 improving his residence, and Mr. Jas. C. Duffield is making improvements which will amount to between \$15,000 and \$20,000.

Mr. Geo. McCormick is putting up a new \$8,000 residence on Dufferin avenue.

There are many more new houses going up in London of a class which will add greatly to the city's prosperity and appearance. The good times are being reflected in the buildings which are being erected.

Fewer Small Houses.

There has been, however, a noticeable falling off in the number of medium-priced houses built this year, as compared with former years. It seems that the house which costs about \$3,000, although looked upon as medium class, is not a good "renter," and people are steering clear of such investments.

The house which costs about \$2,000 or less is the best proposition, and it always eagerly sought after by house-hunters.

Nevertheless, a real estate man told The Advertiser today that he has had more trouble collecting rents of all kinds of houses this year than he has had since 1898.

"It is not that the people have not the money," he said, "but because of the fact that they are living too extravagantly. They spend all the money they get on pleasure, and then the landlord must wait."

QUERIES ANSWERED

I have land, which I am letting out on shares as follows: Wheat—1 plow, provided seed and sowing, spring crop, plowed and provided seed. The hay is to take off. What share should I give in each case for work requiring to be done? Who should provide the board, pay for twine and threshing?

Answer:—A legal contract for letting on shares should be drawn up, in which the shares are to be given. In the absence of such provisions there is no binding contract, and the parties doing the work may claim whatever share their services are worth, having regard to what is usually given in the neighborhood. If the parties cannot agree this question can only be settled by a suit in court.

THEY SLUGGED ABSOLOM

At Least, That's What Alleged Against Annett—Tom and John.

Thomas and John Annett, farmers of Caradoc Township, were arrested yesterday by County Constables Shaver and John D. McColl, charged with assaulting Absolom Fox, an Indian. They were bailed by Squire Chittick until Wednesday next.

The story told by Fox is something like this. Tom Annett is somewhat in love with an Indian woman named Tom, indeed, was most attentive to her, and stuck to her like a glue to a summer girl. When she was being tried for an indictable offense, Tom was as faithful as a pet poodle. Now the winter winds, and April showers had a somewhat cooling effect on Tom's affections, and he ceased his visits. The woman, however, thought it was up to Tom to make good. Tom got frigid feet, and to enforce her demands, told Absolom Fox to see Tom. Absolom was spokesman of the party, and he stated the case briefly.

Now, actions speak louder than words, so says the saying. Tom cleared his decks for some action, so Fox says. He made a few passes at Absolom, when brother John thought he would have a hand in squaring the matter. Absolom was not a 100-to-1 shot, and when they got through it is said, he was a sight to make angels weep. So he swore out a warrant.

Annett denies that the row was over the woman, and declares that Fox started the fracas.

It is alleged, however, that the turtle dove is doing business with Tom, and his lady friend, and they have got the proverbial marriage bell whacked to fragments. Tom is blonde enough to belong to a regiment of Swedes, but his lady love is dark—very.

DROWNED AT A F. O.

Infallible, Alta, June 23.—A distressing drowning accident occurred in Red Deer River, through which Mrs. Lamarche and her little daughter lost their lives. The victims, in company with Mrs. Bond, were fording the river in a wagon at Penhold, when they were swept away in the box. Mrs. Bond regained the wagon, and after desperate efforts, rescued Mrs. Lamarche, but too late to save her life. The child's body was not recovered.

AFRICAN VETERAN GOES TO HOME

Sad Case of Private Archie Pinnell, Now an Incurable Paralytic.

A couple of pitiable cases came under the notice of Mayor Judd today. His worship was seated in his office when he was told that Woodstock wanted to speak to him about a London who was stranded there.

The woman's name is Amy Holder, 30 years of age, who resides with her mother, at 383 Pall Mall street.

The authorities at Woodstock reported that she was without money or friends there and they feared she was deranged. She claimed to have an order from Mayor Judd and a local physician to enter the hospital at Woodstock, but the authorities would not admit her.

His worship replied that he had given no order to the woman and that he thought there must be something wrong.

Inspector McCallum was then brought into the office and he cleared up the case.

Miss Holder had waited upon him a few days previously and had told him of her troubles. She was told to go to Woodstock. She asked for a pass, but the inspector, after looking into the case, refused her request.

"They say I'm crazy," she said to the inspector, "I don't know whether they're right or wrong."

It seems that the woman's mind has never been right since she suffered an attack of scarlet fever some years ago. It looks as if Woodstock intends to send her back home, as the authorities there are under the impression that she was "dumped" on them.

The other case was that of Private Archie Pinnell, who has been paralyzed for some years, and who is now in Victoria Hospital. Pinnell asked to be admitted to the Home for Incurables, and his worship consented.

The patient is but 34 years of age. In his time he was on the best-known ball players in this part of Ontario. He was the star catcher for the Pastimes in the days when they knew no superiors in London, and he was a general favorite in local sporting circles.

When the South African war broke out, Pinnell, who was an attendant at the London Asylum for the Insane, enlisted in B Company, and went to the front. When the company returned, he enlisted in the Mounted Infantry, and remained until practically the close of the war, participating in 27 engagements.

On his return, he resumed his position at the Asylum, but the campaign and a fall from a horse told so upon his constitution that he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and he has been in bed ever since.

There is a possibility that the mayor will correspond with the militia department in regard to Pinnell, who has thought of supporting himself. It is thought the Government will be prepared to do something to assist in the maintenance of a man who lost his health in defense of the flag.

PAWNED WIFE'S CLOTHES

Edward Dutton Said to Have Done So to Get Drink.

Edward Dutton must spend a week in Carter's Castle. Edward has been in the hands of the magistrate pointed out to him this morning when he appeared in the dock, his name has been on the Indian list for some time—that is to say, Dutton has been forbidden to enter any place where liquor is sold. Not only has Dutton violated the law in this respect, but he is alleged to have been neglecting and ill-treating his wife. He has even gone so far as taking her clothes and pawned them to get drink. It is said, he was remanded for a week, at the end of which time he will adorn the cage at the police court once more.

One teamster took out a license, so he was discharged.

Three first time drunks were let go.

DENIES THE CHARGE

Health Officer Says Nothing in Statement of Medical Man.

"The man who made the statement to The Advertiser is a liar. Let him go ahead and prove his charges."

Such was the statement of Medical Health Officer Hutchinson to a reporter today, when spoken in regard to the alleged connection between the outbreak with the milk supply.

"The man who is doing so much talking is liable to be in the police court next week to answer a charge preferred by the health department," continued the doctor. "He has not reported several cases of diphtheria yet, and one of the patients died under his treatment."

"I defy anyone to prove that there has been any neglect of duty in my department. It is nonsense to term eighteen cases of diphtheria in a city of London's size an epidemic. I am attending to my duties and shall continue to do so."

The physician who made the charges to Dr. Hutchinson is yet to be heard, and the chances are the next meeting of the board of health will prove the most interesting held in many months.

IN SUICIDE PACT.

St. Louis, Mo., June 23.—In the office of Chief of Detectives Demond this afternoon Mrs. W. C. Arnold confessed that she killed Frank L. Phelps because she thought he was going to make her carry out a compact between them to commit suicide. It was believed Phelps himself through the help because of love for Mrs. Arnold, with whom he boarded.

M. Mollard, of Paris, not satisfied with the usual grafting accepted by horticulturists, has started to transform vegetables. It is said he has succeeded in turning a radish into a potato.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. J. W. McKay, of St. Thomas, is visiting Mrs. Frank Adams, 409 King street.

The band which is to be on duty at the camp tomorrow has been ordered to give a concert on the grounds between 2 and 4 p.m.

Mr. J. Portsmouth, of this city, just returned from St. Thomas, where he has been attending the funeral of his cousin, the late George Coves.

Preparatory services were held at the New St. James' Presbyterian Church last night, when 23 new members were received. Rev. W. J. Clark preached.

The band of the Twenty-Sixth Regiment will hold its benefit concert on Wednesday evening next at Queen's Park, where a collection will be taken at the gates to defray the cost of new uniforms and to meet other expenses.

The will of the late Thomas McCormick, deceased, of an estate valued at \$350,000, not \$350,000, as stated last night. The bulk of the estate is to be invested for the benefit of the grandchildren of the deceased.

Owing to the holding of the "Children's Day service" at the First Congregational Church tomorrow evening, the pastor, Rev. D. S. Hamilton, will not appear on the "Church and Reform Problem" until the following Sunday evening, June 24.

An interesting game of ball was played last night at Springbank between the staffs of the London Life and the Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Company, resulting in a victory for the latter by a score of 11 to 1. Batteries—London, Life, Hughes and Gillies; Huron and Erie, Clarke and Smith; Umpire—R. Fitzgerald.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parnell Morris and young sons leave Monday morning for a two months' trip abroad. While away Mr. Morris will take the opportunity of hearing in rehearsal some of the best choral organizations of England, and also use the time to give new music for use next season with his choir in Dundas Center Methodist Church and public.

DEATH OF MRS. FRASER.

Her many friends in this city will be grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. Fraser, widow of the late J. H. Fraser, K. C., news of which reached London from Italy yesterday. Mrs. Fraser had been in Europe for the past year and a half, and her death, which took place at Florence, Italy, on Friday last, was the result of an illness extending over several months, and an operation from which she failed to recover. She was accompanied by her two daughters, and her sisters, Misses Kate and Annie Elliot. The deceased was a daughter of the late Judge William Elliot, and her death will be greatly regretted by a large circle of friends and relatives.

CIRCUS AT SPRINGBANK

River Park To Be Turned into a Show-ground, Rumor Says.

It was said today that the London Street Railway Company has arranged with a circus, which is to show in London shortly, to put the performance on down at Springbank.

This would be a good stroke of business for the company, but is doubtful if the city would agree to have a circus ground, unless it so happens that the agreement recently made with the street railways by the commissioners will permit the company to do as it pleases.

Certainly, the company is given almost complete control of the city's park by the newly-made agreement, which looks about one cent off the increased fares.

THE LONGWORTHS

Enjoy the Hospitality of the People of Kiel.

Kiel, Germany, June 23.—Several hundred persons assembled at the railway station today to greet Congressmen Nicholas Longworth and Mrs. Longworth on their arrival here from London. Lieutenant-Commander Howard, the American naval attaché, presenting the embassy at Berlin, met them at the station. They were driven to a small hotel, standing in the yacht club grounds and overlooking the bay.

ROSE THORN SCRATCH FATAL TO A WOMAN

Blood-Poisoning Followed the Wound Received on Decoration Day.

Chicago, June 23.—Mrs. Helen M. Collins, 23 years old, the wife of Chas. H. Collins, western representative of a New York cotton firm, died yesterday at St. Luke's Hospital from blood poisoning following a slight injury to one of her fingers on Decoration Day.

Mrs. Collins was picking roses from a bush that grew in the yard of her home, 350 Forty-second street, when one of the thorns slightly scratched her finger. Nothing was thought of the injury at the time, but a few days later blood-poisoning developed and Mrs. Collins was taken to St. Luke's Hospital for treatment.

Several well-known physicians, including Dr. Frank Billings, were called in consultation, and everything possible was done to save the woman's life. She gradually grew worse in spite of their efforts and died early yesterday morning.

Mrs. Collins was well known on the south side and was regarded as a beautiful woman. She is survived by her husband and one child.

OIL LAND LEASE REFUSE.

Toronto, June 23.—Chief Justice Meredith refused to grant the application of J. D. Kerr, of Chatham, for the sanction of the court to the lease of 200 acres of oil-bearing lands forty miles from Chatham, belonging to the four infant children of David Fletcher. It was claimed that if not leased now, the land would be drained by the wells on the neighboring properties and that the estate of the children would be wasted. Chief Justice Meredith was not satisfied that the waste alleged, if such did actually take place, was within the meaning of the act. The consideration offered was \$2,000 and a royalty on every barrel extracted.

BAILEY'S MILLIONS START WILL FIGHT

Relatives in Detroit Contest Treatment of the Circus King.

New York, June 23.—"I think it is a blackmailing scheme to extort money from me," said Mrs. James A. Bailey. "Why, I never heard of these nieces, and know nothing about them. The charge that my husband was of unsound mind is ridiculous, as everybody who knew him is aware. The contest is absurd, for the simple reason that the will was executed away back in 1885."

The above statement was made in reply to proceedings begun to prevent the widow from taking possession of the millions amassed by James A. Bailey, known as the "King of Circus Men." Objections to the probate of his will were filed at White Plains in behalf of Anna E. Robinson and Mary Gordon, of Detroit, who say they are nieces of Mr. Bailey, and Gordon Danvers, who claims to be a grand-nephew. By Mr. Bailey's will the widow is made heir to his entire estate, which is valued at \$8,000,000.

The contestants allege this will was not the last one made by Mr. Bailey, but they have no hint in the papers filed as to the whereabouts of another will or by whom it may have been concealed or destroyed.

The objections were filed before Surrogate Slikman by Wollman & Wollman, of No. 74 Broadway. These lawyers acted for Washington I. Robinson, of Detroit, who is attorney for the contestants. In answer to Mrs. Bailey's statement that the contest was absurd because the will was made in 1885, it was said that the fight, in addition to an alleged later will, had to be made on a codicil dated May 29, 1904. This codicil is as follows:

"It is my wish that my beloved wife should have and possess all my estate, she having been my counsel and devotion aided me in the acquisition of my property. I do not feel that any other person or persons have any claim to my bounty. Therefore, I bequeath all to my wife, Ruth Louisa McCaddon Bailey."

The contestants, it is understood, will attempt to show that at the time this codicil was executed, Mr. Bailey was not mentally competent. The putative heirs in Detroit, who have pooled their funds, will contend that the wording of the codicil evidenced a plan to make their exclusion absolute, and that Mr. Bailey was unduly influenced to this end.

Mr. Bailey was born in Detroit in 1847, but ran away from his home there at the age of ten years, which was developed from a cold contracted while he was supervising the arrangement of Madison Square Garden for the show there, was the cause of his death after his home at Mount Vernon, at his bed-side were Mrs. Bailey, Joseph T. McCaddon, her brother; Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Hutchinson, Mr. Bailey's nephew and niece; Dr. and Mrs. Harper, the consulting physician, and Dr. Harper had charge of the patient.

AN ORIENTAL VACATION

Canadian Pacific Service to Japan and China Can Be Done in Sixty Days.

A holiday spent in Japan, "The land of the rising sun," land of romance and mystery, of quaint customs and costumes, teahouses and temples, is one that no one could look forward to with a thrill of pleasurable anticipation, and yet one that is only too often regretfully abandoned, because of the distance and cost.

It may accordingly surprise the reader to learn that with only 60 days to spare, Japan may be comfortably visited, and giving 25 or more ashore, Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe, Osaka, Kyoto, and all the most interesting and charming spots in the island Kingdom can be covered in 25 days by steamship and rickshaw and train. The cost of this delightful 60-day trip would not exceed that of an ordinary trip of the same length through America. And think of the difference. The voyage over the calm waters of the mighty Pacific is alone worth the time and money.

The famous "White Empress" fleet of the Canadian Pacific Railway, maintaining service between Vancouver, China and Japan, has a reputation for excellence that is known the world over. The three "Empresses" are each 485 feet long, 6,000 tons, fitted with 10,000-horsepower engines, making 18 knots without "pushing," and for richness of cabin and saloon fittings and decorations, they have yet to meet their equals upon the Pacific. They are splendid sea boats, and the staff of deck Chinese "boys," and the prize cooks, help to make a trans-Pacific voyage one to carry pleasant memories for many a long day.

The "Empress of China" sails from Vancouver on July 2, and the "Empress of India" on July 25, making Yokohama in fourteen days, thence to Hong Kong by way of Kobe, the beautiful inland sea, Nagasaki, and Shanghai.

The C. P. R. has also three intermediate boats upon this service, the "Athens," "Monte Carlo," and "The Athenian." These boats make the same ports of call as the "Empresses," but do not carry first-class passengers. Their passage rates are considerably lower than those of the "Empresses," the table service and cabin accommodation is superior, and their speed and sea-going qualities are of that standard of excellence expected when the red and white house flag of the C. P. R. is at the mast.

The "Athens" leaves Vancouver for the Orient on July 30, the "Monte Carlo" on Aug. 20.

Full information as to rates, etc., with sailing lists and illustrated descriptive booklets mailed free to any address upon request to the District Passenger Agent, C. P. R., Toronto.

HAS MANY VICTIMS

Heart Disease Greatest Factor in the United States Mortality.

Washington, June 23.—The census bureau has just published a report presenting mortality statistics for the years 1900 to 1904, in communities which preserve death records. This area in 1904 included 10 states and 324 cities. The states are Connecticut, Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont. These states and cities had in 1904 a population of 22,996,889, two-fifths of the population of the United States.

The number of deaths reported in 1900 was 539,539 and the death rate per 1,000 of population was 17.6. In 1901 the rate declined to 16.6 and in 1902 to 16. The rate increased in 1903 to 16.1, and in 1904 to 16.7. The average rate for the five years was 16.6, lower than in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, Hungary, Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain and Italy, and higher than in Norway and Sweden.

The average death rate was lowest in Indiana and Michigan, the only registration states west of the Alleghenies, and highest in the District of Columbia, and Rhode Island. The average rate was 17.8 in cities of 8,000 or more, and 14.3 in rural districts. Rhode Island is the only state in which the rate was as high in the rural districts as in the cities. But in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire the urban rate exceeded the rural by less than 1 per 1,000.

Baking Powder Proof

It is an easy matter to determine the relative merits of baking powders by testing them yourself. When baking use Strong's Baking Powder in half can. Identify it by the name on the same with any other good powder in your other half, and notice the results. If you don't think Strong's Baking Powder is the best now, you will have no doubt of it after putting it to a practical test. Besides, it only costs half what any other pure powder costs, 25c pound.

Strong's Drug Store
Chemist and Druggist.
184 Dundas St.

CEREMONY SOMBRE IN SIMPLICITY

Echoes of Norway Coronation—Nothing to Mar the Notable Occasion.

Trondhjem, June 23.—The ceremony of crowning King Haakon and Queen Maud was striking and sombre in its simplicity. There was no unfortunate attempt at decoration to mar the granite grandeur of the background furnished by the noble cathedral. The gray light of a cloudy day fell from the upper windows upon two red-gold canopied thrones, raised against the fluted columns in the center of the nave, while the white and gray bunting used to cover the unfinished portions of the building was scarcely apparent in the soft shadows of the long nave.

Their majesties looked exceedingly well and took a lively interest in every part of the impressive ceremony. King Haakon joined in singing the hymns and closely followed the organ and libretto of the orchestra choir, which gave a splendid interpretation of Halvorsen's characteristic Norwegian music.

Nothing occurred throughout the ceremony to cause the principal participants the slightest uneasiness. The King, with golden hair gleaming, erect and without a smile through the long choir to the throne before the altar in the apse. He was thoroughly composed throughout. The crown, although reduced in size since it was used by King Oscar, proved too large for King Haakon and failed to confer dignity on the monarch, but his majesty maintained his composure despite the fact that the crown threatened to fall over his ears.

Queen Maud looked attractive in her royal robes and diamond collar. She bowed graciously on either side when she advanced to the throne to receive her crown. The Queen and her ladies-in-waiting were simply gorgeous, but wore no court trains, and they had no feathers in their hair. There were few elaborate toilettes among the audience.

Means Much to Norway.

The Danish prince, in assuming the title of Haakon VII, took hold immediately on the sympathies and imagination of the Norwegian people. He has much right to wear a title which comes from the old sea rovers, for the new king is a sailor to his finger tips, so much so that when he was selected as king he confessed that his education had been altogether that of a sailor and not that which would prepare him to be a statesman.

His full name is Christian Frederick Carl George Valdemar Axel, and he is of the second son of King Christian of Denmark, four of whose children now sit upon European thrones—King George of Greece, Queen Alexandra of Great Britain and Ireland, the Czarina of Russia and King Haakon.

The King is a strict disciplinarian and a lover of hard work. He is shy and unapproachable, but devoted to his friends. He hates a groveller and any form of servility. He does not care for pomp and show and likes to live simply and plainly.

The Queen is the second daughter of the King of England. Though Queen Maud, the Norwegian, feel certain that the enormous cost line of their country will never lack the protection of the British fleet in time of trouble.

HAS MANY VICTIMS

Heart Disease Greatest Factor in the United States Mortality.

Washington, June 23.—The census bureau has just published a report presenting mortality statistics for the years 1900 to 1904, in communities which preserve death records. This area in 1904 included 10 states and 324 cities. The states are Connecticut, Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Vermont. These states and cities had in 1904 a population of 22,996,889, two-fifths of the population of the United States.

The number of deaths reported in 1900 was 539,539 and the death rate per 1,000 of population was 17.6. In 1901 the rate declined to 16.6 and in 1902 to 16. The rate increased in 1903 to 16.1, and in 1904 to 16.7. The average rate for the five years was 16.6, lower than in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, Hungary, Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain and Italy, and higher than in Norway and Sweden.

The average death rate was lowest in Indiana and Michigan, the only registration states west of the Alleghenies, and highest in the District of Columbia, and Rhode Island. The average rate was 17.8 in cities of 8,000 or more, and 14.3 in rural districts. Rhode Island is the only state in which the rate was as high in the rural districts as in the cities. But in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire the urban rate exceeded the rural by less than 1 per 1,000.

BAPTIZED IN THE SEA

Ceremony Performed at Frinton, Eng.—Eight Candidates.

London, June 23.—Seven women and one man were baptized in the sea at Frinton yesterday. The candidates prepared for the ceremony in bathing vans where they put on white flowing robes.

Two men accompanied a woman into the water until they were waist deep. Then, turning her so that she faced the shore, her escorts threw her backwards so as to immerse her entirely. After this they wiped the water from her face and led her back to the van.

This process was repeated, with an accompaniment of hymn-singing, by the congregation on shore, until all had been immersed.

STATUTE REVISION.

Toronto, June 23.—Announcement will be made in a day or two of the appointment of the commission for the revision of the Ontario statutes. Among those said to have been already selected as members of the commission are: Chief Justice Sir William R. Meredith and Justices Osier, Garrow, Street, Anglin and Gieseler. The members of the Cabinet as usual will be members of the commission, as will also a member of the Opposition in the Legislature. The name of Mr. A. G. McKay, M. P. for North Grey, has been mentioned in this connection. Several well-known lawyers will probably be appointed to assist the commissioners in their work.

STOCK MARKETS.

H. C. Becker, stockbroker, at Free Press building, received the following private wire from Bartlett, Frazier & Carrington today:

New York, June 23.—Close.—The market opened fractionally lower in most instances this morning, and became irregular and weak, with declines of a point or more in such important issues as Pennsylvania, St. Paul, Union Pacific, Reading, Steel, common, and Copper. Early in the second hour Baltimore and Ohio advanced to 115, against 114 at the outset, and in sympathy with this movement the general list recovered a small part of its early losses. Although the moderate decrease of \$2,218,000, the statement was fairly good, reflecting an increase of \$3,593,000 in surplus reserves, and \$1,622,000 in cash. The exhibit was without influence on the market, which, following its publication, again declined sharply, closing at about the lowest prices which it has reached since the 14th of May. The morning's news incidents were of a routine character. They included some rather unfavorable weather reports from the crop-growing regions, and an advance in grain. It is doubtful, however, if these things will figure prominently in the disappointing action of the market being really due to the continued weakness of such important stocks as Pennsylvania and United States Steel.

Reported by C. N. Spencer, stockbroker, Market Lane, for The Advertiser.

	Open	High	Low	Close
Amalg. Copper	127 1/2	128 1/2	127 1/2	128 1/2
American Sugar	129 1/2	130 1/2	129 1/2	130 1/2
American Locomotive	70 1/2	70 3/4	69 1/2	69 3/4
American Foundry	81 1/2	82 1/2	81 1/2	81 3/4
American Refining Co.	14 1/2	14 3/4	14 1/2	14 3/4
Atchafalpa	80 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2	80 3/4
Baltimore & Ohio	114 1/2	115 1/2	114 1/2	115 1/2
Brooklyn Transit	118 1/2	119 1/2	118 1/2	119 1/2
C. P. R.	161 1/2	162 1/2	161 1/2	162 1/2
C. & O.	101 1/2	102 1/2	101 1/2	102 1/2
Chic. & Great W.	173 1/2	174 1/2	173 1/2	174 1/2
Col. Fuel & Iron	17 1/2	17 3/4	17 1/2	17 3/4
Erie	43 1/2	43 3/4	43 1/2	43 3/4
Illinois Central	178 1/2	179 1/2	178 1/2	179 1/2
Louisville & N. W.	147 1/2	148 1/2	147 1/2	148 1/2
Mexican Cen.	22 1/2	22 3/4	22 1/2	22 3/4
Missouri Pacific	95 1/2	96 1/2	95 1/2	96 1/2
New York Cent. & H.	137 1/2	138 1/2	137 1/2	138 1/2
Norfolk & Western	80 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2	80 3/4
Ontario & Western	49 1/2	49 3/4	49 1/2	49 3/4
Pacific Mail S. S. Co.	49 1/2	49 3/4	49 1/2	49 3/4
Pennsylvania	130 1/2	130 3/4	129 1/2	130 1/2
Pueblo's Gas	9 3/4	9 3/4	9 1/2	9 1/2
Reading	100 1/2	101 1/2	100 1/2	100 3/4
Rock Island	138 1/2	139 1/2	138 1/2	139 1/2
Repub. Iron & Steel	28 1/2	29 1/2	28 1/2	28 3/4
St. Paul	179 1/2	180 1/2	179 1/2	180 1/2
Southern Railway	86 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2	86 3/4
Union Pacific	147 1/2	148 1/2	147 1/2	148 1/2
U. S. Pac.	69 1/2	69 3/4	67 1/2	68 1/2
Union Pacific	147 1/2	148 1/2	147 1/2	147 3/4
Tin in City	111 1/2	112 1/2	111 1/2	112 1/2
U. S. Steel	148 1/2	149 1/2	147 1/2	148 1/2
U. S. Steel	29 1/2	29 3/4	29 1/2	29 3/4
U. S. Steel	17 1/2	17 3/4	17 1/2	17 3/4
U. S. Steel	26 1/2	26 3/4	26 1/2	26 3/4
U. S. Steel	20 1/2	20 3/4	20 1/2	20 3/4

Why Put Off the Matter

of your Business and Shorthand training, when there is no time to be lost for COM-
PLETE office help? The

F.C.B.C.

(LONDON, ONT.)
Has assisted hundreds to good paying positions, and can do as much for you if you graduate. Catalogue free.
J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

Novi-Modi Spring Suits I-2 Price

These suits are this spring's newest models, and most fashionable fabrics. Novi-Modi garments are made-to-order, and easily stand at the head of all ready-to-wear clothing for women.

O. LABELLE
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor
Odeffellows' Block Corner.

Kindling Wood
AND SAWDUST FOR SALE.
LONDON BOX CO.
309 Bathurst Street.

Daisy

Try a bag. Get it from your grocer. You will go back for more. We know it will please.

Flour

Summer School
Individual instruction. Pupils may join at any time. Situations secured for graduates.

Western Business College
74 and 76 DUNDAS ST.
Wm. C. Coe, C.S.R., Principal.

1881 SEMI-JUBILEE 1906
Many parents (the number increases every year) find that
ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE
is just the kind of school they have been looking for. It is NOT ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE schools, but it is ONE OF THE BEST. It stands for health, inspiration, refinement, vigor, sincerity and good sense in the education of girls and young women. For catalogue address
Principal Warner, St. Thomas, Ont.

London Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution, Limited.
All branches of music taught—piano, organ, violin, voice, elocution, harmony and all orchestral instruments.
The Fletcher Music Method, which is the best method known for teaching children, also taught. Certificates and diplomas granted. Write for curriculum or sample examination papers. Address 274 Dundas street, London, Phone 1191.

Artistic Picture Framing

COLERICK BROS.
212 Dundas Street.

Success in Baking is Assured by Using

STAR FLOUR

When you use "Star" Flour you can always count on turning out the lightest, whitest, sweetest and most delicious bread and rolls and the choicest cakes and pastry.

The next time you order flour be sure and ask your grocer for "Star" Flour. Manufactured by
HARVEY BROS., Exeter, Ont.

SMITH, SON & OLARKE
Undertakers and Embalmers
Lady assistant. Night calls personally attended. Rubber-tired funeral cars.
113 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 386
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Residence on Premises.

ELLIOTT & OLMSTED
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Lady assistant when desired.
Day phone 1778; night phone 1907.
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D. A. STEWART
(Successor to John T. Stewart)
FUNERAL DIRECTOR and EMBALMER
Reasonable charges. Best equipment.
Open day and night. Residence on premises.
24 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 469
GEO. E. LOGAN, Assistant Mgr.

MONUMENTS Granite & Marble.
Artistic Design. Prices Reasonable.
The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO.
81 RICHMOND ST., LONDON.

R. H. SMITH Contractor and Builder,
15 Brighton Street,
Manufacturer of Cement Blocks and Tiles.
Phone 144.

R. K. COWAN
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
County Bldg., next Court House, London.

HURON & ERIE Loan & Savings Company

The Canadian Savings & Loan Co.
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Security is the First Consideration.

EVERY DOLLAR DEPOSITED

in the Savings and Debenture Department is secured by first mortgages on real estate.

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OFFICES: 44-42 Richmond Street,
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Our Porter

has been known for years as the favorite beverage. It has acquired a popularity unequalled by any other porter. Order a case from your dealer.

HAMILTON'S BREWERY.

THOS. WILSON
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212 DUNDAS STREET
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We Have the Secret Of Fitting Glasses Properly

That is our one profession
We make no failures
You take no risk
We examine your eyes
Without charge

The Tait Optical Co.
Exclusive Opticians
237 DUNDAS STREET.

Roll-Plated Beauty Pins two in a set, up from 15c

Blouse Sets, all the latest novelties, at a set, 25c up to 75c

Call on us today if you want the latest in summer jewelry.

THOS. GILLEAN

402 RICHMOND STREET.

It's the Difference of Materials

The superiority of the wheat that makes the flour. That accounts for the surpassing excellence of Johnston Bros.' XXX Bread. Sold at progressive grocers.

JOHNSTON BROS. PHONE 818.

LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Mrs. John R. Anderson will not receive again until the first week in October.

—Miss Anna Cannon, of Bridgeton, is the guest of Mrs. John Hayne, of Talbot street.

—Mrs. (Dr.) Mills and children, of Canoeville, Sask., are guests of Mrs. McKay, William street.

—Miss Mattie Homister, of this city, has gone to Chicago where she will spend a few weeks with relatives.

—The property at 263 Clarence street, has been sold by Auctioneer J. W. Jones to Mr. Richard Condon for \$1,400.

—Miss Eva Walper, of Ontario Ladies' College, is home spending the summer vacation with her parents on Talbot street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harkness are now residing at 125 Albert street, where Mrs. Harkness will receive on the first and third Wednesdays.

—Mrs. A. E. Wales and children, Clark and Ruth, of Sharon, Pa., are visiting Mrs. Wales' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Clark, 480 Pall Mall street.

—The service in the First Methodist Church tomorrow evening will take the form of a song service. The choir will be assisted by Miss Minnie Fox, Mr. Alfred Dunn, and Mr. A. L. Garthwaite.

—Harold Alexander Fraser and Kenneth W. Gunn, of this city, are among those who passed the recent examinations for entrance to the Royal Military College. There are 35 vacancies and 38 candidates have passed.

—The annual picnic of the retail grocers of this city will be held to Detroit on Wednesday, July 25. For many years the grocers have gone to

The London Loan & Savings Company of Canada
DIVIDEND NO. 58.

Notice is hereby given that this company have declared a dividend on its capital stock for the current half year ending 30th of June, 1906, at rate of 6 per cent per annum.

For the convenience of shareholders, transfer books will not be closed.

M. J. KENT, Manager.

Piano Bargains

One Stodart, square, in good order \$25

One William Miller, square, in excellent condition.....\$50

One Mendelssohn, upright, only three months in use \$200

One Gerhard Heintzman, upright, Cabinet Grand, as good as new \$275

Will be sold on easy terms, if desired.

W. McPHILLIPS,

189 DUNDAS ST., LONDON.

Why Use Poor Cement When You Can Buy the

"VERIBEST"

JUST AS CHEAPLY?

John Mann & Sons,

401 Clarence St. 425 York St.
Phone 470

A Few More Days of June

and a few more wedding presents.

We invite you to see our choice stock of suitable gifts.

C. H. WARD & CO.

Jewelers,
374 RICHMOND STREET.

BREAD

AN ACTIVE MARKET

Strawberries Not Very Plentiful, Sold 7 to 8 Cents.

The market this morning, though somewhat small, was an active one and good prices prevailed. Butter and eggs were higher and were in demand. Butter brought from 17 to 19 cents and eggs were worth 17 cents wholesale.

There was a plentiful supply of strawberries, but not nearly as many as expected. They brought from 7 to 8 cents wholesale. The bulk of the crop will be picked next week. There will be plenty on Tuesday and Thursday.

The rest of the offerings were small stuff, for which there is considerable demand.

BUILDING IS SUITABLE

Possible Eastman Company Will Locate in East End Hall.

An effort is being made by the local manufacturers' committee to have the Eastman Cutlery Company locate in the old east end hall here.

A representative of the company went over the premises of the other manufacturers in company with Ald. Wyatt. He stated that the building would suit the company admirably, but that he would not want the whole of it. It is likely more will be heard of the matter in a few days.

GIANT IN HOSPITAL

Pte. Lawrence, Tallest Man at Camp, Ill With Appendicitis.

Pte. Joseph J. Lawrence, the Guelph rifleman, who has the distinction of being the tallest man in camp on Carling's Heights, is a patient in Victoria Hospital, suffering from appendicitis.

Lawrence is said to be 6 feet, 8 inches in height. He was taken to the hospital in the ambulance last night.

NOT FOR LONDON

Big Shipment of Slink Veal Discovered at Ingersoll.

A dispatch from Ingersoll says: The recent revelations in connection with the meat business in the United States are all the more distasteful to local consumers in view of the severe comments made by Chairman Sinclair, of the board of health, in his annual report of the inspection of the slaughter houses and dairies. He expresses surprise that, in view of what has transpired in connection with the meat trade across the border, better methods have not been employed by butchers here.

In reporting on one of the slaughter houses he says: "The slaughter house proper was found in anything but a suitable condition. Evidence of neglect was apparent in many respects. A general appearance of untidiness and a lack of consideration was manifest in the unclean condition of the apparatus, fittings, etc. Here also was confined a herd of 30 calves, aged from one day to two weeks, for the purpose of shipment to London for canning purposes."

Asked concerning the dispatch, Mr. Einar Reichtner, manager of the Canadian Packing Company, said that if such a shipment of veal did come to London, it was not for his company.

NEW POSTCARD ALBUMS.

The Red Star News Company, 8 Market Lane, are offering new postcard albums at wholesale prices.

The smaller a man is the harder it is for him to eat corn gracefully.

A VISITOR'S VIEW OF THE FOREST CITY

Knoxonian Records His Impressions of London in the Orillia Times.

In the Orillia Times a correspondent signing himself "K," evidently Rev. Dr. Grant (Knoxonian), gives his impressions of the city of London, which he visited as a delegate to the General Assembly. He says in part:

"London is a city of homes and comfort. Not that it lacks in modern conveniences, and is not upon the whole, the chasing of the almighty dollar is made subservient to home life. For this reason, if for no other, it was an ideal center for the meeting of the thirty-second General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada."

"London is well laid out, has shade trees in abundance, its streets, in the newer parts particularly, are double width, and the spacious lawns, flower beds and well-kept boulevards, make the public thoroughfares parks rather than streets. London has a good street car service, and the cars do not run on Sundays. There are no tenement houses, and the residences have the appearance of being built for comfort, with plenty of yard room. The foreign-born population in London is small."

"Industrially, London holds its own with any city of its size, and has some splendid manufacturing establishments, among others, the McClary Manufacturing Company, with over a thousand employees. Its stores are built for business, and its farmers' market is a notable feature of Western Ontario. The city is well served by two daily newspapers, The Advertiser, for forty years a true exponent of Liberalism, and the Free Press equally persistent in its espousal of Conservatism."

"Politics is the citizen's chief diversion. There are no Independents in London; every man swears by his party leader, and an election is regarded as a tournament in which all participate. Politicians run the municipal machine, and the city is not badly governed, and a corporation laborer's appointment to a dollar-a-day job depends upon his political allegiance."

"But withal, London is a city of homes and comfort, and while life is taken seriously, and its businessmen are energetic, there is plenty of enjoyment, and the Wednesday half-holiday is a summer feature with many of the stores. Had London a lake, such as Loch or Simcoe, instead of the turbid Thames, it would easily rank first in desirability among the Canadian cities."

Quebec, June 22.—A bunch of clothing found on the Red Deer River is just reported. Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Michael Lamarche and the latter's daughter, all of Solihelm, attempted to ford the river near Penhold Station, when the wagon box, lifted by the current, and all were thrown to the river. Mrs. Bond succeeded in regaining the wagon box, but Mrs. Lamarche and the child were drowned. A husband and eight motherless children survive.

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'Princess Alice' to Make Her Bow to Queen Alexandra at London

Daughter of the American President Buys an Elaborate Court Costume—Cloth of the Field of Lilies—How to Courtsey to Royalty.

The President's daughter—young Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth—has gone to London to see the Queen. To make her curtsy and "bow" to the Queen is the social supreme desire of every fashionable woman in the English-speaking world. To have knelt to Her Majesty may be said to be the final touch to any aspirant to the society of the aristocracy. She may then be considered as having a cachet that distinguishes her apart from all other mortals who have not been so favored. There is a worldly halo all about her. She is "finished."

But before having achieved this ultimate distinction there are two intensely important matters for consideration, and for really grave and long thought. One is the perfecting of the curtsy or the extremely humble and low obeisance to the throne, a little act in itself of hardly a minute's duration, but one that demands assiduous drill and is fraught with social peril. For fancy if one should make a nervous slip—it's only a pin-point from the sublime to the ridiculous. A sickness or morbid condition has more than once been the portion of a presence who got mixed up with her voluminous skirts and was unable to rise without a violent and ignominious struggle.

The other is, of course, the gown—the presentation gown—which must be fashioned according to the set rules of the court in some particulars, but after these much latitude for splendor is left the wearer. Naturally a woman for such an eventful moment in her life spares no expense nor concentration in developing a creation that will command the admiration of the drawing-room at Buckingham Palace.

Naturally the first question on every woman's lips will be: "I wonder what Mrs. Longworth will wear for her court gown?"

Mrs. Longworth settled this question before her marriage. "I want something different from anybody else," she said. "So I will be presented in my wedding gown. Nobody else will do that. I will have the handsomest court gown that can be made arranged on my wedding frock, and there will be nothing to do but change the neck of it for the lily design, presented by the Empress of China to be hung over the American drawing-room."

"It's the longest train that was ever made in New York," the modiste assured her. "Do walk in it, just once." "Never!" cried Miss Alice. "I wouldn't put it on until I'm married for anything in the world. It's had luck! Neither would she try on the veil. Another girl wore the splendid gown for her inspection."

The train is made of magnificent silver-brocaded satin, showing a conventional design of stylized lilies, on the order of the lilies of the field, but with the lilies stylized and conventionalized by the weaver's art. She who eats the lilies lives in a dream of happiness and so a sentiment was woven into the design of lilies which the White House bride had desired. She had at first intended to use a magnificent piece of brocade, showing a yard of grain which swept the floor behind the model who put on the finery while the bride-to-be walked around with little chuckles of delight admiring the luster of the shining satin and the glimmer and gleam of silver and gold lights which shot athwart the brocade lilies in the train with every change of light.

THE CLOTH OF THE FIELD LILIES. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth was Miss Alice Roosevelt then, and she haunted the New York establishment where the gown was being made and used satin of the glimmer and gleam of silver and gold lights which shot athwart the brocade lilies in the train with every change of light. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth was Miss Alice Roosevelt then, and she haunted the New York establishment where the gown was being made and used satin of the glimmer and gleam of silver and gold lights which shot athwart the brocade lilies in the train with every change of light.

Pure white lilies seemed especially appropriate for the gown being created, and in the material, visible here and there as the light falls upon its surface, many tiny silver stars represent the flowing water upon which the lilies are supposed to float, and the trailing foliage is woven in the satin in the same soft undulating lines. As conspicuously as pale silver can stand out from a lustrous ground of satin—which always has about it a silver glow—the lilies stand out from the indefinite figures in the background of the brocade, floating about as though dropped here and there upon the shining glow of water.

The satin is very rich and heavy. A less conventional pattern would have been more youthful and in keeping with the spirit of the design and

"Getting Back the Old Vigor"

These words describe the feelings of the person who is using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As the blood becomes richer, the nerves stronger, and the bodily organs more vigorous and regular in action, digestion improves, you sleep and rest better, headaches disappear, and irritability and discouragement give way to brighter and more hopeful feelings. Most of us have our spells of weakness and tired feelings. Sometimes they pass away, but only to return again, unless active restorative treatment is used, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Too often it is neglected to heed these symptoms of nervous exhaustion that allows the nerves to get weaker and weaker, until a little unusual strain brings on prostration, paralysis or insanity.

It is better to get back old vigor while you have something to build on. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you as nothing else can. 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50. All dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ed to by the attendants at the doors. Then when the exact moment has come which the heart of every society girl in the English-speaking world yearns for with fervor, this is what she must do:

She must begin by kicking back her left heel vigorously to throw her skirts away from her feet. At the same time she bends her right knee and sinks down until she is sitting on her right heel. Then she bends forward humbly and makes a sweeping movement backward as she does so.

It is extremely important that she should know how to kick her skirts away with her left heel, for if they get bunched under her she will tear them on rising. Old court officials can remember many cases of unhappy women who have had experiences of this kind.

It is all over in a moment—if no mishap occurs—but it's a trying ordeal, and, what with the long wait for place, the crush and the anxiety a woman generally gets back to her carriage shepherly exhausted.

The tour of the President's daughter over Europe is to be everywhere quite in the nature of triumphal progress. The grand plan of Ambassador Reid's imposing entertainments for the London season includes a grand ball for Mrs. Longworth and her husband and to be included in King Edward's party at Windsor Castle for the Ascot race meet. And during the yachting week at Kiel at the end of the month, she will be the special guest of the Emperor William of Germany. And so it will be all along, during her itinerary abroad, a succession of balls and fetes and banquets and much delightful homage.—New York American.



"ALAS, MY POOR BROTHER!"—With Apologies.

MEDICAL TREATMENT OF APPENDICITIS

A Claim That It Cures 99 Out of Every Hundred Cases.

A statistical study of cases of appendicitis has been made by Dr. Chauvel, the medical inspector of the French army. By far the most valuable information brought by this investigation is the result of medical treatment for the disease. Although there is a theory that there is no such thing as medical treatment for appendicitis, it is claimed that medical treatment cures 99 out of every 100.

In 1902, 688 patients suffering from appendicitis were received in military hospitals in France. Out of this number 187 were treated according to the surgical rule and 480 received purely medical treatment. Of the number operated upon 23 died, while out of the 480 not operated upon there were but 3 deaths.

Dr. Chauvel also made investigations to find out the cause of appendicitis. He compared the figures furnished by the French army in the metropolis and those of the army in Algiers. In 1901 and 1902 the incidence of the disease in France showed a record of one case to every thousand, while the Nineteenth Corps in Algiers had two less. The next year these figures were larger, but the difference was exactly the same. Pushing his inquiries still further, Dr. Chauvel found that the French army in Algeria included both Europeans, French and natives. In five years, out of 14,000 men, there were among the French and Europeans 137 cases of appendicitis, while in the same space of time out of 17,000 natives there were but 13 cases. This shows that the disease is two times more frequent among the French in France than the French in Algeria, and is ten times less frequent among the natives.

The difference is too great to be accidental. Dr. Chauvel thinks the reason is in the alimentation. The Arabs are a sober people who eat little and eat vegetables. When they eat meat it is cooked to shreds. So it happens that among the Arabs their ordinary life is the life of a soldier. It is seen more frequently among the auxiliaries. It is because the regime of the latter is more like the regime of the Arab, but more like that of the French trooper.

Dr. Chauvel also explains why the European transplanted to the soil of Africa, where his regime hardly differs from that of the metropolis, should likewise be immune from the disease. Other medical men have testified to the rarity of appendicitis among people who eat less meat than we do. Snyder, who has been attached to the Persian court for more than ten years, has been called upon to treat only five cases of this malady at Teheran, three of which were Europeans and only two natives. He also attributes the rarity of appendicular accidents to the mode of alimentation of the Persians. At Teheran abstinance from pork is obligatory and the meat of cattle is unknown. Their meats are usually chicken, mutton, and these are always cooked to shreds.

FRONTIER POSTMISTRESS. Miss Hattie Burnstad, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, is at this moment probably the most talked-about young woman in South Dakota. As a postmistress of a frontier town in which not a single house is built, she is the heroine of the tent-living population of the new town of Florence, one of the first to be opened on the new railroad extension. A board sign indicates where the postoffice is to be, but of the building itself there is not a vestige.

As the daughter of Representative A. C. Burnstad, of Codington County, Miss Burnstad knew something about politics as an inheritance. At any rate, while the prospective politicians of Florence were wrangling among themselves as to who should have the postmastership of the potential city, Miss Burnstad quietly walked off with the commission. When she was informed of her success by railroad company's town-site agent at Watertown there was no more pleased girl in the Northwest.

"All right," she said, "I will undertake the job, even if I have to carry the mail in an auto and deliver it out of my apron."

And this is just what she is going to do. The railroad will not be built into Florence until some time in the summer, but in the meantime the residents will get their mail for Miss Burnstad will make her word good.—Watertown correspondence St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Kensal Green, Where Thackeray and Other Notables Are Buried

Leigh Hunt, Motley, Sydney Smith and Anthony Trollope Among Them—An American Describes a Visit to the Famous Cemetery of London—The Monument to Tom Sayers.

[By Gen. James Grant Wilson in the New York Tribune.]

While in London last summer, without any engagement for the morning of July 18, the 94th anniversary of Thackeray's birth, I decided to drive with a companion to Kensal Green, and see the great author's grave, and also that of my friend Motley, the American historian and ambassador to Austria, and later to England. They rest among an army of more than a hundred thousand who have been buried in the most famous of London cemeteries during the last seven decades.

Kensal Green is about two miles beyond Paddington, on the road to Harrow. It is divided into 50 acres of consecrated ground for the Church of England and some six acres for the use of those not connected with the Established Church. There is an Episcopal chapel of a style corresponding with the entrance buildings, and a smaller one for the use of dissenters. "At Paddington," wrote Leigh Hunt, in 1843, "begins the ground of my affections, continuing through mead and green lane till it reaches Hampstead."

It was generally believed that Thackeray would be buried in Westminster Abbey, where, seven years later, Dickens found his final home, but some difficulties stood in the way, as they also did with his being placed by the side of Goldsmith in Temple churchyard, and so a grave was selected for him in Kensal Green. Asking the gate official the direction to the spot it was given, and in answer to the second inquiry, if many persons visited Thackeray's grave, he said: "There's lots of them. Americans come 'ere to see it.'"

He lies beneath an ivy-covered recumbent granite tomb which bears the simple but sufficient record, "William Makepeace Thackeray, born July 17, 1811; died Dec. 24, 1863." Of all his inscriptions the most striking is that of an American, "Charles Sumner, 1813-1872," among the throng of about fifteen hundred at the cemetery on that balmy, springlike day. It is believed that Sir Theodore Martin, now in his 90th year, is the only survivor who was present at Thackeray's burial.

From her girlhood the future novelist imbibed the atmosphere of Oxford, and she was little more than a girl when she married Mr. Humphry Ward, fellow and tutor of Brasenose College. For a period of eight years she continued her studies in the Bodleian library. Her first experiment in fiction was a little story for children, entitled "Milly and Olly," but even at that early period she mingled with the great names of the English novelists. Pushing his inquiries still further, Dr. Chauvel found that the French army in Algeria included both Europeans, French and natives. In five years, out of 14,000 men, there were among the French and Europeans 137 cases of appendicitis, while in the same space of time out of 17,000 natives there were but 13 cases. This shows that the disease is two times more frequent among the French in France than the French in Algeria, and is ten times less frequent among the natives.

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JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. Born at Dorchester, Mass., 15 April, 1814. Died near Dorchester, Dorset, 27 May, 1881.

"In God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." Not far away from the Motleys may be seen on a sunny, sloping hillside looking toward the east, with marble head and foot stones, the grave of Mrs. Hawthorne. The inscription reads: "Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, born at Salem, Mass., 1811; died at London, 1881." On the left side of the grave is growing a healthy hawthorne tree, which shades her grave, and is now about 30 feet in height. As we were walking from the spot we were struck by the music of its singing thrush, perched on the topmost branch of the hawthorn, guarding the grave like a sentinel.

Still another American lady is buried in Kensal Green, and within a short distance of Mrs. Hawthorne. The inscription reads: "James Russell Lowell, wife of the American minister to the Court of St. James, his second wife died in London. Her handsome tomb, in the form of a sarcophagus, is somewhat hidden by a luxuriant growth of flowering bushes, which prevents the inscription being seen. My keen-eyed companion discovered a four-leaved clover, which, with a few dry leaves, were brought away as mementoes of her friends of old long years."

The next came upon the grave of Thomas Hood, who died in 1845. Nine years later a number of his friends erected a monument over his unmarked resting place. It is adorned with bas-reliefs from "The Dreams of Eugene Aram" and the "Bridge of Sighs," and pocket physician." As it is so small that it can be carried in the pocket or purse.

Prior to the discovery of Hyomei, statistics showed that at least 97 out of every 100 persons in this state were suffering from catarrh in some form. The remarkable results following the use of Hyomei are shown by the smaller percentage today of people suffering from catarrh.

A complete Hyomei outfit consists of the little pocket physician, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomei, and costs only \$1, while additional bottles of Hyomei can be procured for 50 cents, making it the most economical, as well as the most reliable treatment for the cure of catarrh.

Do not delay longer the use of Hyomei if you have catarrh. This is purely a local disease and Hyomei goes right to the spot where the catarrh is, and its presence destroys them, soothes and heals all inflammation and makes a permanent and lasting cure. If you cannot obtain Hyomei of your dealer it will be forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Write today for consultation blank that will entitle you to services of our medical department without charge. The R. T. Booth Company, Hyomei Building, Ithaca, N. Y.

But a short distance from Hunt's we came upon a simple tomb upon which we saw on one side "Anne Scott, daughter of Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford, Baronet. Died June 25th, 1838, in her 31st year," and on the opposite side, "Charlotte Sophia, wife of J. G. Lockhart, Esq., and daughter of Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Baronet. Died 15th, 1831, in her eleventh year. The last mentioned was Scott's grandson and the High Little John of the 'Tales of a Grandfather.'"

Near the northern boundary of the London Necropolis is a small and original, and beneath this are the old, or original, catacombs. Among the many tablets to the memory of persons whose remains are resting below was one associated with the most illustrious of English sailors. The inscription is as follows: "Sacred to the memory of Sir William Beatty, principal medical attendant of Lord Nelson in the battle of Trafalgar, who died on the 21st of the fleet and to the Royal Hospital, Greenwich. Died 25 March, 1842, aged 67." Sir William's death was a great loss to the possessor of the tablet that deprived Great Britain of her immortal commander, the centennial of whose death has lately been celebrated in England.

The Duke of Sussex and his sister, the Princess Sophia, children of George III., also his grandson, the Duke of Cambridge, who died March 7, 1894, are buried in "King's Chapel," which was built in ancient days being then the property of the king. Other members of the royal family are interred in the chapel. The Duke of Sussex selected this spot for his last resting-place, as related in Boyd's "Sketches." "At Kensal Green," wrote William IV. there was so much delay and confusion and so many questions of etiquette and precedence, broke out that the duke remarked to a friend, "This is intolerable. Now, recollect what I say to you. If I should die before I return to Kensington, see I am not buried at Windsor, as I would not for all the world be buried there after this fashion." The Duke of Cambridge desired to rest by the side of his wife, who, not being of royal birth, could not be buried at Windsor.

Passing through the labyrinth of tombs of more or less distinguished persons which may be seen in this most important of London cemeteries, the visitor will observe the graves of the actors John Liston, William C. Macready, Charles Kemble and Charles Mathews, of the actors Sir Augustus Calletot, Sir Charles Eastlake, Thomas Mudgey, George Cruikshank and John Leach, and the authors, Sydney Smith, Mark Lemon, William Harrison Ainsworth, Anthony Trollope, Allan Cunningham, Charles Dickens, and doubtless there are many other men of fame buried there, but, strange to say, the usual shining guide books was not obtainable, the directors of the cemetery, for some unknown reason, no longer deeming it advisable to permit their printing or sale.

Another brief visit was made to Highgate cemetery, also in London. There rest the remains of John Dickens and his wife, the father and mother of the novelist, together with the little daughter, Fanny Dickens. Near them is buried Henry Crab Robinson, the famous diarist, and Charles Lamb, and Samuel Rogers. Many other men of distinction in various walks of life are interred at Highgate, but strange to say, among the many

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Short Stories By The World's Greatest Writers.

THE ALIENS

By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Pietro Tobigli, that gay young chestnut venter—he of the radiant smile—gave forth, in his warm-toned, his own interpretation of "Ach du lieber Augustiner" whenever Bertha, rosy waitress in the little German restaurant, showed her face at the door. For a month it had been a courtship, and the merchant sang often:

"Ahaha du libra Ogostino, Ogostino, Ogostino!
Ahaha, du libra Ogostino,
Nees coma ross."

The acquaintance, begun by the song and Pietro's wonderful laugh, had grown tender. The chestnut venter had a way with him; he looked like the "Neapolitan Fisher Lad" of the chromos, and you could have fancied him of two centuries ago, putting a rose in his hair; even as it was, he had the earrings. But the smile of him it was that won Bertha, when she came to work in the little restaurant. It was a smile that put the world at its ease; it proclaimed the coming of morning over the meadows, and, taking every bystander into an April friendship, ran on suddenly into a laugh that was like silver and like a stranger's puppy's claiming you for the lost master.

So it befell that Bertha was fascinated that, blushing, she laughed back to him, and was nothing offended when, at his first sight of her, he ripped out at once into "Ahaha, du libra Ogostino."

Within two weeks he was closing his business (no intricate matter) every evening to walk home with her, through the September moonlight. Then extraordinary things happened to the English language. "I ain't nefer can like no foreigner," she often joked back to a question of his. "Nefer, nefer! You tink I'm takin' up mit a hant-organ man, Mister Toby?"

Whereupon he would carol out the tender taunt, "Ahaha, du libra Ogostino."

"Yoost a hant-organ man!"

"Not! Not! No organ! I am a great-great merchant. Vote a Republican! Politician! Tobigli! Citizen! Republican. Naturalize! March in a parade!"

Never lived native American prouder of his citizenship than this adopted one. Had he not voted at the election? Was he not a member of the great Republican party? He had eagerly joined it, for the reason that he had been a Republican in Italy, and he had drawn with him to the polls his second cousin, Leo Vesschi, and the five other Italians with whom he lived. For this he had been rewarded by Pixley, his precinct committeeman, who allowed him to carry pink torches in three night processions.

"You keeb oud politigs," said Bertha, earnestly, one evening. "My uncle, Lule Gratz, he les got a neighbor-lady, her man gone in politigs. Afterports he git it! He is in der benondisherry two years. You know why?"

"Democrat!" shouted the chestnut venter triumphantly.

"No, sir! Yoost politigs," replied the unpartisan Bertha. "You keeb oud politigs."

"Libra Ogostino, she afraid I go to penitenti?" he inquired.

"Me!" she jeered with uneasy laughter. "I ain't care; but you—you don't look oud, you got in dod workhouse."

He turned upon her, suddenly, a face like a mother's, and touched her hand with a light caress.

"I stay in a work-house seven-hunder year," he said gently. "You come seats by window some-time." At this Bertha turned away, was silent for a space, leaning on the gatepost in front of her uncle's house, whither they were now come. Finally she answered brokenly: "I ain't sit by no vinder for yoost a jesunt man. This was her way of stimulating his ambition."

"Ahaha!" he cried. "You don't know? I'm goin' buy big stan! Candy, peanut! banana! Maas some-a-time four dollars a day! 'Tis a great-a count! Binahy git a store! Ride a buggy! Smoke a cigar! You play piano! Vote a Republican!"

"Toby!"

"Tis true!"

"Toby," she said tearfully. "Toby, you voik hart, and safe your money."

"You help?" he whispered.

"I help—YOU!" she cried loudly. Then, with a sudden fit of sobbing, she flung open the gate and ran at the top of her speed into the house.

Italy, liquid and strangely sweet to her; and at such times when the actual voice was not in her ears, still she blushed with delight to hear in her heart the thrilling echoes of his barcaroles, and found them humming cheerily upon her own lips.

Toby was to save \$500 before they married, a great sum, but they were patient, and both worked very hard. She saved her own money with German persistence, and on Christmas Day her present to her betrothed, in return for a coral pin, was a pair of rubber boots filled with little cakes.

Wysium was the dwelling place of Pietro Tobigli, though, apparently, he abode in a horrible slum collar with Leo Vesschi and the five Latti brothers. In this place our purveyor of sweetmeats was the only light. Thither he had carried his songs and his laugh and his furnace when he came from Italy to join Vesschi; and there he remained, partly out of loyalty to his unprosperous comrades and partly because his share of the expenses was only twenty-five cents a week, and every saving was a saving for Bertha. Every evening on the homeward walk the affianced pair passed the hideous stairway that led down to the cellar, and Bertha, neat soul, never failed to shudder at it. She did not know that Pietro lived there, for he feared it might distress her; nor could she ever persuade him to tell her where he lived.

"Ahaha! Libra Ogostino, some-a-time you see that gran palazzo where I leef, Eesa great-a great soor-prise."

To this uncomfortable chamber repaired one March evening Mr. Frank Pixley, Republican precinct committeeman. He was a peck-pitted, damp-looking, soiled little fungus of a man, who had attained to his office because in the dirtiest precinct of the wickedest ward in the city he had, through the operation of a befitting ingenuity, forced a recognition of his leadership. From such an office, manned by a Pixley, there leads an upward ramification of wires, invisible to all except manipulators, which extends to upper surfaces. Usually the Pixley is a deep-sea puppet, wholly controlled by the dingly gilded wires that run down to him; but there are times when the Pixley gives forth initial impulses of his own, such as may alter the upper surface; for, in a system of this character, every twitch is felt throughout the whole.

"Hello, boys," the committeeman called out with automatic geniality, as he descended the broken steps. "How are ye? All here? That's good, that's the stuff! Good work!"

Only Toby replied with more than an indifferent grunt, but he ran forward, carrying an empty beer keg, which he placed as a seat for the guest.

"Ahaha, Messa Peeslay! Make a parade! Torchlight! Banda! Play ta ra, la la! Fireworks! Pizz! Bomb! Eya!"

The politician responded to Toby's extravagantly friendly laughter with some mechanical cautions, which, like an obliging salesman, he turned on and off with no effort.

"Not by a dern sight," he answered. "The campaign ain't begun yet."

"Champagne?" inquired Toby, politely.

"Campaign, campaign," explained Pixley.

"That is that, that campaign?"

"Why—why, it's the campaign. Workin' up public sentiment; gettin' you boys in line, 'lectioneerin'—fixin' it right."

Tobigli shook his head. "Campaign?" he repeated.

"Why—Gee, you know! Free beer, cigars, speakin', handshakin'—parade!"

"Ahaha!" The merchant sprang to his feet with a shout. "Yes! Hoor-r-r! Vote a Republican! Dam a Democrat!"

"That's it," replied the committeeman, somewhat languidly. "You see, this is a Republican precinct, and it turns the ward."

"Always a Republican!" vociferated Pietro. "That eesa right."

"Well," said the other, of course, whichever way you go, you want to follow your precinct committeeman—that's me."

"Yes! Vote a Republican."

Pixley looked about the room, his little red eyes peering out cannily under his crooked brows at each of the sulky figures in the damp shadows.

"You boys all vote the way Pete says!" he gasped.

THE REPENTANT SINNER

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

A man once lived to be seventy years old and spent his whole life in sin. And he took sick and he did not repent. But when death came he cried in his last hour and said, "O Lord, forgive me as Thou forgavest the robber on the cross."

Scarcely had he pronounced these words when his soul left his body. The soul of the sinner had learned to love God and, believing in His goodness, came to the doors of Paradise, where it knocked and asked to be let in.

And the soul heard a voice behind the close door asking, "Who knocks at the doors of Paradise? And what good deeds has this man performed while he was alive?"

And the voice of the recording angel told of all the sinful deeds he

had done and could say nothing in his favor.

Then cried the voice from behind the door: "Sinners cannot get into Heaven. Go away from here."

And the man replied: "My master, I hear your voice but I do not see your face and do not know your name."

And the voice answered: "I am St. Peter."

The man pleaded: "Oh, Saint Peter, take pity on me; think of the weakness of man and the charity of God. Were you not one of Christ's disciples, and did you not hear His teaching from His own lips? Think of how sad He felt when He asked you to stay awake and pray and He found you sleeping three times, because your eyes were heavy. Think of how you denied that you knew anything of Him when He was led before Caiaphas. And think of how the cock crowed and you went away and cried bitterly."

Then the voice behind the door grew slient.

But the sinner stood long there and after a while he again knocked at the door.

And from behind the door again came another voice and said: "Who is

this man and how did he spend his life on earth?"

Then the voice of the recording angel repeated once more all the evil things the sinner had done and did not mention any good deeds.

Then the voice behind the door said: "Go away from here; sinners like you cannot be allowed to live with us in Paradise."

Then the sinner said: "Master I hear your voice but I do not see your face and I do not know your name."

And the voice replied: "I am the King David."

But the sinner did not yet give up hope, went closer to the door and said: "Take pity on me, Oh, King David, remember the weakness of man and the charity of God; God loved you and elevated you above all men. You had everything—a Kingdom, glory, wealth, wives and children; but when you from the roof of your palace saw the wife of a poor man, a sinful thought conquered and you took the wife away while you left me because they know the weakness of man and the charity of God. But you will admit me because of that?"

And the voice behind the door again said: "Who is this man and how did he spend his life on earth?"

Then the voice of the recording angel repeated once more all the evil things the sinner had done and did not mention any good deeds.

Then the voice behind the door said: "Go away from here; sinners like you cannot be allowed to live with us in Paradise."

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seat for both.

"Here," said Pixley, "I reckon this is better. Jest two men by their selves kin fix up a thing like this a lot quicker. You make your own deal with 'em afterwards, or none at all, jest as you like! They'll do whatever you say, anyway. I sized you up to run that bunch, first time I ever laid eyes on the outfit. Now see here, Pete, you listen to me. I reckon I kin turn a little trick here that'll do you some good. You kin bet I see that the men I pick fer my leaders—like you, Pete—git their rights! Now here, there's you and the other six, that's seven; it'll be three dollars in your pocket if you deliver the goods."

"No! no!" said Pietro in earnest protestation. "We seven a good Republican. We vote Republican—same last time, all the time. Eet eosa not a need to pay us to vote a Republican. You save that money, Messa Peeslay."

"You don't understand," groaned Pixley, with an inclination to weep over the foreigner's thickheadedness.

He left her at her own gate the evening before and sang his way down the street, feeling that he owned barcarole beneath sapphine skies, for Bertha had put her arms about him at last.

"Toby," she said, "lieber Toby, I am so all-lobing by you—you are sich a good man—I am so—so—I am yoost all-lobing by you. And she cried heartily upon his shoulder. "Toby, if you ain't here for me to-morrow by ecksecky dweil o'clock, if you are von minutes late, I'm goin' yoost fall down dead. Don't you led nothings happen mit you, Toby."

Mr. Pixley, again seated upon the night while he had used for his interview with Toby, beheld the transfigured face of the young man as the chestnut venter passed the mouth of the alley, and the committeeman released from his soul a burdening profanity in the ear of his companion and a confident policeman, who would be on duty in Pixley's precinct on the morrow, and who had now reported for instructions not necessarily received in a too public rendez-vous.

"Do we need this gang bad?" inquired the policeman deferentially. "I need everybody bad. This is a good sized job for me, and I want to want to do it right. Throwin' the precinct to Maxim is goin' to do me some wrong with the Republican crowd, even if they don't git on that it was throwed to me. Ach, ach! What it good! I couldn't feel like I'd done right if I didn't. I've give my word that they'll git a majority of sixty-eight votes, and that'll be jest twice as much in my pocket, as a plain man. And I want them seven Dagoes; I give you von to von; 'em; it can be done is to keep 'em away from the polls."

"Can't you git 'em out of town in the morning?"

"I don't reckon I ain't tried that? No, sir! That Dago wouldn't take a pass to heaven! Everything else is all right. Mike, I don't like to brag, and I ain't around throwin' no bokays at myself as a regular thing, but I want to say right here, there ain't another man in this city—no, not the States—that could do what I've done. I tell you, I'm within five or six votes of the majority they set for their big money."

"Have you give the Dagoes up altogether?"

"No, by g—!" cried the committeeman, harshly, bringing his dirty fist down on the other's knee. "Now look here, you listen to me," he said, lowering his voice. "I'm goin' to turn the trick. And I ought to do it, too. That Pete he ain't worth the powder to blow him; you couldn't learn him no politics if you set up night after night for a year. Didn't I try? He's ongrateful, that's what he is. Well, him and them other Dagoes are goin' to stay at home for two weeks beginnin' to-night."

"I'll show you how. I don't claim no credit for the idea, but I'd like for somebody to jest show me any other man in this city would have thought it out! Now, you look here: you see that nigger shanty over there, with the smallpox lanterns outside?"

"Look here; they're rebuildin' the pesthouse, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"Leavin' smallpox patients in their own holes under quarantine guard

of her few friends, might, when they found she was to marry Toby, allude to him as a "dago," in which case she had an intuition that he would slap the offender; and she was afraid of the smallpox, which had caused the quarantine of two shanties not far from her uncle's house. The quarantined of her fears she did not mention, telling Pietro how Gratz was panic-stricken and talked of moving, and how glad she was that Toby's "gran palazzo" was in another quarter of the city, as he had led her to believe.

But when she thought of the new homes—far across the city from the ugly flags and lanterns—she forgot both her troubles entirely; for now, at last, the marvelous fact was assured: the five hundred dollars was pinned into the waistcoat pocket, lying upon Pietro's heart day and night. The good Republican set election day for the happiest holiday of his life, for that would be his wedding day.

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"Yes."

"Leavin' smallpox patients in their own holes under quarantine guard

till they git a place to put 'em, ain't they?"

"You know how many niggers in that shanty?"

"Four, ain't they?"

"Yessir, four of 'em. One died to-night, another's goin' to, another ain't tellin' which way he's goin' yet, and the last one Joe Cribbin, was the first to take it, and he's almost plumb as good as ever ag'in. He's up and around the house, helpin' 'nurse the sick ones, and fit for hard labor. Now, look here; that nigger does what I tell him and he does it quick. See? Well, he knows what I want him to do to-night. So does Charley Gruder, the guard over there, Charley's fixed, I seen to that; and knows he ain't goin' to lose no job for the nigger's gittin' out of the back window to go make a little sociable call this evening."

"What!" exclaimed the policeman, startled. "Charley ain't goin' to let that nigger out?"

"Ain't he? Oh, you needn't worry, he ain't goin' fur! All he's waitin' fer is for you to give the signal."

"Me!" The man in the helmet drew back.

"Yessir, you! You walk out there and lounge up toward the drug store and jest look over to Charley and nod twice. Then you stand on the corner and watch and see what you see. When you see it, you yell for Charley and git into the drug store telephone, and call up the Health Office and git their men up here and into that Dago cellar like hell! The nigger'll be there. They don't know him, and he'll jest drop in to try and sell the Dagoes some policy tickets. You understand me?"

"By all that's mighty, Pixley," said the policeman, with an admiration that was almost reverence, "you are a schemer."

"Hein Gott!" screamed Bertha's uncle snatching his teeth fiercely on his pipstom, and flung open the door of the girl's room. "You want to disgrace me mit der whole neighborhood, 'lection Night? Quid ut! Stoh ut!—Booples in der street stant outside and listen to dod grying!"

But Bertha, an undisturbable heap on the floor of the unit room, only gasped brokenly for breath and wept on.

"Ach, ach, ach, lieber Gott in Himmel!" sobbed Bertha. "Why didn't I sobbed for me! Ach, ach! What it good! I couldn't feel like I'd done right if I didn't. I've give my word that they'll git a majority of sixty-eight votes, and that'll be jest twice as much in my pocket, as a plain man. And I want them seven Dagoes; I give you von to von; 'em; it can be done is to keep 'em away from the polls."

"Can't you git 'em out of town in the morning?"

"I don't reckon I ain't tried that? No, sir! That Dago wouldn't take a pass to heaven! Everything else is all right. Mike, I don't like to brag, and I ain't around throwin' no bokays at myself as a regular thing, but I want to say right here, there ain't another man in this city—no, not the States—that could do what I've done. I tell you, I'm within five or six votes of the majority they set for their big money."

"Have you give the Dagoes up altogether?"

"No, by g—!" cried the committeeman, harshly, bringing his dirty fist down on the other's knee. "Now look here, you listen to me," he said, lowering his voice. "I'm goin' to turn the trick. And I ought to do it, too. That Pete he ain't worth the powder to blow him; you couldn't learn him no politics if you set up night after night for a year. Didn't I try? He's ongrateful, that's what he is. Well, him and them other Dagoes are goin' to stay at home for two weeks beginnin' to-night."

"I'll show you how. I don't claim no credit for the idea, but I'd like for somebody to jest show me any other man in this city would have thought it out! Now, you look here: you see that nigger shanty over there, with the smallpox lanterns outside?"

"Look here; they're rebuildin' the pesthouse, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"Leavin' smallpox patients in their own holes under quarantine guard

till they git a place to put 'em, ain't they?"

"You know how many niggers in that shanty?"

"Four, ain't they?"

"Yessir, four of 'em. One died to-night, another's goin' to, another ain't tellin' which way he's goin' yet, and the last one Joe Cribbin, was the first to take it, and he's almost plumb as good as ever ag'in. He's up and around the house, helpin' 'nurse the sick ones, and fit for hard labor. Now, look here; that nigger does what I tell him and he does it quick. See? Well, he knows what I want him to do to-night. So does Charley Gruder, the guard over there, Charley's fixed, I seen to that; and knows he ain't goin' to lose no job for the nigger's gittin' out of the back window to go make a little sociable call this evening."

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"Me!" The man in the

SOME THRILLING ADVENTURES OF A NON-ADVENTUROUS MAN

**Held Prisoner on a Railroad Track—Ride on a Whale in Its Death
Agony—Drowning While Spectators Laughed—A Financial
Tight Place—Experiences of Frank T. Bullen, the Author.**

It is a very curious fact and one worth more than passing notice that adventures are not always to the adventurous. Adventures often fall to the lot of those prosaic persons like myself who, having a very strong desire to lead an entirely quiet and humdrum life, constantly find themselves driven by the force of circumstances into tight places and conditions of romantic adventure much against their desire.

Of course I must admit that one's early environments has much to do with this distaste for adventure or the reverse. In my own case for the first eight or nine years of my existence I was reared almost like a little girl by an elderly maiden aunt, and indeed I wore petticoats until I was six.

Ever a male child led the sheltered life I did, and consequently upon emerging from that quiet vale into a fierce struggle for life I was entirely unready for it, and although I have had a large helping of adventures I can honestly say that they were none of my seeking, nor did I ever have that wild joy in them which I have so often read of others possessing.

FOOT IN A "FROG."

Now with regard to the tightest place I ever was in I have my own opinion, which may not coincide with those of my readers, but I propose giving a few of the most strange and thrilling of my adventures so that they can take their own choice. Putting my own special fancy in its rightful place, I consider first in point of importance and danger an adventure I had when quite a boy.

When about ten years of age I obtained a situation as errand boy to an oilman in Gorborne road, North Kensington (we called it Kensington New Town then), and in the course of my duties had often to travel bearing heavy loads for what to me were immense distances, say even as far as Shore-ditch, I never received any money for traveling, 'twas not 't' the bond. The Metropolitan Railway had just been opened and I speedily discovered a way of riding free from and to Westbourne Park station to the city. This fraudulent use of the railway involved the crossing of an enormous number of tracks, for the Great Western Railway has its main and shunting lines there. One night I was creeping warily across the tracks in the pitchy darkness when I stepped into a crevice which closed and gripped my foot. I struggled in vain to release it and suddenly became still with horror-stricken fright.

Coming straight toward me with a dreadful rush was an engine, its headlight glaring like the eyes of an angry monster and its whistle sounding a deafening screech. I don't know how I kept erect or how long the terror lasted, but just as the great engine was upon me I was sheered off to the left and its long train of cars rumbled past me.

As the last car thundered past I felt my foot released and although I was carrying a fairly heavy bag I sped off across the lines to the embankment up which I used to scramble. When I got there I sank down at the foot of it shivering with the agony of fear. For a long time I was unable to rise for more than an hour at any rate.

However, I got to the shop at last and caught it finely for being so long gone. That did me a great deal of good.

RIDING A WHALE.

What perhaps would be esteemed by my readers as a tighter place than the foregoing I got into during my whaling voyage in the Cachalot. We had gone on a whale in quite the usual manner, but without getting fast, and were busily engaged in landing him when he retaliated by striking us full on the boat with his immense tail.

Everyone of the boat's crew but myself was shot out of the boat sideways into comparative safety, but I, having got my foot jammed in the well of the boat at an unlucky moment, did not go, for the foot held, while the wrench nearly pulled my thigh bone out of its socket.

My foot had just wriggled free when the immense head of a whale towered over me as he came plowing through what had been a boat. Then all was uproar of the most hideous darkness and dread, yet in the midst of it my mind was busy with the speculation, what if he should swallow me?

But oh, the awful agony of those few moments until my head emerged from the bloody foam around! My hand touched a rope, one of the trailing whale lines, and I clung to it as any drowning man, let alone a seaman, would, and hauling on it found myself butt up against the whale's body.

For a moment I felt relieved, but this feeling was immediately succeeded by terror as I realized that he might not be dead yet. I was not a moment in doubt. I felt him begin to move, and instinctively hauling myself right up to the harpoon I took a couple of turns round myself with the bight of the line.

MOMENTS SEEMED HOURS.

During the next few moments, hours they seemed to me, I should say my sensations must have been exactly like those of poor Matthew Webb in the whirlpool rapids of Niagara. For the whale was his death agony, or hurry, and his movements upon the sea surface were indescribably violent.

I never lost consciousness of the terrific tumult until it had ceased and was succeeded by perfect peace, in which my tortured senses gently left me for sweet oblivion. From this I was aroused by being lifted into the second man's boat, the pain of the handling making me scream, and bruised and torn did I feel.

Very carefully I was transferred to the ship, where I lay for nearly three

weeks before I was able to resume work again, while the shock to my poor system left its effect upon me for many months. Now, of course, as far as the spectacular and sensational elements of such an adventure are concerned, there will be no doubt that this experience overtops the others that I have ever had, but since the immediate proximity is as great in a street accident in town as it is during the most terrific disaster at sea and is only to be gauged by the length of time during which consciousness remains; my railway adventure holds the field for me.

During an anxious time waiting for a ship in Port Chalmers, New Zealand, I endeavored to earn a little money by fishing, hiring a ramshackle old boat at which I renamed the Basket, since I had to bale continually with one hand while fishing with the other in order to keep her afloat. In the course of my fishing I often got six or seven miles from the little town for I went all over Otago Harbor in search of my prey.

One day I was caught in a heavy gale about five miles from port, and there was a big sailing ship, the Timaru, towing up the harbor, inward bound from home. I made frantic efforts to reach her in the hope to get a tow up, and succeeded in getting alongside of her long boat, which was trailing astern and had a man in her steering confound him!

Seeing me coming straight for him he lost his head and put the tiller the wrong way, sheering the big boat into me instead of a little off so that I could come alongside. She literally mounted the side of my boat, and I, dropping my oars, which floated away, frantically snatched the water in a heap and flung it to the fellow steering.

A DEEP DIVE.

He seized it and secured it to his after thwart while I endeavored to scramble up my jacket and boots in order to leap out of my sinking craft. Too late; she went down head foremost, I clinging to the forward thwart, and consequently taking an involuntary dive in her company.

How far she went down, or why, I do not know, but the painter, a very long one, held stanch, and presently she soared into the air again as if she were going to fly. I clinging convulsively to her as nearly drowned as I might be without actually dying. For suddenly she was too exhausted and dazed to notice anything, but as my senses returned I saw that the man in the boat and the passengers on the poop of the ship were laughing at me. Some people have a curious sense of humor.

Then the skipper of her came along and in a loud voice commanded me to take myself off. I could not reply, but pointed eloquently to my boat, sans oars, sans bottom boards, and stern sheets, also with her starboard gunwale stove in.

CAST ADRIFT.

He ordered his man to cast my painter adrift, and I suddenly found myself derelict, helpless and half-drowned, quite four miles from port. I acquit them of all blame, in that they did not realize my situation, which was sufficiently serious for all practical purposes.

I had reached that stage when nothing matters very much when the old wreck gently touched bottom.

She drifted on to the end of the cockle bank which runs down the center of the bay. There she remained high and dry with the storm raging around, no shelter available and night falling.

Fortunately I was espied by an old shipmate of mine, a Russian Finn, who was in charge of a lighter, and he anchored his craft, got into his dingy, and rescued me from my miserable plight. Judging from the length of time I was getting into my life into me in his cosy little den before a good fire, I believe that a night on the cockle bank would have effectively severed my connection with things mundane.

Tight places, of course, are not confined to adventures involving physical risk; only there is a feeling that stories of trouble in the life of a man like myself should be confined to danger to life and limb. Yet I have a theory that in the aggregate there is more mental agony involved in financial difficulties than in any other troubles that we have, and this is certainly the case when men are trying to live honestly and pay their way. Therefore I would like to finish up this brief and veracious recapitulation of serious fixes in which I have found myself by a story that I believe will appeal to a great many.

After I had left the sea I got a job ashore at a low wage, but constant, and not being a thrifty man, although anything but extravagant, I found, as children were added unto me, increasing difficulty in making both ends meet. At last in order to supplement my scanty income from the office where I was employed during the day from 9 till 5 I took a small shop and made picture frames in my spare time.

Before long I found that I had only added a new and more complicated set

JUMPING WITH NERVE PAIN.

That's how you feel with neuralgia. But why lie awake at night, grumble or complain, get busy with a bottle of Nerviline. It does act like magic, seeks out the pain and destroys it. Nerviline is so popular as Nerviline for aches and pains of all kinds. Try it for lumbago; test it in rheumatism, prove it in neuralgia, pleurisy or colds. You'll soon acknowledge that Poison's Nerviline beats them all. Sold everywhere in large 25-cent bottles.

of troubles to my previous ones, for now I got into debt. Things went from bad to worse until the postman's knock gave me palpitation of the heart and I dared not open a letter.

IN A FINANCIAL FIX.

I also got into the grip of a money lender. Not that I blame him, for I was glad enough for help. One day I received an urgent message to hurry home, and on arriving at the shop I found two rough-looking men, each of whom presented me with a piece of paper informing me that they were in possession, one for the money lender, ten pounds and costs, and one for the Queen's taxes, twenty-five shillings. While I was talking matter over with them, my landlord put another man in for his quarter's rent, a month overdue.

At this I could not help smiling, for it began to be ludicrous. I invited them all into my workshop and gave them seats. Refreshment I regretted that I could not offer, as I had barely enough for my family's needs and my sole capital was less than five shillings.

While we were talking, my wife called up that I was wanted, and ascending a customer I made haste down. It was another broker's man with a claim for seven pounds ten for a doctor's bill, six months overdue. I smiled upon him and inviting him upstairs introduced him to my other visitors.

Well, the humor of it overpowered the tragical side altogether and we burst into a hearty laugh. But they laughed longer than I did.

The situation was a simple one. Their aggregate claims amounted to considerably more than thirty pounds, to meet which I had nothing but my scanty furniture. Also I had no friends able to help. Plainly I did not know what to do, so I did nothing. Then one of them said:

"Well, I don't want to stop here. I don't see the use of us all stopping, anyhow, so if you'll give me your word that you'll let me in when I come to-morrow I'll go."

Of course I gave him my word, and on the same terms they all slipped away one after the other, much to my relief.

Next day I managed by the aid of another hardup friend to raise a loan of twenty pounds and by various small shifts, well known to the poverty-stricken, managed to make up the balance and so I was saved for the time. Of course it only put off the evil day, although I am happy to say that never again was I in so tight a place financially.

I am sure that nothing but a certain buoyancy of temper and saved humor I am blessed with saved the situation from having a tragic ending.

A TELLING TONE

The Individuality of the Famous Nordheimer Piano and Its Effect.

The secret of the immense selling capacity of the firm of Nordheimer's, Limited, is to be found first and foremost in the individuality of the Nordheimer tone. No piano tone quite approaches in richness and beauty that of the Nordheimer piano. And quality is the first consideration of those purchasing a piano.

The many years of experience have proven the durability of this wonderful tone and when the quality of the Nordheimer is considered it is easy to understand why the firm claims to give the greatest value for the money. Moreover by direct buying from the factory it is possible to get an instrument for less money than were it handled by agents and sub-agents. The Nordheimer manufacturers are the first and only institution in Canada to introduce a one-price system of selling pianos, and it has proved a success, purchasers all over the country testifying to the absolute fairness of the method. It has assuredly made certain to the company as no other firm have enjoyed. Every prospective piano purchaser should either see a member of the Nordheimer staff or write to the Western Ontario office at London for particulars. Nordheimer's, Limited, are glad to have inquiries about their incomparable piano and their exclusive one-price system.

HEIGHT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

One hundred and thirty-nine miles is the height of the atmosphere as measured by Prof. J. J. See, who determines the height of the atmosphere by noting the difference between the time of sunset and the complete disappearance of blue from the sky.

The moment at which the blue changes into black can be observed quite easily with approximate certainty by the naked eye when the air is clear, and by trigonometry may be ascertained the distance below the horizon of the sun at the moment of change. By these means may be calculated the height of the smallest illuminating particles of oxygen and nitrogen which give to the sky its blueness of tint by the reflection of the smallest wave lengths of the sun's light.

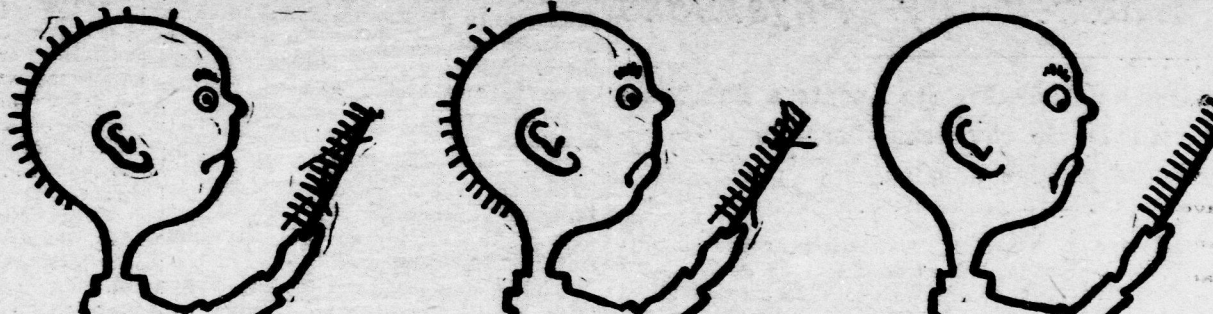
The instant of change from blue to black is possibly a little difficult of exact observation, but the method is not more doubtful than that based on the observation of shooting stars. The shooting star method gives a result not greatly differing from the vanishing blue method. The former gives the height of the atmosphere at 109 miles—Chicago Tribune.

BROKEN SLEEP—TIED NEXT MORNING

Sleep not only rests, but builds up the body. Cut down the hours of sleep, and you cut down health in the same proportion. Rebuilding then ceases, nerves go to smash, you grow tired, weak and wretched.

To restore sleep you must get more bodily strength, more nutritious blood, healthier nerves. Ferrozone solves the whole problem, makes you sleep soundly, gives endurance, vim, ambition. No more morbid, wakeful insomnia. No more "morning sickness" in your veins. You'll soon acknowledge that Poison's Ferrozone expresses the instant effect of Ferrozone, try it.

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!



(N. B.—These drawings are protected by U. S. Trade Mark.)

SAVE YOUR HAIR

WITH

Newbro's Herpicide

The time to save your hair is while you have hair to save. Newbro's Herpicide kills the germ that causes dandruff, itching, scalp, and falling hair, after which the hair is bound to grow as nature intended (except in cases of chronic baldness). Herpicide stops itching of scalp almost instantly.

I find that Herpicide will do all you claim for it. I am now on my second bottle, and it has cleansed my head nicely, and I can see new hair coming in. It also stopped my hair from falling out, and I am well pleased with it and will do recommend it to all.

(Signed) R. L. LEIGH.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

I wish to say that I have used part of the bottle of Herpicide that you sent me, and I think it is a good tonic, and have recommended it to quite a number of my friends. I believe it will cure dandruff, and it is a splendid and delightful hair dressing.

(Signed) H. J. FORSDICK.

Memphis, Tenn.

I have given your Herpicide a thorough test. I can cheerfully say that it is the best Hair Tonic I have ever used. It will be one of our household remedies from now on, and will surely recommend same to all my friends and acquaintances.

(Signed) PETER PEHL.

Sedalia, Mo.

You very kindly sent me a bottle of your Herpicide, and I gladly answer your inquiry as to its qualities. I have used it now for some time, and know it to be the best thing for the hair I have ever used, and it keeps my hair free from dandruff and as soft as silk. I have induced several of my friends to use it, and they are pleased with it.

(Signed) W. M. SHOOK.

Nashville, Tenn.

At Drug Stores. Send 10c in stamps to The Herpicide Co., Dept. N, Detroit, Mich., for a sample.

G. McCallum & Co., Special Agents.

MATERIAL FOR MUSIC STRINGS

SOURCE OF SUPPLY—A GREAT AMOUNT REQUIRED

[From the Kansas City Journal.] "One of the most generally accepted, but mistaken, ideas that is entertained by the people of this country," said S. R. Huyett, American traveling representative of a foreign manufacturer of gut strings, "is that strings used on musical instruments are manufactured from catgut. If that were true the cats in this world would have been exterminated many years ago in supplying the market with material for musical instrument strings."

"The fact is that they are manufactured from the intestines of sheep, and in obtaining enough raw material even from these animals the manufacturers at times find difficulty. "The only string made from the intestines of the feline is that used for surgical purposes—for sewing up wounds. One would be amazed to know that there are millions of musical instrument strings used in North America alone, and just think where the tabbies would be if they had to supply the consumption."

"Another amazing thing is that there are over 700 different grades of musical instrument strings. The demand for strings in North America is increasing every year, especially in the south and in Mexico. There are more guitar strings sold in Mexico than any other strings sold in the world. And the string still holds its own, despite the fact that every year has marked slight but gradual falling off in the demand. The harp is becoming more popular, and there is a good demand for strings for this instrument."

SHE KNEW THE AUTHOR.

It was only natural that in the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was often quoted to the younger generation as one having authority.

On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at one of her little playmates when the other girl said: "I hate you and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your man servant nor your maid servant nor your ox nor your ass."

Her mother, hearing the outburst, sternly reproved her offspring, asking her if she knew what she was saying. Little Miss Beecher promptly replied: "Yes; the ten commandments."

"Well, do you know who wrote them?"

The child, looking much disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TELLING TIME BY FLOWERS.

The professor of botany paused under an oak and the young girls in white grouped themselves prettily about him. "To tell time by the flowers," he said, "you should be able to do that. Think how convenient it would be at this season."

"It is 5 a.m. when the sow thistle opens. It is 5:30 when the dandelion opens. It is 7 when the white lily opens. It is 8 when the hawkweed opens."

"At 11:12 a.m. the sow thistle closes. At noon precisely the yellow goat's beard closes. At 2 p.m. the hawkweed closes. At 5 the white lily closes. The dandelion closes at 8 sharp."

"Since Pliny's time forty-six flowers have been known to open and shut with great punctuality at certain hours of the day and night. It would be possible, with a little labor, folding and unfolding, would make a first-rate clock."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

French officials are considering a scheme for providing a standing army of long service men, one feature of which is to be the compulsory enlistment of all French school boys in national rifle corps, so that from their earliest years they may be accustomed to habits of discipline and knowledge of arms.

HOW AN IMMIGRANT MADE HER FORTUNE

STARTED THE FIRST PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU IN AMERICA.

The Press Clipping Bureau, an institution unheard of 25 years ago, and now a large and flourishing business, originated in a curious way.

An English immigrant, having failed miserably in America, was spending almost his last dollar on a good breakfast in an expensive New York restaurant.

Into the restaurant stalked a large long-haired man. This man ordered a sumptuous meal and said to the waiter, who seemed to know him: "Please get me all the papers, Guy, that mention my performance."

Guy, the waiter, disappearing, brought with the omelette to the large man, who was an operatic tenor, a bundle of newspapers as big as a trunk. "These are the New York and Philadelphia papers, sir," said he. "I'll have a lot from other cities later in the day."

And the operatic tenor, after handing the other a \$2 note, fell on the papers with nervous haste, pishing and pshawing much because he would have frequently to search a paper three or four times over before he would find the article he sought for.

To the English immigrant, looking on, came an idea. "Many men," he mused, "are written about in the world's press. These men would all like to read what is said of them, and they could all afford to pay well for the privilege of reading what is said of them; but there is no way for them to get hold of the articles in question. Have they the time to subscribe to all the leading papers, and to read these papers through? No. Hence they would be willing to pay a reasonable wage to the man who would do that for them."

And the immigrant, radiant and eager, bought a great lot of newspapers and a "Who's Who" worth while, clipped out all the references to prominent persons he came upon, and mailed to each prominent person the six or eight cuttings he had gathered, with a letter, stating that he would read the world's leading papers daily, and would send to the prominent person in question every article contained therein at the rate of 5 or 10 cents apiece.

In a day or two the immigrant found himself earning between \$50 and \$80 a week. In a month he was doing a business of \$10,000 a year. Now he is at the head of the oldest and largest clipping bureau in the world, and his is the satisfaction of having originated a brand-new business.

CONVERSING IN ITALICS.

The average young girl converses principally in Italics.

She is a prodigal in emphasis and a spendthrift in superlatives. Her joy is in hyperbole. She strives to force the conviction of her young charms on her hearers simply by stress of voice and exaggerated phrasology.

A thing of mediocre charm must needs be "perfectly lovely," with strong emphasis on both words. All adverbs are overworked in her painstaking enthusiasm, but "perfectly" is reduced to the verge of nervous prostration.

She is "simply crazy" over chocolate sundae, and her new hat is "absolutely luscious!"

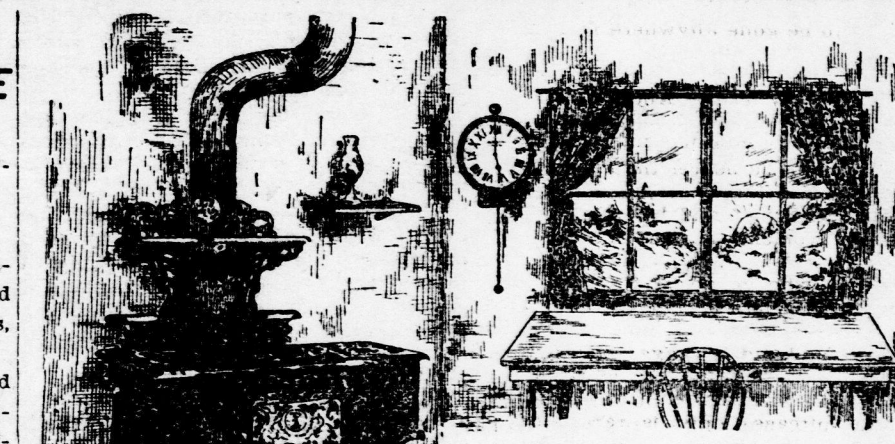
A dull occasion is "ghastly" and a pleasant time is "grand." She is "bored to extinction" with the greatest facility and she "collapses" at the slightest misadventure.

The fit of an unsuccessful gown is "weird" or "beastly." She is literally "paralyzed" to find it is so late and "scared stiff" at a sudden noise.

She simply "howls" instead of laughing and finds a very commonplace situation "killing."

"Like" and "dislike" in her vocabulary are ousted by "love" and "hate"—both invariably underscored. She "loves hot gingerbread" and she "hates chiffon ruffles," says an exchange.

In fact, she so recklessly squanders her verbal resources that there is nothing left for her genuine emotional emergency. "When she gets there the cupboard will be bare" and the poor girl will have to keep dumb.—New Orleans Picayune.



In Early Morning

There's no poking, raking, re-kindling and re-filling the range and then waiting for the kettle to boil with a

Buck's "Happy Thought" Range

Just turn on the drafts and in a few minutes you have a fine "toasting" fire for breakfast. Then, after breakfast, empty the ashes with a single turn of the grate, put on coal, adjust the dampers and your fire is ready for the day's work. The "Happy Thought" Range doesn't "get out of bed on the wrong side." It's cheerful, bright, and willing in the morning.

The William Buck Stove Co., Limited Montreal

FOR SALE BY SUTHERLAND BROS. 384 RICHMOND STREET.

WANTS HUSBAND TO DO NOTHING

FRENCH WIFE WITH MONEY DISLIKES SPOUSE WORKING.

Frenchmen would sink into innocuous desuetude, says the Boston Herald, were it not for their females. Paris, in particular, is the paradise of the incompetent and lazy good looker.

And, really, when a young husband brings a lump sum equal to his wife's dot, our American ideals may remain shocked at his contented laziness, but we find it hard to criticize with logic.

Pretty little Agnes B., for example had a \$20,000 marriage portion from her mother and she was engaged to Paul G.

"Do you give her only \$20,000?" asked Paul's mother. "Make it \$50,000 and I will give Paul the same."

Agnes' mother remaining obdurate, and Paul's refusing to make an unequal bargain, the young folks started life on \$20,000 each in gilt edged bonds, producing a joint income of \$1,500—and here comes the point, Paul had promised Agnes not to work.

"If I quit father and mother it will not be to live my days alone," she said, while to Paul she murmured, "You will rather be with me all day than go out and make money?"

After marriage it was up to Paul to make good.

"But we have only \$1,500 a year," he argued, and being tempted of the devil he accepted a congenial situation at \$25 per. And his young wife fell sick of it.

His own mother was uneasy and his mother-in-law scolded. His congenial occupation ought to be to jolly Agnes. Agnes grew anaemic, pined, had headaches and emotional anxiety.

In the end they had to spend \$1,200 in traveling to get her health back. Paul no longer works, and all is well. No other country has anything like this proportion of incomes from long family accumulations, where breaking into capital is considered a crime. One consequence is that women quite as frequently as men may have their own revenues.

Now, as Jules Simon pointed out, the French married woman wishes, above all, security for the enjoyment of her "little man." She fears change and is an enemy to enterprise. A French girl with \$20,000 marriage portion will certainly prefer a husband bringing the same or more—on condi-

tion that he be "serious"—say at once obedient.

But having a sure income of her own, of say, \$750, she will just as certainly prefer an obedient young husband earning \$10 per week in a Government office with short hours and a moderate pension, to a hustler who might double or quadruple her capital. And if she have \$1,500 per year she will still more certainly prefer an obedient young husband earning nothing to a wonder of enterprise—who is always at his office!

This explains the immense vogue in France of those professions called "of perfect repose." The phrase refers to repose of mind in that, these professions seldom tempt men to risk capital in uncertain investments; but repose of body is no stranger to their walks. They are army officers, Government functionaries (one French voter in ten is a Government functionary), barristers, doctor, engineer and university professor.

Engineers, either of civil or military specialties, or of private enterprises, are quoted high, but rather special. Often they are men who work. Sometimes they have opportunities to invest money advantageously. It is a trifle too uncertain, too energetic, too material.

The mass of young Paris doctors, barristers, functionaries, professors—and all army officers—can be depended on to make model French husbands. I know the case of a young doctor whose ambition is to write a book on the French watering places. To my certain knowledge he has three fine girls with ample marriage portions chasing after him. The mother of one said the other day:

"I told him I would make Berthe's portion \$65,000 and pay my own expenses if he would agree on his word of honor that I should go with them."

"A dream of happiness!" her gossip replied. "Four only daughter pigeons! a swell son-in-law, with nothing to do, always beside you."

"And the relations, my dear—think of his relations! (She referred to his professional relations.) We would fit from one watering place to another, hotels at half price, douches and inhalations for nothing, jump immediately into the best medical sets of Vichy, Bourboules, Uriage, Contrexeville, Vittel, Plombières."

"While he is writing his book?"

"Exactly, my dear! Provided he doesn't write it too quickly! If he marries Berthe, I'll see to that!"

She need not worry. The young fellow will see to it himself—that book will be his life work; and the daily jolly of Berthe.

WOMEN AND SUMMER TRAVEL

THEY FORM 75 PER CENT OF THE VACATION SEEKERS.

Hot Weather Exodus Begins With the First of June—Teachers Favor the Mountain Resorts, But Many Go Abroad—Easy "Personally Conducted" Tours.

Men whose business it is to keep track of summer travel say that the bottom would drop out of the business if women in general, and New York women in particular, should decide to spend the vacation season at home.

Anywhere from 65 to 75 per cent of that part of the population which packs its trunk when the first warm days come and unpacks it again soon after Labor Day is feminine.

When the looking agent of a vacation tour concern which "personally conducts" men, women and children over the earth, was asked for an opinion on this point, he reached for a book, ran his eye over a list of names and said:

"Here is a party of 32 persons booked to start under our management next week for Europe, and 21 of the number are women, and that proportion I think indicates the average number of women in all our parties, the maximum being about 75 per cent."

In corroboration of this statement, a baggage agent for one of the great railroad lines tapping New York said that fully three-quarters of the summer travelers were women.

"I am not speaking of the commuters," said he, "who summer near enough to the city to go in and out every day, but of the individuals and families who start off to be gone anywhere from two weeks to four months, and generally put a several hours' journey between them and New York. And these figures do not give the relative proportions of the baggage handled," he added. "It would be nearer the mark, perhaps, to say that nine-tenths of the trunk sent out of and into New York belong to women, and for this reason:

"More than half the men—young men especially—who go away for a couple of weeks or a month manage to cram their belongings into a suitcase, which is carried as hand-baggage. If they are going camping the suitcase is not very big at that. For a woman to get along with a suitcase only is rare. One trunk and a suitcase, too, are about as little as any woman I know can get along with."

At the office of a local express company the clerk, whose main duty is to write down the addresses at which trunks are to be called for, mopped his brow with a tired air when asked what proportion of his orders came from women. The day had been a swelter for May and the rush of business "way beyond the normal for this time of the year."

"Far more than 75 per cent, I should say," he answered briskly. "Nineteen women to every man have been about the proportion here during the last week anyway. If there is a woman now left in New York, I wonder at it, considering the business we have been doing of late. Almost every time the telephone rings, a woman's voice tells us 'send for my trunk' at such and such an hour, and then asks questions which show plainly enough there is no man in the party. It is the same way with orders delivered in person. The men, women, nearly every time, and the checks and receipts show that most of the trunks we move belong to women."

"Our rush starts in soon after May 1 and lasts until after Aug. 1, the heaviest weeks being between June 1 and July 15. From early in May until nearly September I am obliged to have an assistant, whose principal duty is to receive orders by telephone. My time is all taken up attending to orders over the counter and entering orders in the books."

The small army of New York's women go-aways may be divided into three classes. Women young, old, and middle-aged, of comparative leisure, easy as to money and time, and who, following the up-to-date vacation customs leave the father in town to shift for himself during most of the summer. Almost anyone well acquainted with the average New York business man long ago discovered that if compelled to go in more than two or three weeks at an ordinary type summer resort he is sure to kick. To commune with nature longer than two weeks at a stretch is usually too great a tax on the will-power of even the most devoted of husbands and fathers, hence the poor showing numerically of men at summer resorts.

According to a woman employed by a summer resort agency, the New York teacher class of traveling women seek the mountain in preference to the seashore.

"Economy may have something to do with it," she explained, "for it is easier to get \$6 a week board in the Catskills, than at any seashore or lake resort I know of. But whether they pay \$5 a week or \$5 a day, teachers on the whole prefer the mountains, unless, indeed, they decide on a European trip, which more and more of them are doing every year—public as well as private school teachers."

"Personally," know teachers who have denied themselves everything in the shape of a luxury all winter long in order to be able to take a trip to Europe in the summer. A European trip grows to be less formidable every year. Usually four teachers join forces, knowing that it is cheaper for each than for one or two to hire a carriage or rooms or to order a meal. Then, armed with a list of cheap pensions from other teachers who have tested them, and a list of instructions from the same source, off they start. And when they do they exceed their limit of spending money or come back disappointed."

The first great exodus of women from city takes place about June 1, when out of the private schools does not to school until Oct. 1. There are several of these teachers and they

are usually joined by as many more women friends waiting to accompany them out of town. A small percentage join the personally conducted tours to Europe, more make up tours on their own account, and many go singly and in pairs to resorts on this side of the ocean. Seldom or never does one choose to spend any part of her vacation in New York, no matter how pleasant her surroundings are.

"The next big exodus takes place in the first week of July, which marks the closing of the public schools and the teachers, two-thirds of whom, I believe, are women. With them out of the city go thousands of young women released from their studies, and a host which chooses the month of July for its vacation outing."

"Not many of the public school teachers take a European trip—that is, not many when compared with the percentage of private teachers who go, but in July the big army of families with small children gets under way for its summer outing, and these people are the mainstay of the moderate-priced boarding houses easy of access in New England, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. Labor Day is the signal for their return, as it is for the return of public school teachers."

Of course, widows and married women, of comfortable means, who live in boarding houses and apartment hotels, leave town earlier than July 1, and it is this class more than any other who support the higher priced hotels at the more noted summer resorts favored by New York women. They far outnumber the married women with young daughters who are popularly supposed to take their girls to the larger hotels in order to give them a chance to meet desirable acquaintances of the other sex—a pretty slim chance, it seems to me, considering the well-known dearth of men at summer resorts."

"It is bachelor women and widows who are usually in the majority in personally-conducted parties. Married women are, of course, and also a sprinkling of men who want to escape the bother of looking after baggage and disporting with cabbies and hotel clerks. There has been a great change in personally-conducted parties in the last few years. Large pilgrimages, such as gave food for humorists and comic writers of yore. Few parties number more than thirty. The average party includes only twenty or twenty-five, and the 'tours de luxe,' as they are called, have no more than ten or twelve in the party. These tours de luxe prove that it is not the question of economy which actuates the travelers."

"When a woman is willing to pay down \$1,000 for a trip lasting only 84 days, it doesn't suggest that she is of a saving turn of mind."

"Twenty years ago even a rich woman would have looked long at \$1,000 before deciding to sink it in a summer sight-seeing tour."

"To my mind the most surprising feature about the wonderful vacation exodus which takes place in the summer is the big sums the tourists are willing to spend in travel."

"One chooses one may travel more cheaply now than a few years ago, but New York people don't choose to. Nothing is so good as their private suites on board ship and steamers, the price of which soar into the hundreds never go down. The touring season, and in order to cross on the fastest and finest boats travelers cheerfully hand over a sum for a day had been a swelter for May and the rush of business "way beyond the normal for this time of the year."

"The success of personally-conducted parties is due to two things," explained the agent of a well-known vacation tour company. "First, in the lower priced tours it is a question of seeing as much as possible in a given space of time. This actuates the American idea of hustle, hustle, hustle. There are a few travelers who prefer not to see so much on the first trip, who choose to subscribe to the least energetic itinerary. On the other hand, we have many tourists who complain that their tour is too long, or that a six or seven or eight weeks' trip is not as full as it might be, and who come home like a man who has been to a traveling circus, not quite sure which specialty belonged in which ring."

"Secondly, the personally-conducted trip, particularly of the de luxe order, appeals to the women who like to shelve all the unpleasant features of travel—and that means almost every American woman. American women by rights think they are made to be waited on by a male sex, and if they haven't a man around handy whose services they have a right to command, the next best thing is to pay for the right to command somebody. That is why personally-conducted tours are not likely to go out of fashion very soon."

On Oct. 18, at Washington, the military monument in memory of General George B. McClellan, commander of the army of the Potomac, was dedicated.

President Roosevelt is to make the speech of the day. The general's widow is now 71 years old, and at Hamburg for her health.

When a man puts his foot in it he is a long way from getting there with both feet.

The hired girl problem is one that any politician who has passed the civil service examination can solve.

Probably woman was created in order that men might make sacrifices vicariously.

He who hesitates about proposing to a woman isn't lost.

BEWARE OF MERCURY

YOU MAY BE USING THIS HARMFUL DRUG AND NOT KNOW IT.

A favorite method of administering this deleterious drug is in cathartic pills. Beware of "quick-result" articles, they may do more harm than good.

Drastic cathartics will weaken the strongest. With old people they are a positive menace to life.

Merely to restore normal bowel action and gently stimulate the liver is what the wise physician recommends.

To keep the system pure and clean nothing is so efficacious as the vegetable pills of Dr. Hamilton, which are composed of such herbs as mandrake, burdock, and dandelion; they contain not an atom of any substance that could injure even an infant.

By their certain action on the Liver Dr. Hamilton's Pills cause bile to be secreted which forms the stimulus that moves the bowels. It is nature's own method and the best one.

Mr. R. Hamby, of French River, Ont., writes as follows: "I was inclined to illow attacks and frequently was too ill to work. Most remedies purged and weakened my bowels, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills gently stimulated my liver, and by strengthening the stomach made a perfect cure. My health has been just splendid since I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills from your druggist or storekeeper, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A. or Kingston, Ont.

T. P. IN HIS ANECDOTAGE

AMUSING STORIES RECALLED BY THE IRISH M. P.

Culled From Books—Too's Humor—Antoinette Sterling's Reminiscences.

[From T. P.'s Weekly, London, Eng.]

Mr. Sterling Mackinlay, in his interesting notice of his mother, Antoinette Sterling, and of other theatrical celebrities, gives the following specimens of Too's impish humor.

Stepping into a baker's shop in Chester, Too asked the spectacled epistoler in charge, "Could you kindly supply me as soon as possible with two girls and a boy?" "Sir, I beg your pardon?"

"With two girls and a boy, please, as soon as possible." "Or," he added, while the mystified and shocked epistoler stared at him speechlessly, "if you haven't a boy at present, three girls would do."

"Three girls?" gasped the epistoler at last, only to be interrupted by her accommodating customer. "Well, well; if you don't happen to have them in stock, kindly provide them as soon as possible, and I shall call again."

"I don't know, what you mean, sir," cried the epistoler, who had just been told by the ironmonger, "I have never had any such imputations made against my character. Never!" "There must be some misunderstanding," murmured Too, looking mystified in turn.

"But I thought you supplied families. Surely there's a notice to that effect in your window—Families Supplied."

THE BUSINESS END OF A TACK.

Here is a still more characteristic specimen of "Johnny's" humor. It is there any place near, asked a friend of Too's, whom he met in Bloomsbury, "where I could buy some tin-tacks?"

Too, having directed him by a roundabout route to an ironmonger's near, made haste to be the first to enter the shop himself. "Well, sir," asked the ironmonger, rubbing his hands in anticipation of a large order, "what can I do for you today?" "Have you any tin-tacks?" "Tin-tacks? Certainly, sir."

"Then don't you go and sit down on them," said Too, making haste to escape. "Hardly had he got round the corner when his friend arrived at the shop, entered, and was also received with effusion by the ironmonger, until he was asked by him, too, 'Have you any tin-tacks?' and so on."

The shopman leaped over the counter, and went for his customer, who fled with a torrent of unprintable imprecations pursuing him. He came rushing for protection to Too, who was on the lookout for him. "Good Lord, Too!" he gasped breathlessly, "that man, that ironmonger you sent me to, is stark mad. I have had the narrowest escape of my life from him, and he poured the astonishing story into Too's sympathetic ear."

ROSSINI'S HUMOR.

From the same rich storehouse of anecdote I take the following specimens of Rossini's humor. After Meyerbeer's death, a conceited young student submitted to Rossini's judgement a funeral oration he had composed for the memory of the master, and waited in complacent expectancy of Rossini's enthusiastic applause. "There's just one alteration I should have preferred. If I might venture to suggest it," Rossini said, "I should have preferred that you should have suggested that I might receive my earnest consideration."

"Well, the alteration I should have preferred is that Meyerbeer had written a funeral march for you!" When an enthusiastic Wagnerian asked him what he thought of Mendelssohn as compared with Wagner, Rossini remarked, "One has written 'Lieder ohne Worte,' and the other 'worte ohne Lieder.'"

MARK TWAIN ON WAGNER.

Mark Twain thus complimented Wagner in an after-dinner speech made to the members of an American Wagnerian society: "Gentlemen, I have been thinking of taking great interest in the works of Wagner! (Applause.) I have been to orchestral concerts to hear his music played. (Loud applause.) I have stayed at home to study his compositions in the full score. (Cheers.) And gentlemen, the conclusion I have arrived at is, that Wagner's music is really not half as bad as it sounds."

AT HOME WITH THE CZAR.

"There are some people," says Bacon somewhere, "who resent restraint so much as to find the constriction of their trousers intolerable." Which seems to have been the case with Rossini, at least while he was in the agonies of composition. When he sat down to compose he took off his wig—he was absolutely bald—his coat and waistcoat, loosened his braces and put on an unbuttoned shirt. While he was in this dehabille one morning there came a knock at his door. "Yes? Who is it?" "Nicholas," was the reply. "Come in," cried Rossini; and as the Russian Emperor entered—for it was he who came to pay the composer a private visit—the maestro jumped up, and forgetting even his braces and buttons in his confused haste, received the Czar in his shirt!

MARIO'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

You will not wonder that such popular favorites as Mario and Sims Reeves came to poverty in their old age, when you read Mr. Sterling Mackinlay's stories of their extravagance. On one occasion in London, Mario and Grisi gave a luncheon party to their friends at a cost for the dessert alone (which was sent over from Paris) of £20.

When, however, all the guests had assembled and lunch was just about to be served, Grisi exclaimed, "It is too hot here to eat. Let us drive out to Richmond to lunch. That will be far pleasanter. Across the river, and sent to the Star and Garter to prepare the costliest lunch that could be improvised, and carriages were forthwith ordered to take the party thither to enjoy it. Meanwhile the two-hundred-guinea lunch just about to have been served to the guests was abandoned without a thought to the servants."

SIMS REEVES.

More than once Sims Reeves ordered

a special train to take him to Scotland. He was in the habit of taking all the rooms above his own suite in the hotel he honored, to insure that his slumbers should be undisturbed. By the way, only the pen and pencil which were used to describe the audacious Foker prodding the august George Robert, Earl of Gravesend and Rosherly, in the ribs with a billiard cue, could do justice to the scene in which an impudent young tenor, who was down for a single song in St. James' Hall, as a curtain-raiser, thus addressed the great Sims in the green room: "I say, you're in, I see, for a big song, and you'd better use the far piano. The near one is tuned up to full concert pitch."

"How—how dare you—how dare you speak to me like that?" gasped the great tenor. All the same, though, just before Sims Reeves' turn came on, his wife, having first said in a loud voice to the accompanist, "Mr. Reeves will sing to the high-pitched piano," added, sotto voce, "Please transpose the song down a semi-tone."

ONE-ARMED APPLAUSE.

Talking of St. James' Hall, the most enthusiastically applauded, perhaps, ever sung at, was the high-pitched piano, and then to shouts of laughter, to the amazement of the singer, Madame Antoinette Sterling. She had just sung "Darby and Joan" and had quitted the platform amidst such a storm of applause that she was obliged to return to make her acknowledgments, when the roars of appreciation changed suddenly to roars of laughter, which she soon had to join in. Following the eyes of the audience, she found them fixed on two people seated together in the front row of the gallery, each of whom had lost an arm. In the intense excitement of the moment they had clapped to clasp together with their remaining hands.

TWO GHOSTS.

"On the night of the 16th of October," writes Antoinette Sterling, "I was suddenly awakened. There, at the foot of my bed, between the curtains, stood the figure of Lord Mount Temple, smiling at me, and holding the curtain with one hand. I felt at once that he had passed up higher, and I knew that his spirit had come to bid me go and comfort dear Lady Mount Temple. Sure enough, in the morning came the news that she had died."

Mr. Sterling Mackinlay gives on the authority of Holman Hunt, a sailor, told off to steer in a storm in mid-ocean, suddenly quitted the tiller and rushed to the captain's face white with terror. "What is the matter, sir?" cried the captain. "Do you mean by quitting the wheel in a storm like this?" "My father, sir, I saw my father."

"Your father? Why, he's not on board this voyage?" for his father had been one of the crew. "No, sir, he has just appeared to me, and bid me leave the steering to him."

The captain and those of the crew who were on deck at the time were so impressed by the manner of the man that they noted the time, and found on their return to port that the father had died suddenly at the moment he had appeared to his son.

THE WIFE'S REPROACH.

Admiral Capps, in an address to a temperance society, told how drink had caused the downfall of a brave soldier.

In the course of the sad story he said: "Sometimes after a debauch, the man would be repentant and humble. He would plead with his wife to do better. But, alas! the years taught her the barrenness of such promises."

"And one night, when he was getting to be an old man, a prematurely old man, thin limbed, stoop shouldered, with red rimmed eyes, he said to his wife sadly:

"You're a clever woman, Jenny, a courageous, active, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am, dear."

"She looked at him, and, thinking of what he had once been, she answered in a quiet voice:

"I did, James."—N. Y. Tribune.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

In thousands of homes throughout Canada there are bright, thriving children who have been made well and are kept well by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. In many homes parents say this medicine saved their precious little life. Dr. A. Daniels, L. S. R. Riviere du Loup, Que., says:

"At the age of five months we thought our little girl dying. Nothing we did for her helped her until we gave her Baby's Own Tablets, and only those who have seen her can realize what a change this medicine has wrought in our child. She is now about eighteen months old, and is well, sleeps well, and is a lively, laughing child, and weighs 37 pounds. We always keep the tablets in the house now for we know their great value." If mothers wish to feel absolutely safe they should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house always. They cure all the minor ailments of children, and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Deaf Mute and the Moon.

The moon appears to be the center of every untaught deaf mute's cosmogony. With one exception, that I have been able to find, untaught deaf mutes all resent the moon's apparent supervisory attitude toward them.

When I went to my bedroom the moon shined in and laughed at me. I didn't like it. I shook my fist at the moon."

"When I went to walk the moon chased me. I hated the moon. I made faces at the moon."

As a stimulant to undesirable emotions the moon must exert a considerable influence upon the moral life of the uneducated deaf. One little boy obeyed the impulse it is human to feel when persistently nagged. He tried to kill the nag."

"The moon went wherever I did. I hated the moon and I was afraid of it. My mother and I went to call on Mrs. Smith across the Potomac river. I was afraid of the moonbeams on the water. I said in signs that I was afraid to cross the bridge. My mother covered my eyes with her handkerchief so I could not see the moonbeams on the water. She held my hand tight. I asked Emma Smith to let me take John's gun. She put cap and powder on the gun. I shouted at the moon. The moon made fire and smoke. The moon went behind clouds. I thought I had killed the wicked moon. I was glad that the moon was dead."

The eye can never take the place of the ear. During the first twelve or fourteen years of life knowledge enters the mind, mainly through the ear. The little deaf mute is therefore, a thousand times more isolated than the child who is born blind. In the domain of morals the uneducated deaf mute's isolation is made more complete by the fact that the allurement to sin are mostly addressed to the eye, while its restraints, in youth at least, are mostly addressed to the ear. Moreover, the blind child, cultivating his hearing, is only going back to nature—to his forbears, the cave dwellers. Next to the search for food, listening for sounds, is, perhaps, man's strongest

FRENCH WIVES AND HUSBANDS

WHEREIN THEY DIFFER FROM THOSE IN ENGLAND.

Witty Speech by the French Ambassador in London—Ladies' Clubs Unknown in France.

A dinner "in honor of France" was given by the Lyceum Club, Piccadilly, London, England, recently, at which the French ambassador and several members of the embassy were the principal guests. Mrs. Moberly Bell presiding. After a speech in French, she submitted the toast of "The French Republic," coupled with the name of the French ambassador. (Cheers.)

M. Cambon, who was loudly cheered, responded to the toast. Speaking in French, he said that he had been greatly touched by the kind words of welcome that had fallen from the president that evening. There was between our two countries a bond of friendship which he hoped would grow stronger and stronger as time went on. (Cheers.)

That was the first time he had had the honor of dining at a ladies' club. In France there had no institution of the sort—French women had neither the taste nor the habit of going to clubs—while London could boast of a great number of distinguished ladies' clubs, most of them very brilliant. To discover the real reason of this difference it would be necessary to compare the psychology of English women with French women. If he were to attempt any such comparison they might think him uncommonly audacious, and they would say, perhaps, that he knew nothing about it. He had, however, a few precise ideas of their nature—(laughter)—and, besides, he could make use of their own confessions. A certain French writer, who took great interest in studying English women, asked his fair neighbor one day at a dinner party, "How do you while away your time, madam?" "Sir," she said, "we admire our husbands." (Laughter.)

That happened more than 60 years ago. He did not know if the English women's principal occupation was that of admiring their husbands. He could assure them that French women spent their time differently. They did not admire their husbands. (Laughter.)

In France husbands admired their wives. Hence they had the education of their children, but she took an active interest in all her husband's business. Let him add that her husband consulted her on everything, and on most occasions followed her advice. Her home was a little kingdom, and she wanted ruled entirely by herself; and, as she found at home all the satisfaction and all the responsibility that she desired, she had no pleasure in meddling with things outside her home. This explained all sorts of things which at first sight might be rather surprising. The sensibility of French women was quite exceptional as regarded all that concerned their husbands, their children, and their household. They disliked changes which disturbed the full exercise of their authority. This was why Frenchmen traveled so little and did not emigrate. French women did not mind in the least the laws which put them so much under their husband's protection, because they nevertheless remained above all laws. (Laughter.)

There was no need to look for any other explanation of the small success of feminism in France. They would understand now, he hoped, why French women never thought of going to a club. In this country women took an active part in things which happened outside the home. They had less to do with their husband's business, but they were more free in their movements to spend their energy outside their domestic circle. Our laws gave women nearly equal rights with men, and that explained the activity of English women in so many spheres unknown to our countrywomen. In England ladies fought, victoriously, against the campaign, and seemed to spend their lives organizing all kinds of works, charitable and other. He did not happen to know whether their husbands admired them or not. (Laughter.)

For his part he found this activity quite admirable; and he thought that with qualities so brilliant, though different, English and French women equally deserved their respect. (Cheers.) So far he had entirely forgotten to mention politics. What could he tell, after all, that they in France fully appreciated the cordial greetings which they received everywhere in England, and he could assure us that we should find in France the same sympathy that we extended to them. (Cheers.) Spring had brought back the sun, which had driven away the clouds, and the entente of both countries had not been useless during the long, weary winter days, which seemed so black with dangerous possibilities to pessimistic minds. He had never been a pessimist. He believed in the future of the world, and he believed that between individuals, everything could be arranged if they were prepared to deal with each other frankly and with full respect. (Hear, hear.) Ladies could become the best auxiliaries of diplomacy by teaching men how to treat one another with proper regard. Were they not the best professors of amiability? Had they not that night a unique part to play? (Cheers.)

GOOD WORK OF GOATS.

A flock of Angora goats were put on a rocky hillside that it was desired to have cleared and gotten into grass. It was such a tangle of brush and briars that it was with difficulty one could make a way through it. The goats actually ate their way in until it was penetrated with paths in all directions. After the leaves within reach were eaten, they would stand on their hind feet with their forefeet in the branches and so eat the leaves higher up. Or, if the brush was not too large, would throw their weight against and bend

primal instinct. The deaf learner, dependent solely upon his ears, has, of course, the first instinct of the deaf, the safeguard of the second—Sarah Harvey Porter, in the Reader.

Phonograph Treasure-House.

Several months ago the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna decided to form a collection of phonograph records which would preserve the exact sounds of languages and dialects for future generations. Austria-Hungary, with its manifold diversities of nationalities and races, affords a very favorable field for such investigation, and the phonograph archives are already assuming considerable form.

From North Tyrol and Vorarlberg 65 specimens of German dialects have been obtained, and another 47 from Carinthia. The academy has also received from abroad. From New Guinea have been sent 30 phonographs recording the language and music of the natives. An expedition which was sent out to Australia is now on its way back, and another is already assuming considerable form.

Many of these records have been taken on the Edison phonograph, from which they are transferred by an apparatus made in the academy, to a special archive phonograph.—Fall Mail Gazette.

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"The moon went wherever I did. I hated the moon and I was afraid of it. My mother and I went to call on Mrs. Smith across the Potomac river. I was afraid of the moonbeams on the water. I said in signs that I was afraid to cross the bridge. My mother covered my eyes with her handkerchief so I could not see the moonbeams on the water. She held my hand tight. I asked Emma Smith to let me take John's gun. She put cap and powder on the gun. I shouted at the moon. The moon made fire and smoke. The moon went behind clouds. I thought I had killed the wicked moon. I was glad that the moon was dead."

The eye can never take the place of the ear. During the first twelve or fourteen years of life knowledge enters the mind, mainly through the ear. The little deaf mute is therefore, a thousand times more isolated than the child who is born blind. In the domain of morals the uneducated deaf mute's isolation is made more complete by the fact that the allurement to sin are mostly addressed to the eye, while its restraints, in youth at least, are mostly addressed to the ear. Moreover, the blind child, cultivating his hearing, is only going back to nature—to his forbears, the cave dwellers. Next to the search for food, listening for sounds, is, perhaps, man's strongest

Deaf Mute and the Moon.

The moon appears to be the center of every untaught deaf mute's cosmogony. With one exception, that I have been able to find, untaught deaf mutes all resent the moon's apparent supervisory attitude toward them.

When I went to my bedroom the moon shined in and laughed at me. I didn't like it. I shook my fist at the moon."

"When I went to walk the moon chased me. I hated the moon. I made faces at the moon."

As a stimulant to undesirable emotions the moon must exert a considerable influence upon the moral life of the uneducated deaf. One little boy obeyed the impulse it is human to feel when persistently nagged. He tried to kill the nag."

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YOUR GROCER
PREFERS TO SELL

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HE KNOWS THAT IT WILL GIVE YOU UNBOUNDED SATISFACTION.

Black Mixed Green
LEAD PACKETS ONLY. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. AT ALL GROCERS

TANGLED THREADS

She broke off suddenly, dropping her eyes, with a pretty air of embarrassment.

"And, besides what, little Miss Mont-
" demanded her companion, and regarding her admiringly, for she was particularly lovely that evening, in a fairy-like robe of pink mouseline de soie made over pink silk, with roses of the same color, and maiden-hair fern for garniture."Well," she said, with a soft sigh, but trying nervously to her fan, "it makes me afraid that you are unhappy over something, and keeping it to yourself—you have seemed so for a long time—and it hurts me. I like to have everybody around me happy."
"I believe you do, Marjorie," Rob responded, with unusual gentleness, but with palling lips, for he was unhappy than anyone had any idea of. He was touched, too, by her dis-
"Why do you speak like that to me?" she inquired gravely. "Do I seem like a 'little girl' to you?"
Again Rob laughed out.

"Do you object to the term?" he questioned. "Why, I often hear Uncle Hal call you that."

"Oh, well, I like to be 'little girl' to him," she said naively, and with significant emphasis. "It seems so fatherly in him to say it to me, and I have always so longed for a father, you know. But—with you, it is different; it seems to put such a distance between us, and—I am not very much younger than you, if I am not six feet tall," she concluded, with a saucy nod of her bright head, which came exactly to his shoulder.

"The fates forbid!" retorted Rob, as he ran an appreciative eye over her pretty, symmetrical figure. "I would not add a single inch to your height—it would mar the proportions, and I believe, no, I don't like you best just as you are; but I won't call you 'little girl' again, if you do not like it," he smilingly concluded, as he swung her out upon the floor, and they resumed their interrupted waltz.

If he had only said "I like you best just as you are," Marjorie would have been in the seventh heaven of delight, but, because he had generalized the remark, her heart sank heavily, for she felt that she was not gaining ground with him at all.

He was always courteous and kind in his manner toward her, and so was everyone else, for that matter, for it was the acknowledged fact that she was the pet of the whole circle of their acquaintance. Indeed, Marjorie always made friends wherever she went—with the women, as well as with the men—"for," she shrewdly reasoned, "one gets on so much nicer in the world to have everybody fond of one."

Presently, hoping to entice Rob into resuming their confidential conversation, she remarked that it was very warm, and suggested that they go out upon the veranda for a few minutes. "All right," he readily responded, "Uncle Hal is out there. I will take you out, and find you a seat by him, but I am engaged for the next dance to one of your friends, the elder Miss Barton, and with a significant laugh, "I feel it incumbent upon myself to redeem my character, and prove, if possible, the truth of your assertions regarding your humble servant."

Marjorie was disappointed not to be able to continue her tete-a-tete with him, but she concealed the fact, and suffered herself to be taken out to Mr. Lancaster, who had slipped away to have a quiet smoke in the moonlight on the porch. His nerves had recently received something of a shock, and he wanted a chance to think.

"Here is a young lady whom I am going to leave in your care for awhile, Uncle Hal," Rob observed, as he moved a chair to the gentleman's side. "She has found it very warm inside, and, as I have duties in another quarter, I am unable to remain to entertain her."

"All right," smilingly returned the gentleman, and involuntarily putting out his hand to Marjorie, who confidently laid hers within it: "we are always good friends, are we not, Petie? And enjoy a chat by ourselves. Sit down, my rose-colored

fairy," touching her dress caressingly, for he was fond of gay colors, "and talk to me, for I believe I have an attack of the blues tonight."

"Et tu, Brute!" quoted Marjorie, with a rough laugh, as she sank into the chair beside him.
"What especial significance has that quotation to my remark, my child?" her companion inquired, and regarding her curiously; "aren't you happy tonight?""Oh, yes; I am happy," she said brightly, "but Rob isn't, evidently. I've just been calling him to account for being so absent-minded and grave tonight."
"Is he? I have not observed him particularly," said Mr. Lancaster differently, as he removed his cigar, and flicked the ashes from it with his little finger, and then he immediately fell into a brown study again.

Marjorie sat quietly by him for a few moments, wondering what could have caused his unusual mood.

Then, her curiosity becoming piqued, she remarked insinuatingly:
"I hope you have not had bad news today, Mr. Lancaster?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

The man started violently at her question, for he had lost himself, and entirely forgotten her presence.

"What an unsocial old chap you must think me, little girl, and I beg your pardon for being so rude!" he exclaimed, sitting erect, and giving himself an impatient shake. "Bad news?" he continued; "well, I have had news recently, and which is not altogether a surprise to me, and I am somewhat in doubt whether to regard the intelligence as good or bad," he concluded, with a doubtful intonation, and a gleam in his eyes, which told of a mind ill at ease.

"Ah!" said Marjorie in an inviting tone.
"Yes; one of my clerks, in New York, is about to be married," Mr. Lancaster volunteered."And—and is he going to marry someone of whom you do not approve?"
"Well, I cannot say that, exactly, for I know that his fiancée is a most estimable young lady, although I am not personally acquainted with her. I have simply been wondering if the marriage will prove to be a happy one, for I am quite sure that the young man is far her inferior—in some respects, at least," the gentleman explained. "By the way," he added, with suddenness, "I have heard you speak of her occasionally—her name is Helen Seymour. She is going to marry one of my assistant bookkeepers, Hubert Alton, on Saturday—tomorrow—at 12 o'clock."Marjorie never moved, to betray the slightest surprise at the astounding information.
At the same time, she felt as if she had been suddenly galvanized; for a keen, tingling sensation pervaded her every nerve, almost forcing a cry of pain from her lips.

It was the most amazing thing she had ever known, she thought, the fact should have played so completely into her hands; for, without the slightest authority or reason, she had been using Hubert Alton's name in connection with Helen's for months, for the sole purpose of making Rob jealous, and estranging the lovers.

She had never, for a moment, dreamed that Helen could be won from her allegiance to the young man, for she believed her to be made of too loyal fiber ever to give her hand to another while her heart belonged to Rob, and she was just dying to learn more about the affair.

But she would not have betrayed either curiosity or ignorance for anything. She was not going to allow Mr. Lancaster to imagine that she had been kept in the dark regarding the movements of her friend.

"Why!" she exclaimed in well-assumed surprise; "is Hubert Alton a clerk in your employ? Helen has often mentioned him in her letters to me, but she never happened to tell me that he was in your office. Well, it was but a natural sequence to their friendship, I suppose, although I did not know that the date had been set. Helen has not replied to my last letter, but I shall probably have one in a day or two."

"Then, you correspond with her regularly?" observed Mr. Lancaster inquiringly.

"Yes," was the bare-faced falsehood, for she had not heard from Helen for months, although she had pretended that she had. "What a silly puss she has been not to have written me before this of her plans!" she went on glibly; "I shall scold her well for it, for, of course, I should have liked to send her something handsome for a wedding present. I am sorry, though," she added gravely, "that you do not think Mr. Alton quite her equal; and—do you know?"—with a covert glance at the gentleman's face, which could see distinctly in the moonlight—"I used to think, when I saw so much of her last summer in the Adirondacks, that she was rather fond of Mr. Eggleston."

She used to have a good deal to say about him; she has a fine picture of him, too, and would blush every time his name was mentioned."

"Ah!" said Mr. Lancaster, in a non-committal tone. Then he added, with more of interest: "You think Miss Seymour is rather a fine young lady, I believe?"

"Yes, indeed; I think she is just lovely!" enthusiastically responded Marjorie, who felt inspired to do Helen full justice, now that she had been—or was about to be—swept out of her path. "She is one of your honest, high-minded girls, who would not do a wrong or

mean thing to save her life. She is beautiful to look at, too; she is sweet-tempered, and absolutely fascinating in manner—everybody was wild over her last year—and as unselfish as the day is long. If—with a regretful sigh—"I could be as good, as pure, and lovable as Helen Seymour, I should feel that I was pretty sure of—well, of heaven."

Mr. Lancaster's heart sank heavily within him as he listened to this high praise of the fair girl against whose happiness he had been plotting.
Ever since receiving and responding to Hubert Alton's telegram, giving the date of his proposed marriage with Helen, he had been oppressed with a sense of guilt, and on account of the part he had played toward Rob and the girl he loved, but also because of the ignoble temptation to evil that he had placed in Hubert's path.

He had regretted the act almost from the hour he had committed himself, for he had then suffered a shock to his self-respect from which he knew he would be long in recovering. If, indeed, he ever could regard himself as an honorable gentleman again.

"Well," he remarked, with a slight smile, "she certainly has one ardent admirer; but, possibly—with an uneasy shrug—"in your fondness for her, you may somewhat over-estimate her attractions and worth."
"No, indeed," said Marjorie positively. "I am sure that any one who knows her would tell you the same. Why, Rob has met her, you know, and he, too, thinks she is lovely. By the way, what does he say about her marrying Mr. Alton?" she inquired in conclusion, with a rapidly beating heart."Could the news of this union have caused Rob's unhappiness and abstraction tonight?" she asked herself.
"I have not said anything regarding the matter to him," her companion returned.

His tone was quite and matter-of-fact; but something in his manner and the slight hesitation in his reply told Marjorie a great deal.

She was shrewd, and she surmised at once, that there had been a serious passage-at-arms between the uncle and nephew about the relations of the latter with Helen. Yes, she even began to suspect that he had been brought abroad to get him away from her influence, for she could see that the high-toned Mr. Lancaster was ambitious for his prospective heir, and would wish him to choose a wife from his own circle in life.

And she could understand, also, that if they had ever had words upon the matter, Mr. Lancaster would shrink from agitating a subject that was fraught with discord between them by announcing Helen's marriage to Hubert Alton.

Just at this point, Marjorie adroitly changed the subject, and it was not referred to again; but the pretty schemer mapped out a course for herself to pursue, while she chattered, and which she devoutly hoped would bring matters to a propitious crisis for herself in the near future.

She had no intention of allowing Rob to remain in ignorance of Helen's marriage, his uncle's reticence to the contrary notwithstanding.
This was on Friday evening, at the very hour during which Helen, with a pale face and a heavy heart, was packing her trunks and making ready for the dreaded ordeal and fitting set for the morrow.

On Saturday morning Rob rode out from the city to the villa upon some errand connected with their proposed journey.

Marjorie from her chamber window saw him turn into the avenue leading to the house, but she did not go down at once to receive him as usual.

He had been chatting nearly fifteen minutes with Mrs. Ellsworth and Mrs. Sturdyvant when she came tripping into the room, looking like some sweet, guileless fairy in her simple dress of spotless dimity, with knots of blue ribbon, and carrying an open letter in her hand.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Eggleston," she said, lifting a smiling glance of welcome to their visitor. "I hope you will excuse me for not coming down immediately; but I was so interested in my letter I just couldn't leave it until I finished it. See what a long one it is," she went on, shuffling the sheets as she stood beside him, and Rob thrilled to his finger-tips as he recognized the dear, familiar handwriting.

He changed color slightly, and a wistful look burned in his handsome eyes. He would have given half his year's allowance for the privilege of reading that letter by himself.

But he greeted Marjorie courteously, and genially assured her that she was freely pardoned.

"Aunt Eliza," said the artful girl, as she approached Mrs. Sturdyvant, "guess who my letter was to."

The epistle, by the way, was several months old.
"I do not need to guess, dear," said the lady, as she laid a caressing hand upon her arm, "for I know the handwriting. It is from that pretty Miss Seymour whom we met and with whom you were so friendly in the Adirondacks last summer."

"Yes, and such news, auntie!" pursued Marjorie, and seemingly intent only upon what she had to tell—"guess again."

"Well, I should say, judging from your eagerness, there could be but one subject that could arouse you to such a state, and that is marriage," responded Mrs. Sturdyvant, laughing. "Is Miss Seymour really going to be married?"

"Auntie, you are awfully cute!" retorted Marjorie gayly, and shaking the letter at her with a playful air. "Yes, Helen is going to be married, and this very day. Let me see"—turning to glance at the little clock on the mantel—"it is now half-past ten here in Paris; at twelve precisely, by New York time, she will become Mrs. Hubert Alton—Mercy! what has happened?"

She broke off suddenly in the midst of her news, and exclaimed as above, as the sound of crashing glass smote upon her ears.

She wheeled quickly around, to see Rob bending to gather up the pieces of a broken tumbler which his sudden start as he caught the fatal import of Marjorie's words, had dashed from the

table beside which he was sitting.
He began to apologize in an incoherent way for the accident, when Mrs. Ellsworth politely interposed.

"Never mind, Mr. Eggleston," she said, as she rang for a servant. "It does not matter in the least. Nimon, remove the broken glass!" she added in French to the maid who appeared.

As Rob resumed his seat the three ladies observed that he had grown very pale; but only one surmised the cause or paid much heed to the fact.

"This is quite a surprise, isn't it, Marjorie? Does your friend give you the particulars regarding her marriage?" questioned Mrs. Ellsworth, who was always interested in a wedding.

"She does not go as fully into details as I wish she had, mamma; there is not much about her trousseau, Helen Seymour is a girl who cares very little for gewgaws and show, compared with your rattle-pated daughter. She has a good deal to say about her mother, who has been very ill, you know—although she is improving. I am not very much surprised," she went on volubly, to give Rob time to recover himself, for she could see that he was terribly upset—"that she should marry Mr. Alton, although I did not think it would come quite so soon, for she has often mentioned him in her letters, in a way to make me feel pretty sure that their friendship would result in matrimony. By the way, Mr. Eggleston, you once told me that Mr. Alton was a classmate of yours—how old is he?"

"About my own age, I should judge—possibly he may be a year older," Rob replied, and struggling to speak naturally, although he was barely able to hear his own voice for the ringing in his ears.

"Do you think he is worthy of Helen Seymour?" pursued the unfeeling little schemer. "You know, I think her about as near perfection as any human being can be."

"I—I sincerely hope he is, for I, too, think she is one of the loveliest girls I have ever known—there are few her equal," Rob returned, with heroic loyalty. "I have not met Alton, however, since we left the High, so have known nothing of him personally since then."

He arose as he ceased, for he could bear no more. His head was in a whirl, his brain seemed on fire, and his heart like a lump of ice in his bosom.

"Oh, pray do not go," all three ladies protested in one breath.

"Stay and lunch with us," Mrs. Ellsworth hospitably added.

"Thanks, I must ask to be excused today, and I shall not see you again, probably, until we start upon our trip next week, as Uncle Hal and I contemplate taking a little run into the country for a day or two," Rob returned, but he was white even to his lips, and both Mrs. Ellsworth and Mrs. Sturdyvant thought he must have been taken suddenly ill and did not urge him further.

Marjorie, however, knew well enough what troubled him, and her own heart was in a flutter, as she realized how strong a hold upon his heart Helen had obtained. She had deliberately planned the scene just described, for the sole purpose of letting him know that the girl was going to be married and with the intention of crushing all his hopes in that quarter. Rob took leave of them, and bowed himself out, eager to get away by himself, where he could hide his anguish from every curious eye.

Helen was to be married at noon that day—and to Hubert Alton! It seemed utterly incredible to him.

He felt that he could not have it so—his whole soul arose in rebellion against such a sacrifice, for he knew that she was far superior to the young man, and that she could not fall to discover her mistake when it would be too late to remedy it. He had been very unhappy—yes, indeed, in fact, ever since his correspondence and his relations with her had been broken off, and he now blamed himself severely for having so tamely submitted to his conge; he felt that he should have written Helen again and demanded her reasons for what she had done. He realized now, that he had never given her the chance for a return, in a measure with the belief that, when he should see her personally on his return, everything would be satisfactorily explained and all would be well again.

But now—ah! it drove him wild to think of it!—Helen was to be married at noon today! The words rang in his ears like the knell of doom.

He could scarcely see the road to guide his horse, as he rode back toward the city; a blinding headache had settled upon him and every pulse was beating with the speed of a race-horse. He managed to reach his hotel, where he crept stealthily up to his room and staggered to his bed, upon which he threw himself exhausted with the consciousness of nothing save his misery.

Marjorie had followed Rob out, but left the house, and stood watching him from the porch as he rode away.

"It was like plunging a dagger into him," she muttered, with frowning brow and clouded eyes, "but it had to be done or there never would be the slightest chance for me!"

"Eliza, who is this Helen Seymour with whom Marjorie is corresponding?" Mrs. Ellsworth inquired, as her daughter left the room. "I've often thought of asking you about her, for she seems to have made a deep impression on Marjorie; but we have been in such a whirl ever since we came to Paris I have neglected to do so."

Mrs. Sturdyvant flushed slightly at her sister-in-law's question, and for an instant, was at a loss how to answer her. She had promised Mrs. Seymour that she would not betray her identity; but, after meeting Halburton Lancaster, who had been associated with that sad drama of the past, the heart-broken woman's face had haunted her continually, and at intervals, a winter long she had been tempted to tell Mrs. Ellsworth of the interview with the wronged friend of her youth, and try to influence her to make what reparation might lay in her power, even though she realized that nothing could ever atone for the long years of sorrow during which she had lived alone and borne the blame of another's sin.

And now, in spite of her pledge, she was impelled anew to reveal the truth.

Doubled in size
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The Mooney Biscuit and Candy Company, Limited, Stratford, Canada, is the fastest growing business in the Dominion.

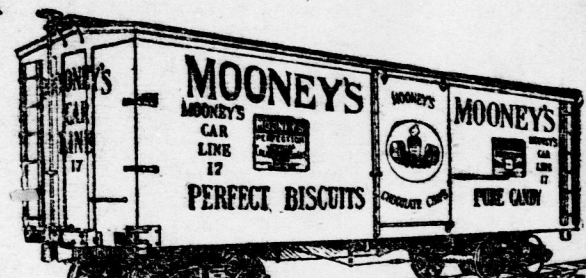
Started in 1903, more ovens were necessary in nine months. In eighteen months, another wing was added to the original building, increasing the floor space by 18,000 square feet.

Building operations now under way will double the size of the Mooney Bakeries and Candy Manufactories, and give a total floor space of from 150,000 to 200,000 square feet. The illustration in the upper left corner shows the enlarged works when the addition is completed.

True to their policy, of adopting latest methods, the Mooney Biscuit and Candy Company, Limited, have had built and now operate, their own private freight cars. This company is the first in Canada to adopt this economical and rapid system of shipments.

Mooney's "Perfection Cream Sodas"

—are now known all over Canada—and this new line of freight cars will still further keep the name constantly before the public.



with the hope of arousing her sister's conscience and so bring something of peace and love into the life of that lovely woman who had so appealed to her sympathy just previous to her departure from America.

"Marion," she said, while she searched her face curiously, "Helen Seymour is—Margaret Wilton's daughter."

[To be Continued.]

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Factory Records Throughout Country Are Encouraging—An Example.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association make the claim that the industrial progress of the country in the last year has been phenomenal. This is probably quite true. The wealth of the country is increasing rapidly and consequently there is more demand than ever before for goods of Canadian manufacture. Yet it is doubtful if the general percentage of increase over last year can reach the high-water mark touched by the Goulay Piano Factory. For the five months of 1905, ending May 31st, the factory of Messrs. Goulay, Whittey & Leeming, Toronto, made and sold 40 per cent more Goulay pianos than for the same period last year. There can be no doubt that Canada is progressing, and that the piano trade in this country is meeting with great success, but such an increase of output is certainly phenomenal. It shows that the Goulay is winning popular recognition as an instrument of high-grade character, and an instrument worthy of the studio of the most cultured musician. Progress at 40 per cent rate is progress indeed.

A man's conscience is apt to come from his hiding-place and begin to get busy as soon as the police are on his trail.

IS THERE ANYTHING more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
(Corrected to date.)

MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 11 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 6:25 p.m., 7:47 p.m., 10 p.m.

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., 3:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer). The trains leaving at 8:10 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations. The 8:10 a.m. local, and the 11:20 a.m. and 4:25 p.m. expresses have through coaches for Toronto. The Eastern Flyer at 6:45 p.m. stops only at Ingersoll, Woodstock, Brantford and Hamilton, and goes to Toronto and Montreal.

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 11:32 a.m., 1:55 p.m., 8:01 p.m.

The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:55 p.m. trains stop at all stations. The 4:15 a.m., 11:32 a.m. and 8 p.m. expresses run through to Chicago without change.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.
Arrive—10:40 a.m., 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), stop only at Chatham and Glencoe, 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 7:54 p.m. (International Limited stops only at Glencoe and Chatham.)

STRATFORD BRANCH.
Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.

Depart—6:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.
Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:10 p.m.
Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Arrive—From the east 11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., 11:30 a.m. From the west—5 a.m., 11:35 a.m., 5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m.,

8:43 a.m., 5:28 p.m. For the west—11:38 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 11:35 p.m. Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

*From Chatham only.
**Runs only to Chatham.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.
Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 10:25 p.m.
*Runs through to Waterford.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 2 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 10 p.m.
Depart—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 2 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 10 p.m.*To Walkerville, without change.
**To St. Thomas only.

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Average passage 7 1/2 days. And favorite steamships
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Hamilton-Montreal Line

Steamers leave Hamilton 4:30 a.m., Toronto 4:30 p.m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Bay of Quinte, Thousand Islands, Montreal and intermediate ports.

Toronto-Montreal Line
Commencing June 2, steamers leave Toronto 3:30 p.m. daily, except Sundays; from July 1, daily, for Rochester, Thousand Islands, Rapids, St. Lawrence, Montreal and intermediate ports. Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay are now running. H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, western passenger agent, Toronto.

Ocean Steamship Tickets

White Star Line—New York, Boston and Mediterranean services.
Leyland Line—Boston-Liverpool.
E. De la Hooke, Sole Agent.American Line—New York and Philadelphia services.
Atlantic Transport Line—New York-London.
Dominion Line—Portland-Liverpool in winter; Montreal-Quebec-Liverpool in summer.
Red Star Line—New York-Dover-Antwerp.
Selling lists, rate sheets, etc., on application to
E. De la Hooke or W. Fulton, LOCAL AGENTS.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
—FINEST AND FASTEST—
"EMPRESSES"Montreal, Quebec and Liverpool.
June 14, Thursday.....Lake Manitoba
June 23, Saturday.....Empress of Britain and weekly thereafter.Montreal to London Direct.
June 17—Lake Michigan (third class).....\$29.50
July 1—Montrose (one class).....\$40.00
J.W.T.

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN Grand Trunk

Taking Effect Sunday, June 17.

International Limited, now arriving London at 7:43 p.m., will arrive at 7:47 p.m.

The Limited which now leaves at 7:50 p.m. for Detroit, will leave at 7:54 p.m. No. 5, now leaving for Chicago at 8 p.m., will leave at 8:01 p.m.

Express at 11:25 a.m. will have cafe parlor car to Detroit.
No. 6 from east now arriving 6:35 p.m., will arrive at 6:35 p.m.

No. 6 for the east, now leaving at 11:29 a.m. for Detroit, will leave at 11:30 a.m. This train will arrive from Port Huron ten minutes later than at present.

The 6:20 a.m. Express for Toronto, daily, except Sunday, will have buffet parlor car to Toronto, connecting with Muskoka Express trains for Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Parry Sound and Penstang.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

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Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes
The well and favorably known S. S. Campana, 1,700 tons, lighted with electricity and having all comforts, leaves Montreal on Monday, at 1 p.m., 15th June, 2nd, 16th and 20th July, 13th and 27th August, 10th and 24th September, for Pictou, N. S., calling at Quebec, Gaspe, Mal Bay, Percé, Cape Cove, Grand River, Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Bermuda

Summer excursions, \$5 by the new twin-screw S. S. Bermudian, 5,500 tons. Sailings from New York fortnightly, from 6th June to 21st November. Temperature, cooled by sea breezes, seldom rises above 80°. The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.
ARTHUR AHPERN, Secretary, Quebec.
For tickets and staterooms apply to E.D. DE LA HOOKE or W. FULTON, ticket agents, London, Ontario. J.W.T.

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
To LiverpoolVictorian.....June 21, July 19
Ionian.....May 31, June 28
Virginia.....June 7, July 5
Numidian.....June 14, July 12
and weekly thereafter.To Glasgow
Pretorian.....June 6, July 11
Morganian.....June 20, July 25
For rates and full particulars apply to E.D. DE LA HOOKE or W. FULTON, local agents. J.W.T.

Commencing June 24

Ocean Limited

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

The intimation contained in the cable dispatches to the effect that Alfred de Rothschild had loaned his private band to the American ambassador to discourse sweet music during the dinner given at Dorchester House in honor of King Edward last week serves to draw attention to a form of luxury which, so far as I am aware, has not yet crossed the Atlantic, and is unknown, until now, in America. The private orchestra of Baron Alfred Rothschild is famous throughout the United Kingdom. It is composed of some 50 or 60 pieces. Each one of the members is a virtuoso, and they are in the baron's steady employ, year in, year out, having nothing else to do, and receiving princely pay.

Lord Londonderry is another notable man who has a private band, which is always heard to great advantage on the occasion of the Kaiser's visits to the Lowther Castle in Westmoreland. The late Lord Dudley's private band, which was celebrated throughout the world by his eldest son, the present earl, who is not imbued with the same craze for music as his eccentric father, Lord Londonderry, however, has a private band. So, too, has the Duke of Westminster, while the King's private band is a fine one, indeed.

On the continent of Europe great nobles have not only private orchestras, but private theatrical troupes, as, for instance, Count Francis Esterhazy at Tokos, his country place in Hungary, where the chateau comprises a beautiful private theater, where some of the greatest artists of the nineteenth century graduated in the lifetime of the late Count. Nicholas Esterhazy spent immense sums of money in training them. The grandeur of the Esterhazys is, perhaps, best illustrated by the fact that, although shorn of much of their wealth through extravagance, their landed possessions still exceed in area the whole of Ireland, and when the first Napoleon offered to make the then chief of the house of Esterhazy king of Hungary, the old prince proudly replied that, much as he valued the crown of St. Stephen, an Esterhazy could not condescend to be indebted for it in any way to a Bonaparte.

Lord Northcliffe, better known as Sir Alfred Harmsworth, the newspaper magnate, is reported to be looking for a purchaser for Sutton Place, his country seat, near Guildford, in Surrey, and is prompted thereto by his recent illness and other troubles, which both he and his friends are disposed to ascribe to the fact that in popular estimation Sutton place is an unlucky house and burdened with curses which exerted a blighting influence upon its occupants. The houses known as "unlucky" usually owe this reputation to the fact that prior to the reformation they belonged to the church and were sacrilegiously taken from the latter by King Henry VIII.

But Sutton Place has other causes besides this for being regarded as unlucky. For King Henry presented the estate to Sir Richard Weston, his country seat, near Guildford, in Surrey, and is prompted thereto by his recent illness and other troubles, which both he and his friends are disposed to ascribe to the fact that in popular estimation Sutton place is an unlucky house and burdened with curses which exerted a blighting influence upon its occupants. The houses known as "unlucky" usually owe this reputation to the fact that prior to the reformation they belonged to the church and were sacrilegiously taken from the latter by King Henry VIII.

The king evidently felt that he owed some reparation to Sir Francis in the matter, and appointed him a knight of the Order of the Bath, and treasurer of the kingdom. Moreover, he honored Sir Richard Weston with several visits at Sutton Place, welcomed not only by the father of the man who had sent to the scaffold but also by the grief-stricken widow and 6-year-old son of the innocent victim, Henry by name.

The history of the Westons from that time was one long series of dramas and tragedies until the family became extinct, and Sutton Place passed, during the Victorian era, into the possession of their cousin, Francis Henry Salvin, at whose death, without issue, two years ago, the property was purchased by its tenant, Sir Alfred Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe. He alone can tell whether there is any truth in the stories current in the district for hundreds of years to the effect that the place is haunted by the headless ghost of Francis Weston, who "walks" the corridors and the grounds on certain nights of the year, carrying his head before him in his hands.

King Edward has just added the feather of another diplomatic victory to the many with which his cap of maintenance already is adorned. For he has succeeded in compelling King Peter of Serbia to dismiss the five leading military commanders of Serbia who were indebted for their high offices to the fact that they had been the chief actors in the shocking assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. The other foreign pow-

ers had protested and threatened in vain. King Peter paid no attention to their remonstrances, and their envoys were compelled to rub shoulders and to break bread with the actual murderers who had slashed Queen Draga to pieces with their swords, subjecting her remains to nameless indignities before they pitched her corpse and that of the king, divested of all clothing, out of the window and into the palace grounds below, where, months afterwards, a gardener, in digging up a flower bed, found the severed little finger of the queen with the ring still on it.

King Edward, however, not only recalled his envoy from Belgrade, but broke off all diplomatic relations declining to receive any Serbian representative at his court. This boycott of King Peter by King Edward, enforced with the utmost rigor despite the intervention of King Victor Emmanuel in behalf of his Serbian brother-in-law, has ended by accomplishing what other monarchs fruitlessly endeavored to bring about. King Peter has at length exactly three years after the assassination of Alexander and Draga, retired Gen. Athanaszovich and his four chief confederates from office—on full pay, it is true, but banishing them from his court—and now diplomatic relations are about to be restored between Serbia and England, the impression created by the victory of King Edward in the matter being great throughout the Balkans.

There are certain families of the British aristocracy which seem wholly incapable of living in a quiet, orderly, respectable, humdrum fashion, but which appear destined to be forever coming before the public in connection with some romance, or, more often still, some scandal. Pre-eminent in this respect are the Sebrights, who have been established in Worcestershire for more than 500 years, and whose baronetcy was acquired by purchase in the then customary fashion from King James I.

The present holder of the baronetcy Sir Edgar Sebright, is the most respectable member of the lot, and is persona grata at court, especially at Marlborough House, owing to his having been the equerry of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, mother of the Princess of Wales. His younger brother, Arthur, however, after a most sensational career of scandal and crime, wound up in the penitentiary, from which he has lately emerged, after serving a sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labor, for swindling Lord Downshire.

And now there comes the news of the divorce of young Guy Ivor Sebright, who is next heir but one to the baronetcy, the only life between him and the title being that of his father, who has no other children. Should the young fellow, whose marriage has just been dissolved, die without issue, the convict who first achieved unenviable notoriety by terrorizing "Baby" Scott into a marriage in order to prevent her trustees from prosecuting him for having squandered in a questionable manner her entire fortune, amounting to about \$150,000. The marriage was annulled by the divorce court after a most scandalous trial, and a few months later "Baby" Scott became Mrs. Dick Russell, her youngest sister marrying the Earl Russell. The Countess of Russell has since divorced her husband, not, however, before the latter had put his mother-in-law, Lena, Lady Scott, behind the bars for six months as guilty of criminal libel, following which by bankrupting her. The countess subsequently married a groom (afterwards arrested for theft at Toronto, Canada), under the impression that he was an Austrian prince, and is now earning a precarious livelihood on the variety stage. Let me add that Lady Scott's father, the late Sir Claude Scott was the tout and business associate of the notorious money lender, Padwick, who ruined so many members of the British aristocracy.

The member of the Sebright family who furnished the greatest amount of romance in recent years was the late Lady Sebright, sister-in-law of the present baronet and of the ex-convict, and mother of the late Sir Edgar, how after being jilted by Lord Westminster's daughter, the Hon. Frances Guest, died in a rather mysterious fashion, in the neighborhood of Singapore. Lady Sebright was at one moment one of the most conspicuous figures of the English great world, and it was in her salon that Mrs. Langtry, until then unknown, made her debut as a society beauty. In view of Mrs. Langtry's subsequent career, the sponsorship of Lady Sebright was peculiarly appropriate. For Lady Sebright was justly regarded as fast. Certainly there was no house in London where higher play was carried on, and more than one of the great card scandals of the day took place at those green tables, from which she herself rarely rose until 5 o'clock in the morning—then to devote a couple of hours or more to breaking in or schooling in the park some particularly high-spirited and unmanageable horse. Her power over horses was as remarkable as her seat in the saddle and the daring of her riding.

It was at her home in Lowndes Square, by the bye, that the notorious Levantine adventurer, Lambri, who styled himself "pasha," was wont to win large sums of money from his guests, until Henry Labouchere, in London Truth, cut short his social career and brought about his disappearance from view by exposing the fraudulent character of his claim to be a man of rank, as well as his unsavory antecedents. Lambri at first

endeavored to brazen the matter out, and actually had the audacity to institute proceedings for libel against Labouchere, who was, of course, acquitted by the jury on the ground that the evidence went to show that Lambri was an even infinitely greater scoundrel than shown in Truth.

It will scarcely be believed that after all the notoriety of the man in connection with the exposure, Lambri was actually able to win the hand and fortune of an enormously wealthy American woman, namely, the widow of the late P. T. Barnum of circus celebrity. True, he gave his family patronymic of Callias, and it was not until afterwards that her relatives and friends became aware that Lambri Callias of Mitylene was identical with the bogus "Pasha" Lambri, the card sharper, unmasked by Labouchere.

Fortunately, Lambri died before he had made any deep inroads into the fortune of his American wife. But ever since his demise his disreputable brothers have been suing their American sister-in-law for what they declare to have been Lambri's fortune, on the ground that Turkish law invests a husband with his wife's property on marriage. And from an Ottoman point of view their claims are well founded. The fortune bequeathed by Phineas T. Barnum to his widow, became the property of Lambri, when she married him. And when Lambri died his four brothers were entitled to share his fortune with his widow. The ex-Mrs. Barnum has had the good sense to go beyond the reach of Turkish jurisdiction since Lambri's death and has married an Italian nobleman, from whom she is now separated.

But to return to Lady Sebright. In spite of the many stories current as to the extraordinary goings on at Lowndes Square, she was so fascinating, so clever, so witty, and so popular that she was invited everywhere, no social gathering being considered complete without her. Her most intimate friend and associate who lived with her was an equally charming woman of the name of Miss Probyn. One summer, when they were bathing at Biarritz, a big wave carried Miss Probyn out to sea and she was drowned before the eyes of Lady Sebright, before assistance could reach her. This tragedy had the effect of causing Lady Sebright to withdraw from London and to retire to Tunis, where she started a horse-breeding establishment which resulted in failure, and where her little daughter died. She thereupon returned to London, so aged and broken that many of her friends failed to recognize her.

For some time Lady Sebright found consolation in religious exercises and was devout, but towards the end of her life she sought excitement, and, above all, oblivion of the past, at the card table, and died an inveterate gambler. Indeed, it is related of her that on being warned by her physicians of the approach of death, she duly made her peace with the church and thereupon summoned the undertaker and played cards with him until the last moment. The loser to stand the expenses of her funeral. She won, and, indeed, it was the satisfaction of defeating the undertaker which brought on the fit of cholera which carried her into another world.

Sir Halliday Macartney's death has followed within a fortnight that of Count Henry Coudenhove. Both had married Oriental women. Sir Halliday, who only retired a short time ago on a pension from the post of first secretary and counselor of the Chinese legation in London, which he had held for 30 years, married as his first wife at Nan-kin the daughter of the mandarin who was associated with him in the direction of the Imperial arsenal there. She retained her national religion instead of becoming a convert to Christianity, and, after giving birth to a boy and a girl, died and was buried at Nankin, according to native rites, a beautiful Chinese monument marking her grave. The son of this marriage is one of the most distinguished members of the Government service of India; has the order of the Indian empire, besides several war medals, and is now British consul at Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, where the fact of his belonging through his mother to the leading families of China, naturally caused him to regard him with exceptional good will and respect. Moreover, it enables him to fathom the mysterious depths of the Chinese character to an extent altogether beyond any European or American who does not happen to be half a Chinaman himself.

Count Henry Coudenhove was a scion of one of the grandest houses of the Austrian nobility, which, for three or four hundred years, has played a conspicuous role in the history of Bohemia, where it has vast landed possessions. And there are always some Condenshoves holding high office at the court of Vienna. Count Henry, who has just been gathered to his fathers, spent a number of years in the diplomatic service, attached in turn, to the Austrian legation of Athens, Buenos Ayres, and Rio, before being transferred to Japan.

While acting as charge d'affaires at Tokio, at the time of the war between Japan and China, he fell in love with

Danger in Corn Salves

They usually contain acids and burn the flesh. The one safe cure in liquid form is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is purely vegetable, causes no pain and cures in one day. Don't forget the name—Putnam's.

a Japanese woman of the name of Mitsuo Aoyama, and married her there, according to Roman Catholic rites, after having induced her to forsake Buddhism and to become a convert to Christianity. The union did not meet altogether with the approval of the department of foreign affairs at Vienna. He was recalled, retired from the diplomatic service, and withdrew with his Japanese countess to his chateau of Ronsperg, in Bohemia, where he devoted himself to scientific studies. These were of a sufficiently remarkable character to lead the University of Prague to confer its highest honorary degree upon the count, who, I may add, was one of the leaders of the anti-dueling movement in Europe.

His marriage brought him much happiness, and he leaves a family of three boys and a girl, the eldest boy about 13 years of age. They are entrusted to the guardianship of their mother, who likewise will control the administration of her husband's extensive estates until her first-born attains his majority, eight years hence. It is, I believe, the first occasion of a Japanese woman finding herself in such a position—namely, mistress of a great feudal domain in Austria—and of all the hundreds of families dwelling on the estate, and free to educate her children and to expend their money as she sees fit.

As an extremely wealthy widow, she is certain to be much sought after in marriage, and it will be interesting to observe whether, in spite of the retired life which she has led with her husband at the chateau of Ronsperg, she will possess sufficient experience and knowledge of the world to withstand the wiles of fortune hunters.

Popularity is fickle and Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal, who has done so much for the people of her adopted country, has within the last fortnight been subjected to the disagreeable experience of being vigorously hooted and hissed. This demonstration against her took place at a bullfight at Lisbon, the other day and was intended by the crowd as a manifestation of animosity against her, on account of its action in the recent political crisis, rather than against the person of the Queen, who spends half her existence in the magnificent hospitals with which she has endowed the city of Lisbon.

King Edward some six and thirty years ago underwent a similar experience in a London theater, but by a display of perfect composure and dignity converted the hostile demonstration into a friendly one. Queen Alexandra was with her father, the late King Christian, when he was hissed and hooted by the populace of Copenhagen shortly after his accession.

Gustave Von Bohlen, the young German diplomat whose engagement to Miss Bertha Krupp, the richest heiress in the world, has just been announced, has a strain of American blood in his veins, and comprises among his ancestors the Hones and the Oswalds, of New York. Philip and Catherine Hone had a daughter, who, in the last days of the eighteenth century, married in New York Philip Oswald, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald's daughter Caroline married a German nobleman of the name of Bohl von Bohlen, and from this union is descended, among others the fiancée of Miss Bertha Krupp, the proprietress of the greatest iron works in the world. Moreover, this young girl is the present mistress of the world's chief producer of heavy ordnance. For there are no arsenals or gun works in the universe where so many cannons are turned out each year as at Essen.

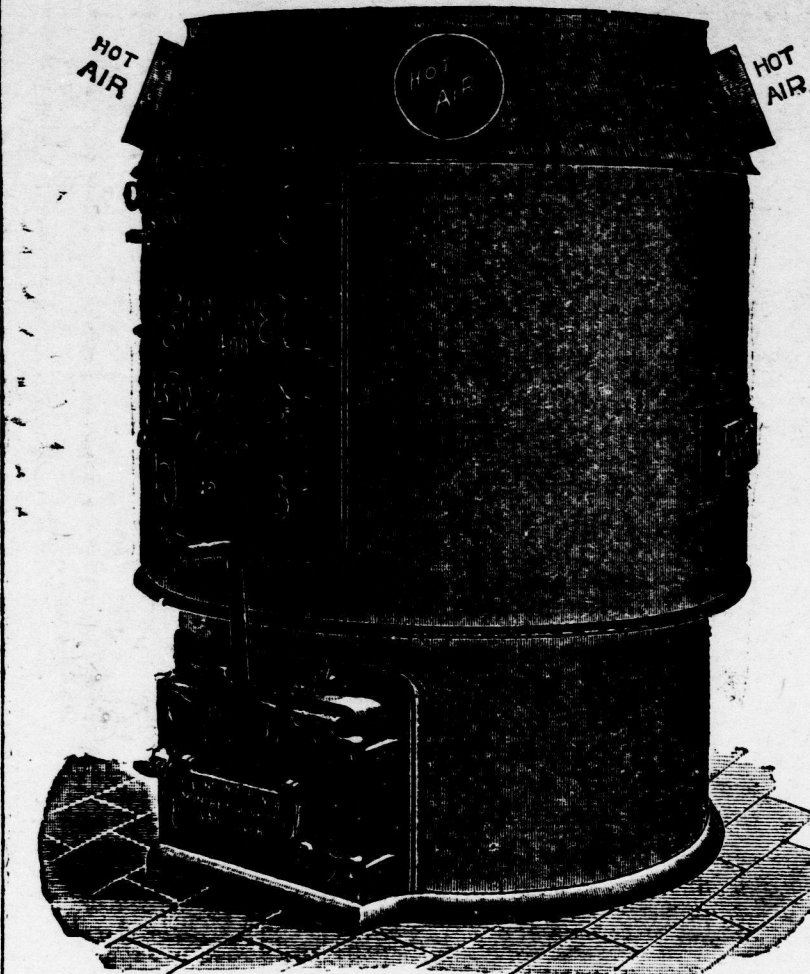
The Bohlenes are of the North Prussian race—that is to say, they were sprung from the nobles of Germany, and while some of them are counts and others barons the future husband of Miss Krupp has no title beyond the nobiliary predicate of "von." Until now he has been secretary of legation at the Vatican, but has just been promoted to the post of first secretary of the German legation at Peking. His transfer to a mission at the other end of the world within a fortnight after the announcement of his engagement has, of course, given rise to much comment, and it is understood that the young girl's mother, her relatives, and her trustees do not view her choice of a husband with entire favor. They are disposed to regard it as a passing infatuation on her part, due to a certain romantic temperament, to which she gave rein on the occasion of her recent stay in Rome, where young Von Bohlen showed himself the most devoted and interesting of clerics. The separation of the young people, due to Peking, will be a pity. During the time Miss Krupp will have plenty of leisure to compare him with other possible suitors, to reflect as to whether he is really the man most likely to make her happy, and, in a word, to submit her love for him to a wide test. If, at the end of a year, she remains determined to regard him no further objections will be offered by those who have her welfare at heart, and the Emperor will have a good pretext for conferring increased rank upon him by way of recognition of his diplomatic services at Peking.

PREVENT DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Farmer's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these pills, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts and uneasiness in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

The Bishop of London recently referred to the poverty of the English clergy, and especially to the want of money in country places. To say nothing of the fact that there were 1,500 clergymen whose livings were under \$350 a year, and there were 7,000 livings with less than \$75 annual income.

ALWAYS A GOOD FRIEND.—In health and happiness we need no friends, but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. These hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Chamberlain's Electric Oil, for when the Oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands, who without it would be distressed friends.

SUNSHINE FURNACE



Where Does Your Heat Go To?

The science of furnace-building is the utilization of all the heat units.

The "Sunshine" furnace utilizes all the heat and sends none up the chimney.

You can't put your hand over the chimney when some furnaces are in use, because so much heat goes up the chimney. Your hand would be burned. That is heat wasted, time wasted, because it takes so much more firing up when a large part of your heat is lost.

The "Sunshine" furnace is built to extract all the heat units from the fuel and distribute them through the house. It does not waste heat like common furnaces.

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A FIGHT WITH A LEOPARD

BENGALI KILLED THE ANIMAL
AFTER DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

[From the Lahore (India) Tribune.]
Babu Jatindra Nath Mukerjee, a short hand writer in the financial department of the Bengal Government, recently visited his home in Kaya, near Kustea. On the morning of the 25 inst., there was a great panic among the quiet villagers, as the story got abroad that a huge leopard killed some head of cattle and injured a child overnight and was hiding in a shrub within a mile of the village.

The young man promptly got up a party to rid the neighborhood of the pest. The entire party could muster only one gun—a more or less useless breech-loader—between them all. This precious weapon Jatindra gave to a cousin, who, though reputed to be a good shot, was of less robust build, and was, therefore, less likely to be able to give a good account of himself without the aid of firearms. He himself was armed only with a latih and a Nepalese Kukri. The villagers beat the patch of scrub for half an hour, when they found a formidable-looking animal in prime condition and with a beautiful skin. He promptly tackled one of the villagers, who, however, made good his escape unhurt.

The only gun was a hundred yards away and from this distance Jatindra's cousin took a difficult shot, which hit the animal on the neck, but the bullet glanced off without doing more serious damage than a skin wound. The thoroughly roused animal now charged Jatindra, who, however, stood firm to receive the rapidly-advancing mass of black and yellow. As the animal sprang on to him he nimbly jumped to one side and delivered an ugly gash on one side of the animal's head, followed by a rapid succession of cuts on the stomach and chest. The animal roared and hit and clawed the left arm of the sportsman, who throttled him with the right and shook him off with such force that the animal lost its balance and rolled on the ground.

Jatindra promptly took advantage of the situation and planted his right foot on the animal's belly, thus pinning him down on the ground while he rained vicious thrusts with the dagger all over the brute's body. Although badly wounded, the animal had still plenty of fight left in him, and craning his head and twisting his body was able to plant his fangs into the shikari's thigh just above the kneecap, while the deadly claws were incessantly at work on other parts of the youth's body.

Jatindra's dagger came into play again, and one terrific blow drove the kukri through the brain. The beast then let go his bite and lay writhing in death agony on the ground, but yet implacably snapping its jaws together every now and again. Jatindra, who finally thrust his dagger into the throat. With one mighty snap the beast held the blade in its jaws and expired. It was a job to release the dagger from the grip of the fangs of the dead leopard. The spectators were horrified and in the spellbound by the sight, so much so that not a finger was raised to assist Jatindra in his unequal fight. The leopard measured seven feet from tip to tip, and was a magnificent specimen of its kind.

Jatindra was brought down to Calcutta in a raving fever and delirium, suffering from intense blood-poisoning. His quarry accompanied him in the same train. The dead leopard, whose wounds were no less frightful than the shikari's, drew crowds of admiring visitors for two days, the people pulling off its hair to keep as charms, and amusing themselves by twisting its ears and tail.

Jatindra is a dark-complexioned youth of 25 or 26, tall, slender and well-built. His

Tona-Cola

Ladies like it for its tonic benefits; men like it for its stimulating effect. Good for everybody—harms nobody. You try it yourself.

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The **Arnott Method** is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the Cause, not merely the Habit, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request. Address

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BERLIN, ONT., CANADA.

cessors had had to slope it toward the shoulder. He would go down to posterity, he resolved, glorified by the power of his wrist.

In vain Sir Thomas Lawrence pointed out that, as a matter of art, it would never do, that the sight of a man perennially carrying a sword from his wrist would fatigue those who looked at his picture. The duke insisted upon having his way. Lawrence did manage to smuggle in a cushion upon which the duke seems to rest his elbow, but close examination shows that arm and cushion do not meet—London Sketch.

THE MOST POPULAR PILL.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Farmer's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any hollow claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

A French horticulturist has discovered that roses and mignonettes cannot live together. Rose and mignonette, placed together in a vase, both wither within half an hour.

Minare's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Matta-Vita

"The Perfect Food"
The grocer who offers you something "just as good" has no regard for your judgment or your health. It is delicious.



Walking Suits With Pleated Skirts

MORE and more pleated skirts are seen, particularly in walking suits, the pleating cleverly contrived in a score of ways, although every skirt fits in a trig fashion about the hips; the pleats pressed so that they lie flat, instead of the curious little spring that the pleated skirt of a couple of seasons ago had. Of course, as you walk the skirt flies out prettily, but so cleverly is the cut and the pressing done that the folds drop back into place again, almost instantly.

The most popular form of skirt for the popular linen suit is laid in box pleats—it's the least hard to do up, which is a point to be considered.

Plenty of plain suits are worn, especially those made in walking skirt lengths, as a sort of revulsion against the elaborate affairs which have been so very much overdone, and gradually linen suits are resolving themselves into two classes—dress affairs, which may be as elaborate as you please, or the simple suits without a particle of trimming anywhere about them, but worn with the loveliest of blouses, sheer and beautiful and trimmed as little or as elaborately as you choose.

In white, the plain suits are particularly attractive—it's possible to keep them at the very top-notch of daintiness, a mighty hard feat to accomplish with a much-trimmed suit.

A New Material for Hot Weather

FOULDARDS and China silks have seen such long and faithful service for summer that almost every one welcomes as a pleasant change a new material from which many of this season's gowns are made.

This fabric, which is being much used by the most fashionable modistes both in this country and Paris, is called by various names, such as radium silk or pineapple tissue.

In point of fact it is neither one or the other as generally understood, but is a very thin, light silk, almost transparent, with a brilliant sheen. It has something the appearance of the old-time delaine, but is softer and more silky looking.

One of the chief advantages of this material is that it does not wrinkle like foulards and other summer silks, and while soft and "clings" it is not "slinky."

Many shirtwaist gowns are being made up in this new silk, some without any lining, others with one of thin lawn. Such a costume is more nearly cool than is possible for anything not a sheer cotton to be.

Chiffon bows and platings and small cut steel buckles trim many of the dressy girdles. Narrow black velvet or satin ribbon about a quarter of an inch wide is also extensively used.



Embroidery Dominant in Summer Fashions

WITH all the air of apparent simplicity behind which summer dresses and suits mask themselves, those for dress occasions are growing steadily more extravagant, chiefly because of the hand embroidery which is upon any and every sort of thing.

It is not July hand embroidery which is used so extensively, either, for deep, beautiful flouncings and allovers are in better favor for blouses and dresses than they've ever been—which is saying a great deal, when you consider how the world has been embroidery-mad these last few seasons.

But to go back to hand embroidery—the most unusual and richest of all its many applications is to whole costumes of linen where skirt and waist are both embroidered, the design made a factor in the planning of the style, as, for instance, in the overskirts—an old idea, but a radically new form of it—which offer so good an opportunity for displaying the work.

Scallops are used upon every sort of thing—those overskirts and their broad, pointed front and back pieces of the blouse edged with it, the embroidery spread as lavishly inside as though the scallops were not the very definite addition to the

rest of the embroidery that it is.

A stunning dress, made of linen in the soft tint of tan which goes by the name of biscuit color, was made with both the skirt itself and the overskirt embroidered, although only the overskirt boasted the scallop, and that a curiously shaped one, cut in deep rounded points.

Embroidered belts are worn with even these handsomer types of costume, but the work must be of a sort to warrant the combination, the design and the work as elaborate in character as the gown itself.

Perhaps the gloves and parasol, hat and pumps are all embroidered to match. For although there's only an occasional lingerie hat to be seen, there are plenty of leghorns with motifs of the finest sort of handwork inset into the straw in such a fashion that they seem to give a dominating touch of embroidery.

As to parasols, embroidered ones of linen have things all their own way for "wearing" with linen gowns, although for silk and pongee suits and dresses linen parasols give way to silk ones, flowered in an indescribably quaint way, reminiscent of our grandmothers' day.

The tiny wraps which this summer is making such a fuss over show embroidery, too, trimming the all but shapeless little sleeves around the shoulders, down front and back—everywhere there is the slightest excuse for it.

And not only linen gowns, but those of pongee and voile are made stunning by the use of embroidery. One beauty of blue in that rare new shade which is neither dark nor light, but all beauty, had its short Eton jacket embroidered heavily in a typical braiding pattern, yet was as much lovelier than the more usual braiding as anything could be. Another of the softest wood brown—a pongee—was embroidered freely with tiny vines, all in the same exquisite shade.

Embroidered pumps, which just appeared among us last summer, are here in several colors. White the most popular, by long odds.

All in all, embroidery strikes a dominant note in this year's fashions, every sort of it, from the sheer, cobwebby stuff with delicate traceries wandering over it to the boldest bit of heavy work upon a material which at first thought seems inappropriate as a foundation for it, but the result of an inspiration when done.

THE CARE OF THE NECK IN SUMMER

For Summer Pompadour Plumper

At the Edge of the Hair

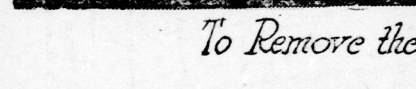
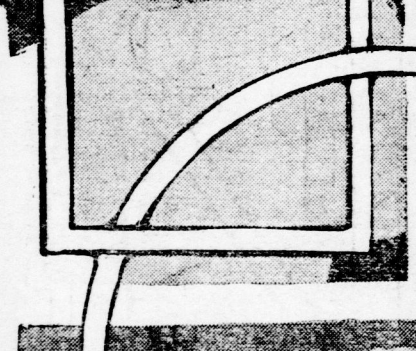
Massaging With a Good Cream Works Wonders

THE new collarless styles are being welcomed with delight by every woman who can wear them, partly because of their beauty, but largely, too, because of the ease with which it is possible to keep the neck at its prettiest when it is untrammelled by even the slightest of collars.

As only the exceptional woman can wear them, however, it is well for those who cannot to guard against the ugly line high about the throat which is an inevitable outcome of the wearing of collars in summer time, when dust and perspiration conspire to injure and deface the skin wherever there is the slightest degree of pressure.

But first a very big ounce of prevention of all sorts of ugly lines should be taken, and that lies in avoiding the wearing of anything tight about the throat. Tight collars bring on endless ills from a beauty standpoint—cracks and a dark line very difficult to remove, to say nothing of the headaches and flushed face.

If you have your lingerie collars boned, so that the ends of each "rib" bone are well covered, and don't use the kind of bones which splinter and work through their coverings like



To Remove the Collar-Mark.

so many pins, and which make ugly scratches often hard to heal. There are two ways of removing the dark collar line about the throat. One is to apply peroxide of hydrogen by means of a bit of absorbent cotton or a soft cloth. Just dab it on at night after your bath, leaving it there all night, and washing it off in the morning.

Apply every two or three nights until the stain is bleached out—in a couple of weeks this should be accomplished. The other way is to rub cold cream or vaseline well into the throat where it is marked, letting it stay on all night, then wiping off whatever excess of grease there is in the morning and bathing with soap and as hot water as you can stand. Finish by sponging with cold water, making a cup of your two hands and dashing the cold water on freely if you are susceptible to colds.

Do this every night for two or three weeks, and the dark line will gradually disappear.

Massaging the neck is of great benefit, whether it be thin or fat, for the muscles become developed by the gentle exercise of massaging, and keep a fat neck from getting flabby. For a thin neck, the massaging should be accompanied by the use of a good cream, taking care not to use either lanolin or cocoa butter too freely, as both of them have a tendency to yellow the skin.

One more point—when bathing take a small flesh brush (a soft nail brush will do) and scrub vigorously well into the edge of the hair. Dust and perspiration often make as ugly a line there as the collar does on the neck itself.

FOR those mortals not blessed with an abundance of hair, and who must, in consequence, use pompadour which is so marked a characteristic of the present fashionable coiffure, this new use of malleine comes as a positive boon.

Curiously enough, though so soft and light that it seems utterly lacking in "body," malleine holds the hair just as you fix it, giving it besides a pretty softness which cannot be got with the more tangible plumpers.

Malleine comes in so many shades and tints that it is possible to match your hair exactly, which, by the way, is a point which cannot be too strongly emphasized.

Cut the malleine in strips, crushing each strip between your hands and straightening it out again until it is robbed of every particle of stiffness, and looks, at a little distance, like cloudy rolls of hair. Then it is ready for use.

Part the hair across the top of the head in the usual way for making a pompadour, and lay the crushed strips of the malleine in back of it, fastening them in place with tiny, invisible hair-pins. Then comb the front locks smoothly over the improvised plumper and proceed in the usual manner.

The malleine may be used in the same way for fluffing out the hair at the back of the head—low upon the neck, some "pompadours" extending all the way around the head. The more usual way, however, is to allow the hair to fluff out only in front, and upon the sides to balance with the front, bringing it up smoothly in back and fastening up the loose ends with a small pin or barrette.

Cut the Malleine

into Small Pieces



Invisible When the Hair is Drawn Over it

The Malleine Must Match the Hair

Cooler than the Usual Fringe of Hair

Gray Hairs Becoming Numerous

Lotion for Profusely Perspiring Hands

Checks Too Fat

To Restore the Natural Color of the Hair

Depilatories

Too Stout

About Bust Development

To Clear the Face

Superfluous Hair

Darkening a Switch

Offensive Perspiration

Excessive Perspiration

Remedy for Freckles

Mole Upon Nose

Cleansing Cream

For Scanty Eyelashes

To Enlarge the Hips

Mrs. Symes' Beauty Advice to Correspondents

Care of the Face and Figure

Walnut Stain for the Hair

High or Low Heels

For a Dry Skin

Mrs. Symes' Beauty Advice to Correspondents

To Enlarge the Hips

WILL you kindly advise me what to do to develop my hips? My shoulders are beautifully developed, but my hips are not. I have taken all sorts of exercises, trying to develop my hips, but cannot. I thought perhaps rubbing olive oil on the hips might do something, but I don't know of anything better.

I will appreciate your kind advice very much. Thanking you, I am, very truly, Y. S.

Frequently practicing the following exercise will enlarge the hips: Standing alternately on either foot, swing the free limb pendulum-fashion from the hips, each time allowing it to go as far forward and backward as possible.

For Scanty Eyelashes

Being a constant reader of your "beauty column," would you favor me by answering these questions?

Have been using a recipe to promote growth of eyelashes, which produces no effect, only the falling out rapidly.

Can you give me a good recipe to promote their growth, and that will make them effect within two months?

What shall I do to develop the neck?

Could you send me a good cleansing cream you spoke of in column?

Eye-brow and Eye-lash Grower.

Cologne, 25 ounces; glycerine, 14 ounces; fluid extract of jaborandi, 2 drams; tincture of aloe, 1 dram; tincture of castor, 1 dram; tincture of opium, 1 dram; tincture of belladonna, 1 dram; tincture of hyoscyamus, 1 dram; tincture of scopolamine, 1 dram; tincture of atropine, 1 dram; tincture of strychnine, 1 dram; tincture of nuxvomica, 1 dram; tincture of ipecacuanha, 1 dram; tincture of emetina, 1 dram; tincture of calomel, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric iodine, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric bichloride, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric chloride, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric bromide, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric iodide, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric nitrate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric sulfate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric acetate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric lactate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric citrate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric phosphate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric silicate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric borate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric carbonate, 1 dram; tincture of mercuric nitrite, 1 dram; 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