

43RD YEAR NO. 17915

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ATTEMPT ON STOLYPIN'S LIFE; ESCAPES; MANY OTHERS DIE

Bomb Explosion During Reception Today at Russian Premier's Home Does Terrible Execution.

ST. PETERSBURG, AUG. 25.—AN EXPLOSION OCCURRED TODAY AT THE RESIDENCE OF PREMIER STOLYPIN WHILE A RECEPTION WAS BEING HELD THERE. THE PREMIER IS SAFE. MANY PERSONS WERE KILLED OR WOUNDED AT THE TIME OF THE EXPLOSION. THE SON OF THE PREMIER WAS AMONG THOSE WOUNDED.

BERLIN, AUG. 25.—A DISPATCH TO THE TAGEBLATT ANNOUNCES THAT A BOMB WAS THROWN AT BENDZIN, RUSSIAN POLAND, TODAY, KILLING POLICE CAPTAIN JAKUBIK AND TWO POLICEMEN, AND DESTROYING THE DISTRICT POLICE OFFICE. COSACKS, ATTRACTED TO THE SCENE, FIRED SEVERAL VOLLEYS, AND WOUNDED A NUMBER OF PASSENGERS.

GRAND TRUNKERS OFF FOR DETROIT

Three Thousand Persons in Four Trains Leave This Morning on Annual Outing.

The annual excursion of the Grand Trunk car works employees, held to Detroit today, turned out as anticipated—the biggest of the season out of London.

No less than 48 cars were required to carry the excursionists to the City of the Straits. Four trains of twelve cars each were run, and each of them was loaded to the limit. There were very few of the 400 men employed at the works who did not take in the outing, and those who did go took along their wives and families. A return rate of 70 cents was given the railway men, while a cheap rate was also offered the general public.

The first train left the East London depot at 5:30, the other three following at intervals of fifteen minutes. Good time was made, notwithstanding the crowded condition of the trains. It is estimated that 3,000 persons went on the excursion. Owing to the early hour set for the departure of the specials, East Londoners were astir before daybreak, and could be seen wending their way to the depot at Rectory street as early as 4:30. A return rate of 70 cents was given the railway men, while a cheap rate was also offered the general public.

YOUNG RUSS SUICIDES

Rents Rowboat, Leaps Overboard and Leaves His Clothes Behind Him.

Toronto, Aug. 25.—The mystery in connection with the finding of an empty boat, with clothes in it, but no man, by the steamer Pictou, a few days ago, while on her way to Bowmansville, has been cleared up, and the culprit identified by his cousin, of 55 Chestnut street, this city, as that of Jacob Hervet, alias Charles Brown. He secured a position in Montreal, while living there, to work here in the freight sheds, at the foot of York street, but gave his name as that of Charles Brown, and his address Brantford, Ont., as he did not want the public to think he was going to work as a laborer, after having a good position with the Freund, Folse & Co.'s wholesale warehouse in New York. Instead of going to work on Aug. 20, he rented a boat at Monro Park, went out in the lake, and committed suicide. Hervet is about 19 years old, and came to New York about five years ago from Russia, where his people are now residing. He has a brother in New York, who has been notified of the affair and is on his way to this city.

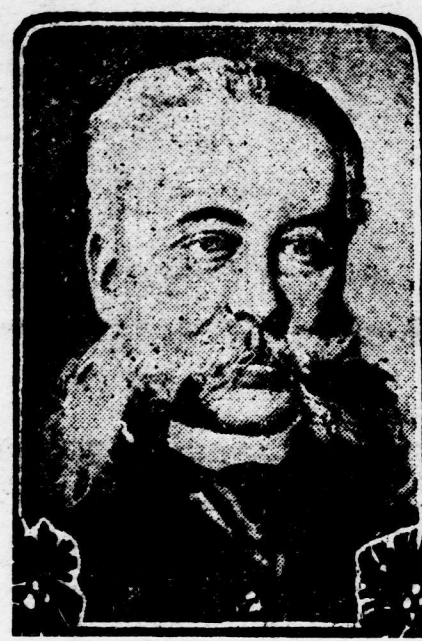
SENT FOR TRIAL

False Returns the Charge Against the Defunct Bank Officials

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 25.—Senator John Lovitt and A. S. Crowell, president and vice-president of the defunct Bank of Yarmouth, were committed for trial yesterday by Magistrate Pelton on a charge of making false and deceptive returns to the Government. The evidence showed \$350,000 of past due bills to have been returned as current loans. Lovitt and Crowell will come up for trial before the supreme court, which meets at Tusket in October. They were admitted to bail in \$500 each.

KAISER NOT COMING.

Berlin, Aug. 25.—The recent discussions on both sides of the Atlantic on the possibility that Emperor William may visit the United States, have not been treated seriously by the German press. Official circles here do not attach much importance to the Emperor's recent expressed wish to see America. It is admitted that it is one of his long-cherished wishes, but it is regarded as practically certain that it will remain only a wish.



THE RUSSIAN PREMIER STOLYPIN
Narrowly Escaped Assassination at
St. Petersburg This Morning.

PRINCESS PERISHED

Burned to Death When Mansion Is Fired by Peasants.

THIRLS, Aug. 25.—The country mansion of Prince Palandoff, at Okoni, was set on fire by peasants last night. The princess was unable to escape and was burned to death.

OWEN SOUND OUTRAGE

Tramp Held on Suspicion Released by the Authorities.

Owen Sound, Aug. 24.—John Patterson, the tramp arrested ten days ago in connection with the brutal assault upon Miss Louise Jones, appeared in the police court this morning, after sending eight days in jail on remand. There was no evidence tending to show that Patterson was in any way implicated in the assault, and accordingly, he was discharged by the magistrate.

One of the officials engaged in the search for the perpetrator of the crime expressed the opinion that the man who assaulted Miss Jones would never be found, notwithstanding the fact that the Government had decided to place detectives on the trail of the culprit.

NEWSPAPER WRITERS HERE

Party of New York Journalists Pass Through City.

A party of New York newspaper men, members of the New York Press Club, passed through the city last night on No. 5 G. T. R. express, on their way to Denver, Col., where a convention of press clubs will be held. There were about twenty gentlemen in the party, with several ladies.

One of the chief topics for discussion at this convention will be the feasibility of establishing a home for superannuated newspaper men. The home will take the form of cottages, and will be situated at Atlantic City, N. J. Already some \$100,000 has been raised for that purpose, and it is confidently expected that a sufficient sum will be raised to meet the establishment of such an institution. It is proposed also to amalgamate all the press clubs in the country to make one powerful organization.

WANT TO BE EDITOR

Several Clergymen After Important Post on Christian Guardian.

With the approaching General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, which meets in Montreal in September, considerable interest is being shown in the elections to the different offices. The office with the keenest interest is that of editor of the Christian Guardian. Rev. George Bond, who has held the position four years, has had to retire on account of ill-health, and his successor will have to be chosen. Five or six names have been mentioned for the position, nearly all of whom are well known in London.

Rev. A. C. Courtice, who is at present supplying in the Dundas Center Methodist Church for Rev. E. B. Lancelley, is the most prominently mentioned so far. He held the position for four years with considerable success, but had to give it up on account of ill-health. He is now completely restored, and his many friends think him the only man for the position. Rev. W. B. Creighton, who has filled Rev. Bond's position since the latter had to retire, and who has been assistant editor for some years, is also prominently mentioned. Then there is Rev. Dr. Crews, at present editor of the Epworth Era. He is said to be ambitious for the position. Rev. J. V. Smith, who was pastor of the First Methodist and other churches in this city, has also a large following. Rev. J. W. Cooley is from the east and is also a strong candidate. The whole has a representative in Rev. Mr. McLean, one of the strongest men in Methodism. Altogether, the contest will be a keen one, but Londoners in large numbers would like to see Rev. Dr. Courtice back in the editorial chair again.

—Dean Davis has returned from his annual vacation, and will occupy his pulpit at St. James' Church, South London, at both services tomorrow.

A GRIM BATTLE FOR DEAR LIFE; BRYANSTON MAN'S NARROW ESCAPE

Goes Down Into Stream When Traction Engine Crashes Through Bridge.

Garfield Needham, a young farmer, who resides in London Township, near Bryanston, narrowly escaped death in an accident on the Adelaide road yesterday, about a mile north of the city limits.

Needham was proceeding along the highway, driving a traction engine, to which were hooked a threshing and water tank.

When the bridge, which is situated almost in front of the May farm, and not far from the Rising Sun tavern, was reached, one side of the structure gave way, precipitating the heavy machinery into the creek.

Needham was caught in the cab of the engine, and was carried down into the water.

He was in danger of drowning, and

for a few seconds was pinned beneath the surface.

His powerful struggle at last freed him so that he got his head above water, but the wheel of the engine still held him prisoner, his leg being caught under it.

For a long time he struggled and shouted for help, but no one came along. At last after an hour or more he managed to free himself, and half walked and crawled to the May homestead.

There he was taken care of, and was driven home. Today he is suffering much pain, but physicians say he will recover.

The ponderous engine and separator are now at the bottom of the creek, having fallen a distance of 15 or 20 feet.

A wrecking crew from the city is at work trying to raise the machinery with a derrick. Repairs to the bridge will be made at once.

Garfield Needham is a nephew of Mr. Wm. Needham, of Needham & Son, the well-known real estate dealers of this city.

RAILWAY MEN ATTENDED

Funeral of the Late Conductor George S. Skinner.

The funeral of the late George S. Skinner, who was drowned at Port Stanley, took place yesterday afternoon from the family residence, Maple street, to Woodland Cemetery.

Rev. James Kennedy, of the First Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Holmes conducted the services. The pall-bearers were chosen from the A. O. U. W., of which deceased was a member, and from the employees of the London Street Railway Company. Manager King and a large number of the conductors and motormen were present. A special car was run by the company to convey those who wished to go to the cemetery.

GETS CLARENCE HOUSE

Jerry McDonald Secures Possession of King Street Hotel.

The Clarence House, corner of Clarence and King streets, has changed hands.

The house, which has been conducted for some years by Mr. John Fitzpatrick, has been secured by Mr. Jerry McDonald, who prior to Aug. 1 was proprietor of the European Hotel, on Dundas street, and which was one of the six cut off by the license commissioners.

Mr. McDonald has taken possession of the house, the agreement having gone into effect yesterday. He has secured a ten-years' lease of the building, which is owned by Mr. Harry Ryan, and he will spend \$3,000 on it to make it one of the most up-to-date hostleries in the city.

Mr. McDonald is one of the oldest of London's hoteliers.

RICH GOLD FIND IN ONTARIO WILDS

Kentuckian Locates Vein North of Height of Land \$8,000 to the Ton.

Toronto, Aug. 25.—Mr. Cecil B. Smith, chairman of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, has learned that a prospector from Lexington, Kentucky, has struck it rich in Northern Ontario. The man located gold in the township of Playfair, north of the height of land, about 80 miles north of Liskeard. The samples analyzed 411 ounces of gold to the ton or about \$8,000 to the ton. A branch of the T. and N. O. Railway will be constructed near the new gold field.

THE WEATHER

TOMORROW—SHOWERY.

The area of high pressure entered last night in Northern Ontario has moved southeast, and is now centered over Quebec. Fresh to strong east and northeast winds have been blowing on the great lakes today. An area of low pressure is centered in Saskatchewan tonight and is moving eastward. The weather has been generally fine over the Dominion today, with maximum temperatures ranging between 66° and 76°.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Victoria, 62-70; Vancouver, 51-73; Calgary, 25-72; Edmonton, 44-70; Qu'Appelle, 54-70; Winnipeg, 46-74; Port Arthur, 54-62; Fanny Sound, 60-74; Toronto, 60-74; Ottawa, 64-72; Montreal, 64-68; Quebec, 45-66; Halifax, 54-72.

FORECASTS.

Saturday, Aug. 25—8 a.m. Today—Southeasterly winds, fair and moderately warm. Sunday—Southeasterly winds; warm, with local showers and thunderstorms.

TEMPERATURES.
Stations. 8 a.m. Min. Max. Weather.
Calgary. 54. 42. 64. Cloudy.
Winnipeg. 56. 44. 64. Cloudy.
Port Arthur. 56. 44. 64. Cloudy.
Fanny Sound. 60. 48. 64. Fair.
Toronto. 70. 56. 68. Cloudy.
Ottawa. 60. 48. 64. Fair.
Montreal. 64. 50. 64. Fair.
Quebec. 45. 33. 48. Cloudy.
Father Point. 62. 40. 64. Clear.

WEATHER NOTES.
Another pronounced cold wave is setting in over the Northwest Provinces, and the thermometer at the local observatory for the 24 hours ended at 8 p.m. Friday were: Highest, 76°; lowest, 64° above.

TROPHIES FOR SPORTS

Four Are To Be Offered at Labor Day Celebration.

The Labor Day programme of sports at Queen's Park is said by Chairman James McCormick to be the best ever arranged in the city. For the athletic events no less than four trophies are offered—the Canadian Club trophy, the Gillean trophy, the Clarmakers' Union trophy, and the Trades and Labor Council's trophy. This array of silverware ought to bring out the very best athletic talent in the city. There will also be a splendid musical programme, besides a vaudeville performance. This is one of the few home holidays in London, and it is confidently expected that it will be a fine one.

WON BY YOUNG LONDONER

Clair Adams Captures World-Wide Sketching Competition.

Clair Adams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams, corner of King and Colborne streets, has just received a fine cricket bat, offered by the Boys' Own Paper, of London, England, in a drawing competition.

The contest was open to the world, and was confined to boys under a certain age.

The sketch was to be appropriate to cricket, the competitors being given the privilege of making it humorous or otherwise. That of Master Adams' represented an umpire in difficulties with a number of players.

Only one prize was offered. To have been successful in such a contest, where there were over 400 competitors, is no small credit to the youthful Londoner.

The sketch will be reproduced in the next number of the Boys' Own.

TWO SMALL BLAZES VERY LITTLE LOSS

Firemen Had a Busy Morning in the Heart of the City.

The firemen had two runs to unimportant fires this morning.

The first alarm came in at 9:20, and it took the department to the factory of John Ferguson & Sons, on King street. A fire was located in the shavings room, but it was put out with small loss. The timely arrival of the firemen alone prevented a serious blaze, as the flames were rapidly making their way up a shaft leading to the second and third stories of the building.

While the firemen were working on this job, another alarm came in from the Grand Trunk, and Nos. 2 and 3 companies responded promptly. A fire had broken out in a tool house south of the tracks, near Richmond street.

The flames were soon overcome, the loss being insignificant.

Both blazes are said to have resulted from spontaneous combustion.

MRS. LANGTRY SPEECHLESS

Nervous Shock Causes Loss of Voice and Retirement from Stage.

New York, Aug. 25.—A cable dispatch to a morning paper from London says: Mrs. Langtry, the actress, has suffered an entire loss of voice, which is attributed to nervous shock. It is uncertain when she will again be able to appear on the stage.

STEAMERS ARRIVED.

Name	Reported at	From
La Savoie	New York	Have
Lucania	New York	Liverpool
Santo	New York	Naples
Columbian	Boston	London
Republic	Liverpool	Boston
Monmouth	Montreal	Quebec
Campania	Quebec	New York
Grosser Kurfurst	Bremen	New York
New Amsterdam	Rotterdam	New York
Kaiserin Augusta	Cherbourg	New York
La Bretagne	Have	New York
Prinz Adalbert	Naples	New York
Koenig Luise	Naples	New York
Escadone	Father Pt.	Middleboro
Iona	Father Pt.	Shields
Lake Manitoba	Father Pt.	Liverpool

LOYAL CUBANS FEAR DEFEAT; REBELS WORK CLEVER RUSE

Much Depends on Coming Battle With Insurgent Leader Guerra and Big Band of Fighters.

Havana, Aug. 25.—Today early advices from Pinar Del Rio and vicinity indicate that the outcome of the expected battle between the Government troops and the insurgents under Pino Guerra is more in doubt than the officials at the palace are willing to admit. Guerra is believed to have nearly or quite 2,000 men, who can be depended upon. They are reported to be well equipped with arms and ammunition. It is suspected that the insurgent leader's withdrawal from San Luis and San Juan was a ruse to attract the Government troops from their base at Pinar Del Rio. A sudden descent upon Pinar Del Rio in the event that Palma's troops do not take an early offensive, would not surprise those seemingly well informed. The city has less than 1,000 armed defenders, and the strength of the civilian loyalty is in doubt.

So far there has been no serious disaffection in the cities, but in the surrounding districts, where the people are less in touch with official life, the situation so far as can be learned, is not reassuring. Government agents are sailing today for the United States to purchase horses.

Fighting For a Cause.

New York, Aug. 25.—The following cable dispatch from Havana is printed here today: The increased anxiety of the Government justifies the alarm as to the situation. Senator Morna Campos Marqueti, Liberal, who has joined the revolutionists, says in an interview in the Telegrafo that he has no doubt that the rebel chiefs have fully formed a plan which they will gradually work out. He says that honest elections must be granted by the Government. The rebels are fighting for a cause and not for one man. They are willing to accept any president who is legally elected, even Estrada Palma.

The senator is willing to add his name to the list of 200 Cuban businessmen in New York who purpose to ask President Roosevelt to send a commission to see that an honest election is held, and that the man elected is seated. He does not desire American intervention, because if the Americans come, God knows where the movement would end.

He believes that the rebels will lay down their arms if President Roosevelt agrees to send a non-partisan commission to investigate the elections, which the Liberals allege were fraudulent.

An independent senator, commenting on the above statement, says the appointment of such a commission by President Roosevelt is impossible, as it would wound Cuban independence. The parties must settle the matter between themselves. The sending of American troops here would be no solution of the trouble. Pino Guerra has stated his grievances, and now the Government should make its reply.

The Government is equipping fifteen coastwise steamers as gunboats, to carry troops with guns and ammunition to all coast points. These will be landed at night, and the troops will attempt to surprise the rebels.

Continued on page eight.

APPEALS ENTERED FOR WARD THREE

Only Sixty-Three Against the Assessment for 1907—Less Than Year Ago.

Sixty-three appeals against the assessment of ward three have been lodged with the court of revision. These will be heard at a meeting of the court to be held on Sept. 13.

There were 68 appeals against the assessment of ward one, and 34 against that of ward two.

As compared with a year ago, the number of appeals is very small, showing that Assessment Commissioner Grant and his staff are doing their work in a manner which appears fair to the citizens in general.

The last date upon which an appeal can be entered against the assessment of ward four, which is now going on, is Sept. 25.

NOT IGNORING US

Canada Having a Say Over Dominion's Issues With the U. S.

London, Aug. 25.—The Associated Press is assured that there is nothing to justify the reported anxiety in Canada that a settlement of the boundary and fisheries questions between the United States and Great Britain is being arrived at without consultation with Canada. The negotiations are being conducted at Washington between Ambassador Durnand and the department of state, and the ambassador is being assisted by Canadian advisers.

A FAST TRIP.

Quebec, Aug. 24.—The Dominion Line R. M. S. Canada (Captain R. O. Jones), from Liverpool, 16th inst., with 134 first, 260 second and 559 third-class passengers, and a general cargo, arrived in port last night, thus completing the passage from port to port in 7 days, 1 hour and 30 minutes, after allowing for difference in time; but for heavy headwinds and the Canada would have reached the port yesterday morning.

WAY-FREIGHT STRUCK HAND-CAR; TWO MEN INJURED AT HYDE PARK

Foreman Samuel Prince Loses a Leg and Daniel Gray Is Very Severely Wounded.

Foreman Samuel Prince, aged 28 years, and Sectionman Daniel Gray, aged 30 years, of Hyde Park, were struck by a wayfreight on the Grand Trunk, near Hyde Park, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and both men are now in Victoria Hospital.

Prince lost his right leg, but will recover. Gray was badly cut about the head and face.

No one seems to know exactly how the accident occurred. Some say the foreman and his assistants were riding on the hand car and did not see the L. H. and B. freight approaching from the west. Others say that the men saw the train coming, and misjudging

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TELEPHONE CALLS.Business Office107
Editorial Department134
Job Department175The London Advertiser Company,
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don, Ont.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1906.

WHAT THE MANUFACTURERS WANT.

The charge having been repeatedly made that the manufacturers of Canada were not in favor of the British preference, but wanted a high tariff wall, and that therefore they were really opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of Imperial preference, Mr. Watson Griffin, speaking for the Manufacturers' Association, in the North American Review, undertakes to explain matters. And he quotes from various resolutions of the association, and from some of the speeches of its leading members, to show what they really want.

It certainly should not be difficult to understand the situation from these quotations. They "do not want the United States tariff, pure and simple, but a tariff which will protect Canadian industries of all kinds, as fully as the United States tariff does those of the United States." So says Mr. McNaught, chairman of the tariff committee of the association. Now, we may be somewhat dense, but there seems to be here a distinction without a difference. If it is not the United States tariff that is wanted, it is a tariff that will act the same way. Of course, it would not be the United States tariff; it would be a Canadian tariff, but it would be the same kind of a tariff.

As to the British preference, they are not opposed to that, not at all. Said Mr. McGeorge, president of the association: "We have advocated preferential trade on the basis that the minimum tariff should be protective of Canadian industries." Or, as Mr. Griffin puts it, "raise the general tariff so high that the minimum tariff will be high enough to place the Canadian manufacturer on an equality with his British competitor."

That seems plain enough. The minimum tariff, or preferential rate, must give as good protection to Canadian industries as the United States tariff gives to United States industries, for that is the kind of protection we are told is required. To do this, the general tariff will, of course, have to be very much higher. In other words, if the preferential rate will be as protective as the United States general tariff, it will be acceptable.

We supposed that the object of the British preference was to encourage British trade. But the only way to make this kind of a preference operative would be to have the general tariff so high as to be absolutely prohibitory. The only reason, then, that people would have for buying British goods, would be that they could not buy from anyone else—unless, of course, they took the home-made article. And to buy either British or Canadian industries under such a tariff, they would have to pay very much more for them than they are paying under the present tariff. We doubt if the explanation throws any more light on the subject than we had before, or makes it any less apparent that a preferential rate, as we understand it, and probably as Mr. Chamberlain understands it, is not what the Manufacturers' Association are willing it should be.

And, meanwhile, the manufacturers of Canada are doing a greater business than they ever did. They seem to be flourishing without getting the protection that the United States tariff gives over the line. Business is good; they would like an opportunity to raise their prices.

THE LAND REVOLUTION IN BRITAIN.

Canadians will take additional interest in the measure intended to greatly benefit crofters and other farmers on a small scale in Scotland, because of the fact that it was introduced into the Imperial House of Commons by Right Hon. John Sinclair, secretary for Scotland, who made many friends while in the Dominion as secretary to Lord Aberdeen. This bill is likely to form the beginning of a revolution in the treatment of the land question in the northern part of the United Kingdom, as it has for its purpose the extension to Scotland of a number of the provisions of the Irish land act. Up to the time that radical changes were made in the laws affecting land in Ireland, there was very little difference in principle in the laws governing the relationship of landlord and tenant in the several divisions of the United Kingdom. And there has been in the larger island, and more especially in Scotland, just as mean and harsh treatment of the workers on the land by landlords as there has been in Ireland. In the Highlands, as well as in the northern lowland counties, while there have been some very considerate landlords—and Lord Aberdeen is one of them—the treatment of many small tenants has been

worthy of the severest condemnation. Hundreds of families were cleared out of the valleys, which had been the homes of their forefathers for many generations, in order that sheep farms or game preserves might be created. It mattered not that the tenants of these crofts had, by dint of the severest toil, brought these rough lands into subjection, and wrested a bare living from them, after paying the uttermost farthing collectable to the landlord. All these betterments went as nothing when the landlord made up his mind to get rid of their cultivators. It was no credit to the landlords that the men, women and children thus forcibly ejected sought homes on this continent and in other new lands, and did much better than it would have been possible for them on the small holdings in their native land, where, until very recently, they had even to submit to their crops being devoured by the landlords' game without the means of obtaining any redress. The Scottish tenants, however, were long suffering. They are by nature a complacent race, and they have never been so aggressive in agitation as their neighbors in Ireland. One reason, no doubt, is to be found in the fact that while a very large number of the Irish landlords are absentees, and others laid themselves open to the charge of collecting rack rents in Ireland, that they might spend the money in luxury in foreign countries, the Scottish landlord, with all his faults, has been a liver at home. From time to time, there have been inquiries by commission, which have shown the necessity for land reform, and in 1858 a measure was passed to give Scottish tenants some of the benefits of the Irish laws, including fixity of tenure and means of securing enlarged holdings. But there has not been very much improvement, and the more drastic measure, which will be among the first taken up when Parliament reassembles in October, has been prepared, in response to public opinion. By this legislation it is proposed to create a Scottish land commission, with power in certain cases to fix fair rents and to create small holdings. Where an agreement is not found possible, and where, in the opinion of the land commission, suitable and otherwise available land is refused by landlords, a compulsory order may be issued by the commission. These alterations in the distribution of the land may be compared to the work of municipal corporations and private owners in centers of population in the pulling down of slums and the erection of new dwellings. It is provided, also, that money may be advanced in grants or loans for this initial expenditure. The conclusion has rightly been reached that if it is right to provide millions of pounds to put the land in Ireland in possession of the men who till it—and which transaction is being very successfully accomplished—it is equally fair that similar arrangements should be made for the agriculturists in the sister island. The bill does not do for Scotland all that the Irish land laws do for Ireland, but it is a distinct step in the direction of providing in every portion of the United Kingdom the national credit shall be turned to account in aiding the tiller of the soil to become its owner and controller. It is a revolution which may not accomplish all that its promoters desire, in the amelioration of social and industrial conditions, but it is certainly in progress.

"Is Goldwin Smith wrong?" asks the St. John (N. B.) Globe. In some things he is, but he does not think so. However, this is a free country, and any man may think the thoughts he will, and give expression to them, too.

A witness in the Queen's N. S. election trial said he found the opponents of the Finance Minister had so much money that "they were chucking it to the dogs." This does not excuse the other side for doing wrong, but it shows the hypocrisy of Mr. Borden's friends when they turn up the whites of their eyes, and launch into wholesale condemnation of what they style the dreadful wickedness of the Liberals.

Why do French-speaking Canadians buy the farms of English-speaking Canadians in the eastern township of Quebec? asks a correspondent. The answer is a simple one: The French-speaking Canadian is passionately fond of his native province. He has made money out of his farming operations, and he is anxious to have his sons and sons-in-law settled near him. And so he offers his English-speaking neighbor a higher price for his farm than an English-speaking farmer is willing to do. It is a simple business proposition, and the farm is his, while the English-speaking farmer packs up and goes west to grow up with the country.

A LONG WAY OFF.
[San Francisco Call.]
Hoax—I see that the motormen of this line who struck for stools to sit on while working have won their strike?

Joax—Yes; I guess after a while even the passengers will be able to get stools.

CERTAINLY.
[Yonker's Statesman.]
"Which side do you wish your hair combed on?" asked the barber; who

appeared to be trying to make a hole in the customer's head with his comb. "On the outside, please."

THE BRIDAL VEIL.
[Alice Cary.]
We're married, they say, and you think you have won me—
Well, take this white veil from my head, and look on me.
Here's matter to vex you and matter to grieve you.
Here's doubt to distrust you and faith to believe you.
I am all, as you see, common earth, common dew;
Be wary and hold me to roses, not true!

Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold.
And see if you have me to keep and to hold.
Look close on my heart—see worst of its sinning—
It is not yours today for yesterday's winning.
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow.
You must grow to new heights if I love you tomorrow.

We're married! I'm pledged to hold up your praises.
As the turf at your feet does it handful by handful.
That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride.
But, mark you, if greener grass grow either side,
I shall know it, and keeping the body with you
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew.

We're married! Oh, pray that our love do not fall;
I have wings fastened down hidden under my veil!
They are subtle as light—you can never undo them;
And spite of all claspings, and spite of all hands,
I slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me.
I am yours for a lifetime, to be what you make me.
To wear my white veil for a sign or a cover.
As you shall be proven my lord or my lover.
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

THE DISTANT HILLS.
[New York Tribune.]
As a ship was nearing the harbor of Athens a woman passenger approached the captain, and pointing to distant hills covered with snow, asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.
"Is it really?" remarked the woman.
"I thought so; but a gentleman has just told me that it is Greece!"

THE COURT WAS LOYAL.
[Kansas City Journal.]
In a western Kansas town some years ago a non-resident filed suit to collect a bill from a resident of the place. The plaintiff made a clear case and the defendant submitted no evidence at all.

"You have the law and the evidence on your side," said the judge to the plaintiff.

"Then I get judgment for my claim?" asked the plaintiff.

"Oh, no," replied the judge. "I find for the defendant. This court never goes back on its home people."

PREPARING HER.
[Philadelphia Ledger.]
Mr. Nerve—Delighted to hear you're going to be married soon.
Miss Pechis—The ideal! That's news to me.
Mr. Nerve—You misunderstand me. I mean I'll be delighted to hear it after I propose to you tonight.

HER ADVICE.
[Exchange.]
He—There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?
She—Do you call there often?
"No, indeed; not oftener than I can possibly help."
"Call oftener."

WINNIPEG IN WINTER.
[London Spectator.]
Winnipeg is a "dead" city from October till the beginning of April, since the west has all its eggs in one basket, and when the wheat is not being sown or harvested sits idle. For an emigrant, therefore, it is an expensive city to make a stay in, and to the ordinary traveler it has little to offer. It is the emporium and distributing center of the Northwest, a gigantic country town rather than a city with its own private interests.

AN INVALUABLE ART.
[M. A. P.]
When Bret Harte was editor of a San Francisco paper, he told this story of one of his rival editors:
One day the office boy went to the editor of the Soaring Eagle and said: "There is a tramp at the door, and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."
"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run this blamed paper for another week."

OBEDIENT, BUT INDIGNANT.
[Chicago Tribune.]
"Norah," said the literary woman, "I wish you would go down to the library and bring me 'Flavius Josephus.'"
The new girl left the room to execute the commission.
Presently a terrific noise was heard on the stairway, and Norah pushed the door open with her foot a moment later, dragging in by the collar a large and reluctant Newfoundland dog.
"Here he is, Mrs. Dinnis," she said, "but you oughtn't to have sent me. It's a man's job. The bastards tried to bite, and I had to fight 'em iv'ry fut o' the way!"

BORN BLIND.
[Harper's Weekly.]
A great criminal lawyer in New York, Mr. B., has a rich and lovely client, who is famous for her extremely haughty manner.
This noted beauty had run down a poor old woman in her auto and was arrested.
"O, Mr. B., do you think you will be able to get me out of this?" she asked, piteously.
"Yes, indeed," said he, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll prove conclusively to the jury that from the hour of your birth you've never been able to see any one worth less than \$100,000."

VALPARAISO NOW A GREAT CAMP

Most of Populace Living in the Open—English Residents Escape Disaster.

Valparaiso, Aug. 24. — As the result of the splendid courage of the people and with the co-operation of the city government, Valparaiso will be rebuilt within a few years on finer and more beautiful lines than before the disaster of Aug. 18.

The rain last night caused most of the people to desert the tents which they had occupied since the earthquake and return to their houses.

Almost all the walls are cracked, but there was no violent earth tremors during the night or today. Many of the people have to walk long distances carrying their bedclothes on their shoulders. There are no conflagrations, but the blowing up of damaged structures with dynamite continues, and loud explosions are frequently heard. Otherwise the town has assumed an almost normal appearance. Many business houses have been reopened.

The residences on Alegre and Victoria Hills, which are occupied principally by Englishmen, Americans and Germans, suffered comparatively little damage. In the quarter of the city which suffered most severely entire streets have been practically wiped out.

One thousand of those who were killed by the earthquake already have been buried, and there are more than 1,000 corpses beneath the ruins.

For relief purposes the city has been divided into ten sections, so that assistance may be extended systematically to those who require it. Provisions are abundant. The foreign merchants of the city have appointed a committee to assist in the relief work. Several of the consuls here have offered to send home such of their countrymen as have not the means to re-establish themselves here to pay their own passage to their native countries. Sheds are being constructed for the sheltering of the destitute. The railway service is being re-established.

President Risco is expected to arrive here tomorrow. Government engineers from other provinces have been ordered to come to Valparaiso to assist in making plans for the reconstruction of the city.

The summary punishment meted out to those who were caught stealing has put a stop to robberies.

The import duties on foodstuffs have been temporarily suspended. Street traffic was paralyzed today by a heavy rain, which also caused much damage to buildings weakened by the earthquake.

Many refugees have been taken on board ships of the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company at Santiago.

CAT'S KIDNEY IN A DOG'S NECK
Remarkable Feat of Young Surgeon Before British Medical Association.

Toronto, Aug. 24.—Two dogs and two cats holding in their bodies transplanted kidneys formerly belonging to other cats and dogs, now unhappily sacrificed in the interests of science, stood before the section on physiology of the British Medical Association this morning as marvels in surgical accomplishment. All were in fine health and showed the natural desires of their kind, the cats to spit and the dogs to growl. The surgeon who was responsible for this great step in science was Dr. Alexis Carrell, until recently of the University of Chicago, and now of the Rockefeller University, New York. Dr. Carrell, who is a comparatively young man, explained his experiments to the physiologists present. One of the dogs present had the transplanted kidneys in his neck, and they seemed to be performing their functions successfully. Dr. Carrell said he had already succeeded in having dogs live seventeen days after the operation. One of the cats exhibited had possessed its new set of kidneys for two months.

The limbs of cats and guinea pigs have also been cut off and put on again, the animals doing well afterwards. Mr. Carrell was modest as to what he hoped to accomplish from these experiments on the human being, but very hopeful, though the problem was, he admitted, to get any person to consent to such an operation.

Another side to the alcohol question was presented in the therapeutics section, where the value of that drug in medicine surgery was under discussion. Dr. A. D. Blackader, of Montreal, said the value of alcohol as a stimulant had been overestimated, but under certain conditions it was useful and had a food value.

Dr. S. J. Meltzer, of New York, said the facts as known today were favorable to the judicious use of alcohol in disease.

The great majority of the clinicians who employed it in disease were convinced that it was beneficial to the patient. There were reliable experiments on record showing that it developed an immunity in experimental infections and that it was capable of moderately stimulating the heart and of increasing the blood pressure.

Dr. W. E. Dixon, of Cambridge, Eng., gave results of recent experiments, which were on the whole favorable to the view that alcohol has a distinct action which may be utilized in the treatment of disease.

Prof. G. Lewis Woodhead, also of Cambridge, urged the other view presented by himself at Wednesday's temperance luncheon, that alcohol was to be used with great care.

Dr. W. H. Moorhouse, London, Ont., said alcohol should not be used by a patient with a weak heart, but it might be useful in inducing sleep in typhoid and fever conditions.

Dr. J. Rose Bradford, of London,

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO**T O N I G H T**

Biggest Shirt Sale
Ever held in London is under way. Enthusiastic selling keeps everybody hustling. Have you bought yet? Choice of dozens of styles in Cambric, Madras and Zephyr Shirts, mostly soft fronts, every one guaranteed to be 75c, \$1.00 \$1.25, at 44c each, or 6 for \$2.50.
Come tonight and pick out half a dozen or so. You can't beat the value.

Flannelette
Kimono Wrapperettes, a big choice of patterns, suitable for house waists, kimonos, or quilt coverings. Special 50

Fleecy Blankets
White and Gray Flannelette Blankets, with colored borders, the best quality, lowest prices.
11-4 size, at, pair \$1 00
12-4 size, at, pair \$1 25

White Damask Vesting
The material for the waists you will be making for late summer, spots and figures. Tonight, a yard 15c
12 pieces fine white Victoria Lawn, worth 9c yard, special for tonight 6 1/2c

Black Muslin Down
The best Fancy Stripe and Check Muslins, embroidered, or raised effects, all black, were 25c yard, special for tonight 16c

Towels and Toweling
Turkish Bath Towels, size 35x19, special for tonight, two for 25c
All- linen Pure White Roller Toweling, worth 9c yard, for 6 1/2c, or 15 yards for \$1 00

Handkerchief Samples
Just received, samples of the newest Handkerchiefs, lace trimmed and embroidered. We'll sell the samples tonight at 5c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 40c

Hosiery and Gloves
Big values in these two important departments for tonight.

Fancy Goods
New Fancy Baskets for trimming; brush and comb, jewel, handkerchief, cravat, photo holder, whisk holder, hair receiver, catch-all baby baskets, picture postcard racks, work baskets, etc.
20-inch White Linen Centerpieces, all designs, tonight 35c
18-inch Coronation Centerpieces, tonight at 30c
18-inch Lawn Centers, for shadow embroidery 25c

Soaps
Special bargains for tonight at Soap Counter.

J. H. Chapman & Co., 126, 128, 128 1/2 Dundas St.

England, strongly opposed the use of alcohol for convalescents.
Some comfort for typhoid patients was supplied by Dr. F. J. Smith, of London, England, in the medicine section, who condemned the routine milk diet, and favored the use of solids, provided they have no seeds or other small substances likely to cause trouble. He also favored giving a patient food when he wanted it, and not when he did not want it. He said he had had good results from this method.

Sir Thomas Barlow, president of the section, was inclined to support Dr. Smith's contentions, but said care should be taken not to give the patient too much food when he became ravenous.

The sleeping sickness prevalent in some parts of Africa was discussed by Dr. F. W. Mott, of London, Eng., in the section on pathology. He said it was spreading along the lines of commercial communication in Africa, and had its seat in the brain and was due to white people as well as natives. It had its seat in the brain and was due to a germ, which a fly carried from an infected person to a healthy person by biting both. No cure has as yet been found for it.

The business of the association was practically finished this forenoon, one or two sections still having a little work to do. The place for next year's meeting is Exeter, Eng., which was decided upon at a business meeting in the old country some time ago.

G. T. R. Special To Toronto, Aug. 28, 30, Sept. 1, 4 and 6.
Leaving London at 9 a.m., arriving Toronto 12:15 p.m., stopping at Exhibition grounds. Low rate of \$2.50 for round trip will be in effect on dates of special train service, and rate of \$3.40 in effect daily from Aug. 27 to Sept. 8. All tickets valid returning until Sept. 11. Call at City Office, or Depot Ticket Office, for tickets and further information. 14m.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.
Some men seem born to keep the currency moving.

Woods' Fair
Ladies' Summer Vests, 2 for 25c.

Great Reductions in Go-Carts and Baby Carriages
We have just received a new shipment of Go-Carts and Baby Carriages; all made in the newest styles, with latest improvements, and we intend selling them on Monday at exceptionally low prices. Below we mention only a few of the many bargains.

\$14.00 Go-Carts \$9.00
Babies' Go-Carts, nicely made, with padded cushions, rubber tires, complete, with colored parasol to match; regular \$14 sale price \$9 00

\$16.00 Baby Carriages \$12.50
Baby Carriages, in newest style, upholstered in green plush, finished with braid, rubber tires, complete, with patent brake, and parasol to match; regular \$16; sale price \$12 50

\$22.00 Baby Carriages \$17.00
Baby Carriages, with rubber tires, new patent brake, etc., upholstered with plush, and nicely finished, complete, with parasol to match; regular \$22 00; sale price \$17 00

\$19.00 Baby Carriages \$15.50
Baby Carriages, beautifully upholstered and finished, beautiful patterns, rubber tires, complete, with brake, parasol, etc.; regular \$19 00; sale price \$15 50

\$24.00 Go-Carts \$20.00
Latest Improvements in Go-Carts, beautiful patterns and nicely upholstered, reclining back, rubber tires, and satin parasol to match; regular \$24 00; sale price \$20 00

Woods' Fair
Ladies' Leather Handbags, all leather lined, \$1.50.

Visit our Candy Dept. Candies are always fresh.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians. The man who is never ready is always in a hurry. A woman doing business in a bank is a painful reminder of a dog fighting fleas.

Hatred of the rich is not modern. Remember the Bible story about Dives and Lazarus and how the rich man was punished. Being economical is one of the ways in which some rich people enjoy themselves.

A Glass of Iced

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Will be found most beneficial
this warm weather.LEAD PACKETS ONLY 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.
By all grocers.**The House of a
Thousand Candles**

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON. [Copyright, 1906, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

"Miss Devereux," I murmured, I have, I hope, an icy tone for persons who have incurred my displeasure, and I employed it then and there, with no doubt its fullest value.

She and my grandfather were groping in the dark for the lost lantern, and I, putting out my hand, touched her fingers.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured frostily.

Then I found and grasped the lantern. "One moment," I said, "and I'll see what's the trouble."

I thought my grandfather took it, but the flame of my wax match showed her fingers, clasping the wires of the lantern. The clock slipped away, showing her arm's soft curve, the blue and white of her bodice, the purple blur of violets; and for a second I saw her face, with a smile quivering about her lips. My grandfather was beating impatiently with his stick, urging us to leave the lantern and go on.

"Let it alone," he said. "I'll go down through the chapel. There's a lantern in there somewhere."

"I'm awfully sorry," she remarked, "but I recently lost my best lantern."

To be sure she had! I was angry that she should so brazenly recall the night I found her looking for Pickering's notes in the passage at the Door of Bewilderment.

She had lifted the lantern now, and I was striving to touch the wax taper to the wick, with imminent danger to my bare fingers.

"They don't really light well when

**Advertiser
Patterns**

Designed by Martha Dean.



A SMALL PLAY APRON—4088.

For little maids whose figures are not yet well-formed, the full aprons are generally chosen. These models are more becoming and answer best for general utility wear. The full skirt of this one is gathered to a pointed yoke and the apron may be made with or without the sleeves. As to trimmings which are often the most extensive part of an apron, one may do as she likes, no other than the garment material being needed for its adornment unless desired. The deep, rich collar which may be made of the apron material is a becoming finish or the neck while this may be omitted and narrow ruffles of lawn used instead. For the medium size 2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. 4088—25c, 3 to 10 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE
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Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

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Measurement—Waist Bust

Age (if child's or miss' pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to include above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent you need only mark 32, 34, or 36, or whatever it may be. When a waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "feet." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

the off's out," she observed, with an exasperating air of wisdom.

I took it from her and shook it close to my ear.

"Yes, of course, it's empty," I muttered disdainfully.

"Oh, Mr. Glenarm!" she cried, turning away toward my grandfather.

I heard his stick beating the rough path several yards away. He was hastening toward Glenarm House.

"I think Mr. Glenarm has gone home."

"Oh, that is too bad!" she exclaimed. "Thank you! He's probably at the chapel by this time. If you will permit me—"

"Not at all!"

A man well advanced in the sixties should not tax his arteries too severely. I was quite sure that my grandfather ran up the chapel steps; I could hear his beating hurriedly on the stone.

"If you wish to go farther"—I began.

I was indignant at my grandfather's conduct; he had deliberately run off, leaving me alone with a young woman whom I particularly wished to avoid.

"Thank you; I shall go back now; I was merely waiting to see the gate with Mr. Glenarm. It is so fine to have him back again so unbelievable."

It was not just such a polite murmur as one might employ in speaking to an old foe at a friend's table.

She listened a moment for his step; then, apparently satisfied, turned back toward St. Agatha's. I followed uncertain, hesitating, marking her definite onward flight. From the folds of the cloak stole the faint perfume of violets. The sight of her, the sound of her voice combined to create, and to destroy, a mood with every step.

I was seeking some colorless thing to say when she spoke over her shoulder:

"You are very kind, but I'm not in the least afraid, Mr. Glenarm."

"But there is something I wish to say to you. I should like—"

She slackened her step.

"Yes."

"I am going away."

"Yes, of course; you are going away."

Her tone implied that this was something that had been ordained from the beginning of time, and did not matter.

"And I wish to say a word about Mr. Pickering."

She paused and faced me abruptly. We were at the edge of the wood, and the school lay quite near. She caught the cloak close about her, and gave her head a little toss I remembered well, as a trick compelled by the vagaries of woman's head-dress.

"I can't talk to you here, Mr. Glenarm; I had no intention of ever seeing you again; but I must say this—"

"Those notes of Pickering's—I shall ask Mr. Glenarm to give them to you—as a mark of esteem from me."

She stepped backward as though I had struck her.

"You risked much for them—for him?"

"Mr. Glenarm, I have no intention of discussing that, or any other matter with you—"

"It is better so—"

"But your accusations, the things you imply, are unjust, infamous—"

The quaver in her voice shook my resolution to deal harshly with her.

"If I had not myself been a witness—I began.

"Yes, you have the conceit of your own wisdom, I dare say."

"But that challenge to follow you, break my pledge, my running away, only to find that Pickering was close at my heels; your visit to the tunnel in search of those notes—don't you know that those things were a blow that hurt? You had been the spirit of this woodland to me. Through all these years, from the hour I watched you paddle off into the sunset in your canoe, the thought of you made the days brighter, steadied and cheered me, and awakened ambitions that I had forgotten—abandoned—long ago. And this hideous struggle here—"

"But I'm glad I followed you—"

I'm glad that neither fortune nor duty kept me back. And now I want you to know that Arthur Pickering shall not suffer for anything that has happened. I shall make no effort to punish him; for your sake he shall go free."

A sigh so deep that it was like a sob broke from her. She thrust forth her hand entreatingly.

"Why don't you go to him with your generosity? You are so ready to believe in me! And I shall not defend myself; but I will say these things to you. Mr. Glenarm, I had no idea, no thought of seeing him at the Armstrong's that night. It was a surprise to me, and to them, when he telegraphed he was coming. And when I went into the tunnel there in time, that wall that night I had a purpose—a purpose—"

"Yes?" she paused and I bent forward, earnestly waiting for her words, knowing that here lay great offending.

"I was afraid—I was afraid that Mr. Glenarm might not come in time; that you might be disappointed—lose the fight, and I came back with Mr. Pickering because I thought some dreadful thing might happen there to you—"

She turned and ran from me with the speed of the wind, the cloak fluttering out darkly about her. At the door under the light of the lamp, I was close upon her. Her hand was on the vestibule latch.

"But how should I have known?" I cried. "And you had taunted me with my imprisonment at Glenarm; you had dared me to follow you, when you knew that my grandfather was living and watching to see whether I kept faith with him. If you can tell me, if there is an answer to that—"

"I shall never tell you anything—more! You were so eager to think ill of me—to accuse me—"

"It was because I love you; it was jealousy of that man, my boyhood enemy, that made me catch at any doubt. You are so beautiful—you are so much a part of the peace, the charm of all this! I had hoped for spring—for you and the spring together!"

"Oh, please—"

Her flight had shaken the toque to an unwonted angle; her breath came quick and hard as she tugged at the latch. The light from overhead was laid upon us, but I could not get with hope and belief struggling unaided in my heart. I seized her hands and sought to look into her eyes.

"But you challenged me—to follow you! I want to know why you did that!"

She drew away, struggling to free herself.

"Why was it, Marlan?"

"Because I wanted—"

"Yes."

"I wanted you to come, Squire Glenarm!"

Three springs had awakened the sap in the Glenarm wood since that night. Yesterday I tore March from the calendar. April in Indiana! She is an impudent tomboy who whistles at the window, points to the sunshine and, when you go hopefully forth, summons the clouds and pelts you with snow.

The austere old woodland, wise from long acquaintance, finds no joy in her. The walnut and hickory have a higher respect for the sterner qualities of December. April in Indiana! She was just there by the wall, where now the bluebird pauses dismayed, and waits again the flash of her golden sandals.

She bent there at the lakeside, the splash of a raindrop ago, and tentatively poked the thin, brittle ice with the pink tips of her little fingers. April in the heart! It brings back the sweet wonder and awe of those days, three years ago, when Marlan and I, waiting for June to come, knew a joy that thrilled our hearts like the tumult of the first robin's song. The marvel of it all steals over me again as I hear the riot of melody in meadow and wood, and catch through the window the flash of eager wings.

My history of the affair at Glenarm has overrun the bounds I had set for it, and these, I submit, are not days for the desk and pen. Marlan is turning over the sheets of manuscript that lie at my elbow, and demanding that I drop work for a walk abroad. My grandfather is passing the terrace outside, planning, no doubt, those changes in the ground, that are his constant delight.

Some of the persons concerned in this winter's tale, let me say a word behind me, the prisoner whom Larry left behind me, the prisoner whom Larry left behind me, the prisoner whom Larry left behind me.

With all the honors of war, and (I may add without breach of confidence) a comfortable indemnity, Larry has made a reputation by his book on Russia—a searching study into the conditions of the Czar's Empire, and, having squeezed that lemon, he is now in Tibet. His father has secured from the British Government a promise of immunity for Larry, so long as that amiable adventurer keeps away from Ireland. My friend's latest letters to me contain, I note, no reference to The Sol.

Bates is in California conducting a fruit ranch, and when he visited us last Christmas he bore all the marks of a gentleman whom the world uses well. His life has known many changes in these years, but they must wait for another day, and, perhaps, another historian. Suffice it to say that it was he who married us—Marlan and me—in the little chapel by the wall, and that when he comes now and then to visit us, we renew our impression of him as a man large of body and great of soul.

Sister Theresa continues at the head of St. Agatha's, and she and the other Sisters of her brown-clad company are delightful neighbors. Pickering's failure and subsequent disappearance were described sufficiently in the newspapers, and his name is never mentioned at Glenarm.

As for myself—Marlan is tapping the floor restlessly with her boot and I must hasten—I may say that I am no idler. It was I who carried on the work of finishing Glenarm House, and I manage the farms which my grandfather has lately acquired in the neighborhood. But better still, from my own point of view, I maintain in Chicago an office as consulting engineer and I commissions.

Glenarm House is now what my grandfather had wished to make it, a beautiful and dignified mansion. He insisted on filling up the tunnel, so that the Door of Bewilderment is no more. The passage in the wall and the strong box in the paneling of the chimney-breast remain, though the latter is now as a hiding-place for certain prized bottles of rare whisky which John Marlan shall Glenarm ordains shall be taken down only on Christmas Eves, to drink the health of Olivia Gladys Armstrong.

That young woman, I may add is now a belle in her own city, and of the scores of youngsters all the way from Pittsburgh to New Orleans who lay siege to her heart, my word is, may the best man win!

And now, at the end, it may seem idle vanity for so great length of his own affairs; but it must have been clear that mine is the humblest figure in this narrative. I wished to set forth an honest account of my grandfather's experiment in looking into this world from another, and he has himself urged me to write down these various incidents while they are still fresh in my memory.

Marlan—the most patient of women—is walking toward the door, eager for the sunshine, the fresh air of spring, the blue vistas lakeward, and at last I am ready to go.

[The End.]

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and re-stuffed. Also, new feather beds, pillows, and mattresses. Also, new feather beds, pillows, and mattresses. Also, new feather beds, pillows, and mattresses.

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**MILLIONS FOR
BRITISH EMPIRE**Details of the Late Alfred Beit's
Will—Does Much for
South Africa.

London, Aug. 24.—The largest amount ever bequeathed to public objects has been left by the late Alfred Beit, the South African magnate, the provisions of whose will are announced.

The total bequests in actual cash amount to nearly £2,000,000, while there is also a large and valuable estate, worth several hundred thousands of pounds, left to the city of Hamburg, a valuable legacy left to the National Gallery, and other legacies in art treasures to museums in Berlin and Hamburg.

The only will that has in any way approximated to this was that of the late Cecil Rhodes, who, in providing for the vast scheme of scholarships which have been given his name, and for other bequests, left a sum which totaled nearly £2,000,000.

The largest bequest in Mr. Beit's will provides for the formation of a fund for the promotion of railway, telegraph and telephone construction in Africa, with particular reference to the Cape-to-Cairo Railway. Briefly summarized, the various bequests are as follows:

For railway construction in South Africa £1,250,000
For education and charity in South Africa 480,000
For the Rhodes Memorial fund 100,000
For the London University 150,000
For hospitals and charities in London 60,000
For the Union Jack Club 10,000
For charitable institutions in Hamburg 20,000

These bequests total £1,880,000, and when to these are added the Hamburg estate and the various art treasures, the total amount will undoubtedly be well over two and a quarter millions of pounds.

The Will.

The official announcement of the provisions of the will reads as follows:

"Mr. Beit by his will, which is dated April 18, 1906, recorded the fact that he was a naturalized British subject, living in England, where he intended to remain domiciled."

"He appointed his brother, Otto Beit, his cousin, Franz Voecklein, and his partner, Sir Julius Wernher, executors and trustees of his will."

"Mr. Beit gives his property known as the Borsler Jager, near Hamburg, to the city of Hamburg forever, to be held in perpetuity for the benefit of the people of Hamburg and Gros Borsler, intact and unimpaired."

"Should the authorities of the city find this impracticable, they are authorized, but not until twenty years after Mr. Beit's death, to realize the whole or part of the property, and apply the proceeds for educational, public or other charitable purposes for the benefit of the State of Hamburg."

"All expenses of maintaining and preparing the woods and pleasure grounds forming part of the property are to be defrayed out of the revenue derived from the sale of the property, and the sale of the property may be used as a reserve fund for the purpose of being applied for educational, public or other charitable purposes, in the discretion of the authorities of the city of Hamburg."

Works of Art.

"Mr. Beit gives the picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and called 'Lord Cockburn and Her Children,' which was left to the National Gallery, to the National Gallery. He gives the picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and called 'Lord Cockburn and Her Children,' which was left to the National Gallery, to the National Gallery."

"Afterwards Lady Cockburn, to the Kaiserliche Museum in Berlin, and he gives to the same museum his bronze statue, 'Hercules,' by Rodin."

"He gives the majolica plate, which is d'Este, and was bought at the Spitzer sale in Paris, to the Museum Fur Kunst und Gewerbe, Hamburg."

"Mr. Beit gives to the College for Technology (including mining and metallurgy), in connection with the University of London, £50,000 and 5,000 preferred shares of £2 10s each in De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited, to be applied for the purposes of the college."

The De Beers preferred shares were yesterday given which gives a valuation of £2,000,000 to the University of Johannesburg, to be applied in or towards building and equipping university buildings on the site of the property recently given by him to Johannesburg, including the construction of a railway connecting the property with Johannesburg, the income of which £200,000 to be applied meanwhile for educational objects, as the board of education at Johannesburg may determine."

"If at the expiration of ten years the £200,000 shall not have been applied in such building and equipment, then the legacy is to lapse."

£200,000 For Rhodesia.

"He gives £200,000 to be distributed within two years after his death by a board of trustees to be constituted by his trustees, of whom the present Bishop of Mashonaland shall be one, for educational, public and other charitable purposes in Rhodesia, North or South, or other territories within the field of the operations of the British South Africa Company. He also gives:

"Twenty-five thousand pounds to the Institute of Medical Sciences fund, University of London."

"Twenty-five thousand pounds to the Rhodes University, Grahamstown, Cape Colony."

"Ten thousand pounds to the Rhodes Memorial fund, Johannesburg."

"Ten thousand pounds to the Union Jack Club, London—a club for soldiers and sailors to be erected as a South African war memorial."

"Twenty thousand pounds to his firm of Eckstein & Co. of Johannesburg, to be applied, as to capital and income, in the discretion of the firm, for educational, public and other charitable purposes in or near Kimberley."

"Fifteen thousand pounds to Dr. Jameson, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and Sir Lewis L. Maitland, to be applied, as to capital and income, in their discretion, for educational, public and other charitable purposes in Cape Colony (excluding Kimberley)."

"Mr. Beit gives to the King Edward VII. Hospital fund £20,000, and to Guy's Hospital £20,000, and directs his executors to apply and distribute for such charitable purposes in or near London."

"In their absolute discretion they may, in London £20,000, and in Hamburg £20,000, be consulted as to the distribution of the £20,000 in Hamburg."

Special Train to Toronto Exhibition.

On Aug. 28, 30, Sept. 1, 4 and 6, special trains will leave London at 9 a.m., arriving Toronto 12:15 p.m., and stopping at Exhibition grounds. Special rate of \$2.55 for round trip will be in effect on these dates, and rate of \$3.40 will be in effect daily from Aug. 27 to Sept. 8. All tickets valid returning from Toronto on or before Sept. 11. Call at Grand Trunk City Office, corner Richmond and Dundas streets, for tickets and full particulars.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S TEETHING, COLIC, and ALL THE CHILD'S SOFTENING THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

The wish to do well seems to have a satisfying effect on so many people.



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Fall Fashions for Men.

YOU are invited to learn exactly what the correct styles for Fall and Winter are by inspecting garments that will be in the hands of our agents early next month. This information is yours for the asking and is worth having.

20th Century Brand Garments

are the accepted models of style and the accepted standard of tailoring excellence.

AGENTS IN NEARLY EVERY TOWN IN CANADA.

TAILORED BY

The Lowndes Company, Limited, Toronto.**RESTORE DAVID'S THRONE**

Zionist Leader Says It Will Be Preceded by a Commonwealth.

New York, Aug. 24.—Ultimate restoration of the throne of David in Palestine, to be preceded by a commonwealth or republic and tremendous advancement in Zionism within ten years are prophesied in a letter published in this week's Jewish Independent.

The writer is Clarence I. de Sola, of Montreal, who is president of the Federation of Zionist societies in Canada, whose letter says:

"I certainly believe that within the next ten years Zionism will have conclusively proved its claim to be the only statesmanlike solution of the Jewish problem, that we shall then have the overwhelming majority of the Jewish people as active supporters of our movement. I firmly believe that by that date we shall be able to show very tangible results as the consequence of Zionist endeavor. We shall have improved the material condition of our race through practical colonization work in Palestine, and we shall have upraised their spiritual condition through the diffusion of a knowledge of those great ideals which have kept alive the spirit of Judaism in all ages."

"I believe that if the Jews gain complete control of Palestine our form of government should at first be a commonwealth or republic. As an orthodox Jew, however, I look forward to the day when the throne of David will be restored; but that may only be after our people have created that ideal spiritual kingdom, for the establishment of which we all hope."

THE GREAT MARATHON RACE

Developed no keener competition than is manifested in the struggle for business supremacy today. We have easily outstripped our competitors and fairly won the laurel for superiority. Our furniture is unsurpassed in quality, workmanship and design, and our price the very lowest consistent with good goods.

The Ontario Furniture Co.

228-230 Dundas Street.

THAT BOGUS BARON.

Berlin, Aug. 24.—The Lokal Anzeiger today announced the arrest at Hamburg of a man who described himself as Baron Santos Von Dobrowski-Donnersmark, said to be a metal worker, named Konrad, who married an American girl of good family in Manila, on May 4, and who is charged with having recently deserted her in Paris, taking with him jewelry belonging to her valued at \$8,000, and also a sum of money. The man's arrest is reported to be due to the American consul at Hamburg. It is added that a great part of the jewels has already been disposed of by the "baron," but that the police seized the remainder.

The trouble with the marriage list is that it has to be revised so often. About the only consolation found in growing old is that there is

MED. INSPECTION OF IMMIGRANTS

Under Consideration by British Medical Association.

STATE CONTROL OF HEALTH

Big Convention Concluded Its Working Sessions With Several Important Papers.

Toronto, Aug. 24.—The various sections of the British Medical Association today completed their work, and adjourned. The sustained interest in the proceedings up to the close was a marked feature, illustrative of the earnestness of the members, and the desire to make the gathering one of practical value, not only to the individuals who were privileged to attend and profit by the discussions, but to humanity at large, which will benefit as a result of the renewed inspiration with which the leaders in medicine and surgery will return to their work of experiment and research.

Dr. P. H. Bryce, chief medical officer of the department of the interior, commenced the proceedings in the state medicine department by an able paper on the need for international co-operation in the inspection of emigrants and immigrants. The immigration statistics for Canada, and the difficulties due to chronic pauperism in Great Britain, and the statistics which have been passed in various countries for controlling the undesirable element inevitably found in all countries of the world, were reviewed. Dr. Bryce also treated with the problem of dealing with the insane, and explained the arrangements existing between the United States of America and Canada, and concluded by a forcible appeal for the co-operation of Britain in the improvement of the condition of the emigrant, and for a complete interchange of official arrangements. He especially urged that British parochial authorities guard against assisted emigration of "unemployable," or "no goods," by seeing that the assisted have some certificate of character, both physical and moral, before being given passage. "The state control of health" was dealt with in an interesting manner by Dr. Samuel Drennan, of St. Thomas, Ont., who pleaded for a fuller recognition by the state of its duty towards the health of the people, and desired to include in the scope of the health department all hospitals and asylums, and, indeed, all the members of the medical profession. The growing prevalence of the habit of taking all sorts of drugs without medical supervision and the necessity for more knowledge in the matter were also alluded to.

In the discussion which ensued, Dr. Woodward, of the marine hospital service of the United States of America, very warmly commended the merits of Bryce's work, and spoke with approval of the improvement in the relations existing between the officers of the Dominion, and of the United States regarding the admission of immigrants. In the full compliance of the Canadian quarantine certificate of the United States of America, after examination made of our methods at the port of arrival.

Dr. Mussen, of Liverpool, dealt with the subject of methods of emigrant inspection at that port, with special reference to transients, who constitute a very large proportion. He conveyed his personal thanks to the health officers of the Canadian immigration department for their unflinching courtesy.

Mr. McGill, B. A., B. Sc., assistant analyst of the inland revenue department, Ottawa, read an interesting paper on "The use of food preservatives with the view to legislation on the subject." He dealt at length with the various forms of chemical food preservatives, and also as to the need of proper legislation to add substances for and efficient labeling.

Dr. H. L. E. Johnson, trustee of the American Medical Association, Washington, in an exceedingly able paper, dealt with the important subject of "The national supervision of food." The dangers of adulterated foods and patent medicines were pointed out, and the need was shown for collecting under a system of uniform legislation in every state of the duties which could possibly be assigned to boards of public health. The appointment of public officers by merit and not for political reasons was vigorously advocated by Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Spooner, Liverpool, England, dealt concisely and effectively with the subject of "Salmon's Foods." He regretted that food served to sailors was not sometimes what it ought to be, but was pleased to find that there had been a decided improvement in recent years under the regulations which had been made. He looked forward to the adoption of legislation which had been hung up in the Imperial Parliament, which would still further improve the diet upon which the sailors were required to exist for long periods.

Scores Preservatives.
Prof. Glaister, Glasgow University, expressed the opinion that the use of preservatives in food was objectionable. The recognized use of certain preservatives, however, was an admission of their usefulness, and therefore he suggested there should be a classification made of preservatives into two classes, one of which would comprise those which were harmless in

their operation and effect, the other those which were harmful. In view of their general use he would be inclined to take salt, sugar and one or two other things of a similar character out of the class of preservatives altogether, and to regard them as the Germans do, as food adjuncts. The pickling and salting of meat robbed it of some of its most useful contents, which passed out in the brine. Prof. Glaister was also inclined to think that a little more consideration might with advantage be paid to the effect of cold storage upon foods. He could not believe from his observations that with certain food products cold storage was also useful. As an illustration, he quoted meat sent from New Zealand, which was chilled and put in cold storage before rigor mortis had fully set. The consequence was that when taken out of cold storage in the old country, unless it was used within a very short period, the meat was liable to putrefy very rapidly.

Dr. Atkinson, medical health officer, Hong Kong, in a short but ably written paper, gave an interesting story of the difficulties experienced in dealing with the plague and other epidemics, owing to the refusal of the Chinese, who disliked the fumigating process which followed, to report cases of sickness, and preferred to watch their opportunity and throw the dead bodies into the street, to be gathered up by the health authorities. This concluded the business of the section, and Dr. Montizambert in closing the proceedings, briefly reviewed the work of the session. The papers submitted and the discussions which had taken place had, he said, been most interesting and instructive.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

The Western Real Estate Exchange reports the sale of their list of the following properties during the past two weeks:

No. 778—W. X. Sinden's grist mill, in the village of Eden, county of Elgin. Sold.

No. 4178—William Rutherford's 474 acres in the township of Modette, county of Simcoe. Sold.

No. 924—West Bros.' steam laundry, in the town of Amherstburg, county of Essex. Sold.

No. 4178—Matthew Leggett's 50-acre farm, in the township of Plympton, county of Lambton. Sold.

No. 2046—Wm. J. Carroll's 50 acres, in the township of Sombra, county of Lambton. Sold.

No. 425—F. E. Loyd's house and lot in the city of London, on Marmalade street. Sold.

No. 4182—Eliza Gankel's 74 acres, in the township of Ancaster, county of Wentworth. Sold.

No. 3916—Wm. Cuckey's 100 acres, in the township of Mossa, county of Middlesex. Exchanged.

No. 1509—Jos. D. Ferguson's 100 acres in the township of Sombra, county of Lambton. Exchanged.

No. 2768—Charles McGregor's 100 acres, in the township of Enniskillen, county of Lambton. Sold.

No. 3847—20 acres in the township of Warwick, county of Lambton, owned by Harrison Hall. Sold.

No. 4638—50 acres in the township of Dawn, county of Lambton, owned by Wm. Thomas. Sold.

No. 342—27 acres in the township of Colchester, county of Essex, owned by Frank Dye. Sold.

No. 2660—23½ acres in the township of North Gosfield, county of Essex, owned by Mrs. Catharine Perry. Sold.

No. 3605—100 acres in the township of Sombra, county of Lambton, owned by Alex. Bourne. Exchanged.

No. 4536—50 acres in the township of Chatham, county of Kent, owned by Joseph H. McKnight. Exchanged.

No. 4662—70 acres in the township of Delaware, county of Middlesex, owned by W. W. Vanhagen. Sold.

No. 1014—House and two lots in the town of Wallaceburg, county of Kent, owned by James Dunlop. Sold.

NEW BOOKS AT LIBRARY

Large Batch Was Placed in Circulation Today.

This week's issue of new books were placed on a separate shelf at the public library at 9 o'clock this morning. It includes a special edition of Thackeray's complete works, fifteen volumes, also George MacDonald's seven volumes. In the juvenile section will be found a new series by Horatio Alger, twelve volumes. There are also new volumes of poems by Ingevil, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Wordsworth, to be placed in circulation. The week's additions:

Hudson—The Law of Mental Medicine. The Face of Jesus, or Thoughts for the Million.
Miller—The Most of Life.
Miller—Strength and Beauty.
Miller—Things as They Are.
Miller—The Lesson of Love.
Fox's Book of Martyrs.
Cox—The New World.
Lewis—Bible Guide, Complete.
Hodgson—Low Cost American Homes.
Hunt—Practicalism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Two volumes.
Baldwin—Picture Making for Pleasure and Profit.
Woodward—Encyclopedia of Quotations.
Mackay—Encyclopedia of Poetry.
Le Fanu—Twenty Years of Irish Life.
Huffield—Encyclopedia of Wit and Wisdom.
Cassell—Encyclopedia of Comedy.
Zola—Truth.
Cassell—New Biographical Dictionary.
Wrong—Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Vols. 9, 10.
Boothby—The Consummate Scoundrel.
Goldsmith—Vicar of Wakefield.
Grey—The Great Refusal.
Haggard—The Way of the Spirit.
Hitchens—The Woman With the Fan.
Hocking—Evan.
Hume—The Pad Window.
Hume—The Millionaire Mystery.
George MacDonald—Home Again. Seven volumes.
McCutcheon—The Sherlocks.
Morrison—The Green Diamond.
Peck—The House of Hawley.
Sawyer—All's Fair in Love.
Sergeant—A Rogue's Daughter.
Sinclair—The Jungle.
Thackeray—Short Stories. Fifteen volumes.
Tracy—Carl Grier.
Williamson—Lady Betty Across the Water.
Wilson—The Seeker.

JUVENILE.
Alger—Brave and Bold.
Alger—Jack Ward.
Alger—The House of Hawley.
Alger—Paul the Peddler.
Alger—The Piddler.
Alger—Stiffing for Himself.
Alger—Sink or Swim.
Alger—Slow and Sure.
Alger—Strike and Succeed.
Alger—Strong and Steady.
Alger—Tattered Tom.
Alger—Wait and Hope.
Pier—Boys of St. Timothy's.

JIM HILL FOOLISH, SAYS VAN HORNE

If He Attempts to Invade C. P. R. Territory Winnipeg to the Pacific.

New York, Aug. 24.—Representatives of the two great railway systems of the Northwest that are at daggers drawn about invasions of each other's territories arrived in this city yesterday. They were: James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, and Sir William C. Van Horne, chairman of the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Sir William promptly threw down the gauntlet to Mr. Hill when asked for his opinion of the latter's plan to build a Canadian line from the Pacific coast to Winnipeg, Manitoba, in retaliation for the Canadian Pacific's encroachment on the Great Northern's preserves.

"I don't know what Mr. Hill's plans are," said Sir William. "I know that he is a very able man, and when he talks about doing what is clearly a foolish thing, it is safe to assume that it is a cover to something which is not foolish."

"Mr. Hill may be seriously planning the building of some line into Canadian Pacific territory, while I am little more than an individual director in that company now, I do not hesitate to say that two miles of line in the interest of the Canadian Pacific will be built in his territory to every mile he builds in that of the Canadian Pacific."

Sir William expressed a belief that the real motive for Mr. Hill's project to build a Canadian line was the active competition of the Canadian Pacific in through business from Chicago to Spokane, Wash.

"Mr. Hill," he said, "is foolish to attribute his attitude to any other motive. In carrying through business from Chicago to Spokane his company adds to its through rates the local rate from Spokane to the coast and back."

"Mr. Hill has built a few spurs northward into Canada, but I don't see how he can make profitable a through line from Vancouver across the mountains to Winnipeg along the route he talks about. From the Fraser River Valley to the plains he would have a heavy grade system, and he would have to parallel a branch line of the Canadian Pacific."

"If he has discovered easy passes through the mountains he has accomplished something that our engineers could not discover. Our engineers have gone over nearly every square foot of the territory, proceeding along the crests of the mountain ranges and making note of every available depression."

Mr. Hill, when informed of Sir William's observations, intimated that the Canadian Pacific's interests evidently did not have a clear realization of the situation.

"That talk about the rates to Spokane is nonsense," he said, "but I'm not going to talk back."

"As has been said recently, the Canadian line is going to be built, but not by Mr. Hill and his friends. I am not building any railroads as an individual. It is a Great Northern enterprise."

Further than this the president of the Great Northern would not enter into the controversy.

GOOD TRAIN SERVICE

Many Specials to and from London During Fair Week.

The management of the Western Fair this year are particularly fortunate in the arrangements which have been made with the different railroads entering the city. The railway officials have, as far as possible, met the wishes of the directors, not only in regard to special trains, but also in the matter of holding the trains until after the evening performance. The C. P. R. will run a special on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, leaving Galt at 8:15 a.m., stopping at all stations, reaching London at 10 o'clock, and also leaving Chatham at 7 a.m., arriving in London at 8:30, and leaving at 11:35 p.m. The Pere Marquette will run a special, leaving Blenheim at 7:30 a.m., stopping at all stations, and arriving in London at 10 o'clock, leaving again at 11 p.m. The M. & N. will give the best of service to all who patronize them, while the G. T. R. will have special trains on all their lines, both early and late.

The attractions this year are so new and novel that everyone will want to see them, especially the airship. It is expected that Mr. Williams will soon be here making final preparations for this wonderful event. Victor's Band alone is well worth the price of admission to the Fair. It will play at both performances daily, and a full list of all attractions will be given before the grandstand. Programmes furnished on application to the secretary. Make your entry soon.

NEW ONE FROM TORREY.

Winona Lake, Ind., Aug. 24.—At the Bible conference being held Rev. Dr. Reuben A. Torrey, the evangelist, tonight said:

"If I knew that by dropping dead on this platform tonight I could be the means of saving one single soul who, if I lived twenty years longer would not be saved, I would be willing to die this instant."

Henry Elliott, Esq., of Sherbrooke, N.S., inspector and superintendent of bridge construction for Nova Scotia, says:

"A bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured me of a very severe sprain of my leg, caused by a fall while building a bridge. I am, 'Dorothy' Creek, Cumberland Co., N.S."

WESTMAN'S HARDWARE
121 Dundas Street
Market Square

THE FALL EXHIBITION

Dates of "Western" and Other Noted Fairs.

THE WESTERN	Sept. 7-15.
Canadian National (Toronto)	Sept. 7-15.
St. Thomas	Sept. 7-15.
East Elgin (Aylmer)	Sept. 7-15.
Centerville (Ottawa)	Sept. 7-15.
Central (Quebec)	Sept. 11-13.
Berlin	Sept. 15.
Stephen & Osborne (Exeter)	Sept. 17-18.
Tavistock	Sept. 17-18.
Strathroy	Sept. 17-19.
St. Mary's	Sept. 18.
Blyth	Sept. 18-19.
Mitchell	Sept. 18-19.
Stratfordville	Sept. 19.
Kincardine	Sept. 19.
Metcalfe	Sept. 19-20.
Walkerton	Sept. 19-20.
Zurich	Sept. 19-20.
Woodstock	Sept. 19-21.
Searford	Sept. 20.
Stratford	Sept. 20-21.
Bothwell's Corners	Sept. 20-21.
Petrolia	Sept. 20-21.
Springfield	Sept. 20-21.
Alisa Craig	Sept. 24-25.
Midway	Sept. 24-25.
West Lambton (Sarnia)	Sept. 24-26.
Listowel	Sept. 25-26.
Glencoe	Sept. 25-26.
Warton	Sept. 25-26.
Paisley	Sept. 25-26.
Drumbo	Sept. 25-26.
Chatham	Sept. 25-27.
Norfolk Union (Simcoe)	Sept. 25-27.
Parkhill	Sept. 26-27.
St. Mary's	Sept. 26-27.
Shedden	Sept. 26-27.
Paris	Sept. 27-28.
Watford	Sept. 27-28.
Wingham	Sept. 27-28.
Wallacetown	Sept. 27-28.
Lidort	Sept. 28.
Comber	Sept. 28-29.
Bridgen	Oct. 1-2.
Thorndale	Oct. 2.
Tiverton	Oct. 2.
Thamesville	Oct. 2-3.
Lions Head	Oct. 2-3.
Alvinston	Oct. 2-3.
Amherstburg	Oct. 2-3.
Burford	Oct. 2-3.
Tara	Oct. 2-3.
Wallacetown	Oct. 2-3.
Lockport	Oct. 2-3.
Tillsonburg	Oct. 2-3.
Dorchester Station	Oct. 3.
Thedford	Oct. 3.
Delaware	Oct. 3.
Tewawater	Oct. 3-4.
Elmhurst	Oct. 3-4.
Embro	Oct. 4.
Dresden	Oct. 4-5.
Berresford	Oct. 4-5.
Caradoc (Mount Brydges)	Oct. 5.
Forest	Oct. 4-5.
Forest	Oct. 5-6.
Galt	Oct. 5-6.
Florence	Oct. 8-9.
Wyoming	Oct. 8-9.
Westminster (Lambeth)	Oct. 9.
Ingersoll	Oct. 9-10.
Thamesford	Oct. 12.

Secretaries of Ontario associations should send to The Advertiser, as early as possible, the dates of the fairs in their section of the country, and give notice of any change or correction in the dates given above.

TROUBLE IN TEXAS.

Austin, Texas, Aug. 24.—It is reported that a battalion of the troops at camp Mabry will leave in an hour for the American border. While the reason for the issuance of such orders is not positively known it is rumored that there has been a recurrence of the trouble at Brownsville, and that the troops are to go to that point.

HOSPITAL PATIENT SUICIDES.

Chatham, Aug. 24.—Mary Simberger, aged 45, an inmate of St. Joseph's Hospital since July, stole away from her nurse about 3 o'clock this afternoon and jumped into the River Thames and was drowned. The body was found ten minutes later.

It is said that she was subject to fits of despondency and melancholy, and from what can be learned, her mind was deranged.

Relatives in Quert, where she lived prior to incarceration, have been notified.

THE STRANDED BAVARIAN.

Quebec, Aug. 24.—An attempt will be made within the next week to float the steamship Bavarian at present stranded on Wye Rock. The vessel met with the accident last fall while on her way to the ocean and attempts made to float her have so far been in vain. Captain Leslie, of Kingston, Ont., is the man who will make the next attempt.

GRAY RESTORED TO HIS ORIGINAL COLOR BY THE USE OF DR. TREMAIN'S NATURAL HAIR RESTORATIVE.

This is not a Hair Dye and will not injure the scalp, as it is a Vegetable Compound and contains no grease or oil.

It will restore your hair to its natural color, even though it has been gray for years.

We guarantee it in every case or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it or send direct to us.

Price One Dollar or Six Bottles for Five Express Prepaid.

THE TREMAIN SUPPLY CO., Dept. G.

22 Buchanan St., Toronto.

Corundum and Emery Wheels

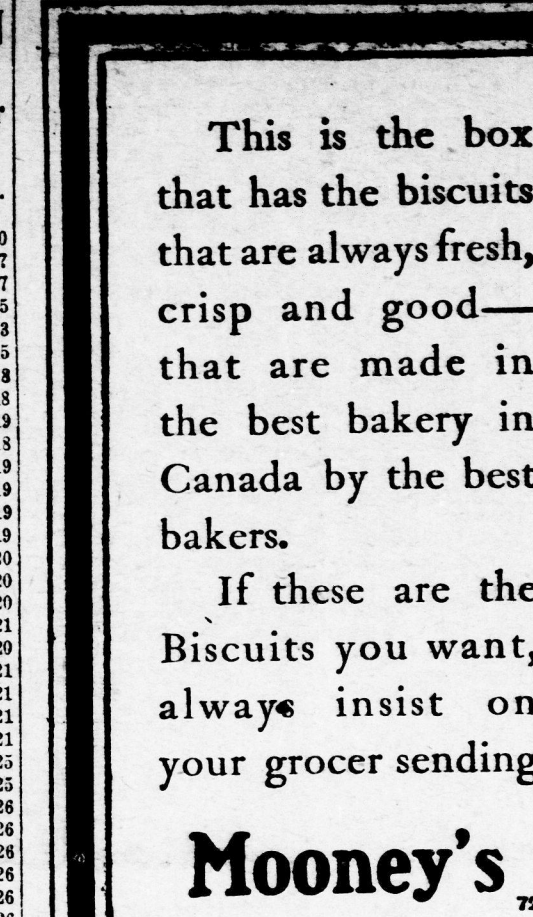
All sizes and grades for all classes of work. We keep the largest stock in Western Ontario.

WESTMAN'S HARDWARE
121 Dundas Street
Market Square

This is the box that has the biscuits that are always fresh, crisp and good—that are made in the best bakery in Canada by the best bakers.

If these are the Biscuits you want, always insist on your grocer sending

Mooney's



HARVEST HELP WANTED

\$12 Going \$18 for Trip

GOING DATES—

SEPT. 5 Stations south of, but not including main line, Toronto to Sarnia, including Toronto.

SEPT. 7 Main line Toronto to Sarnia and Stations north, except north of Cardwell Junction and Toronto on North Bay Section.

SEPT. 8 From all points Toronto and east to and including Sharbot Lake and Kingston, and north of Toronto and Cardwell Junction on North Bay and Midland Divisions.

One way second class tickets will be sold to WINNIPEG only.

Representative farmers, appointed by Manitoba and Saskatchewan Governments, will meet laborers on arrival at Winnipeg.

Free transportation will be furnished at Winnipeg to points where laborers are needed.

A certificate is furnished when each ticket is purchased, and this certificate, when executed by the city of the laborer has worked thirty days or more, will be honored from that point for a second class ticket back to starting point in Ontario, at \$18.00, prior to Nov. 30th, 1906.

Tickets will be issued to women as well as to men, but will not be issued at half fare to children.

Tickets are good only on special Farm Laborers' trains.

For full particulars see nearest C.P.R. ticket agent or write C. B. Foster, D.P.A., C.P.R., Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TORONTO EXHIBITION

Single Fare **\$3.40** Rates **\$2.55**

Toronto and return. Toronto and return.

EVERY DAY, Monday, Aug. 27, to Saturday, Sept. 8, inclusive.

ALL TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN TUESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1906.

For tickets and full particulars see

W. FULTON, C. P. R. City Ticket Office. J. HOUSTON, C. P. R. Station Agent.

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., *4:10 p.m., *6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., *3:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m., *11:20 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 6:55 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 8:01 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, stops only at Chatham and Glencoe), 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:25 a.m., 2:30 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., 6 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:30 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

SOUTHWESTERN TRACTION COMPANY.

Cars leave London, 5:45, 7:50, 9:00, 10:30, 12:00, 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, 6:00, 7:30, 9:00. In addition, a car leaves London at 10:30 p.m. for Lambton on week days, which train runs to St. Thomas on Saturday nights.

Cars leave St. Thomas at 7:30 a.m., and every hour and a half thereafter, until 10:30 p.m., and on Saturdays a train leaves at 11:45 p.m.

Phone 2990.

S. W. MOWER, Gen. Mgr.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

"EMPRESSES"

From Montreal & Quebec to Liverpool. Lake Erie, Sept. 29, Nov. 10, Empress of Ireland, Sept. 7, Oct. 5, Nov. 2.

First cabin, \$55 and upwards, according to steamer; one class (intermediate), \$42.50; second cabin, \$30 and upwards; third class, \$25.50 and upwards. Apply at once for our illustrated booklet, descriptive of our superior third class accommodation.

From Montreal to London Direct.

Mount Temple, Sept. 9, 2nd, 4th, and 8th, \$28.50.

Lake Michigan, Sept. 16, 3rd class only, \$26.50.

Apply for complete sailings to steamship and railway agents.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

River and Gulf of St. Lawrence

Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes.

The well and favorably known S. S. Campana, 1,700 tons, lighted with electric light, and having all comforts, leaves Montreal on Monday, at 2 p.m., 21st August, 10th and 24th September, for Pictou, N. S., calling at Quebec, Gaspe, Mal Bay, Cape Cove, Grand River, Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Bermuda

Summer excursions, \$35, by the new twin-screw S. S. Bermudian, 5,500 tons. Sailings from New York, 23rd August. Temperature cooled by sea breezes, seldom rises above 90°.

The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.

For tickets and staterooms apply to R. DE LA HOOKE or W. FULTON, ticket agents, London, Ontario.

MOONEY'S PERFECTION CRACKER

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

TO THE FAIR, TORONTO

AUGUST 27 TO SEPT. 8.

\$3.40 From London

Going August 27 to Sept. 8.

\$2.55

Going Aug. 28, 30, Sept. 1, 4 and 6.

All tickets valid returning until Sept. 11, 1906.

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE.

Leaving London 9:00 a.m., Aug. 28, 30, Sept. 1, 4 and 6, stopping at Exhibition Grounds in both directions.

For tickets and full information call on E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger agent, and ticket agent; E. RUSSELL, depot ticket agent.

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ALLAN LINE Royal Mail Steamers

TO LIVERPOOL.

Virginian, Aug. 31, Sept. 28, Oct. 24
Tunisian, Sept. 7, Oct. 5, Nov. 1
Victorian, Sept. 14, Oct. 12, Nov. 4
Ionian, Sept. 21, Oct. 19, Nov. 11

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First class, \$30.75 to \$60; second

DIABETES
continued on use of our
The pupils may rely on
millions. Sold only in

Western Fair

SEPTEMBER 7th to 15th

Entries close Sept. 6. Have
yours yet?

GRAND IS IN IT

Listed Among the Independent Theaters Controlled by Shuberts.

This week's Dramatic Mirror, of New York, contains a partial list of the Shubert houses, and the Grand of this city, is in the list. The Mirror says: "The independent theaters are now under exclusive control of more than 50 theaters and will have 250,000 seats and 100,000 companies on tour this season. The houses booked by the Shuberts include the Belasco, Madison Square, Fields, Herald Square, Joe Weber's, Lyric, Princess, Casino, Majestic, Lincoln and the Hippodrome in New York City; Garrick, Chicago; Lyric, Philadelphia; Shubert, Brooklyn; Belasco, Washington; Belasco, Pittsburgh; Empire, Newark; New Theater, Utica; Grand Opera House, Syracuse; Baker, Rochester; Majestic, Boston; Opera House, Providence; Worcester, Worcester; Nelson, Springfield; Hyperion, New Haven; Academy of Music, Northampton; Mass.; Lyceum, Baltimore; Lyceum, Buffalo; Colonial, Cleveland; Rand's, Troy; Garrick, St. Louis; Sam S. Shubert Theater, Norfolk; Grand Opera House, Columbus, Ohio; New Lyric, Cincinnati; Mary, Richmond, Va.; New Theater, Lexington, Ky.; New Theater, Mobile; New Theater, Atlanta, Shubert, Milwaukee; Shubert, New Orleans; Marlow, Chattanooga; New Theater, Detroit; Grand Opera House, Davenport, Iowa; New Theater, Toronto; Grand Opera House, London, Ont.; Southern, Denver; Sam S. Shubert Theater, Kansas City; Majestic, Los Angeles; Belasco, Portland, Ore.; Majestic, San Francisco; Shubert, Seattle; Theater, Jefferson City, Mo.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Maude Constable, of Maryboro place, is attending the military openings at Toronto.

Miss Gladys Constable is visiting her friend, Miss Lulu Martin, of Richmondville, Mich.

Mrs. James Campbell, of 186 Wharncliffe road, West London, who has been visiting relatives in Manitoba for the past month, returned home Thursday.

Miss Bernice Booth, of Hamilton, and Miss Tillie Booth, of Central avenue, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. S. Booth, St. Thomas. They will also visit friends in Windsor and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fox and their two children, who have been for some weeks with relatives here, left this morning for their home in Ponoka, Alta., where Mr. Fox is manager of the Bank of Commerce.

THEFT CHARGE DISMISSED

Through Evidence in Roller-Bearing Case at Walkerton.

Walkerton, Ont., Aug. 25.—Mr. R. L. Henderson, of the Henderson Roller Bearing Company, who was arrested in Toronto on Saturday last, and since held on \$4,000 bail, came up for trial yesterday before Magistrate Robb and Tolton, Mr. Curry, ex-crown attorney, of Toronto, and Mr. Shaw, K.C., Walkerton, defended Henderson, and Mr. Thos. Dixon, crown attorney of Bruce, and Mr. Malcolmson, of Walkerton, prosecuted. The information was laid by Patrick Heffernan, an ex-constable. On his information Henderson was arrested in Toronto, and brought here for trial.

The evidence showed that in October last Henderson had sold 20 shares of roller bearing stock to Henry Peppier, of Hanover, for which Peppier had given him his note for \$1,800. Henderson discounted these notes, but Peppier had not yet received the stock.

Peppier testified that Heffernan had no authority from him to act as a company, and that the roller bearing company, had reported the sale of stock to Peppier, but stated that owing to internal difficulty in the company the transfer on the books was not yet made.

The charge of theft was thereupon dismissed, but the magistrates adjourned to 9 o'clock this morning, to consider if they will go on with a complaint against Henderson of obtaining money under false pretenses. Some lively passages of arms occurred between counsel.

A QUIET WEDDING

Mr. Donald McNaughton and Miss Lilian Goulding United.

A quiet home wedding took place this morning at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Goulding, 254 Waterloo street, when their daughter, Miss Lilian Gertrude, became the bride of Mr. Donald C. McNaughton, of Dufferin avenue, this city. The bride and groom were both unsupported. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. A. G. Harris, of Lambeth, formerly of the Centennial Church, East London. Miss Dorothy Cahill made a pretty little flower girl. Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton left by the morning train for points east.

LOSE THEIR PASSES.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Thousands of land and immigration agents throughout the west will be deprived of passes on western railroads by the provisions of the new rate law. The railroads interpret the statute as meaning that the issuance of transportation to these agents is discrimination. The Wisconsin Central, Illinois Central, Great Northern and Minneapolis and St. Louis already have announced that they will suspend the passes, and other railroads will take similar action. Every western road has been accustomed to carrying from 500 to 5,000 land agents on its books. The beneficiaries are scattered from the Canadian to the Mexican line.

WE HAD no hesitation in saying that J. D. Langtry's Dracophary Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, all summer complaints, seasickness. It promptly gives relief and never effects a positive cure. Mothers never be without a bottle when children are teething.

Dr. Langtry, ex-minister of foreign affairs, France, intends to visit the States soon.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS

—Mr. James S. Bell, of the city treasurer's department, will go to Montreal on Labor Day to participate in a big quidding tournament.

The funeral of the late Miss Greta Paret took place from the family residence, 424 Ontario street, to Woodland Cemetery, yesterday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Jas. Livingstone.

—Mr. Albert Zavitz, of Poplar Hill, wishes to return thanks to the nurses and staff of St. Joseph's Hospital for their great kindness to him during his recent serious illness.

—Mr. John Cox has purchased the bar fittings of the European Hotel and will install them in the Dominion House. The bar was one of the finest in the city. The sale of the goods of the European was very successful and was conducted by Aid. Cooper.

—Mr. No. 94, of the Oxford street and Hamilton road, left the rails at the Oxford street switch yesterday afternoon, and the trucks became so thoroughly embedded in the sand that an hour elapsed before the car could again be placed on the rails.

—The Pere Marquette is putting in a number of new sailings on the L. and F. S. R. south of Ottawa avenue.

—An important meeting of the members of the Travelers' Club has been called for tonight.

—The following passengers were booked by F. B. Clarke to sail via the new boat, the Dundar, to Montreal this week: Miss Stewart, Miss McGuffee, Miss Gleason, Miss Gidding, Dr. E. T. Ramsey, Mrs. Ramsey, Miss Skinner, Miss Alister, G. R. Moss, Mrs. Moss and others.

—The funeral of the late Edward A. Talbot took place yesterday afternoon from the family residence, 478 Pall Mall street, to Woodland Cemetery. It was under the auspices of Court Victoria of the Canadian Order of Foresters, deceased having been a member of that lodge. Rev. Dr. Daniel, of the Colborne Street Methodist Church, conducted the services.

—A Grand Trunk lorry, heavily loaded with iron from the London Rolling Mills, became stranded at the corner of South and Mainland streets yesterday afternoon. A wheel went into a strip where a new sewer had been laid and it sunk to the hubs. The horses were unable to draw it out until the entire load had been thrown off.

RAILWAY BOARD TO MEET.

A meeting of the London and Port Stanley Railway board has been called for Monday next at noon. So far as the London business will be important.

TWO PRESENTATIONS.

Mr. Lou Ross, who has been with F. C. Hunt & Co. for the past five years, severed his connection with the firm this morning. He was presented by the employees with a suitcase, and he was also presented with a scarfpin by Mr. Hunt.

ALDERMAN HELD COURT.

At the police court this morning Aid. Thomas Gillean officiated as magistrate. Police Magistrate Leve being out of the city. Four drunks were remanded until Monday, and two first-timers were discharged. Joseph Conway appeared on a charge of vagrancy and was remanded for one week.

BIG EXCURSION TO FALLS.

The Grand Trunk did a tremendous excursion business over the seventeenth district today. In addition to the outing of the local car works employees to Detroit, with its four special trains, the company ran an excursion from Port Huron to Niagara Falls under the auspices of the employees of the former place. Upwards of 1,800 persons patronized it, three specials being required to carry them. The train passed through London between 8 and 9 o'clock.

WHEEL RECOVERED.

The bicycle belonging to William Flannigan, the C. P. R. messenger, which was stolen at the Grand Trunk depot on Thursday, has been returned to the owner. A London Township farmer named O'Neil, while driving into the city, found the bicycle in the ditch on Oxford street east, and having seen the loss of it reported in the papers, he returned it to Flannigan. No clue has been obtained to the thief.

HARVARD ROWING WELL

London, Aug. 25.—The unexpected good performance yesterday of the Harvard University crew at Putney appears to have shaken the confidence of the backers of the Cambridge eight. Some of the morning newspapers today admit that Cambridge is likely to have a hard nut to crack, while the Sportsman comments on the fact that all the Harvard oarsmen sit in the boat as precisely the same height, their shoulders being perfectly level, with the result that all the blades dip at the same angle, the whole producing a machine-like motion, whereas different heights would produce different angles, splash, and loss of power. The Sportsman considers, for this reason, that Harvard has an ideal crew, and are not unlikely to win.

Harvard yesterday accomplished the course within a few seconds of the time in which several of the Oxford-Cambridge races were won, namely, by Cambridge in 1884 and 1904, and by Oxford in 1885 and 1894. This is considered distinctly encouraging to the Americans, especially as the conditions of wind and water were by no means favorable.

DR. LANGTRY BURIED.

Toronto, Aug. 25.—The funeral of the late Archdeacon Langtry took place this afternoon from St. Luke's Church, and was largely attended. Bishop Sweatman conducted the service. The archdeacon's expressed desire for a simple service, together with a plain coffin, was respected. The interment took place in St. James' Cemetery.

Gen. Mercier, who has fled from Paris to England, where he hasn't been enthusiastically received, once delivered in the French Senate an elaborate speech on the feasibility of invading England.

WERE IN PLOT

TO KILL ALFONSO

Prominent Spaniards Implicated in the Bomb-Throwing at Madrid.

Madrid, Aug. 25.—The board of magistrates appointed to investigate the attempt on the life of King Alfonso on his wedding day submitted their report today. It confirms the statement that Mateo Morales, who threw the bomb at the royal carriage from a window in Calle Mayor, was a notorious anarchist, and that he was in constant touch with associations of anarchists in other countries. He traveled extensively, the report says, and even lectured before those associations.

The most sensational part of the report deals, however, not with Morales, but with the persons who aided in his escape. Charges are made against Ferrer, the director of schools in Barcelona; Jose Naguena, the owner and editor of the newspaper El Mañan, in Madrid; and against Martinez Mata, the mayor of Alharba, and his wife. Ferrer, the report says, is actually an anarchist. Naguena is in a measure exonerated by the board, which found that Morales threatened him with instant death if he refused to hide him or if he attempted to expose him. Concerning Mata and his wife, it is declared that they aided the bomb thrower's escape.

It is probable that during the coming trial several curious details, including a correspondence which it is said he carried on with a woman who was a friend of Ferrer. It is understood that Morales was much in love with her, and a connection may be found between those letters and the attempt on King Alfonso's life. It is estimated in the report that the royal establishment has been put to an expense of 19,810 pesetas, or about \$3,963 by the explosion of the bomb. Much property was damaged, 25 persons were killed and 109 injured. Of the injured 14 are still in hospital.

CZAR LIKES KHAKI

Inconspicuousness of It Appeals to the Russian Emperor.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 25.—The attention of the military authorities has been drawn to the service uniform of the American army, and its qualities of serviceability and invisibility are greatly admired. At the conclusion of the recent guard maneuvers at Krasnaya-Selo, Emperor Nicholas summoned Major Gibson, in order to make a personal inspection of the olive-green khaki, which the major was wearing. He said he had been watching it for several days, and had been struck by its inconspicuousness at a comparatively short distance, and he desired to call the attention of Minister of War Rudiger to the uniform. Major Gibson later, at Gen. Rudiger's invitation, called at the ministry and showed the general suits of infantry and cavalry uniforms. The military authorities are also considering American accoutrements, including web cartridge belts and cavalry saddles, with a view to their adoption.

CALVES ON STAMPEDE

Fifty of Them Put Middletown, N. Y. Very Much to the Bad.

Middletown, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Fifty calves escaped from an Erie Railway cattle car here at midnight last night and stampeded through the city. The calves ran up and down the streets, dashed across lawns, jumped fences and rammed into the backs of the residents. Last night a car load of calves was switched in the same manner and the trouble commenced again. Word was sent to the Erie officials to have the car removed, but while they were preparing to do so, it was found that the calves had escaped. The railroad officials reject the idea and remark with some acidity: "The bleating calf that opened the car door had only two legs."

The switching of carloads of calves will cease here, it is believed.

STICKS TO DICTIONARIES

New York State Not Falling in With Spelling Reform Movement.

New York, Aug. 25.—An Albany dispatch to the Times says that Andrew S. Draper, state commissioner of education, said last night that he thought that this state would not follow the President in spelling reform. Personally, he was in favor of mild spelling reform, but he did not believe that the state educational department should tell the people how they must spell. He was of the opinion that the public generally would follow the dictionaries for some time to come.

The working staff of the simplified spelling board in its offices in the Metropolitan Life building, rejoiced yesterday at the adoption by President Roosevelt of its propaganda.

"I do believe," said Dr. Charles F.

RUSSIANS FEAR

MORE REPRESSION

Free Choice for Members of the Second Parliament May Not Be Permitted.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 25.—The question that everybody in Petersburg is asking of his neighbor these days is whether the Government proposes to permit a free choice for the members of the second parliament, which is to meet in March next, whether it will attempt to control the elections and pack the imperial council and the Duma with men who will obey the bidding of the ministry. You must understand, to begin with, that the Imperial Council, the Upper House, is dissolved, as well as the Duma. It takes two bodies to make a Russian parliament, and the two wings must flop together, as "Sam" Randall used to say. The election will, therefore, be for 44 members, if the upper empire is to be re-presented, as it was in the late Duma.

The only way the Government can interfere is by the arrest and imprisonment of the leaders of the opposition, and by terrorizing voters so as to keep them away from the polls; but I do not believe that will be done. I believe that Mr. Stolypin, the new premier, stands death if he refuses to hide him or if he attempted to expose him. Concerning Mata and his wife, it is declared that they aided the bomb thrower's escape.

It is probable that during the coming trial several curious details, including a correspondence which it is said he carried on with a woman who was a friend of Ferrer. It is understood that Morales was much in love with her, and a connection may be found between those letters and the attempt on King Alfonso's life. It is estimated in the report that the royal establishment has been put to an expense of 19,810 pesetas, or about \$3,963 by the explosion of the bomb. Much property was damaged, 25 persons were killed and 109 injured. Of the injured 14 are still in hospital.

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"I do believe," said Dr. Charles F.

There's Only

One Best

Strong's Drug Store 184 DUNDAS STREET.

am forced to the conclusion that Socialism must rule the country. I do not say that all men should receive precisely the same money for what they do. Some men are lazy and ought not to get as much as others. But the great producing agencies of the country should be under one common government with a chance for everybody.

"What do you think of Rockefeller?" was asked.

"Such men as he must be put down," Rockefeller replied, stamping his foot. "But Rockefeller is doing one good thing; he is gradually getting hold of every thing in the land. When he has finished the Socialists will take them away and Rockefeller will have to work for a living."

"What will become of his money?" "He hasn't earned it legally and he won't be allowed to use it to produce any more income for himself."

Miss Flynn has been a vegetarian since she read Upton Sinclair's "Jungle." She is a radical woman's rights advocate and believes in having women paid by their husband for the work they do at home. She will speak in Orange tonight and next Wednesday promises to return to the scene of her arrest and make another speech.

POLICEMAN "SHOTS UP" ARMOUR AUTO

Packer's Wife, Daughter Lolita and Two Women Strangely Assaulted in Chicago.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, accompanied by her little daughter, Lolita, famous as Dr. Lorenz's star patient, and the child's nurse and her governess, were driving through Rogers Park today in Mr. Armour's big red machine, when they were attacked in highwayman fashion by a policeman. All of the occupants of the machine, including Chauffeur Huck, declare that the policeman shot at the car and its tires until every chamber of his revolver was emptied.

Then, according to the Armour party, he sprang upon the machine and thrust his weapon in the faces of the women. Mrs. Armour grabbed the revolver barrel, turned it away from Lolita, and begged the policeman not to shoot.

It was feared that the excitement of the hold-up and the noise of the firing might affect the health of Lolita, who is frail, and who was operated upon two years ago by the noted Vienna surgeon for congenital dislocation of the hip. Mr. Armour said today that a telephone message from his wife at Lake Forest reported that none of the party is suffering from the excitement of the adventure.

BLUE BOOKS FOR BLACKS

Negro Society of Chicago in a Turmoil of Cause.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Discord has arisen in the ranks of the negro population of Chicago and the social leaders of the sons of Ham have caused many a heart ache by the formation of an exclusive social set from which the ordinary "boi polloi" are rigidly excluded.

The announcement that the social-elect had banded themselves together into a "blue book" club, came with the publication of a "blue book" in which none may hope to occupy a place who has not achieved the manner of an aristocrat, exemplified to perfection in the Pullman porter or the tontorial artist.

Jealousy consumes the humbler members of the South State street "bourgeoisie" who have been refused admission into the inner circle and they long for admission as members of the negro elite. To be an "elite" and procure a place in the list of blue-blooded ones is necessary to have a settled place of abode. This requisite barred the members of the floating population, which according to the book, constitutes the majority of the local sons of sunny Africa.

First in point of numbers come the barbers, although the "boi-din-house" keeps them in a close second. In graduated scale come the blue-blooded waiters and the blue-blooded porters and all the rest of the blue-blooded fraternity. Several pages of the blue-book are devoted to the "rooming" house keepers, and a section of the roll of honor sets forth the names of the "messengers."

The volume contains many advertisements, many of them a new departure in the field of publicity. One merchant advertises "tea, coffee and undertaking" and offers the prophecy that "Call once and you'll call again." Another undertaker informs the public of the high-class nature of his work and closes with the touching quotation, "When my work is finished you have no displeasure." A shoemaker who proclaims the fact that he has walked without legs for 20 years asserts that he is an expert at making "shoes for corns and bunions."

INTEREST ON MONEY

It's like getting interest on your money to burn

Truesdale Coal

Send your order to me and I'll see you will get just what you want.

JOHN M. DALY

KOALMAN.

PHONE 348. 19 YORK STREET.

When you paint your floor you don't want to get your feet stuck in the paint.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINT FLOOR

Dries hard in twelve hours, and is made to walk on. We have it in eight shades. Try it.

Cowan's Hardware.

127 DUNDAS STREET.

A PERMANENT SCHOOL where a full trade course of Pattern Drawing and Designing Costumes can be obtained at a moderate price.

The Most Skillful Method of measuring and blocking known is carefully instructed. Call or write for booklet.

CUTTING SCHOOL, 243 DUNDAS.

HAVE YOU SEEN

Our stock of Electric Reading Lamps, also our new line of Fancy Pictures and Shades? Give us a call before you buy. Electric work of every kind. THE COMMERCIAL ELECTRIC CO., 474 Richmond street (Opera House block), London, Phone 1871.

100-YEARS-100

This is the number of years we are ahead of the ordinary cobblers.

THE MODERN SHOE REPAIR SHOP, 472 Talbot Street. ywt

Western Fair.

SEPTEMBER 7th to 15th.

Entries close Sept. 6. Have you made yours yet?

Ussher, Playfair & Martens

STOCK BROKERS

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

Direct private wire to New York.

STOCKS AND BONDS

Bought and Sold on Commission.

Investment securities a specialty.

COBALT STOCKS.

Nipissing, William-Marks.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

Long Distance Telephone Main 4364

1 Toronto St., Toronto

COTTON.

New York, Aug. 25.—Futures closed steady. Closing bids: Aug. 25 78, Sept. 82, Oct. 85, Nov. 84, Dec. 83 1/2.

Jan. 82 1/2, Feb. 82 1/2, March 82 1/2, April 82 1/2, May 82 1/2, June 82 1/2, July 82 1/2, August 82 1/2, September 82 1/2, October 82 1/2, November 82 1/2, December 82 1/2.

Most wives believe in their husband as long as they keep their bills paid.

J.A. BROWNLEE

ENAMELED WATER PAILS, regular 75c, for.....50c

ENAMELED PRESERVING KETTLES.....35c, 40c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

BREAD BOXES.....65c, 75c, \$1.00

CHILDREN'S BATHS.....\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40

WASHING MACHINES.....\$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$7.00

Also a few REFRIGERATORS left, to be cleared out at cost.

J. A. BROWNLEE

385-7 TALBOT STREET.

Capital \$3,800,000; Assets, \$34,000,000; Reserve, \$4,200,000.

Holiday Funds

Many now on a vacation realize as never before the value of a savings account.

The season also brings to mind the advantage of resuming or beginning an account just as soon as you resume work.

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The Bank of Toronto

THREE BRANCHES IN LONDON.

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DOMINION

Savings and Investment Society,
MASONIC TEMPLE, LONDON.
Nathaniel Mills, Manager.

The Wm. Davies Co., Ltd.

Wholesale Dealers in

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE,
PICKLES, LARD, BACON, Etc.

Wholesale warehouse in rear of
Retail Store, 177 Dundas St.

D. M. LITTLEJOHN, Manager.

95-11-ywt

LOCAL MARKET.

London, Saturday, Aug. 25.

There was no special feature about the market held here today, as the offerings were confined to the usual classes of farm produce and garden truck. It is surprising the amount of vegetables that is offered on this market.

Today's display was large, and the quality could hardly be surpassed. Prices were well maintained, excepting for apples, as the quantity offered exceeded the demand.

While the bulk of this season's crop of oats has been placed in the barns, there is a large quantity still in the fields.

Grain—Oats were in demand today. There was a great deal offered. Sales were made at \$1.12 per cwt. A couple of loads of black oats sold at \$1.15. Wheat sold at 70c per bushel. New barley sold at 90c per cwt; sample poor.

Hay and Straw—Hay is still selling at \$10 to \$11 per ton. There is likely to be a good demand on Monday. Straw is wanted at \$5.50 per ton.

Butter and Eggs—Butter was again in good demand. Prices were firmer, as most of the crops had been sold. Sales for the week were 23c more for frequently paid for the basket lots. Eggs were quite plentiful. Sales were fairly brisk at 15c per dozen for crates, and 16c to 17c for basket lots.

Vegetables and Roots—Potatoes were well represented. Sales were fairly brisk at 45c to 50c per bushel, or 70c to 75c per bag. Tomatoes were in evidence; sales were slow at 6 baskets for a dollar or 20c by the single basket. The market gardeners say they are as cheap now as they will be, as the late crop will not be as large as expected. Onions sold at 80c per bushel; pickling onions at 8c to 10c per quart. Cabbage, 25c to 40c per dozen. Cauliflowers were scarce at \$1 per dozen for good ones. Red and green peppers, 10c to 15c per dozen. Vegetable marrow, dull at 15c to 10c each. Peas, scarce at 12c per quart.

Fruit—Apples were a drug at 40c per bushel, and had to be good stock to bring this figure. Peaches sold at 25c to 50c per basket. Pears were plentiful today; sales were mostly at 80c to \$1.20 per bushel, mostly at \$1 per bushel. Plums are in good demand, the dealers saying that they are cheaper now than they will be later on, as the crop will be very light. Musk-melons were plentiful, as they were a late shipment in; prices were easier, at 75c to \$1.25 per dozen. Thimbleberries sold at 10c per box. Crab apples, 25c to 30c per 12-quart basket.

Poultry—Spring chickens sold at 50c to 60c per pair alive, and 60c to 65c dressed; old fowl sold slowly at 70c to 80c per pair alive, and 75c to 85c dressed; by the pound, 7c to 8c per pair alive and 8c to 10c dressed; nothing doing in turkeys at present.

Dressed Hogs—Prices are easier, at \$9 to \$9.25 per cwt. Live hogs are a drug at 40c per bushel, and had to be good stock to bring this figure. Peaches sold at 25c to 50c per basket. Pears were plentiful today; sales were mostly at 80c to \$1.20 per bushel, mostly at \$1 per bushel. Plums are in good demand, the dealers saying that they are cheaper now than they will be later on, as the crop will be very light. Musk-melons were plentiful, as they were a late shipment in; prices were easier, at 75c to \$1.25 per dozen. Thimbleberries sold at 10c per box. Crab apples, 25c to 30c per 12-quart basket.

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COTTON.

New York, Aug. 24.—Cotton—Spot closed quiet, middling uplands, 29.90; middling, 29.15; no sales.

Futures closed steady; August, 29.90; September, 29.75; October, 29.60; November, 29.45; December, 29.30; January, 29.15; February, 29.00; March, 28.85; April, 28.70; May, 28.55.

OIL MARKETS.

LONDON, Aug. 24.—Petroleum, American refined, 6.7-16d; spirits, 8d.

ANTWERP, Aug. 24.—Petroleum, 19 francs 50 centimes.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 24.—Oil opened and closed at 55.

OIL CITY.

Oil City, Pa., Aug. 24.—Credit balances, 11.55; shipments, 65.14 barrels.

DAIRY MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Butter—Firm; cream, 12c; whole, 12c; skim, 12c.

Cheese—Strong, 11c to 12c.

OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Aug. 24.—The offerings of cheese on the board this afternoon were 85 boxes of white and 65 of colored. The ruling price was 12.5-15c for white and 12c for colored.

NAPANEE.

Napanee, Aug. 24.—Twenty-two hundred and sixty boxes of cheese boarded, of which 720 were white and 1,500 colored; all sold at 12-14c.

PERTH.

Perth, Aug. 24.—There were 1,887 boxes of cheese boarded here today; 1,400 were white and 487 colored; 12c was offered, but was sold subject to Brockville prices.

IRROQUOIS.

Irroquois, Aug. 24.—At the cheese board quiet, 12c; whole, 12c; skim, 12c.

For sale 95c colored cheese; price bid on board was 12c. In none sold; later bid sold in the street at 12c. Dealers to the Brockville convention reported that the meeting there was very indifferent to appointing a referee or as to grading the cheese.

KEMPTVILLE.

Kemptonville, Aug. 24.—At tonight's market 788 cheese boarded, all colored; 12c; none sold.

SOUTH FINCH.

South Finch, Ont., Aug. 24.—Regular meeting of the cheese board was held; 700 colored; price offered, 12-14c; none sold.

SUGAR MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Sugar—Raw firm; refined, 3c; centrifugal, 3c; cut, 3c; molasses sugar, 3c to 3c; refined steady.

LONDON.

London, Aug. 24.—Raw sugar—Muscovado, 9c; centrifugal, 10c; beet sugar, 10c.

HAY MARKET.

TORONTO, Aug. 24.—Baled Hay—The demand for No. 1 timothy is fair. Prices are unchanged at \$9 to \$9.50 per ton for No. 1 in car lots here; old firm at \$10.50 for No. 1 and \$7.50 for No. 2 mixed.

Baled Hay—Unchanged at \$5.50 to \$6 per ton for car lots on track here.

Grain—Sugar prices here are unchanged. We quote: Extra granulated, \$4.35; yellow, \$3.95; in barrels; in bags, 5c less; Ontario, \$4.22.

BEAN MARKET.

DETROIT, Aug. 24.—Beans—Cash, \$1.44; October and November, \$1.45 nominal.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 25.—Wheat—Spot steady; No. 2 red western winter, 58 1/2d; futures quiet; September, 58 1/2d; December, 58 1/2d.

Spot firm; American mixed, new, 4s 9d; old, 4s 8d; nominal. Futures quiet; September, 58 1/2d; December, 58 1/2d; January, 58 1/2d.

Peas—Canadian steady, 5s 9d.

Barley—Spot firm; extra India mess, 5s 6d; extra, 5s 4d; extra, 5s 2d; extra, 5s 1d; extra, 5s 1/2d; extra, 5s 1/4d; extra, 5s 1/8d; extra, 5s 1/16d; extra, 5s 1/32d; extra, 5s 1/64d; extra, 5s 1/128d; extra, 5s 1/256d; extra, 5s 1/512d; extra, 5s 1/1024d; extra, 5s 1/2048d; extra, 5s 1/4096d; extra, 5s 1/8192d; extra, 5s 1/16384d; extra, 5s 1/32768d; extra, 5s 1/65536d; extra, 5s 1/131072d; extra, 5s 1/262144d; extra, 5s 1/524288d; extra, 5s 1/1048576d; extra, 5s 1/2097152d; extra, 5s 1/4194304d; extra, 5s 1/8388608d; extra, 5s 1/16777216d; extra, 5s 1/33554432d; extra, 5s 1/67108864d; extra, 5s 1/134217728d; extra, 5s 1/268435456d; extra, 5s 1/536870912d; extra, 5s 1/1073741824d; extra, 5s 1/2147483648d; extra, 5s 1/4294967296d; extra, 5s 1/8589934592d; extra, 5s 1/17179869184d; extra, 5s 1/34359738368d; extra, 5s 1/68719476736d; extra, 5s 1/137438953472d; extra, 5s 1/274877906944d; extra, 5s 1/549755813888d; extra, 5s 1/1099511627776d; extra, 5s 1/2199023255552d; extra, 5s 1/4398046511104d; 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Western Fair,
SEPTEMBER 7th to 15th.

Entries close Sept. 6. Have you made yours yet?

THROUGH THE WHIRLPOOL.
Niagara Falls, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Martin Kane and H. L. McGrath, while boating in the Gorge today, were caught by the current and carried through the whirlpool rapids. Kane was drowned, but McGrath managed to swim to the shore.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding, and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 50c. at all drug stores or EDWARDS, BARRA & CO., Toronto.
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Merchant Tailor

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Your Health Demands Such Bread

As Johnston Bros.' XXX Bread. It is more nutritious and more delicious than any other bread you can buy, because it is made of best materials in the best way. At progressive grocers.

Johnston Bros. Phone 818

A NEW STORY

On Monday next, a new serial story, "A Mission Fulfilled," will commence in The Advertiser.

The story is full of interest and will be found one of the best of the many good ones published in these columns.

LONDON AND DISTRICT

A public reception service will be held at the Arva Methodist Church tomorrow evening. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Mr. Leo Edwards was removed to his home, 564 King Street, today, after having been confined to St. Thomas Hospital for the past two weeks. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Dr. Ross, of St. Andrew's Church, has returned from his vacation, and will occupy his own pulpit morning and evening tomorrow.

Frank Dalton, a messenger employed by the G. N. W. Telegraph Company, had a bicycle stolen Thursday. He left the wheel in front of a Dundas street store, and when he returned a few minutes later it was gone. The wheel was a Crescent. The police were notified.

AID. FORISTAL IMPROVING.

Ald. Foristal, who injured his knee in Quebec, and who was in a hospital in that city for some days, arrived home at 1 o'clock this morning. He is improving.

ANDREWS—ETHERINGTON.

On Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. Fred Clark, 897 Lorne Avenue, a pretty wedding was solemnized, when Miss Sadie Etherington and Mr. Frank Horsley Andrews, both of this city, were united in marriage by Rev. Wm. Lowe, rector of St. Matthew's Church. The bride was becomingly gowned in white satin. Many beautiful gifts were bestowed upon the happy couple, showing the high esteem

Gerhard Heintzman Grand and Upright Pianos

merit the consideration of all prospective buyers who seek the highest standard of excellence in piano making.

All Gerhard-Heintzman pianos are manufactured under the personal supervision of Mr. Gerhard-Heintzman and his son, who never permit the standard of excellence to vary.

Our Prices Are Right Also.

W. McPHILLIPS,
189 DUNDAS ST., LONDON.

Genuine Cross Creek Lehigh Coal

Formerly sold in London as Walla Walla.

YOUR ORDER WILL HAVE OUR BEST ATTENTION.

John Mann & Sons,
401 Clarence St. 425 York St.
Phone 470

To a Second

To the fraction of a second be right by carrying absolutely perfect watches like the WEBB C. BALL, in all cases.

C. H. WARD & CO.
374 RICHMOND STREET.

ARE YOU BACK FROM
YOUR HOLIDAYS? YOU
WILL WANT BREAD.
RING UP PARNELL'S
FOR WAGON TO CALL.

Do Your Feet Ache?

Dr. McKenzie's Foot Powder combats tired, swollen, aching and pinched feet. Persons whose vocation compels them to walk or stand enough to tire the feet find it a most valuable remedy. It will relieve corns, bunions, ingrowing nails and swollen feet. It destroys the odor of perspiration, keeps the shoes sweet and preserves the linings. In sprinkler-top boxes, 25 cents.

Cairncross & Lawrence
Chemists and Druggists,
216 Dundas Street, London, Ontario.

in which they are held by their many friends. The wedding was attended by a large number of invited guests, who partook of a wedding breakfast, which was served after the ceremony had been performed. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will reside at 897 Elliot Street, this city.

ORANGE HALL DISAPPEARS.

The old Orange Hall, on Wellington Street, erected in the early fifties, has disappeared. The front has been torn off, and the tablet, with the name of the hall and the date of its erection, has been removed. The building has been turned into stores and flats.

ALLAN LINE TO THE FRONT.

The Allan Line of steamships keep on reducing the time of passage from England, and have now almost reached the five-days' limit. The record has been made by the royal mail steamer Virginian, which reached Montreal on Friday night, making the fastest passage on record, of five days, fourteen hours and thirty minutes. The average speed for the entire run was seventeen and a half knots an hour, and the best day's run was 444 knots.

Underwood's Railway Safety Device

was not in use where yesterday's wreck occurred, near St. Thomas, between the C. P. R. and Wabash trains. Mr. Underwood claims that had it been in operation the wreck could not have occurred, for his device would automatically shut off the steam and apply the brakes in the engines when the trains were at a safe distance from each other, and the trains would slow down and stop before they came together. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

There are seventeen metals more valuable than gold, but there are no teas more valuable than "SALADA." Tea. Many teas that are good money but none so valuable when you are looking for purity and delicious cup quality. "SALADA" is packed in sealed lead packages and your grocer sells it, in different colored labels, at prices ranging from 55c to 60c per pound.

Attention is called to the sale of the residence of the late Mr. John Symonds, on Nightingale Avenue, which is advertised to take place at Auctioneers Jones' rooms on Thursday afternoon next.

FINAL OF THE SEASON

Seventh Band Gives Last Concert in Victoria Park.

The Seventh Band gave its final concert of the season in Victoria Park last night. The attendance was good, and the music rendered was well worthy of the good purpose.

The work of the band reflected great credit on Bandmaster Slatter, who is succeeding in pulling the organization into good shape.

The usual parade by citizens around the band stand was not indulged in, the spectators preferring to enjoy a seat on the beautiful lawn.

The individual work of the band showed great improvement, and in nearly every case was heartily applauded.

The following was the programme rendered:

Quadrille—Un Ballo in Maschera.
..... Strauss
Overture—Poet and Peasant .. Suppe
Song—Somewhere .. T. C. Clark
(Trombone, Mr. J. E. Willife).
Selection—Boccaccio .. Suppe
Valse—Fiorini .. H. Basquitt
Fantasia—Our Soldiers .. W. Moore
Intro. and Intermezzo—Cavalleria
Polka—Des Cloons .. Gabel Ailler
"The Maple Leaf Forever" and "God Save the King."

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. C. Crooks, of Copleston, is on his way to England.

Miss Grace Claypole is visiting Mrs. W. J. Stevens, Detroit.

Mrs. Harry Legg and son, of York Street, are holidaying at the Soo.

Miss Edith Bonner, Poplar Hill, is the guest of Miss Mamie Lettan, 183 Major Street, Toronto.

Miss Edythe Barnes, Poplar Hill, is visiting her friend, Miss Mamie Lettan, 183 Major Street, Toronto.

Miss Helen Savage, Detroit, has returned home after spending a week with Mrs. Aaron Wolf, 215 Talbot Street.

Mrs. Langford, of Riverview Avenue, in the guest of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. A. Langford, at Burlington Beach.

Mrs. Card, accompanied by her daughter Alma, of Ingersoll, is the guest of Mrs. Fairley, of Elmwood Avenue.

Mrs. P. C. Flaherty and two children, of this city, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Flaherty, "Hillcrest Place," Thorncliffe.

Mrs. F. Young, 254 Horton Street, has returned home after spending a pleasant holiday with relatives in Cornwall and New York.

Mrs. Gladys Wheaton, of 136 Drexley Avenue, city, has returned from Buffalo, N. Y., where she has been visiting friends during the past week.

Misses Emma and Ida Ryan, of Lucan, who have been spending a pleasant vacation as the guests of Mr. E. Fitzgerald at Ballymore, have returned home.

Russell D. McAlpine, of 92 Bruce Street, South London, has sailed from Montreal to England via the steamship Sardinian. He will spend a few weeks sight seeing in London, Liverpool and other large cities.

Dr. Charles Birmingham, of Westport County, Mayo, nephew of Mr. W. T. Birmingham, of this city, paid a short visit to relatives in this city today, and left for Chicago to visit relatives there. He has been attending the medical convention at Toronto.

Mr. T. Collins, of Los Angeles, Cal., who has been sojourning in London and visiting for the last three months, left for his home today. Mr. Jack Mote (nee Collins), of this city, accompanies Mrs. Collins as far as Danville, Ill., where she will join her husband.

GRAND'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Season of 1906-7 to Open With Week of Vaudeville.

The management of the Grand Opera House announces that on Labor Day the season of 1906-7 will be opened with one of the finest vaudeville bills ever presented in London.

The bill includes the four Livingstons, lady and gentlemen acrobats; Taylor Twin Sister, Swan and Bannard, Louis Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hiett, Robin Motion, Views, Gus Williams and other big acts.

The vaudeville will be at the Grand the entire week of Sept. 8, and there will be special matinees at popular prices.

Manager Stewart also announces that immediately following the vaudeville engagement, some of the finest dramatic attractions on the road today will be furnished Londoners.

RED LIGHTS ON CARS

Manager King Takes Precautions Re Springbank Service.

Manager King was quick to adopt the suggestion of City Engineer Graydon regarding rear lights on Springbank cars, and last night all trolleys operated on the park line were equipped with red tail lights.

There was a break in the machinery at the power house last evening, with the result that the service was badly hampered, it being impossible to operate the usual number of cars with the reduced amount of power at the command of the company.

Motorman John Harris, injured in the wreck of Thursday night, is improving in Victoria Hospital.

If you are wanting something new and novel in the Souvenir Postal line, something artistic, original and high-class, see our lines. Red Star News Company, 8 Barket Lane, city.

RETAIL GROCERS' PICNIC.

To be held at Springbank on Wednesday, Aug. 29. Grand Finale—Last half-holiday of the season. Baseball match, races for old and young, great and small, fat and lean. Free Press Newsboys' Band in attendance. Everybody welcome. By order of the committee.—E. J. Ryan, secretary-treasurer.

WOMAN IN ROLE OF JEKYLL-HYDE

Uses Her Entree to Rich Homes to Ensnare Victims to Her Love Syndicate

Philadelphia, August 24.—A female "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," it is now believed was the double role essayed by Mrs. Bina F. Verrault, better known as "Mrs. Helen Hamilton," the latest disciple of Chadwickian finance, who fell into the clutches of the federal authorities through the complaints of James V. MacClellan, the Philadelphia grocer.

That Mrs. Hamilton lived this freak life was made plausible by a statement made yesterday afternoon by Dr. Joseph C. Ellis, who was acquainted with Mrs. Hamilton, or Mrs. Verrault, and he declares that the "Mrs. Hamilton," he knew, was not the same "Mrs. Hamilton" who MacClellan and others have charged with conducting the love syndicate in New York and duping them out of their money.

Up to yesterday nobody could be found who had a good word for Mrs. Hamilton. And now, Dr. Ellis, who is a well-known West Philadelphia physician, while not defending Mrs. Hamilton, or even intimating that in his opinion she is a very much maligned woman and not what Mr. MacClellan claims she is, says that he met her in the best New York society.

"My acquaintance with Mrs. Hamilton was made under very pleasant circumstances," said Dr. Ellis. "The people who introduced me to her, are as far removed from any scheme such as Mrs. Hamilton is charged with fostering as the sun is from the earth. If Mrs. Hamilton is the woman her alleged dupes are picturing then she is as remarkable a double character as I ever heard of. My friends—and they were the friends of Mrs. Hamilton—believed her to be above reproach. She seemed to be refined, cultured and well-bred and there was nothing about her during the time I saw and talked with her that would connect her in the remotest way with such a gigantic swindling game as she has been charged with fostering."

This declaration of Dr. Ellis puts a brand new phase on this now celebrated case. All sorts of stories have been told of her beauty, wit, vivaciousness, not to speak of her shrewdness, but it was not until yesterday that she was pictured as a feminine replica of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous character, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

It was probably in moving among the members of New York's smart set that "Mrs. Hamilton" learned of possible candidates for her matrimonial agency who would fall easy victims to her alleged schemes for extorting money. Whatever may have been the advantage afforded her or the strange impulse that caused her to associate part of her time with people of respectability whom she never attempted to dupe, and at another time gather in the foolish ones who were only too willing to be shorn of their golden fleece, the fact remains that as "A Female Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Mrs. Hamilton will remain unique for a long time to come in psychological annals.

LETTERS GO ASTRAY

Chosen Lover Was Jilted Thereby and Now There's a Divorce.

St. Louis, Aug. 25.—The suit for divorce begun by Robert T. Sturgeon, assistant cashier of the Merchants' Laclede National Bank, and a member of one of the most prominent families of St. Louis, has revealed a strange romance in which a woman and the man who intended to marry and gave her another husband. A mistake in mailing two letters changed the courses of three lives, and it is only now, after six years, that there is a chance the tangle will be straightened out.

None of the persons intimately concerned in the divorce case will talk. A friend of Mrs. Sturgeon, however, told the following story today: "Miss Amy Bay, a Virginia girl, came to St. Louis in the late thirties and soon made herself a social favorite by her beauty and attractive manners, and gained many admirers. Among the number were Mr. Sturgeon and a young Louisville man, and these two were soon running a hot race in the lead of other rivals for her hand. Finally formal declarations came from both, and it was necessary for Miss Bay to make her choice.

"She decided in favor of the young Kentuckian. She wrote to him a letter of acceptance of his suit, the note being written without supervision. She also wrote a kindly letter to Mr. Sturgeon, expressing her sorrow that she could not return his love. This letter also did not contain the name of the person for whom it was intended.

"Then it was that mischievous fate intervened. She placed the letter to Mr. Sturgeon in an envelope and addressed it to the young Kentuckian, and the letter for the Kentuckian was placed in the envelope addressed to Mr. Sturgeon.

"Thereupon Mr. Sturgeon hurried to Miss Bay's home as an accepted suitor. The young woman, when she realized what she had done, hadn't the heart to tell Mr. Sturgeon of her mistake. She was thinking of herself, even as he spoke, that maybe, after all, fate had intervened for her good and that she did care more for the St. Louisian than for the other, and so she married him."

It is now said that there will be no contest of Mr. Sturgeon's suit for divorce. It also is said that another marriage is likely soon to follow the granting of the decree. Sturgeon and Miss Bay were married in 1900. The marriage seemed a happy one, but difficulties arose. For several weeks before the petition was filed it was generally known by their acquaintances that they had separated.

Finest rubber-tire Victorias in the city. Hueston's Two Big Liverys.

Faith would probably get very lax if doubt didn't keep it pushed up.

DOUBLING YOUR DOLLARS

In these days of close competition everyone is anxious to make money.

The surest and safest way to double your worth is by regularly saving part of your income. Place it in the bank that gives you the advantage of

INTEREST 4 TIMES
CREDITED A YEAR
\$1.00 Opens an Account.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA

LONDON BRANCH, Opposite City Hall, P. E. KARN, Manager.
LONDON EAST BRANCH, 635 Dundas St., W. J. HILL, Manager.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Capital (Paid Up) - \$4,165,000.00
Reserve Fund - \$4,165,000.00

London Branch:
CORNER RICHMOND AND KING STREETS

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Deposits of One Dollar and upward received and interest allowed at highest current rate from date of opening of the account and compounded half yearly.

R. ARKELL, - - - - - Manager.

LIFTS LID, LOSES \$42,000

A Faro Game Secretly Conducted, Proves Very Disastrous.

Saratoga, Aug. 25.—It doesn't pay to break the law against "lid" lifting in Saratoga. The proprietor of one of the leading gambling houses realizes the truth of this statement today. Along with the other promoters of unlicensed speculation he shut up his shabang ten days ago. Last night he thought he would take a chance. He opened up his game under the most sequestered conditions and invited a few bold adventurers to come in and try their luck.

The game was faro, and the limit the highest, because he wanted to get the money as quickly as possible, but he didn't. At the end of three hours, three men, men of fame in the sporting world, rolled up into snug bundles \$42,000 in the aggregate. Then the gamemaster decided to close up for good, not because of any fear of the law, but because of the unexpected penalty that had been visited upon him for breaking it.

The three gentlemen who were spreading their money around the betting ring today with the object of increasing it were Bob Tucker, Frank Odell and "Louisville" Smith. They discussed their good fortune with amazing frankness, but the only thing that could be got out of the gambling-house keeper who took the chance was a string of profanity a yard long.

Sheriff Fred Cavanaugh heard of the incident this morning and came up from Waterford. He rounded up several of the gamblers who have been hanging around waiting for an opening to pry up the "lid," and served notice on them that if they attempted any more "monkey" business he would not only take steps to seal them up hermetically, but would make Saratoga County unpleasant for all offenders against the law.

"The governor has ordered me to keep the lid off here," he said tonight, "and I propose to do it if I have to send for a couple of regiments of troops to enforce his command, and the sooner some of the wise gentlemen let that fact sink into their heads the better it will be for them. There will be no public gambling in Saratoga as long as the state orders it stopped."

Three or four deputy sheriffs were scouting around town tonight with bullseye lanterns looking for illicit games, but the gamemaster had profited by the double-crossed example of their unfortunate colleague who took \$42,000 worth of chance, and there was not even a crack between the "lid" and the gambling pot.

WIRELESS ACROSS ATLANTIC.

LONDON, Aug. 24.—Marconi, the inventor, interviewed prior to his departure for Canada, stated that the Clifton wireless station, on the south coast of Ireland, will be completed by December. The one at Cape Breton will soon be completed, and from these stations it will be possible to send messages across the Atlantic.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

Havana, Aug. 25.—An American describing the route of the Government recruits near Guines, Province of Havana, yesterday, says that no orders were given after the Government force encountered the rebels, except "every man for himself," and that the route became in reality a race for Havana.

Western Fair,

SEPTEMBER 7th to 15th.

Entries close Sept. 6. Have you made yours yet?

Ask to See the Celebrated

KING HATS
ENGLISH MAKE

We have just opened them in the New Fall Shapes. \$2

Price only, each \$2

GRAHAM BROS

EDUCATIONAL.

New School

Western Business College

Have removed to handsome new premises and occupy the entire floor of the "Coo Building," corner Dundas and Talbot streets.

BIGGER, BRIGHTER, BETTER, WM. C. COO, C.S.R., Principal

ALMA COLLEGE.

Fourth Letter
written especially
for the Advertiser.

The Twentieth Century Canada

Mountain Climbing and Cave Exploring.

BY FRANK YEIGH, TORONTO.

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Let us talk of the mountains for a time—our vast Canadian ranges, mighty, majestic, far-spread, from the boundary line of a neighbor country to the sky-line of the northern horizon. For we have more things in Canada to grow eloquent over than men and wheat, and railways and prairie and water-powers and dividends and trade; we possess one of the grandest mountain countries in the world.

The railways of the Canadian West follow the route of the rivers. "God overturneth the mountains by their roots. He cutteth a way for the rivers," and the rivers have in turn made a way through the mountains for the tracks of steel. From the foothills of the Rockies to Burrard Inlet, the Imperial Limited twists and curves to the tune the streams have set—along the circuitous Bow; along the turbulent floods of the Kicking Horse; along and across the broad-breasted Columbia; along the untamable glacial waters of the Illeciliwaet; along the blue-green Thompson, until its identity is lost in the yellow Fraser. Thus for six hundred miles the river beds and banks have provided free rights-of-way for the C. P. R.

From God's plains to God's hills. The transition from the rolling sea of fertile lands to the rolling sea of mountains is dramatic in the extreme, especially as seen from the high-perched lookout of the engineer. It is an acrobatic feat in itself to climb into the cab of a modern Mogul locomotive, but once there, and tucked away in a corner, the amateur engineer feels as if he were able to look down upon all creation. One feels, too, as if he were a part of the mighty monster as it throbs with its life of steam, and shrieks its song as it gallops away the curving miles. A racehorse on wheels! But look! There's a racehorse on legs, for a Stoney Indian, mounted on a sturdy little beastie, is galloping madly into Morley Station to meet the approaching train. Whew! but the heels of the horse do fly over the choicest trail, bearing its red burden as lightly as a child. It is a half-mile course along the track, and swift as the wind that plays upon the pasture hills of the Bow Valley, the Indian speeds, and winst! And we in the engine rejoice in his victory.

As we thundered on our westward way, the vanguard of mountains slowly rose to meet us. How small a foot-

hill will blot out how great a mountain. A storm rested for a time on the rugged crests of the first range of peaks, and then majestically journeyed northward, exhibiting as it passed an electrical display of terrifying aspect. Defiantly the locomotive plunged into the Gap, and, with the plunge, the world of the plains was forgotten; the Switzerland of hills was entered.

Gazing sheer upward to the Three Sisters and Wind Mountains, a chaos of clouds played hide-and-seek with the towering peaks. The massive Cascade became suffused in a saffron-colored storm-cloud which the setting sun vainly tried to break through. Only the mystical outlines of the rugged old pile could be traced until the sun won in its struggle for light and fashioned such a rainbow as only the mountains can show, with its intangible bases rising and entering the Banff National Park, passing the buffalo and deer inclosure, where old "Sir Donald" sulks broken-heartedly over his dethronement as king of the buffalo herd. We passed, too, the deserted mining town of Anahoe, with its ghostly-looking empty houses and stores, but its near-by successor in Bankhead—the model mining town of Canada—compensates for the forlorn and deserted village.

Charles Lamb had no use for mountains. To him they were but dead nature. Give him one hour of the thrill of life on Fleet street, and others might climb the hills, for aught he cared. One can join with Ella in being fascinated with the throbbing life in London town, with its human ebb and flow; its never-ceasing passing show; but he never knew the mountains! He never stood at the base of a Selkirk giant of granite and there worshipped as at an altar, he never achieved the summit of a king of the Rockies, and from the exalted platform let the eye sweep the wondrous world on every hand.

Dead nature! Ella? Why, man, there's life everywhere, in and on and around the hills of God. Alpine flowers, singing birds, game, little and large, from the marmot whistling at the door of his home among the rocks, to the mountain goat and the grizzly bear. Why, man, there's life abundant life—in this green-white river, rushing from the glacier that gave it birth to the ocean that will swallow up its individuality. Even the glacier is a thing of life, for it is born of snows of heaven, and it dies in melting away into moraines and streams. It moves, too, does the vast glittering ice field, slowly edging its ever-narrowing way down the mountain slope to the valley bed. No-

thing, Ella, among the hills? I wish you could come back from the Shades long enough to stand here, where I stand, on a ridge of rock overlooking the Bow Valley and the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Look, Ella, of London town, and see the life around the sublime palisades of Mount Temple, the life of the clouds, as they swirl and sweep amid these towering pinnacles—now revealing them for a rare moment of time; then withdrawing them from mortal ken.

And, Ella, take note, with those keen eyes of yours, that saw so much in their day of the city life, of the wild storm that is tearing down yonder valley like an untamed monster of the sky. There's a life of majestic movement, of chaotic winds, of torn masses of black clouds—noiseless life, though it may be, but the echoing thunders, bombarding the cliffs, contribute the awesome music.

And there's life, too, now that the storm has swept on to the north, in the aftermath of the rainbow. For we see it made before our eyes—the first diaphanous framework of the structure, the filling in of the primary colors, the filling out of each to its maximum of glowing beauty. There it is displayed in all its transcendent art, like unto the first bow in the clouds, resting on the floor of the Bow Valley, and leaning against the northern precipices. From our lofty perch we look down upon the glowing arch and watch it dissolve when its work is done.

On a recent July day a band of a hundred pilgrims foregathered from far and near to constitute the first camp Canada, the primary object of the organization being to make better known to ourselves, and the world, the rich natural asset we possess in our Western Switzerland.

Field was the appointed rendezvous, and from Field we sallied forth, in single file, on horseback, on wagons, on foot, not a daunting crowd of enthusiasts—apart from our clothes! None would have qualified as a fashion plate. But if we were a motley crew in attire, we were merry crowd in spirit, bound for an Alpine fastness, there to live a glorious, termless life under the sky and stars and among the everlasting hills, and I venture the assertion that not a single soul of the company would exchange the experience and memory of that camp week for even a corner lot in Saskatchewan.

Our tented city was fair to behold, sheltered amid a green forest, with a green floor of earth, with beds of green balsam boughs, with a blue-green-emerald-turquoise lake to give us drink and keep us company, and with lordly flocks of gray rock to sentinel us. It would have been enough to spend all the days therein, and to have absorbed something of the nature charm of the mountain Eden, but wanderings near and far filled each day's programme.

tuckless, long and lank as usual and eagerly drinking in the sights.

Of course, steamer acquaintances are hailed with delight when met on shore, and I wanted to shout to these two, but as I said before, termless life is my weak point, and I couldn't think what to call the things (meaning no disrespect) so I made a cone of my hands, took a deep breath and yelled at the top of my lungs:

"Kentucky!" Oh, if you could have seen the look of sweet content that came over their faces at the sound of that loved name! They looked right and left, motioning to the "busman to stop the while, and at last they saw us and just as I handed the bootback a coin they joined us—and we continued together for a space.

After which they wiped their mouths on the back of their hands and we parted.

When they get where Americans are few they will breathe that name into each other's ears and the old commonwealth will be toasted again and again by her loyal sons.

All travelers abroad have noticed the tendency of which I have spoken, and most stay at homes have been told about it, but I can't refrain from referring again to that spirit of good fellowship that is engendered among mere bowing acquaintances by the fact of meeting on shore. There was a man on the boat who had been surnamed the Silent, because he spoke so little. He hardly ever passed the time of day with any one.

We landed at the proper station in London and it may have been a half hour later. Messenger and I were looking for a place where he could buy a silk hat in a hat box when we met this taciturn fellow face to face.

He beamed all over, his right hand swung round heartily and grasped each of ours in turn and he said:

"Well, hel-lo! George, I'm glad to see you."

And the funny part was that we were both overjoyed to see him.

If any of you readers of this know a couple of mountaineers who have been hunting for each other with murder in their hearts, just contrive to have them meet on foreign shores, and they will run to each other's arms in the most friendly manner.

We met an elderly man just coming out of his lodging in Bloomsbury. He had been friendly with everyone all the way over, but he looked awfully woebe gone as he walked down the steps.

Awfully woebe gone until he saw us and then his face lighted up and he said:

"Oh, hello, boys. I am glad to see you. Been sitting in my room all the morning wishing I was home and I just ran out in hopes I'd meet some of the dear boys I knew on board ship. God bless yer both. It reconciles me to being here—almost."

So he goes. It's a terrible weakness and the man who never yields to it is fit for treason, stratagem—and graft.

For faces—there's a wonderful memory for faces—even those of which he has seen nothing but counterfeit presentations. The day we landed we were in the neighborhood of Westminster and a cab boy (by the way, he is great at bowling).

to the full. We "bit the trail" so often and so hard that, had it been capable of suffering, suffer it would. The one to the camp at Summit Lake from Emerald Lake led across a delta furrowed by a hundred streams fed from an overhanging glacier. Many of these irresponsible waterways had to be negotiated as balancing acts on submerged logs, and a submerged log is much wetter and slipper than a dry one. Acrobatic leaping feats enabled the pilgrims to cross other streams, and the ponies acted as ponies, bridging for us when the floods were too wide and deep.

After the delta came the ladderlike climb up the face of the cliff, a thousand feet or more, and at the top the welcome tents, the more welcome camp to supper, and the most welcome rest-house around the great camp-fire. And in the laconic language of the immortal Pepsy, "then to bed."

Atrociously early hours are kept in a mountain camp. A 4 a.m. call was the portion of those who were elated for the big climb of 10,000 feet to the Vice-President peak, the ascent of which qualified for active membership in the club. After one of John Chinaman's recherche early breakfasts of salubrious fat bacon, and powerful black coffee, the Alpinists were lined up in military order, the roll called by President Wheeler, and off they started in charge of the stalwart young Swiss guide, Edward Peur. A born mountaineer, Edward, for he climbed Mont Blanc at 18! Judging by his ability as an Alpinist, he is little less than a mountain goat on two legs.

A twelve-hour day's work followed, during which an ascent of 8,000 feet was made from the camp, which was itself 6,000 feet above sea level. All sorts of climbing was involved in the Vice-President test—rough moraine work, steep slopes where rock slides are a constant menace, rock face work of a perilous nature, careful crossing of over narrow ledges suspended at a great height, and at last the surmounting of an awesome pinnacle to a gigantic church spire. That afforded a fine spot for a brief rest, while the eye ranged over the vast, spreading mountain ranges, and glaciers stretching for fifty miles in every direction. This peak was, however, only the first of four that mark the Vice-President, each of the others being higher than the original one ascended.

A mountain-climbing journey is therefore a series of ups and downs—emphatically so.

After the timber and the rock trails came the glacial areas. Here the heavily-nailed shoes were made to do their work, securing a quick foothold on the slippery and often treacherous ice.

Leading the winding procession was the guide, ice axe in hand, chopping out footpaths so that his followers might avoid the lurking narrow crevasses

always lived in Goodspeed's Landing, Conn.) I asked him why and he said: "Why, there are no skyscrapers, except St. Paul's, and a church can't ever be a real skyscraper, no matter how tall it is."

It's not the widespreadness, but the uprightness that makes a place a big city in Massenger's estimation.

Now if this were leading up to a bit of "facetiousness" (hateful word used only by persons who have no sense of humor) it would turn out that Massenger was wrong, but the next morning's papers said that Bryan had made a notable speech at Westminster the day before and I decided that Massenger should have been a detective.

They say that it is a common vice of travelers to generalize and I have made up my mind not to say a country is noted for this or that or that such and such custom obtains until it has been rubbed in on me by the repeated evidence of my senses.

Six years ago I spent quite a little time in London, quite a little time, and the sun shone from an elusive California brilliancy seven out of the eight days. Such a thing as a fog would have astonished me and I felt that the stories of gloom and fog in London were mere travelers' tales.

I did not say so, because that would have been generalizing from insufficient experience.

Now when after an absence of six years I descend without warning upon London and find an American July sun shining alike upon the just and the unjust I confidently assert that London is the city of sunshine. And my landlady assures me that there has been no rain for four weeks.

Travelers are very apt to be wonton about the climate of a country and to fasten a wrong reputation upon a locality just because of this habit of generalizing.

I always supposed Dakota was a cold place in winter until I went there for myself that there was no snow on the ground nor had there been, although it was January. Now when a man says that Dakota is the land of the blizzard I wink my unoccupied eye at him and know he is lying.

So, too, they told me that Texas was hot, but when I was there in February I found it hanging from the trees and I needed an overcoat when I went in an iniquitous bull fight in Juarez, Mexico. I was in California, too, but there were positively no earthquakes there. Why can't travelers be honest and let us know exactly what local conditions are?

Massenger says he never saw so much hurry in any American city as he has in London. He saw a woman hail a bus and it kept right on in quite the New York way (for women), ran after it and swung herself aboard.

Massenger says he doesn't think London looks much like a city (and he's

that abound on every hand, or the more dangerous fissures down whose indefinite depth one peers with nervous awe. A curious sense of insecurity comes over one in traversing an ice field, for these ominous cracks turn up on every hand, while the ear may detect the sound of running water under the very sheet of ice that supports one's weight. But with each member of the party roped together, the danger of accidents was materially lessened. The essentials of a successful mountaineer are a clear head, self-control of mind and nerves, care and caution, and absolute obedience to the leader.

While the up-climb of the Vice-President took eight hours, the down-climb was run off in half the time. The downslide it might be called, for what with tobogganing on one's coat-tail, or glissading by the aid of the ice axes as a guiding and anchoring force, the return journey was made in record time. Hearty was the greeting the heroes received from their camp-companions, when, emerging from the forest in picturesque line, they cried:

"Yoho! Yoho! We're the people who climb, you know. Up the mountain, through snow and cloud, And coming back, calling so loud, Yoho! Yoho!"

To explore the Yoho Valley as well as two days' side-trip from the main camp. If the scenic attractions of this great canyon-valley were more fully realized, it would be invaded by hundreds where scores now find their way thereto. Going north, the lower trail was taken; returning, the upper, and it would be difficult to decide which was the finer. Following the erratic course of the Wapta River along the bed of the valley, glorious views were had of the Takkakaw—the Twin—and the Laughing Falls, and of the glaciers that feed them. Hemmed in by walls of mountain were we all along the fifteen-mile length of the vale, until at last there was caught through the forest a glint of the vast Wapta Glacier closing in the northern end of the Yoho.

I felt its breath long before it stood revealed, as an ocean iceberg will make known its chilling presence. And when at last we stood on a high plateau of rock and saw the mighty ice river in all its breadth and depth, the picture was almost overpowering in its magnitude. Such a canvas of earth and sky the picture had! And adorning its face was an arch of colossal size, borne up on massive pillars of ice, with the deepest greens and blues showing in the innermost reaches of its magnitude. From under the thousand feet of ice, and from a yawning mouth of icy blackness, there was born the Wapta—a stream that wildly courses to the Kicking Horse and thence to the Columbia. Our little

Shannon, Clara Lipman wrote "Julie Bon Bon" in which her husband, Louis Mann, appears with her. H. V. Esmond, who wrote "When We Were Twenty-One," made the part of The Imp in it for himself and a good part for his wife and they have always acted together. McKee Rankin manages Nance O'Neil, but Mrs. McKee Rankin does not act any more. Edgar Selwyn, actor and dramatist, plays in one company, while his wife plays in another, although they write plays together.

Nat Goodwin stars by himself, as does his wife, Maxine Elliott, while Mrs. Goodwin's sister, Gertrude Elliott, always acts with her husband, Forbes Robertson, Maurice Barrymore, and his wife, Georgia Drew Barrymore, used to act together and sometimes separately. Louis James' first wife, Marie Wainwright, acted with him and then went out starring alone in "Shall We Forgive Her?" The question had nothing to do with her acting. Now Mr. James has a second wife who does not act with him. Kathryn Kidder, who acted with Mr. James and Frederick Warde a couple of seasons ago, has a husband who is not an actor, Amelia Bingham married Lloyd Bingham, who was an actor, and she has then went into Wall street, while his wife headed her own company and who now is again acting under his wife's management. William A. Brady manages his wife, Grace George. He is also heavily interested in "Way Down East."

Phoebe Davies, the leading woman in this drama, is the wife of Joseph R. Grismer, who helped Mr. Brady make the play from Lottie Blair Parker's manuscript. Guy Standing's wife is an actress, but she doesn't act any more.

Mme. Modjeska's husband, Count Bozenta, knows more about an orange ranch than he does about acting. Rich-

ard Buhler's wife, Louise Orrendorf, appears in his companies, but not as his leading woman and sometimes a subordinate member of his company. E. J. Morgan's first wife sometimes acted with him. His second wife, Helen Bram, played in musical extravaganzas while Morgan played in serious drama in which Miss Bertram's first husband, the well-beloved "Ted" Hanley, was a conspicuous figure. The husband of Papineau, the dancer, is Hope Booth, while Mayne Gifford's husband, John Ford, puts on soft-soled shoes and dances with his wife. Cecil Lean is the husband of Florence Holbrook in "The Empire," and either of them would rather work in the chorus than play in a company in which the other did not appear. Frank Daniels is married, but his wife, who used to be on the stage, acts no longer. Robert T. Haines, who is still playing in "The Darling of the Gods," has appeared in a play written by his wife, who is also an actress.

Blanche Ring married her manager, Frederick Edwards McKay. Hope Booth is the wife of Renold Wolf, a well-known theatrical writer. Julia Arthur's husband is a rich real estate operator in Boston. Daniel Frohman's wife, Margaret Illington, appears in one of his companies. Otis Skinner's wife, Maud Durbin, used to act in his company, but now stays at home to care for the Skinner baby, whose picture is much used in act pictures in magazines. Nanette Comstock, who has been Mr. Skinner's leading woman, is married, but her husband and she acts in different companies.

Some managers won't have husbands and wife in the same company. Some husbands and wives won't play in different organizations. Some managers make their new stars contract not to marry. So, truly, in the theatrical business matrimony has many angles hasn't it?

While E. H. Sothern is playing Shakespearean repertory with Julia Marlowe, his wife, Virginia Harmond, has to pay a large salary to the leading man who supports her in her own company. James K. Hackett, who used to act with his wife, Mary Mannerling, now acts alone. His wife is also a star. William Faversham heads his own company, while "Fanny's" wife does not act with him. Arnold Daly's wife is an actress, but she isn't in his company. Johnny Ray and his wife, Emma, wouldn't dream of acting unless they could be together. Neither would Herbert Kelcey and his wife, Mlle

caravan of humans and ponies camped for the night by the banks of the Wapta, and around the camp-fire our excellent guide—honest Jack Otto—entertained his eager listeners with tales from the life of a son of the mountains. That was yet another never-to-be-forgotten night.

The upper trail led us by easy stages along and up the westward face of the cliffs to lookout points where the entire valley and its inclosing peaks lay in full view. Surely Canada has not such another beautiful scene; surely the whole world of mountains has not such another temple of nature as the Yoho.

When the main camp was at last broken up, the homeward way was by the trail that leads along the steep faces of Mounts Wapta and Burgess. On one of the highest ridges there lay below us on the right, charming Emerald Lake, and its guardian hills; on the left, the Kicking Horse Canyon, crowded in by the bases of Stephen and Field, and far in front the vast Vanhorne and Ottertail ranges, with many an untrodden peak and a few scattered glaciers. And as we gazed, we learned with Wordsworth, to

"Look upon the hills with tenderness, And make dear friendships with the streams and groves."

Thus the happy days came to an end, and the inaugural Alpine Club camp closed a most successful week among the great hills of Canada.

If there is one man who is to be held largely accountable for the inception of the club and its great success in membership and camp, it is its highly-esteemed president, Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., of Calgary. His efforts were ably seconded by Messrs. Campbell, Ott, and Warner, the Field guides and outfitters, who gave freely of their time and experience, and their outfits of ponies.

Finally, let's talk of caves, though a dark and deep subject. For we have caves in Canada—vast underground chambers that bid fair to rank among the world's wonders as they are more fully explored. Come with me to Glacier Station, in the Selkirk, and join the little company of guides and tenderfeet and ponies that will be the very first to use the new ten-mile trail out from the Dominion Government through the forest and up the mountain side to Cougar Mountain and its marble caverns. On the way we startled pheasants and grouse, marmots and porcupines—everything but a bear, though it is their special habitat. At last we reached the cavern world, where Cougar Creek, soon after being freed from a glacier, plunges into a black hole in the mountain side, its exit being as yet unknown.

Charley Deutschman—he who discovered the caves—has been appointed official guide, and to his tender mercies

I committed my way and my humble self. Equipped with lamps and ropes and surplus candles, in case of accident, we were soon under way, literally, as well as metaphorically, the initial cavern involving a straight descent eight ladders long, followed by several others laid horizontally over immense pot-holes filled to the brim with ice-cold water. I know it to be cold, for I slipped into one of them. One cannot begin to describe a tithe of the wonders of our new Canadian cave world, but wonders there are and many—the Inferno, where one stands in a great chamber through which the Cougar leaps and gallops with deafening roar like a mad horse. The revelation of the scene under magnesium fire was as lurid as it was impressive. High overhead spread great gothic arches, and to right and left niches and windows, galleries and lateral cave openings accentuated the weird spot.

Yet another of the caves is a natural ice house, with deposits of never-melting ice that imitates in their formation beasts and birds and human kind, while another mass hanging suspended from an upper cave mouth, forms a frozen Niagara of indescribable beauty.

But the biggest hole of all is reserved to the last, with an entrance into a canyon down a sheer wall of rock nearly a hundred feet high. It was enough to make one catch his breath to peep cautiously over the brink to the bottom, where the burrowing river came to light for a brief spell. Down the black pit I was lowered by means of a rope tied under the armpits, and later up from the same black pit I had to climb a la chamois or mountain goat, dangling on the way over the chasm with its thunderous waters growling far beneath.

The experience was just a trifle "leery," as guide Charley himself admitted, and at least one cave visitor—the first for 1906—breathed a sigh of relief when the expedition was over. Caves to a depth of five hundred feet have thus been traced, with chambers of enormous dimensions and walls of awful blackness, but the chief wonder of the place is its marble walls—pure white streaks and blocks gleaming amid the other rock strata, and, lower down, columns and walls of colored marbles of marvellous variety.

It is the opinion of many that only the threshold of this great cave region has been crossed by its intrepid discoverer, and that other and greater finds await those who continue the explorations along the devious way the Cougar has carved out for itself.

And for an absolutely final word, in this brief series of sketches, let it ever be remembered that all this mountain glory and cave wonder is in Canada—our Canada—the Canada of the East as well as the West—the Canada of the Twentieth Century.

TRAVELS OF A FUNMAKER

Charles Battell Loomis Discovers a Remedy for Seasickness, Learns a New Meaning of "Kentucky," and Sets People Straight About London.

The latest wrinkle in the way of preventives of seasickness is to get good and seasick before you leave the dock in New York. That's what Massenger did.

He, like myself, had taken passage for England on one of those transports (of joy) that only apprise you of the fact that you have been at sea when they warp into the dock on the other side.

Really, on such a ship it is foolish to take any preventives of nausea; but Massenger is from an island county in Connecticut, and he didn't know how much like gliding down the Connecticut River in a flat-bottom boat with your finger at twilight of a delicious June day this leisurely crossing of the Atlantic is, and so he came aboard of the Mariposa at 7 a.m.—she was booked to sail at 8:20—and retired at once to his cabin, where his mail de North River was most agonizing.

Long before the whistle warning visitors ashore had sounded he was wishing that a blessed immortality might be vouchsafed him at once. He said he would willingly exchange his proposed trip to England for a blessed immortality. Told me so between his paroxysms.

Just before they cast off he said that a cursed immortality would do at a pinch. I asked him why he didn't go ashore with the pilot; but he was game. He knew very well that wishing for a blessed immortality would not bring it and in his heart of hearts wanted to see what England was like.

Well, do you know, he got through being sick on the way down the bay, and it came about in this way. As we were passing Coney Island he said to me—we were sharing a stateroom and I had gone down to see how he was—"For heaven's sake, when are we going to start?"

"Why, men alive; we're passing Luna Park now!" I said.

He rose from his berth, looked out of the porthole, verified my statement, and immediately dressed and went up on deck. That was the last of his seasickness.

The other passengers who had not tried his plan kept wondering when they were going to be ill, but they were ashamed to be, with the sea acting so kind and the ship so steady, and if it hadn't been for the tendency of seasickness folk to eat much and exercise little the ship's doctor might have set playing solitaire from morning to night and letting his medical knowledge go.

The Cause of Stiff Neck

Usually from sitting in a draft. Nervine removes the stiffness, takes away the pain, makes you well in a few minutes. For sprains, strains, swellings, and lumbago nothing excels Polson's Nervine; large bottles for 25c, sold under guarantee.

to waste. As it was, his games were interrupted from time to time.

There were two long, lank Kentuckians aboard the Mariposa—nice fellows both of them.

One day I was sitting reading in the shadow of a boat on the upper deck and they were playing shuffleboard near me when the deck steward came up to them and said:

"Kentucky."

Instantly they both dropped their cues—if that's what they are called; terminology is my only weak point—to rush forward.

I thought to myself and said aloud to Massenger:

"Probably a steamer. Didn't know there was a Kentucky aloft."

I went forward to look for it, but all I could see was a sailing vessel at the limits of the horizon.

After a while the Kentuckians came back and drawing the back of their hand across their faces—which I thought an irrelevant gesture—they resumed their game.

Next day they were playing ring the stake—that's what I call it, just because I neglected to ask what the name of the game is—and a man from Maine in passing them said:

"Kentucky."

Down went the cues and again they went forward and I rushed to the side to see if by the curious chance there could be another Kentucky—admitting the other vessel bore that name. This time I saw no vessel of any sort, but in five minutes they came up the stairs from the main floor and again irrelevantly rubbing their mouths with the back of their hands they resumed their game.

I am not inquisitive, but Massenger is, and he determined to find out what significance the potential word had and waiting until they were deep in the tremendously absorbing game of shuffleboard he walked past them and said casually:

"Kentucky."

Down went the cues and the two went below, followed by Massenger. They went to the bar, and so did he, and when he joined them—he "joined them"—and learned that whenever they heard the sacred name of Kentucky they stopped whatever they were doing to stop to the health of their native state.

Imagine a Jerseyman doing a sentimental thing like that. Southerners are full of fine feelings. Quite a number of us joined their society from time to time, and now Kentucky connotes something more than blue grass and beautiful women.

There's a sequel to this.

The first day ashore in London I was having my boots (ordinary American shoes, you know) blackened at a stand in the Strand while Massenger stood waiting for me.

Coming up the Strand on one of the new motor buses I saw the two Ken-

ucky, long and lank as usual and eagerly drinking in the sights.

Of course, steamer acquaintances are hailed with delight when met on shore, and I wanted to shout to these two, but as I said before, termless life is my weak point, and I couldn't think what to call the things (meaning no disrespect) so I made a cone of my hands, took a deep breath and yelled at the top of my lungs:

"Kentucky!"

Oh, if you could have seen the look of sweet content that came over their faces at the sound of that loved name!

They looked right and left, motioning to the "busman to stop the while, and at last they saw us and just as I handed the bootback a coin they joined us—and we continued together for a space.

After which they wiped their mouths on the back of their hands and we parted.

When they get where Americans are few they will breathe that name into each other's ears and the old commonwealth will be toasted again and again by her loyal sons.

All travelers abroad have noticed the tendency of which I have spoken, and most stay at homes have been told about it, but I can't refrain from referring again to that spirit of good fellowship that is engendered among mere bowing acquaintances by the fact of meeting on shore.

There was a man on the boat who had been surnamed the Silent, because he spoke so little. He hardly ever passed the time of day with any one.

We landed at the proper station in London and it may have been a half hour later. Messenger and I were looking for a place where he could buy a silk hat in a hat box when we met this taciturn fellow face to face.

He beamed all over, his right hand swung round heartily and grasped each of ours in turn and he said:

THE BETRAYAL

BY E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM

"And you have met Lord Blenavon?"
"What do you think of him?"
"We were at Magdalen together for a term," I answered. "He was good enough to remember me."
"They smiled, but he did not speak another word to me all the breakfast time. Once I made a remark to him, and his reply was curt, almost rude. I left the room a few minutes afterwards, and came face to face in the hall with Lady Angela."
"I am glad, Mr. Ducaigne," she remarked, "that your early morning labors have given you an appetite. You have been in to breakfast, have you not?"

"Your father was good enough to meet upon it," I answered.
"You have seen him already this morning, then?"
"For a few minutes only," I explained. "I went up to his room."
"I trust so far that everything is going on satisfactorily," she inquired, raising her eyes to mine.
"I did not answer her at once. I was engaged in marveling at the wonderful pallor of her cheeks."
"So far as I am concerned, I think so," I said. "Forgive me, Lady Angela, I added, "but I think that you must have walked too far this morning. You are very pale."
"I am tired," she admitted.

"There was a lounge close at hand. She moved slowly towards it, and sat down. There was no spoken invitation, but I understood that she was permitted to remain with her."
"Do you know," she said, looking round to make sure that we were alone, "I dread these meetings of the council. I have always the feeling that something terrible will happen. I knew Lord Ronald very well, and his mother was one of my dearest friends. And today he is in a madhouse. They say that he will never recover."

"I did not wish to speak about these things, even with Lady Angela. I tried to lead the conversation into other channels, but she absolutely ignored my attempt."
"There is something about it all so grimly mysterious," she said. "It seems almost as though there must be a traitor, if not in the council itself, in some special and privileged position."
She looked up at me as though asking for confirmation of her views. I shook my head.

"Lady Angela," I said, "would you mind if I abandoned my own opinion and give you my opinion at all? It is a subject which I feel it is scarcely right for me to discuss."
She looked at me with wide-open eyes, a dash of insolence mingled with her surprise. I do not know how much she was to say, for at that moment the young man with the somber shooting suit and closely cropped hair paused for a moment on his way out of the breakfast-room. He glanced at me, and I received a brief impression of an unwholesome-looking person with protuberant eyeballs, thin lashes and supercilious mouth.

"I trust that the day's entertainment will include something more than a glimpse of Lady Angela," he said, with a low bow.
She raised her eyes. It seemed to me that she was watching her closely, and that she shrank a little back in her seat. I am sure that she shared by instinctive dislike of the man.

"I think not," she said. "Perhaps you are expecting me to come down with the lunch and compliment you all upon your prowess."
"It would be delightful," he murmured.
She shook her head.

"There are too many of you, and I am too few," she said lightly. "Besides, shooting is one of the few sports with which I have no sympathy at all. I shall try and get somewhere away from the sound of your guns."
"I myself," he said, "am not what you call a devotee of the sport. I wonder if part of the day one might play truant. Would Lady Angela take pity upon an unentertained guest?"

"I should find it a shocking nuisance," she said, coolly. "Besides, it would not be allowed. You will find that when my father has once made a thing a thing that is not to be dreamed of. Everyone says that he is a perfect martinet where a day's shooting is concerned."
He smiled enigmatically.

"We shall see," he remarked, as he turned away.
Lady Angela watched him disappear. "Do you know who that last fellow was?" she asked me.
I shook my head.

"Some one French, very French," I remarked.
"He should be," she remarked. "That is Prince Henri de Malors. He represents the hopes of the Royalists in France."
"It is very interesting," I murmured.

"May I ask is he an old family friend?"
"Our families have been connected by marriage," she answered. "He and Blenavon saw a great deal of one another in Paris, very much to the disadvantage of my brother. I should think I believe that there was some trouble at the foreign office about it."
"It is very interesting," I repeated.

"Blenavon was very foolish," she declared. "It was obviously a most indiscreet friendship for him, and Paris was his first appointment. But I must go and speak to some of these people." She rose and left me a little abruptly. I escaped by one of the side entrances, and hurried back to my cottage.

CHAPTER XII.

An Accident.

The prince accepted my most comfortable easy chair with an air of graceful confidence. Lady Angela had already seated herself. It was late in the afternoon, and Grooton was busy in the room behind, preparing my tea.

"The prince did not care to shoot to-day," Lady Angela explained, "and I have been showing him the neighborhood. Incidentally I am dying for some tea, and the prince has smoked all his cigarette."

The prince raised his hand in polite expectation, but he accepted a cigarette with a little sign of relief.

"You have found a very lonely spot for your dwelling-house, Mr. Ducaigne," he said. "You English are so fond of solitude."
"It suits me very well," I answered. "For just now I have a great deal of work to do. I am safely away from all distractions here."
Lady Angela smiled at me.

"Not quite so safe perhaps, Mr. Ducaigne, as you fondly imagined," she remarked. "I am afraid that we disturbed you. You look awfully busy." She glanced towards my writing-table. It was covered with papers, and a map of the southern counties leaned up against the wall. The prince also was glancing curiously in the same direction.

"I have finished my work for the day," I said, rising. "If you will permit me, I will put it away."
Grooton brought in tea. The prince was politely curious as to the subject-matter of those closely written sheets of paper.

"You are perhaps interested in literature, Mr. Ducaigne," he remarked.
"Immensely," I answered, waving my hand towards my bookshelves.
"But you yourself—you do doubt write?"
"One or two," I answered, pouring out the tea.

"It may be permitted then to wish you success," he remarked dryly.
"You are very good," I answered.
Lady Angela calmly interposed. The prince ate buttered toast and drank tea with a bland affectation of enjoyment. They rose almost immediately afterwards.

"You are coming up to the house this evening, Mr. Ducaigne?" Lady Angela asked.
"I am due there now," I answered. "If you will allow me, I will walk back with you."
The prince touched my arm as Lady Angela passed out before us.

"I am anxious, Mr. Ducaigne," he said, looking me in the face, "for a few minutes' private conversation with you. I shall perhaps be fortunate enough to find you at home tomorrow."
He did not wait for my answer, for Lady Angela looked back, and he hastened to her side. He seemed in no hurry, however, to leave the place. The evening was cloudy and unusually dark. A north wind was tearing through the grove of stunted firs, and the roar of the incoming sea filled the air with muffled thunder. The prince looked about him with a little grimace.

"It is indeed a lonely spot," he remarked. "I am sure that anything happening here, did I not hear of a tragedy only the other day—a man found dead?"
"If you have a taste for horrors, prince," I remarked, "you can see the spot from the edge of the cliff here."

"I disclaim all such weakness," he said, "but the little account which I read, did some one tell me of it?—ah, I forgot; but it interested me." I pointed downwards to where the craven ravens merged into the sand.

"There was a little to the left of the white pinnacles," I said. "The man was supposed to have been cast up from the sea."
He measured the distance with his eyes. I anticipated his remark.

"The tide is only halfway up now," I said, "and on that, particularly night there was a terrible gale."
"Nevertheless," he murmured, half to himself, "it is a long way. Was the man what you call identified, Mr. Ducaigne?"

"No."
"There were no letters or papers found upon him?"
"None."

"The prince looked at me sharply. "That," he said softly, "was strange. Does it not suggest to you that he may have been robbed?"
"I had not thought of it," I answered.

"The verdict, I believe, was simply found drowned."
"Found drowned," the prince repeated. "Ah! Found drowned. By-the-by," he added suddenly, "who did find him?"
"I did," I said coolly.

"You?" the prince peered at me closely through the dim light. "That," he said reflectively, "is interesting." I remarked, "that perhaps you could help to solve the question of the man's identity."
"I?" he exclaimed. "But, no. Why should you think that?"

I turned to join Lady Angela. He did not immediately follow.
"Why did you bring him?" I asked her softly. "You had some reason."
"He was making inquiries about you," she answered, "secretly and openly. I thought you ought to know, and I could think of no other way of putting the matter your guard."

"The Prince of Malors!" I murmured. "He surely would not stoop to play the spy."
She was silent, and moved a step or two farther away from the spot where he still stood as though absorbed. His angular figure was clearly defined through the twilight against the empty background of space. He was on the very verge of the cliff, almost looking over.

"I know very little about him myself," she said hurriedly, "but I have heard the others talk. Lord Cheloford especially. He is a man, they say, with a twofold reputation. He has played a great part in the world of pleasure, almost a theatrical part; but, you know, the French people like that."

"It is true," I murmured. "They love their heroes dead in time!"
She nodded.

"They say that it is part of a pose, that he has serious political ambitions. He contemplates always some great scheme which shall make him the idol of a day, of the French mob. A day would be sufficient, for he would strike while—prince, be careful," she called out. "Ah!"

We heard a shrill cry, and we saw the prince sway on the verge of the cliff. He threw up his arms and clutched wildly at the air, but he was too late to save himself. We saw the ground crumble beneath his feet, and with a second cry of despair he disappeared.

Grooton, Lady Angela, and I reached the edge of the cliff at about the same moment. We peered over in breathless anxiety. Lady Angela, clutching my arm, and for a moment I did not in the least care what had happened to the prince.

"Don't be frightened," I whispered. "The descent is not by any means sheer. He can't possibly have got to the bottom. I will clamber down and look for him."
She shuddered.

"Oh, you mustn't," she exclaimed. "It is not safe. How terrible it looks down there!"
I raised my voice and shouted. Almost immediately there came an answer.

"I am here, my friends, in the middle of a bush. I dare not move. It is so dark I cannot see where to put my foot. Can you lower me a lantern, and I will see if I can climb up?"
Grooton hastened back to the cottage.

"I think you will be all right," I cried out. "It is not half as steep as it looks."
"I believe," he answered, "that I can see a path up. But I will wait until the lantern comes."

The lantern arrived almost immediately. We lowered it to him by a rope, and he examined the face of the cliff.

"I think that I can get up," he cried out. "But I should like to help myself with the rope. Can you both hold it tightly?"
"All right," I answered. "We've got it."

He clambered up with surprising agility. But as he reached the edge of the cliff he groaned heavily.

"Are you hurt?" Lady Angela asked.
"It is my foot," he muttered, "my left foot. I twisted it in falling."

Grooton and I helped him to the cottage. He hobbled painfully along with tightly clenched lips.

"I shall have to ask for a pony cart to get up to the house, I am afraid," he said. "I am very sorry to give you so much trouble, Mr. Ducaigne."

"The trouble is nothing," I answered, "but I am wondering how on earth you managed to fall over the cliff."
"I myself scarcely know," he answered, as he sipped the brandy which Grooton had produced. "I am a judge of gin and wine, and one came over me as I stood there looking down. I felt the ground sway, and remember no more. I am very sorry to give you all this trouble, but indeed I fear that I cannot walk."

"We will send you down a cart," I declared. "You will have rather a rough drive across the grass, but there is no other way."
"You are very kind," he declared. "I am in despair at my clumsiness."

I gave him my box of cigarettes. Lady Angela hesitated.

"I think," she said, "that I ought to stay with you, prince, while Mr. Ducaigne goes up for the cart."
"Indeed, Lady Angela, you are very kind," he answered, "but I could not permit it. I regret to say that I am in some pain, and I have a weakness for being alone when I suffer. If I desire anything Mr. Ducaigne's servant will be at hand."

So we left him there. At any other time the prospect of that walk with Lady Angela would have filled me with joy. But from the first moment of leaving the cottage I was uneasy.

"What do you think of that man?" I asked her abruptly. "I mean personally."
"I hate him," she answered coolly. "He is one of those creatures whose eyes and mouth, and something underneath his most respectful words, seem always to suggest offensive things. I find it very hard indeed to be civil to him."

"Do you happen to know what Col. Ray thinks of him?" I asked her.
"I have no special knowledge of Col. Ray's likes or dislikes," she answered.

"Forgive me," I said. "I thought that you and he were very intimate, and that you would have filled me with whether he takes the prince seriously."
"Colonel Ray is one of my best friends," she said, "but I am not in his confidence."

A slight reserve had crept into her tone. I stole a glance at her face; pale as she was, her eyes were dark, and she seemed in the gathering darkness her lips were firmly set, but her eyes were kind. A sudden desire for her sympathy weakened me.

"Lady Angela," I said, "I must talk to some one. I do not know whom to trust. I do not know who to honor. You are the only person whom I dare speak to at all."

She looked round cautiously. We were out of the plantation now, in the open park, where eavesdropping was impossible.

"You have a difficult post, Mr. Ducaigne," she said, "and you will remember—"

"Oh, I remember," I interrupted. "You warned me not to take it. But I think in what a position I was, I had no career, I was penniless. How could I throw away such a chance?"

"Something has happened—this morning, has it not?" she asked.

I nodded.

She waited for me to go on. She was deeply interested. I could hear her breath coming fast though we were walking at a snail's pace. I longed to confide in her absolutely, but I dared not.

"Do not ask me to tell you what it was," I said. "The knowledge would only perplex and be a burden to you. It is all the time like poison in my brain."

We were walking very close together. I felt her fingers suddenly upon my arm and her soft breath upon my cheek.

"But if you do not tell me everything—how can you expect my sympathy, perhaps my help?"
"I may not ask you for either," I answered early. "The knowledge of some things must remain between your arm and myself."

"Between my father—and yourself?" she repeated.

I was silent, and then we both started apart. Behind us we could hear the sound of footsteps rapidly approaching, soft quick footsteps, muffled and almost noiseless upon the spongy turf. We stood still.

"Perfectly," I assured him. "This is most interesting, although as yet it seems to me equally irrelevant."

"Your war office," the prince continued, "has established a secret council of war, whose only task it is to plan the most successful resistance to that invasion, if ever it should take place. You, Mr. Ducaigne, are I believe, practically the secretary of that council. You have to elaborate the details of the meetings to the schemes for the establishment of fortifications."

"I am honored with your confidence, prince," I answered. "I still feel to see how these matters concern me." I said, setting my teeth hard.

"For years your war office has suffered from constant dread of an invasion by France. The rumor of our great projected maneuvers in the autumn have inspired your statesmen with an almost paralyzing fear. They are in a mere yawn excuse for marshaling and equipping an irresistible army within striking distance of your empire. Personally, I believe that they are entirely mistaken in their estimate of my country's intentions. That, however, is beside the point."

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These meetings pass through your hands. I will not beat about the bush, Mr. Ducaigne. You can see that you have something in your keeping which, if passed on to me, would accomplish my whole aim. The only way would be for me to acknowledge my claim upon them; the nation would hear of it."

"Well," I asked, "supposing all you say is true? What then?"
"You are a little obtuse, Mr. Ducaigne," the prince said softly. "If twenty thousand pounds would quicken your understanding."

I picked up a small inkpot from the side of the table and hurled it at him. He sprang aside, but it caught the corner of his forehead, and he gave a shrill cry of pain. He struck a fierce blow at me, which I parried, and a moment later we were locked in one another's arms. I think that we must have been of equal strength, for we swayed up and down the room, neither gaining the advantage till I felt my breath come short and my head dizzy. Nevertheless, I was slowly gaining the mastery. My grasp upon his throat was tightening. He had hold of my collar and tie, and I could have strangled him with a turn of my wrist. Just then the door opened. There was a quick exclamation of horror and surprise in a familiar tone. I threw him from me to the ground, and turned my head. It was Lady Angela who stood upon the threshold.

"You are so black, Mr. Ducaigne," he remarked calmly. "Did you forget something?"
"I forgot," I answered, struggling to recover my breath, "to look up my desk."

"An admirable precaution," he admitted, watching as I gathered my papers together, "especially if one has valuables. It is an exposed spot this, and very lonely."

"I am curious," I said, leaning against the table and facing him, "I am curious to know which of my poor possessions can possibly be of interest or value to the Prince of Malors."

"The calm hauteur of his answering stare was excellent. I had a glimpse now of the aristocrat."

"You speak in enigmas, young man," he said. "Kindly be more explicit."

"My language can scarcely be more enigmatic than your actions," I answered. "I was fool enough to trust you and I left you here alone. But you were not unobserved, prince. My servant, I am glad to say, is faithful. It was he who summoned me back."

"Indeed!" he murmured.
"I might add," I continued, "that I took the liberty of looking in through the side window there before entering."

"I am sure that you do so, or to set your servant to spy upon me," he said. "I see no reason to object. But your meaning is still unexplained."

"The blame, if any," he declared, "was mine. Mr. Ducaigne appeared to misunderstand me from the first. I believe that his little ebullition arose from a desire to show me the hospitality of his employes. I congratulate him upon it, while I am bound to deprecate his extreme measures."

"And you, Mr. Ducaigne," she asked, turning towards me, "what have you to say?"
"Nothing," I declared, stung by her tone and manner as much as by his coolness, "except that I found the Prince of Malors meddling with my private papers, and subsequently I interrupted him in the offer of a bribe."

"The prince smiled and his necktie, which he had really tied very well complacently."

"The personal belongings of Mr. Ducaigne," he said calmly "are without interest to me. I fancy that the Prince of Malors ignores any suggestions of bribery. As for the bribe, Mr. Ducaigne talks folly. I am not aware that he has anything to sell, and I decline to believe him a blackmailer. I prefer to look upon him as a singularly hot-headed and not over-intelligent person who with a man who had evidently made up his mind not to be convinced."

"Have you mentioned this matter to any one?" the duke asked.
"To Colonel Ray, only, your grace," I answered.

"Ray?" the duke was silent for a moment. He was looking steadily into the fire. "You told Ray what you have told me?"
"In substance, yes, your grace. In detail, perhaps not so fully."

"He did not doubt my story, your grace," I said quietly.

"Neither do I, Ducaigne," he declared. "It is not a question of veracity at all. It is a question of construction. You are young, and these things are all new to you. The prince might have been trying you, or something which he did not hear or have forgotten might throw a different light upon his actions and suggestion. I beg that you will leave the matter entirely in my hands."

I abandoned the subject then and there. But as I left the room I came face to face with Blenavon, who was loitering outside. He at once detained me. His manner since the morning had altered. He addressed me now with hesitation, almost with respect.

"Can you spare me a few minutes, Mr. Ducaigne?" he asked. "I will not detain you long."

"I am at your service, Lord Blenavon," I answered.

"He bowed with a faint, listless smile. "It is finished, my young friend," he declared. "I wipe it from my memory. It seemed to me that I could hear Blenavon's sigh of relief, that the shadow had fallen from Lady Angela's face. There was a little murmur of satisfaction from both of them. But I turned abruptly, and with scarcely even an attempt at a conventional farewell I left the hall and walked towards across the park."

(To Be Continued Next Saturday.)

ton fetched me back. I found the prince examining the papers on which I had been working, and when I charged him with it he offered me a bribe."

"And you?"
"I struck him!"
Ray groaned.

"You struck him! And you had him in your power—to play with as you would. And you struck him! Oh, Ducaigne, you are very, very young. I am your friend, boy, or rather I would be if you would let me. But I am afraid that you are a blunderer."

I faced him with white face. "I seem to have found my way into a strange place," I answered. "I have neither wit nor cunning enough to know true men from false. I would trust you, but you are a murderer. I would have trusted the Prince of Malors, but he has proved himself a common adventurer. So I have made up my mind that all shall be alike. I will be neither true nor false. I go my way and do my duty, Colonel Ray."

He blew out dense volumes of smoke, puffing furiously at his pipe for several minutes. There seemed to be many things which he had to say, but he said nothing. He stood suddenly altering his purpose, he stood on one side.

"You shall go your own way," he said grimly. "The Lord only knows where it will take you."

It took me in the first place to the duke, to whom I recounted briefly what had happened. I could see that my story at once made a deep impression upon him. When I had finished he sat for several minutes deep in thought. For the first time since I had known him he seemed nervous and ill at ease. He was unusually pale, and there were deep lines engraved about his mouth. One hand was resting upon the table, and I fancied that his fingers were shaking.

"The Prince of Malors," he said at last, and his voice lacked altogether its usual ring of cool assurance. "Is of royal blood. He is not even in touch with the political powers of France today. He may have been guilty of a moment's idle curiosity—"

"Your grace must forgive me," I interrupted, "but you are overlooking facts. The fall over the cliff was premeditated, the sprained foot was a sham, the whole affair was clearly planned in order that he might be left alone in my room. Besides, there is the bribe."

"The duke folded his hands nervously together. He looked away from me into the fire.

"It is a very difficult position," he declared, "very difficult indeed. The prince has been more than a friend to Blenavon. He has been his benefactor, his ally, his confidant. Let me think it out, Ducaigne."

"By all means, your grace," I answered, a little nettled at his undecided air. "So far as I am concerned, I am in the matter end here. I have told you the exact truth concerning it, and it seems to me by no means improbable that the prince has been in some way responsible for those former leakages."

"The duke shook his head slowly. "It is impossible," he said.

"Your grace is the best judge," I answered.

"The prince was not in the house last night when the safe was opened, he objected."

"He probably has accomplices," I answered. "Besides, how do we know that he was not here?"

"Even if he were," the duke said, raising his head, "how could he have known the cipher?"

I made no answer at all. It seemed useless to argue with a man who had evidently made up his mind not to be convinced.

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SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Young Lord Compton, whose coming of age has been celebrated with so much splendor at Compton Wynnyates, one of the most beautiful places in England, is the eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Northampton, who, despite the antiquity and luster of his ancestry and the vastness of his wealth, is a radical of the most advanced description. His radicalism, which borders on socialism, comes to him not by inheritance but by conviction. He is one of the most philanthropic of men, and has devoted a considerable amount of his time and of his money to charitable work in the poorer districts of London, where he has extensive landed interests, owning a considerable portion of that part of the metropolis known as Clerkenwell, and it was while engaged in this work that he by degrees became converted to the political opinions which he now holds.

The family traces back its descent to Osbert of Compton, who flourished in the reign of King Henry II, and who was the son of Turchil of Arden, an Anglo-Saxon chieftain, who, according to history, deserted from King Harold to William the Conqueror just before the battle of Hastings. From this compeer of the Norman conquest the present marquis is descended in an unbroken line, and the family was already in possession of the estate of Compton Wynnyates, its present home, at the time when the "Domesday Book" was compiled, nearly 1,000 years ago.

What may be described as the fortunes of the house, however, date from Sir William Compton, who was the whipping boy, childhood playmate, and boyhood friend of King Henry VIII, whom he attended at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and who was ambassador to Emperor Charles V, and who, in 1547, was one of the principal participants of the battle of Spurs. It was he who built the present mansion at Compton Wynnyates, on the site and on the foundations of the older house. It is perhaps the finest of the half-timbered country seats of England, a strange mixture of Tudor Castle and of cottage, with turrets, embattled walls, timbered gable ends, and a broad moat, teeming with silvery fish, a mansion distinguished in an altogether unique fashion by its demonstration of the architectural secret of perfect proportion without regularity.

It was the grandson of King Henry VIII's crown—the rival of Cardinal Wolsey—who was created first Lord Compton, and his son, William, became first Earl of Northampton and brought vast wealth into his family by his romantic marriage with the daughter and heiress of Sir John Spenser, twice lord mayor of London. In order to secure her hand Lord Northampton disguised himself as a baker and carried her off under the nose of her irascible father, in his bakers' basket. Sir John first disinherited them, but afterward relented, and on dying left a fortune estimated at near a million sterling, an enormous sum in those days.

The sudden possession of this wealth cost Lord Northampton his reason for a time, and at the time of his death Queen Elizabeth caused him to be confined as a state prisoner in the tower of London until he recovered.

During the civil war Compton Wynnyates, which latter word is a corruption of "of the vineyards," was repeatedly the scene of sieges by the parliamentarians and by the royalists, and then at the beginning of the eighteenth century a Lord Northampton with the tastes of a vandal actually perpetrated the crime of painting white with whitewash all the superb paneling and splendid woodwork of the house, this deed being a contemporary of Malone, who whitewashed Shakespeare's bust at Stratford-on-Avon, not a dozen miles away. It is a difficult matter to believe this, but despite the efforts of this Lord Northampton's successors to repair the damage, even superficial examination shows traces of whitewash in many a corner and crevice of the woodwork.

Henry VIII, Charles I, Queen Elizabeth, and James I are among the sovereigns in olden days who have staid at Compton Wynnyates, and in more recent times King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the present Prince and Princess of Wales have been among the most illustrious of the visitors.

The present Lord Northampton is even richer than any of his predecessors, for his wife, now dead, was the only daughter and heiress of the greater part of the vast wealth of the second Lord Ashburton, who was one of the principal partners of Baring's Bank at the time of its greatest prosperity. All her property, including large tracts of land in the Clerkenwell and Islington districts of London, will eventually pass into the possession of her eldest son the young Earl of Compton, who has just come of age, and in whom his father has inculcated the same desire to devote his time and his money to bettering and alleviating the lot of the poor which has won such universal respect and goodwill for the name of the Marquis of Northampton.

Another Great Discovery

A well-known gentleman in Black Bay, Ont., Mr. John Cowan, has discovered an absolute specific for Rheumatism, and writes: "I was affected with Sciatica and chronic Rheumatism which I had contracted years ago. The disease had a great hold in my blood, and it was hard to make any impression on it. Reading of Ferrone's was convinced of its merit and it is certainly the best I have ever tried. Why it just drove away the Rheumatism. Even stiffened old sufferers will experience quick results. The reason is that Ferrone's acts through the blood and thereby destroys the cause of the disease. Price 50c per box at all dealers.

The sensation of the past fortnight has been the inquiry into the mental condition of Lord Townshend. The fact has been brought to light that Thomas Sutherland, the father-in-law of the marquis, has for a number of years been an undischarged bankrupt, a condition of affairs which renders his attempt to practice as a barrister something worse than a breach of legal etiquette, while his failure to disclose his pecuniary disabilities when he entered upon his peculiar financial transactions by means of which he induced Lord Townshend to marry his daughter cannot fail to bring him within the clutches of the criminal authorities.

According to English law, for an undischarged bankrupt to enter upon any financial transaction is even to obtain credit for an amount of more than \$100, without notifying the people with whom he is dealing that he is an undischarged bankrupt, is a criminal offense, entailing imprisonment with hard labor. And the evidence produced in court shows that neither the marquis nor his friends concerned in his marriage had the slightest idea as to the real financial standing of Sutherland, who had engaged over his signature to advance to the marquis on his marriage a sum of \$140,000, chargeable on the life interest of the marquis in the Townshend estates; and further agreements that if as the result of the marriage a son were born, he Sutherland, would release the charge on the estates, and would settle it on his daughter.

It is scarcely necessary to add that this money was never paid, and that in consequence Lord Townshend was unable to fulfill certain obligations which he had contracted in view of his marriage, notably the payment of the commission which he had promised to the Government clerk at Somerset House for having introduced him to the marquis. It has likewise been shown that Sutherland at the time of Lord Townshend's marriage to his daughter undertook to write or contribute \$10,000 a year to the living expenses of the couple, a stipulation which he naturally failed to fulfill. In fact, it has already been clearly established that the marquis was locked into marrying Miss Sutherland under false pretenses, and this, taken in conjunction with his claim in writing that the marchioness had absolutely refused from the moment of her marriage to live with him as his wife, and with his mental responsibility as the result of the marriage, is regarded as furnishing abundant grounds for a judicial annulment of the union.

Sutherland's principal claim to distinction in the past is that about fifteen years ago he helped to organize the "London omnibus drivers' strike," which partially paralyzed traffic for some weeks in the English metropolis. He has been extremely active as a company promoter, especially in connection with American and Mexican ventures, but has not been altogether successful, as shown by the fact of his being an undischarged bankrupt. He is a member of the bar, but is better known in the courts as a litigant than as counsel. His more than questionable conduct in entrapping a mentally weak peer of the realm into marriage with his daughter, by promising her money which he did not possess, and by means of written engagements which he was debauched by criminal law from contracting or fulfilling, are not of a nature to improve his unsavory reputation.

Not only Sutherland but likewise Lord Townshend is well known in America. For he traveled extensively in the United States a few years ago, accompanied by his friend, the Rev. Geoffrey Robbins, for the avowed purpose of finding a rich wife. But his quest did not meet with any success. He has royal blood in his veins, being through his eccentric mother, the Dowager Marchioness Townshend, a great-grandson of King William IV, and of his belle amie, Mrs. Jordan, famous at one time in London under the name of "Dolly Bland."

The Townshends have always been prominent in the first marquis, who, viceroy of Dublin, distinguished himself by swearing in two of his favorite hounds as members of the Privy Council of the Kingdom of Ireland, the dogs becoming thereby legally entitled to the prefix of "right honorable" to their respective names, a piece of oddity which serves to recall the time when the Roman Emperor Caligula invested his favorite horse with the lofty office of consul of the Eternal City.

It is to another member of the house of Townshend that Great Britain is indebted for the loss of those colonies in the western hemisphere that now form the exchequer in the early part of the reign of George III, and by his insistence upon the payment by the American colonies of a certain tax, the entire amount of which represented less than \$100,000 a year, brought about the American war of independence.

No mention, so far as I am aware, has been made of the fact that the prosecutors of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, when she was summoned in England and fined \$50 by the police court at Windsor for the reckless driving of her motor car near Ascot, were not the police, but Lord Lansdale and Lord Lurgan, the latter a son-in-law of Lord Cadogan, and state steward of the peer during his term of office as viceroy of Ireland. Lord Lansdale complained that he had been himself driving in his motor car, with Lord Lurgan, when Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, with her chauffeur, shot by at such a rate of speed as to slightly damage his own motor, and as to almost run over some children who were in the road a little

farther on. Lord Lansdale complained that no notice had been taken by Mrs. Vanderbilt of his signals with regard to the danger to the children or to his own car, and added that Lady Lurgan and another lady, who were riding in his motor, had been very badly frightened. Lord Lansdale insisted that he had never seen more wanton, reckless, and dangerous driving, and demanded that a severe penalty should be imposed.

Lord Lansdale's course was so unusual that it attracted a considerable amount of attention, and there are some who do not hesitate to assert that the earl was influenced by the lack of hospitality, not to say cold shoulder, which he encountered on the occasion of his last two or three visits to America. In fact, the manner in which he was let alone by New York society has always left him somewhat sore. He has never made any pretense to being very amiably disposed towards Americans, especially toward New Yorkers, and it is this that is believed to have led him to adopt a course toward Mrs. Vanderbilt which it is improbable that he would have pursued toward one of his own countrywomen.

The "Blenheim Pup" is the nickname which has been given in the House of Commons to Winston Churchill, who, in spite of his being merely the under secretary of state for the colonies, has developed into the most important, and certainly the most conspicuous member of the present administration. While he does not belong to the cabinet, he certainly dominates it, not alone in colonial matters, but also in other affairs, and he has reduced Lord Elgin, who is his nominal chief, to the position of a mere figurehead. Indeed, not only the public, but likewise Parliament ascribes to him, and not to the earl, the entire responsibility of the policy now being pursued by Great Britain in South Africa. The sobriquet "Blenheim Pup" has been given to him owing to his perky appearance and manner, and to the fact that he has inherited from his father, in an intensified degree, that utter lack of the bump of respect and reverence which so distinguishes the late Lord Randolph Churchill.

Niece and almost adopted child of an empress, lady of the palace of one of the grandest and most exclusive courts in the world; then disgraced, deprived of all her orders and decorations, banished, not merely from the court, but from the empire, and divorced; afterwards married to an operative baritone renowned for his potations rather than for his artistic success; now the lessee and manager of a small theater at Metz—such, in a few words, is the extraordinary career of the ex-Countess Georges Larisch, now known as Mme. Otto Bruck.

At one time renowned for her beauty and elegance, she has now become stout and coarse, and is much more dreaded than her husband on account of her temper and vituperative language by the people whom she employs in one or another capacity at the Stadt Theater of Metz, of which she has lately become the lessee. Her father is Duke Louis of Bavaria, eldest brother of the Empress of Austria, who surrendered her status as chief of the family and owner of the family entailed estates, as well as his rights of ultimate succession to the crown of Bavaria, in favor of his younger brother, the celebrated Duke Charles Theodore. In order to be able to marry a little Munich actress of the name of Henrietta Mendel, who was created Baroness Wallersee on her wedding day. The child of this marriage was brought up from her earliest infancy by his aunt, Elizabeth, at the court of Vienna, and was married at the royal Hungarian palace of Godollo to Count Larisch, the empress giving her niece away at the altar.

Countess Georges Larisch became so extravagant after her marriage that in spite of her husband's wealth, she was constantly in pecuniary difficulties, and was led thereby to extort money from her cousin, the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph, in return for abetting his unfortunate romance, which culminated in the tragedy of Mayerling. The extent of her responsibilities for the latter was brought to the emperor's notice some months later, when the court painter, charged by the emperor with the production of a portrait of his only son, brought to the old monarch a letter which he had found in the pocket of the uniform that the crown prince had been wearing a few days before his death, and which had been entrusted to the painter by the emperor in person to be used in the picture. The letter in question was a demand for money, addressed by the Countess Larisch to the crown prince.

Count Larisch divorced his wife within a year afterwards, his courts awarding the children to him. But although nobody held him accountable for the base ingratitude of his wife to her imperial benefactress, he found his position so painful in Austria that he migrated to Germany, where he now makes his home. His son, of whom the Austrian Emperor's daughter is married to an American girl, a Miss Satterfield, of Buffalo.

English Government officials, in addition to the relatively handsome salaries allotted to them, receive what is known as "equine money" on their appointment, for the purpose of equipping them with the outfit indispensable to the maintenance of their new dignity. Thus, the speaker of the House of Commons receives on his election \$5,000, the lord high chancellor \$10,000 on his appointment, the lord lieutenant of Ireland \$15,000, and the viceroy of India \$25,000. Each ambassador and minister plenipotentiary on his appointment to a new post receives equine money proportionate to his salary.

Generally it amounts to the equivalent of a third of a year's pay, and is usually spent in the purchase of horses and carriages and of new liveries and in the furnishing and redecoration of their diplomatic residences. These figures are shown in a report recently presented to Parliament on what is known as the civil contingencies fund.

Among other items of information contained therein is that showing that the visits of the King of Spain and of the King of Greece to England last year cost the Government \$35,000 a piece over and above the expenditure incurred by King Edward personally. That King Edward has inaugurated very radical reforms in connection with the exorbitant salaries of the Royal College of Herald, consequent upon their demand upon Field Marshal Lord Roberts for fees amounting to \$4,500 on his creation to be a knight of the Order of the Garter—is shown by the fact that the letters patent granting last year the title of princess royal to the Duchess of Fife cost only \$3 in fees.

No little criticism has been excited by the action of W. J. Pirrie, the great shipbuilder of Belfast, in taking as his title in connection with the peerage conferred upon him on the occasion of the King's birthday, the style of "Lord Pirrie of the City of Belfast." It is looked upon as a piece of pretentiousness to which neither the crown nor the city of Belfast should have assented, all the more as there is already an earldom of Belfast, which is one of the dignities of the Infant Marquis of Donegal. The titles of the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Liverpool and of Lord Bristol are fairly populous. But somehow they do not strike one quite so forcibly as the immense interests that must be

HOW TO SEE OLD LONDON WHEN YOUR TIME IS LIMITED

An American Journalist's Impressions of the World's Metropolis—Famous Points of Interest, But the Most Interesting Study of All Is the Life of the Great City.

London is not only the largest, but to my mind the most interesting, most mysterious, city of English-speaking people in the world. It runs the gamut of human existence from the greatest depths of destitution and degradation to the uppermost crust of wealth and aristocracy, to a royal house the most exalted in the world. To be sure, London lacks that concentrated metropolitanism typified in the towering business structures of New York, whose skyline from the harbor is easily one of the world's most imposing spectacles. It lacks, further, the extent and diversification of New York's shipping, so important an element in a city's greatness. It is, however, in the life of New York, and comparatively speaking, its pitch, too, is in a slight minor key. Nevertheless, it is a monster jungle of humanity, affording in its exploration by the sociologist the most interesting studies of life to be found anywhere.

Every great community is reflected in its newspapers. Truly, they hold the mirror up to nature. That powerful engine of civilization, the daily press, which does more than all the other human agencies combined to hold this throbbing world down to its proper groove, is equipped with a gauge ever under the human eye. London develops twice as much real news as any other city, and a glance at the gauge will demonstrate this almost every time. A city of 6,000,000 souls, polished by the daily press, is a city of 20,000 men; capable of developing at almost any hour a procession of 5,000 unemployed; with the slums of its Whitechapel and the depths of its "Abyss," but little known, save to those who have the time to describe it, is a city of the most interesting studies of life to be found anywhere.

Every time I stepped into the streets of London I saw a different facet of human existence, things here and things there never dreamed of before in my philosophy. This may be an ultra-professional view, however, developed in pursuit of that element which we call news, and over which even the experts differ; but to my mind it emphasizes to a superlative degree the charm of London for the visitor. I added more real knowledge to by little hard during one-half hour in London than I did during any half-year I ever spent in school. But London is so rich in its multifarious associations that it is not a question with the visitor of what he shall see, but what he shall see within the time at his disposal. I found more to interest me in the slums of East and West London than I did in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. This, of course, is a matter of taste; and one should let his own interest lead him. The Tower of London, the Abbey and the Cathedral, and the Houses of Parliament; the British Museum, Geological Museum, Natural History Museum, the Sloane and South Kensington Museums, and the Imperial Institute; the

BLEEDING PILES

In November, 1901, Mr. Sherwood Walker, a fireman on the Canada Atlantic Railway, living at Madawaska, Ont., wrote for a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a treatment for bleeding piles. He was suffering much and would become very weak from loss of blood.

In March, 1902, we received the following letter from Mr. Walker: "According to my promise I now take pleasure in writing to you. If you remember, you sent me a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles some months ago. I used it faithfully and can say it proved a Godsend, for it entirely cured me of bleeding piles. "I would have written sooner, but I wanted to be able to tell you that it was a permanent cure. There are several people here who have been cured of severe cases of protruding piles by using this great ointment." This letter speaks in volumes for Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles of the most disgusting and most dangerous form. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

under the hand of a man who can take into an altogether new mushroom title the entire city of Belfast.

George Shaw Lefevre naturally takes the title of Lord Eversley, borne by that famous kinsman of his who remains on record as the best and certainly the most handsome speaker who has ever presided over the deliberations of the House of Commons. The peer took his title from the parish of Eversley, in which his country seat, Heckfield place, was situated, and of which his friend and neighbor, Charles Kingsley, was rector. It is necessary to mention this in order to explain an odd verse in one of Kingsley's poems. He was passionately fond of fishing in the chalk streams of Eversley, and for his fishing he loved a southwest wind, so productive of rain—a wind which brought him sounds from neighboring camp of Aldershot, sounds from the railroad line, and sounds of the great clock striking at his friend's (Lord Eversley's) home at Heckfield court. These welcome sounds he could hear well only when there was a southwest wind. The verse runs as follows:

O blessed drum of Aldershot,
O, blessed, southwest train,
O, blessed, blessed speaker's clock,
All prophesying rain.

No one would know what was meant by the third line of this verse unless informed that it referred to the clock of his friend, the first Lord Eversley, speaker of the House of Commons, at Heckfield court to the other new peers. With regard to the title of Lord Eversley, Beaumont takes the title of Lord Allendale, Sir John Jenkins that of Lord Glantawe, while George Armstrong and Leonard Courtney are content to merely prefix the title of lord to their patronymics.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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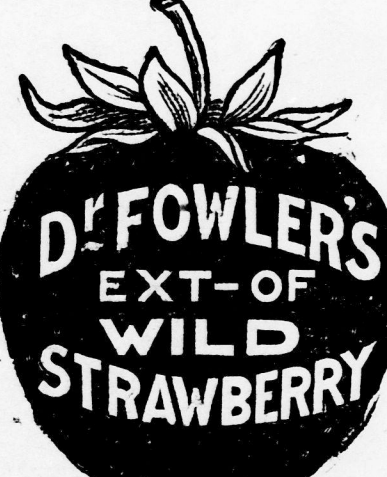
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CRAMPS CURED.
I was troubled with Cramps for a long time, and had several doctors attend me, but their medicine did not seem to do me any good. I got three bottles of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and it cured me. I feel like a new man now. I would not be without it in my house. A. DEMERCHANT, Bath, Ont.

WEAK BOWELS CURED.
After a severe attack of Typhoid Fever my bowels were left in a very weak condition, and I could get nothing to do me any good until I commenced taking Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending it to all sufferers from bowel complaint. MRS. JNO. M. STEWART, Little Current, Ont.

SUMMER COMPLAINT CURED.
I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Last summer I had a severe attack of Summer Complaint, and one bottle cured me. MISS G. LE BROUSSE, North Bay, Ont.

DYSENTERY CURED.
I was very bad with Dysentery and used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and it cured me. We keep it constantly on hand, and could not get along without it. It has saved us lots of doctor bills. E. M. ADAMS, Stanbridge East, Ont.



Refuse Substitutes.—Price 35c.—They're Dangerous.

DIARRHOEA AND CRAMPS.
I take pleasure in telling you what Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has done for me. I was taken with Diarrhoea and severe Cramps in the Stomach. I secured a bottle of your medicine and had only taken a few doses when my trouble disappeared. In the future I will always keep it in the house ready for use. MRS. M. JACKSON, Normandale, Ont.

BABIES TEETHING.
Ever since my mother first knew of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it has always been kept in the house. She says that it always acts like magic, and especially when given to teething babies. ESTELLA IRWIN, Delta, Ont.

by no means least, the famous Crystal Palace—the palace made of windows—with the celebrated fountains which, when in operation, throw 120,000 gallons per minute from 1178 jets. In one single complete display, lasting half an hour, some 4,000,000 gallons are thrown into the air. If in this brief article on seeing London I have given my readers some conception of its interest—if I have simplified the problem of ways and means—I shall feel quite satisfied. An expedition to the south pole on automobile sleighs planned by Frederick A. Cook.

Short Stories By The World's Greatest Writers.

JORDAN KNAPP, TRADER

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND.

"Better chuck your duds into your kit and come along with us," said Knapp.

"Go with you where?" I asked in surprise.

"Knapp has anticipated me as usual," said the doctor. "It's like this, Mr. Brown. We've got a tight little schooner that we picked up at quite a bargain, and we've just finished fitting out for a trading cruise around the Philippine Archipelago. I have done a good deal of that sort of thing, and understand the business, and we are both old sailors. Knapp nodded. "Yes," he said, "and if you want to take a little share in the venture, just to give you an interest in the game, why we're perfectly agreeable—but do just as you please about that."

I looked from one to the other in much perplexity and doubt.

"Gentlemen," said I, "this is a very generous proposition, but it is so unexpected that I don't just know how to regard it."

"Well," drawled Knapp, "let's put it on a business basis, then you can tell better how you stand. Bole and I have got this schooner, and we're going to run over to Manila and get our trading stuff, and then take a cruise around the open ports of the southern islands of the group, on the lookout for a cargo of hemp, which is 'way up just now—tobacco, coffee, opium, curios, pearls, silks, pine, or any darn thing we can lay hands on at a reasonable bargain. Some of the time we'll both want to go ashore, and as we don't want to leave the vessel with only the natives aboard we want another white man to take charge when we're away. Or perhaps we might want him to tend to something ashore. About you can take your trick or not—just as you choose. And, as I said, if you want to take a little share in the thing, why go ahead. The rest of the time you can paint and sketch, and potter around to your heart's content."

"It sounds very attractive," said I. "Do you mind if I think it over and let you know to-morrow?"

"Not a bit; rather you would, in fact. We expect to clear in three days."

"Very well," said I, "then I'll leave you now, and meet you here in the morning."

"All right—and mind you make your plans to come," said Knapp. "Goodbye!"

I left them in rather a dazed condition, and went back to my studio. At first I had no idea whatever of accepting the proposition; first, because I knew nothing of the men, but chiefly because I am of an aesthetic rather than adventurous disposition, and the thought of crossing the China Sea and cruising for an indefinite period in unknown waters, and amid hostile and savage people, was rather terrifying.

The next morning all of my misgivings returned, and a lot of new ones besides. By the time that I reached the hotel I had finally made up my mind to call the thing off. Bole met me on the veranda.

"Good morning," he said cheerily. "Well, I see you have decided to go with us."

"Eh—yes," said I. "I've decided to go, and then I felt much better. Although I had known these two men but a day, I instinctively gave them my confidence."

Knapp came in shortly, and when he learned that I had made up my mind to go, he held out his hand, but I had learned better than to put my own into that jaw-trap, so we went in and had a drink instead of a course. I had no desire to take any share in the enterprise, as I have as much money as I am ever likely to need, but I stocked our lockers well up with the best bottled hardware there was to be had in Yokohama.

The fourth day out we sighted some of the Loo Choo Islands, and from that time on enjoyed some land almost every day. Five days later the coast of Luzon loomed up early in the morning on our port bow. From there on we had variable winds, and not until four days later did we sight the entrance to Manila Bay, and which, for some reason or other, Bole cursed heartily. Knapp and I were glad to see it. We ran past Corregidor and up to the city, dropping our anchor behind the breakwater, and Bole immediately went in with his papers to report to the captain of the port.

Everything was all right, so the next day we had our trading stuff towed out to us in a casco, so that by evening we were ready for sea. I very much wanted to spend a few days in the place, both on account of its historic interest, and also to make a few sketches, but, of course, all delay was a matter of dollars and cents to Knapp and Bole. The latter was ashore until after dark, and when he came off I saw that he had heard something of interest.

"Come below," he said to Knapp, "I have just got word of a good thing."

We went down into the cabin, and Bole hauled some charts out of his locker and spread them on the table.

"I have just learned from a friend of mine ashore, who is in a good position to know all about these things, that there is a fine, fat cargo of hemp waiting for the first comer at Mayongong, a little place in the south of Samar—ah, here it is. It seems that the port has not been opened yet, but there will be no difficulty in getting the stuff if we can only manage to reach there before a certain little brigantine that left here yesterday on the same errand. There is a handsome commission on it if we win out, and not much lost if we don't. Now, what do you say? Shall we have a go at it? Strictly speaking, it's against

the law, but the offense is only a technical one."

I looked at Knapp, who grinned. "That seems to be our specialty, doc—to correct these fool regulations. Let's have a go at it. It'll be easy enough to pick up a little more somewhere else and change the figures on the manifest."

"No," said Bole. "We can't do that exactly, but I think we can arrange to have the all right. Well, on the faintly boys—we're cleared and can't afford to waste any time. These little coasting craft are slow as death and nothing like as sure, but a day's a big start, and it's only a matter of 500 miles or so. We'll have our chin when we get under way."

We handed the end of the breakwater, and, slacking our sheets, stood away toward Corregidor, and soon the myriad lights of the Luneta twinkled dim and indistinct. Our topsails and staysails were quickly set, and the ship shot forward faster and faster as she gathered way. Soon the lights of the city faded, and by midnight we were drawing in to the channel to the southeast of Corregidor.

It was not until the sixth day after we left Manila that we entered San Pedro Bay and drew near to our destination. I ribbed down to the cabin shaving, because I always like to keep well "policed," as Bole calls it, even at sea, when a bellow of rage from Knapp brought me flying up the companionway, under the impression that some calamity had occurred. And apparently it had.

We were rounding the point, and there, just off the village, lay a schooner very much like our own. It was certainly discouraging. We had worked and worried as we had, won our race through dangerous and unknown waters, and then to find an unlooked-for rival already on the ground was enough to make one swear. Knapp evidently thought so.

We held a little conference, and it was decided that Knapp and I should go ashore and see how the ground lay, while Bole remained on the schooner as a sort of reserve. Here I was able to be of some service to my mates, as I had spent several years studying in Europe, and could speak Spanish like a native. Bole could speak good Spanish, too, but Knapp, when speaking to any foreigner, simply raised his voice to a shout, making up in volume what he lacked in intelligibility.

We dropped into our dinghy and pulled ashore in some uncertainty. A few natives came down to the beach to see us land, and seemed quiet and friendly. One of them showed us to the president's house. He told us the way that the president was in conversation with the senators from other vessels, which had just arrived that morning from Cebu.

As we drew near, we heard the quick patter of voices raised in argument, and occasionally a staccato laugh. Then we were discovered, for the voices ceased, and the president himself came out to greet us.

I wished him "good-day," and for a while we talked in a circle, exchanging compliments and felicitations. He was a rather good looking Spanish Visayan mestizo, and seemed a person of breeding and poise. Soon I introduced Knapp, who crumpled his paw, and I explained that we were Englishmen and on a little trading cruise, and hearing so much of the wealth and resource of his well-known city, as well as of the great personal charm of its president, we had put in while passing, to give ourselves the pleasure of paying our respects and making his acquaintance, and casually to see if, perhaps, he might happen to have a few bags of coffee, a little tobacco, or possibly some hemp, which just now was of little value owing to the cursed Americanos.

He threw both hands above his head with a gesture of despair.

"Ah, amigo, why did not the blessed Virgin send you an hour earlier! It is true that the storehouse yonder is full of hemp which I have seen saving for the rise in price that I thought was sure to come as a result of the interruption of the industry by these cursed Americanos. But at last I am obliged to let it go, for how otherwise can my son Emilio pursue his studies in Paris, where he has gone to become a famous artist?"

"Alas!" said I, "I can indeed feel for your anxiety as a parent, which does you infinite credit, also your solicitude concerning your son's career. I also am an artist in a poor way, and I showed him my half-filled sketch book. He turned the leaves in great delight."

"San Diego—but the senator is a great master. Seldom has it been my fortune to gaze upon such work."

"It grieves me, senator," said I, "that Emilio might have to be disappointed in the amount of his miniature. Perhaps there are things that happen would it not be well, perhaps, to let us have this hemp at a little higher price?"

"Ah, the English senator is indeed my friend, but it is impossible. These men are old acquaintances of mine—these desperate characters. If I were to play false, who knows? It is possible that they might burn my village!"

I held a short conference with Knapp, in which I told him what I had learned. His mouth puckered, and he drew his great brows together in thought. Then his face expressed a sudden inspiration.

"Ask him when he's got to deliver the cargo," he said. I did so.

"To-night," replied the Spaniard, "as soon as the coolies can bring the cascos down the river, which will be about 10 o'clock."

"Ask him if he minds telling you

how much he is getting for his darn hemp," Knapp said again.

The senator hesitated a moment, but thinking no doubt that it really made no difference since the stuff was as good as sold, told me. The price was, indeed, ridiculously small. In confirmation, he showed me a roughly drafted contract from the owners of the schooner to pay the money down as soon as the hemp should be delivered on board. This I showed to Knapp, who studied it carefully.

"Now, kid," he said at length excitedly, "is the chance for you to get in your fine work. Tell this old Greaser, that, although disappointed in getting our cargo, we bear no ill-will, and invite him and these other Greasers out aboard to lunch. Tell 'em we've got a bully cook, and the best booze that money can buy. They'll come—or Greasers are a lot different in this part of the world than they are anywhere else. Then we'll go back aboard and talk to Bole. I've got a plan—just listen to that!"

A roar of hoisterous laughter came from the house. "Said they'd burn his village, did he? Well, teach 'em—the bloodthirsty pirates!"

I failed utterly to follow his train of thought, but did as he told me.

make a roaring buccaneer of you yet. Now let's unlimber for the fray."

A little after twelve we saw our guests making their way uproariously down to the beach, and a few minutes later their outrigger was alongside.

Our Chinese cook gave us a very good dinner indeed, and, from the way those two swine laid into the ture of the hemp would pay for the hole they made in the stores.

We went rather easy on the drink, as it would not do to put them out of commission too early in the day. After eight bells, however, Bole rose and told them that, as a proof of the indefinable joy it gave him to meet three such distinguished men and charming companions, he was going to give himself the great pleasure of compounding a "British Navy punch" in their honor. With that he raked out a bowl and a bottle of about every different kind of liquor we had in our locker, and got to work.

What he put in that foul concoction I know, because I know about what he had, but the proportion will always remain a dark secret. When finished, it was a rather pleasant and harmless enough tasting pre-

scription, but, as Knapp afterward said, "It was sighted for 5,000 yards, and the drops was a dose for an adult." Bole served it out in long whisky-and-soda goblets. Of course if Knapp and I had had any sense we would have gotten rid of ours over the side, but, somehow, that struck me as unsportsmanlike, and he afterward said that he felt the same way. As for Bole himself, nothing short of sulphuric acid could have ever put his steady head on the bias.

We stuck at it, drink for drink, for about four rounds, and then the blow fell. We seemed suddenly to have run into a fog-bank—then it cleared, and I saw the two Spaniards dancing furiously up and down, locked in one another's arms, and wondering how they ever managed to do it with the schooner on her beam ends. Thereupon I was lost in admiration for their cleverness, and wanted to go over and embrace them, as they weren't such bad fellows after all. But when I got up, a swell must have gotten under her, for the deck rose with me.

I dimly overheard Bole saying to the president: "And then Emilio might take a course at Jullien's."

When I awoke, it seemed to me that I had just gone over Niagara Falls, and was about to enter the rapids. I rose suddenly upright, and it did not need the thump that I gave my head on the deck above to remind me that I had one. Knapp was standing beside my bunk with a grin on his face and an empty bucket in his hand. Behind was Bole, wearing a worried look.

"How do you feel?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, not so bad; I'm more used to this kind of hardship," said I, beginning to "take notice." "What time is it?"

"Six o'clock."

"Morning or evening?"

"Morning," he answered with a bit of a smile. "Getting your bearings?"

"Yes," said I, thinking a bit. "We had a time, didn't we? How about the hemp?"

"Come on deck if you feel able," said he. "It's interesting up there."

I got to my feet very dizzy and sick and sore. But it was always my curse to feel no after-effects to speak of; if I had, it would have been much better for me. I suppose I never yet knew of a man with a weak stomach getting "D. T.'s."

My companionway was a st. proposition, but, once up, the cool air revived me.

The schooner was still at anchor, but her main and foreails were set, and the anchor hove short up. The decks were covered with long, golden-yellow hemp fibres, seeing which my eyes came open wider still.

"For the Lord's sake—" I began in amazement, but Bole tapped me on the shoulder.

"That's the talk, youngster. We'll

make a roaring buccaneer of you yet. Now let's unlimber for the fray."

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"Oh, never mind that," he said. "Look over there!"

I looked, and what I saw sobered me up like a cold plunge. Just under our stern lay the schooner of our rivals, and astern of her, not a cable's length away, there lay a new-comer, a little brigantine of about our own tonnage. Her boat lay alongside the schooner, but no one was in sight. I looked aloft, then on all sides. Not a breath of air was stirring.

"The plot thickens," said I, turning to Bole.

"Well, rather. There are four white men on that new chap, and I don't know how many natives. The worst of it is that we were talking on the last of that hemp when the brig came in. Otherwise we might slip out before they got wind of what was up."

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"It's rather hard to say, but I shouldn't wonder if Knapp had the right idea."

I looked around, and there sat Knapp on the edge of the hatch cleaning a rifle.

A noise astern of us caught our ears. We looked back and saw four men come up the aftercompanion of

cargo to us, we will come and take it by force." He smiled, and his yellow teeth gleamed through his bristling mustache.

"What does he say?" demanded Knapp impatiently. "What's all this jawing about, anyway? Why don't you ask 'em what they're going to do about it?"

"He's just told us," said I. "He says that we've got to give up the hemp."

Knapp scowled. "How do you say 'go to hell' in Spanish?" he asked.

"Shut up!" I answered. "I want to hear what Bole says."

"Brown, get our boat over and tow us out a bit to clear that schooner—quick! Knapp, you keep those scoundrels covered, and if one of them reaches for a gun, nail him!"

I jumped to my feet and, running forward, hustled our Japs to the boat-falls, which consisted simply of a couple of light tackles and a jig hook, rigged from both mast heads. Bole was haranguing the Spaniards with honeyed words, and they seemed a little undecided as to what course to pursue. Then suddenly I saw the gorilla snatch a rifle from the thwart and throw it to his shoulder. Two reports came simultaneously. Bole staggered a little against the wheel, but the Spaniard fell with a crash across the gunwale of the boat, which promptly capsized, throwing all hands into the bay.

"Hurry up with that boat," sang out Bole. I started aft to get my rifle, when Bole hailed me.

"Stand by to cut that bow-line when I give the word—then get aft here as quick as you can to repel boarders! Now stand by to slack your jib-sheet! Leggo your jib-sheet!" I cast it off the pin and let it run. The brig was not a cable's length away and coming along with a fresh puff of the breeze in her topsails. A knot of men were gathered in her eyes.

"Cut the bow-line—hard-a-wo!" tumbled aft Bole. "Don't shout—knock 'em overboard!"

The brig was almost on us as we tumbled, and if they had guessed our design they could have easily jammed their helm down and fouled us, but as she was still paying off, and being a clumsy craft, she swung across their bows before they knew it. They tried to swing in after us, but it was too late. Her starboard run struck our port quarter a glancing blow, and, as it did so, four of the men leaped down on our deck. The first, a Spaniard, fired a pistol almost in Bole's face as he jumped, but at the same moment the bowsprit of the brig fouled the main topsail-lift, though Bole had let the mainsheet run. The rope snapped, but the strain suddenly tautened the mainsheet, which flew up, knocking our captain over backward into the sea supports. The next moment Knapp had seized the man in both of his great hands and hurled him back against the next, a halfbreed, knocking both men off their feet. I had brought the capstan brake aft with me, and, slipping past Knapp, I drove the butt of it into the next man's face.

By that time Bole had climbed to his feet, and, jumping across the deck, grabbed the wheel and clawed the spokes toward him as fast as he could work his arms. At the same time Knapp had gripped the Filipino who came last by the waist, and swung him up over his head. The man screamed like a rabbit, thinking, no doubt, that he was about to be dashed lifeless on the deck, but the next moment a mighty heave sent him flying over the rail into the bay.

I was standing over the other three, swearing in Spanish at the top of my lungs, and bandishing my capstan brake. One of them, lying almost under the wheel, started to get to his feet, but when he was almost up Bole let drive with his fist and stretched him out again.

Just then our little sailors came running aft, and under Knapp's direction, bound our prisoners' hands behind their backs. The face of my antagonist was a mass of blood, but he was conscious and swearing vigorously.

The brig was astern of us, drifting aimlessly. A boat had put off from the schooner and had picked up the wind, were far from showing the gratitude that they should have felt. I could make out the gorilla nursing one arm in the stern. Knapp afterward told me that he had shot him through the shoulder.

Knapp looked all around him, then threw back his head and laughed.

"If that lubber hadn't upset that outfit we might have been in bad shape," said he.

"Yes," I answered, "we'd not only have had him to look after, but the chap that went after them from the schooner. What if—"

I broke off, horror-stricken, and looked at Bole. He had fallen face downward across the wheel. On the deck beneath him was a great pool of blood. Knapp was beside him in one great stride.

"Boles!" he gasped—"old fellow! Oh, my God!"

As if he had been a child he picked him up in his great arms and carried him below. I put one of the Japs at the wheel, motioned to the cook to watch the prisoners and followed him.

Boles was shot in two places—one a glancing ball along the side of the head, and the other a bullet clean through the lungs. When Knapp realized that his own shot had been too late to save his friend's grief and self-praise were pitiful to see. But it was all unnecessary, for the doctor made a good recovery from both wounds.

When we got off the end of the point, safe from all pursuit, Knapp hove the schooner up and set the prisoners ashore, as we had no earthly use for them. I suppose they made their way back along the beach. We had made Bole as comfortable as possible, and after he came out of his faint he calmly superintended our rough attempts at a surgical dressing. Strange to say, the hole through his chest healed almost immediately, but he told me that this was very apt to be the case in wounds of this description.

Knapp was a poor hand at navigation, but under Bole's direction we managed to find Manila again in about a week. We stopped at one little place on the coast, and got a little more hemp and some tobacco.

When we got back to Manila I found that I really had no desire to leave the schooner, and as they were very anxious to have me stay with them, and Knapp even offered to pay me an even share, I decided to remain for a while longer. Of course, I declined, in fact, absolutely refused to accept any of the money profits of the enterprise, considering myself to be more than amply repaid in the benefit of my health and the grand impetus given to my work. For a man my size, sketch and read; but until he has laid his naked life in the hollow of the hand of the great ocean god on his own domain, he has yet to feel the Spirit of the Sea.

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HOW I COMMITTED SUICIDE

BY GEORGE PERIN.

I was once more in Monaco, this paradise on earth, which is so beautiful that one understands Flaubert's words: "There are spots in this world so beautiful that one wishes he could press them to his heart."

Like a fruit, beautiful to look at, but bitter and poisonous to the taste, for here where all Nature is a dream of divine beauty you meet only men and women whose faces express helplessness, despair, whose lips mumble strange words. "Oh, if I had only played 17—that damned rogue, ten times in succession it came out while I was backing noir."

These people have no eyes for the beauties of Monte Carlo. They are like Oedipus struggling with the Sphinx. Zeus, the earth to them opens a gigantic roulette and the sky tronte et quarante. This is the Kingdom of Mammon, the residence of the Demon Luck.

I also had for some months been his subject, had lost my small fortune and gained many gray hairs. One morning I awoke with twelve francs in my pocket and owed my landlord fifteen. I examined my revolver and made sure it was loaded with six cartridges, which would probably be enough to blow my brains out.

I opened the window. "My last day," I said. "The sky was beautiful, the ocean blue and the air filled with the fragrance of orange blossoms and violets."

I went down to the sea to draw fresh air and came back very hungry. Before I entered my hotel, I bought a copy of a local paper, a grewsome weekly, black-bordered sheet.

While I was eating my breakfast, I looked it over and was attracted by the headline "The Suicides of the Week."

"Here is where my name will appear in a few days," I thought with

(Continued on next page.)



I SHOWED HIM MY HALF-FILLED SKETCH BOOK.

POPULAR
QUOTATIONSWHERE MANY OF THEM HAVE
ORIGINATED.Phrases Which Everyone Uses, But
Which Few Can Trace—Mostly
Coined by Poets

"Quotation," said Dr. Johnston, "is the parole of literary men the world over. If this be true we must all be literary, for everyone supplements his conversation with quotations. Much of this, however, is quite unconscious, and most of us talk of jealousy as 'the green-eyed monster,' or of money as 'filthy lucre,' without realizing that the phrases originated, one in Shakespeare, the other in the Bible."

Not all our quotations, however, are from such well-known sources. Many of them are lines which survive from some forgotten author, whose other works have long since dropped from popular knowledge. Such was Rabelais, a teacher who lived in the sixteenth century, who wrote: "By robbing Peter he paid Paul."

"Procrastination is the thief of time," that favorite copybook maxim, is found in Edward Young's pious poem, "Night Thoughts." Young was an English poet, born in 1684, who at the age of 50 was ordained in the Episcopal Church. It now behooved him to turn from worldly things and he set himself to the composition of this poem of many hundred lines. The only other phrase which is still quoted is the declaration, "Deceit loves a shining mark," which has regularly found its place in every obituary ever written since.

While everyone quotes such lines as the above with the comfortable knowledge that he really is quoting, there are many shorter phrases which have lost all such dignity. Who knows, for instance, that it was Spenser, in the "Faerie Queene," who spoke of a bold, bad man; that Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Arcadia," spoke of his wife as "my better half"; that Shakespeare, in "Henry IV," part I, declared: "I know a trick worth two of that," and that one of the characters in "Timon of Athens" said: "We have seen better days?"

Nor is this the end of the list. Shakespeare, in "All's Well That Ends Well," originated the popular theatrical phrase, "A bright, particular star." Bacon, the essayist, asserted that "knowledge is power." Othello, quarreling jealously, makes use of the phrase: "That is neither here nor there." And Lear speaks of being "every inch a king."

Some poets have been particularly happy in coining apt phrases. Such a one was Pope, whose epigrams are still much quoted. He was the originator of the oft-parodied lines:

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

These are found in his "Essay on Man," which also contains the lines "Order is heaven's first law," "The proper study of mankind is man," and "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." In his "Essay on Criticism" are found the maxims, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "To err is human, to forgive divine," and the famous line, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Shakespeare is responsible for more quotations than any other author. The following lines are found in the play of Hamlet alone: "Frailty, thy name is woman;" "In my mind's eye;" "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark;" "Brevity is the soul of wit;" "Though this be madness, yet there's method in it;" "The play's the thing;" "Though I am native born, yet to the manor born—it is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance;" "Pansies—that's for thoughts;" "A fellow of infinite jest."

Some readers will be surprised to learn that the phrase: "He, for, and him, I smell the blood of a British man," is in "King Lear," Act IV, Scene 6, but such is the case. The line "More sinned against than sinning" is from the same play.

"When shall we three meet again?" is the first line of the play of "Macbeth." This play is also full of well-known lines, among them being: "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once;" "Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it;" "Nothing in life but the leaving of it;" and "My way of life is fallen into the sea, the yellow leaf."

In King John, we find "To gild the rascal gold, to paint the lily—is wasteful and ridiculous excess." In "Henry IV," Part I, are the lines: "Give the devil his due;" "Tell the truth and shame the devil;" and "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

But lesser writers than Shakespeare have originated lines equally famous. George Wether (1558) declared: "Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat, therefore let's be merry." Wether is the author of that excellent philosophy which runs:

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

George Herbert, in his "Jacula Prudentium," says: "His bark is worse than his bite." Thomas a Kempis, in his "Imitation of Christ," written about 1490, says, "Man proposes, but God disposes." Jonathan Swift, author of "Gulliver's Travels," was the first to assert that "Bread is the staff of life;" and Congreve, in his play, "The Morning Bride," said, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

The average farmer feels quite sure he is quoted from the Bible when he says, sententiously, "Well, spare the rod and spoil the child," you

Right Quick Cure for Biliousness

Nothing can cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels and assist the liver removing bile like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Cure biliousness in one night, sold everywhere in 25c boxes.

know." He is quite gratified to find that he is supported by such high authority. As a matter of fact, the line is not to be found anywhere in the Bible. It is from the poem "Hudibras," by Samuel Butler, who lived from 1600 to 1680. The couplet is:

"Love is a boy by poets styled,
Then spare the rod and spoil the child."

The nearest approach to this to be found in Scripture occurs in Proverbs xlii, 24: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son."

Many readers have probably heard the story of the old sailor who said that during heavy storms he was always comforted by that beautiful Bible text: "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb." The joke lies in the fact that the line is not from the Bible at all, but from "The Sentimental Journey," by Lawrence Sterne, who is best known as the author of "Tristram Shandy," a distinctly unbiological work.

Of course, the Bible is the source of countless quotations. It would be useless to give all, even of the well-known ones, so we shall simply quote a few which have become proverbial.

"They have sown the wind, therefore shall they reap the whirlwind," is from Hosea viii, 1. "Touch not; taste not; handle not," is from Colossians ii, 21. The phrase "filthy lucre" occurs in I Timothy i, 8. The 139th Psalm declares: "I have fearedfully and wonderfully made." "He deferred maketh the heart sick" is in Proverbs viii, 12. The phrase, "The skin of my teeth," is found in the 19th chapter of Job. The whole line is "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," and not "by the skin of my teeth," as is frequently quoted. In Ecclesiastes we find: "There is no new thing under the sun." In Isaiah lii, 15, is the ringing demand: "What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the face of the poor?" The expression, "To hold his nose to the grindstone," a vulgar form of the last phrase, is found in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend."

Coming from ancient times to modern, we may close by noting a few famous quotations which have been originated by writers of the last century. Washington Irving, writing of the "Creole Village," said: "The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages." No doubt it has gained them even there, by now, however!

The New England Primer, which was published even earlier, contained the quatrain: "Now I lay me down to sleep, This excellent book of instruction by the way, began with the following couplet:

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

"Young Obadiah,
David, Josiah,
All were pious."

Such material was no doubt calculated to inspire a high degree of piety in the youthful student.

In 1797 was born Thomas Hayne Bayly. His name means little to readers of the present generation, but in his days his songs had great popularity. One of them was:

"Oh! no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now for ever sealed
That once familiar word."

Another of his famous songs was that pathetic ballad which asserted: "She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met."

and a third began with the line: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Tennyson, in "The Princess," coined a phrase, which seems destined to live long. The phrase is "The sweet girl graduates." In his "Memorials" is the famous maxim, "Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

This list might be continued indefinitely, but enough illustrations have been given to show the variety and extent of the quotations with which everyone is familiar. In many cases the authors of the lines and the works in which they occurred have long since been forgotten, but the phrases themselves live on, because they are apt summaries of universal experience, epitomes of invariable truth.

BRITAIN'S "PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY."

Mr. James Cantile, M.A., M.B., a well-known London doctor, in a little book just published on "Physical Efficiency," reviews the deleterious effects of town life upon the population of Britain, and makes some suggestions for their arrest. His desire is, in the words of Sir Lauder Brunton, M.D., who contributes a preface, to "draw attention to the features of daily life which are under the control of the individual, and to those which are regulated by the public authorities." Mr. Cantile gives utterance to some very wholesome truths. He says that the islands are over-populated. Mr. Cantile regards as a "pernicious economic doctrine" for a people with worldwide responsibilities. He contends, indeed, that there is room in the empire for another 100,000,000 of home-bred British folk. Our lands, he says, are still calling for more men and women, but it is doubtful if in the future the British Isles will be in a position to grant their requests.

"For a man and a woman to limit their family to two does not fulfill the conditions required."

"We require at least that four children in every family shall reach adult years, and this will only suffice if every man marries. Considering, however, the infant mortality, the number of unmarried men leading unnatural lives, especially among those who go to our colonies and to India, and the number of children reared in a family is less than we require."

A minimum of five children in British families would, Mr. Cantile says, appear to be absolutely necessary if we are to advance in our imperial mission.

USE THE SAFE, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Expeller, nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Why do we always allude to our "enthusiasm," and the other fellow's "gush?"

Attorney-General Moody is a base-ball crank. He does not often get time to go to the league games in Washington, but when he is out on horse-back and comes across a game on a vacant lot he always stops and looks on for half an hour and cheers the amateur heartily when they play well.

GREATEST FOP
IN THE WORLDHE IS THE ANTIS INDIAN OF
BOLIVIA, SOUTH AMERICA.Lives Only for His Own Pleasure and
Comfort and Refuses to
Work.

There are fops in Paris, fops in London, and fops in the United States, but the Antis Indian of Bolivia is the greatest fop in the world. He struts, he poses, he admires—not others, but himself. He will not work; he refuses to look after his family; he lives for his own comfort, pleasure, and delight. Nature encourages his vanity, for he is of middle stature and well proportioned. His figure is slender and shapely, and his muscles are well covered with fat. Not satisfied with the beauty nature has given him, he paints his face and round the eyes with a red pigment obtained from arnotto, but uses the black juice of the gempu to the rest of his body.

A traveler who recently came upon these people asked one of them: "Why do you cover your body with that black juice?"

The Antis Indian smiled blandly, saying: "No mosquito come near me."

"But they use it where there are no mosquitoes," suggested the stranger.

"Mosquitoes might come," answered the sly native.

CLOTHES MERELY INCIDENTAL
FEATURE.

Their clothing is simple; both sexes wear a loose tunic. The men have adopted this mode of dress because it shows their well shaped figures to good advantage. They are particular about combing their hair, which they cut short in front and wear in long tresses on either cheek and down their backs. They will not part with their hair for any price, believing that it enhances their beauty. An Englishman recently offered one of these fops much gold if he would sell his hair. The indignant man replied: "He want no gold, no gold make me pretty—hair, much hair, make me pretty."

He is so particular when it comes to a question of toilet that he never seen without the toilet requisites. He never parts company with his gubecure, which is a frail sack that holds a comb made of the thorns of the palm, a bit of looking glass, paint, a ball of thread and wax, never forgetting a pair of tweezers to check a beard should one suggest itself.

They believe that a smooth face is handsome and that the beard ever grown. They will exchange a wife for scissors, knife and needles to enlarge the number of their toilet articles.

They wear little jewelry, unlike most men in primitive conditions. The only jewelry they have is a piece of silver money that is half flattened between two stones to increase its size. Carved flattened three times its original size.

A MOTHER'S STORY

She Tells How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
Saved Her Daughter.

Anæmia is the doctors' name for bloodlessness. It is an ailment that effects almost every girl in her teens. Womanhood makes itself manifest upon her blood supply that she cannot meet. Month after month her strength, her very life, are being drained away. No food and no care can do her any good. No common medicine can save her. She needs new blood.

The only thing that can make a healthy woman of her, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. That is why they never fail to cure anæmia. That is how they save from an early grave scores of young girls whose health and strength depend upon their blood supply.

Mrs. Anson Clark, Arden, Ont., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing in my family as two of my daughters have used them with marked success. When my eldest daughter was about seventeen she began to fail in health. Her blood seemed to have turned to water. She was troubled with headaches and the least exertion would cause her heart to palpitate violently and she could not walk upstairs without stopping to rest. She deteriorated for upwards of a year, and the doctor said she did not have as much blood in her body as an ordinarily healthy person would have in one arm. The doctor's treatment did not do her a particle of good. She seemed slowly fading away. Then she became afflicted with salt rheum and her hands were almost raw. About this time a neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she began taking them. After using the pills for a few weeks we could see an improvement, her appetite began to improve and a trace of color came to her cheeks. She continued taking the pills until she had used thirteen boxes when she was as well and strong as ever, every trace of both the anæmia and salt rheum had disappeared and she has since enjoyed the best of health. Later on my youngest daughter, aged fifteen, began to lose her health, but thanks to our experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills we knew where to look for a cure and after using four boxes of pills she was all right again. I have also used the pills myself for nervous troubles, with complete success."

Rich, red blood is the secret of health—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the secret of rich red blood. They actually make rich red blood, that is why they cure anæmia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, nervous prostration, heart palpitation, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that makes the lives of so many women and growing girls miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NO LAW EXCEPT PLEASURE. Devoted to their beauty these men show little consideration for their wives and recognize no law excepting their own pleasures. These much pampered youths have only one thing to fear, and that is old age. The aged are treated with little kindness; their beauty is quite forgotten, and they are given the most obscure places at the fireside, and their nakedness is covered with only a few castoff clothes.

It is only when they grow old that the women can get even with them. The law of compensation never fails to work, and the aged dandy perhaps is the most miserable creature in the world. He no longer can contemplate himself with pride, and the women of his family cease to have any respect for him. Perhaps they remember his former conceit and secretly are glad of his downfall. At any rate they treat him with open scorn, ignoring him in their conversation, permitting him to hustle for scraps of food much as if he were an old dog.

If the little children grow sorry for the old dandy and keep him company or bring him some dainty from the forests, the women do not object. But in the main the children take their cues from their mother or grandmother, as they do in civilized life, and leave the old grandfather to suffer from loneliness and neglect.

RED ROSE TEA

"Tea tempers the spirit
and harmonizes the mind."
—Confucius.

"IS GOOD TEA"

The average family in Canada uses about 25 pounds of tea per year. If Red Rose Tea were used entirely, not more than 20 pounds would be required. You save real money when you use Red Rose Tea.

Prices, 25c, 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., and 60c., in lead packets, Black, Green, and Mixed.

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they suspend it to the cartilage of their nose. Besides this, which flashes at every movement, they wear necklaces made of glass beads, berries of the cedar, colored birds and their claws. Instead of parading these gewgaws about their necks they tie them to their waists or let them hang down over their backs and wear them as epaulets on their shoulders.

GORGEOUS IN COURTING ATTIRE.

Grand as they are on all occasions, their splendor reaches its height when they go a-courting; it is then they wear as much paint and finery as they can sustain. They decorate themselves so handsomely more for their own delight than to win approval. Their girls are usually marriageable at 12, and are willing to accept their first suitors, providing they are of their own nationality, and the courtiers consult the parents first and give them the customary engagement gifts.

These girls have little choice in these matters, for they are schooled to believe that a woman's natural and only function is realized in the art of home making. Whether their homes are happy or miserable is a minor consideration. These girls are sure of certain responsibilities; they know that they will have to prepare the food, weave the clothes, and gather the rice and maize.

When the men go on journeys it is the women who carry the luggage and the weapons in time of war; they pick up the arrows and take away the booty the men capture.

DRUDGERY NATURAL TO WOMEN.

Indeed the women do all the work, both indoors and out of doors. They dress and clean the game and fish captured in the hunt, they tan the skins of animals, and make them into the rude clothing or shoes worn by the family, and make of clay or stone the primitive tools and vessels. Little agricultural work is performed by the Antis, but the women do it, while the converted dandies admire each other, or take snuff, or smear grease paint on their untidy bodies, making up like actors.

The women are patient beyond belief in all this drudgery. It seems the right and natural thing to them, and when a traveler once attempted to coach a young wife into rebellion against the treatment she received from her lazy lord and master, she stared in stupid amazement and could not understand.

LIVE LIVES IN ELEGANT EASE.

When not making their toilets these Antis Indian dandies are usually seen reclining on a mat at home, smoking green tobacco or taking it in the form of snuff, drinking chicha with their friends, and not worrying about their wives and households. The pastime of these snuff takers is only easy when the instruments are small; if they are large they must have some one to assist them. The tubes are inserted into each one of the nostrils in turn. Snuff is supposed to be a preventive for colds, but strangely it is used where the climate is mild.

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Little Pocket Physician

Hyomel Inhaler That Never Fails to Cure Catarrh.

Thousands who have been cured by Hyomel catarrh inhaler that comes with every outfit, "the little pocket physician," as it is so small that it can be carried in the pocket or purse.

Prior to the discovery of Hyomel, 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 Hyomel are shown by the smaller percentage today of people suffering from catarrh.

A complete Hyomel outfit consists of "the little pocket physician," a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomel, and costs only \$1, while additional bottles of Hyomel 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 Hyomel if you have catarrh. This is purely a local disease and Hyomel goes right to the spot where the catarrhal germs are present, destroys them, soothes and heals all inflammation and makes a permanent and lasting cure.

If you cannot obtain Hyomel 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, Hyomel Building, Ithaca, N. Y.

Mark Twain's famous sketch, "How I Became Editor of an Agricultural Paper," has been dramatized for a Paris theater. The adapter and translator, M. Timmory, is credited by a critic with having succeeded in transferring to the stage Mark Twain's humor without losing his "savor."

It was stated at a spiritual seance at Zurich that \$4,000 recently stolen from the station lay in a guard's house, but when the money was not found the guard brought action against the spiritualists, who were ordered to make a public apology and to pay £12 damages.

HOW I
COMMITTED SUICIDE

(Continued from Page Fourteen.)

continuation of Saturday story
He looked at me and cried: "I hope you do not mean what you say. Do not do anything rash."

I left him without answering, and saw how he pointed me out to two officials, whom he evidently told to keep an eye on me.

At eleven o'clock I left the Casino and walked out into the park, with bowed head and clenched hands.

I felt that I was being watched as I went toward a group of rhododendrons in a dark corner of the park, which was an ideal place to commit suicide.

Two shots rang out and I fell heavily to the ground. I closed my eyes and held my breath. I heard voices and felt somebody bending over me. "Yes, it is him."

"And hit twice. He did not want to take any chances."

"Hurry, hurry, somebody might come." The scoundrel, that he could not do it somewhere else."

I felt something being put into my inside pocket.

"Curse it, those fellows cost us a lot of money."

I could not hold my breath any longer, so I drew a deep sigh, opened my eyes, sat up and looked at them. Then I coolly picked up my hat and my still smoking revolver. The crowd which had gathered looked at me in surprise.

"It is disgusting," I exclaimed. One cannot even commit suicide in peace in this cursed place."

The official who came, knew me, came rushing up to me and said furiously: "Sir, how dare you? I am going to have you arrested for disturbing the peace."

"Disturbing the peace," I replied, sarcastically. "Keep your bon mots for yourself."

And I walked away laughing at his embarrassment.

Returning to my hotel, I paid my debts out of the three thousand francs I had made by committing suicide.

The Casino made repeated attempts to make me return the money, which, of course, I could not think of. I do not think three thousand francs is so much for an attempted suicide. I spent a couple of delighted days and returned to Paris. But I have heard since then that the amount found in the pockets of suicides is very much smaller now.

Dr. Jamieson's raid at one time looked as if he had put everything into a rathole and lost. But the last decade has brought about wondrous changes, and Dr. Jamieson will specially appreciate that little bequest made by the late Alfred Beit or auriferous memory. A man isn't beaten as long as he isn't discouraged.

Hot Weather Brings Them Out.

Hot pavements and perspiring feet are able assistants in corn-growing. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor; it eases at once and cures in 24 hours. Insist on getting the genuine Putnam's, because it's painless and sure.

Little Pocket Physician

Hyomel Inhaler That Never Fails to Cure Catarrh.

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Mark Twain's famous sketch, "How I Became Editor of an Agricultural Paper," has been dramatized for a Paris theater. The adapter and translator, M. Timmory, is credited by a critic with having succeeded in transferring to the stage Mark Twain's humor without losing his "savor."

It was stated at a spiritual seance at Zurich that \$4,000 recently stolen from the station lay in a guard's house, but when the money was not found the guard brought action against the spiritualists, who were ordered to make a public apology and to pay £12 damages.



Fashions Evolve From Circles and Squares

IT LOOKS, to a casual observer, as though fashion makers were experimenting with such prosaic things as circles and squares, trying to see just what wonderful things they could evolve out of them. And, whether you observe casually or deeply, the results are gratifying enough to say that those same fashion makers have exceeded their own ambitions.

Nightingales were the first things that were evolved, and their success was so marked that the same principles have been evoked for a much more unusual thing—a short kimono, modeled almost exactly upon nightingale lines, and as becoming a dressing sacque as it is possible to find among the less befrilled members of the class.

Double width material—a wide one at that, for it must measure 52 inches—is used, something, of course, that is light weight, and something with practically no up and down to it—no decided design, in fact, unless you're so strong nerves that you're not bothered if a design does take it upon itself to stand on its head upon half of the kimono!

Cut out a circle 52 inches in diameter, and then cut out an inner circle 6 inches in diameter exactly in the middle, and slash it up clear from the outer edge to the inner circle

to make the opening of the front.

Slash it up on each side at the points indicated upon the diagram, making the distance between the edges of the cut $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and cutting them $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep.

Then stitch it up, sewing two sides of a division together to make a sleeve, and seaming front and back up.

If there is to be a lining cut it out exactly the same size, following the slashings in the same way, and slipstitch lining to outside all the way round, or turn in the edges of both and baste carefully, then stitch neatly all the way round.

In that matter of the lining, a hundred pretty conceits spring forth. Usually, it is of china silk, plain as to tint, and a more delicate shade than the foundation of the material itself. But, for a very chilly mortal, albatross is sometimes used as a lining, or, in some exceptionally pretty ones, the sheerest of lightweight woollens is used for the outside and is of white, lined with the palest of pink or blue or lavender, which delicately tints the outside. Perhaps the lining is of flowered swiss or plumetis—the prettiest treatment of all for negligees.

A trailing vine outlining neck and loose sleeves may be done in pale-colored silk that tones in with the background.

Light blue is considered very good for the collar and cuffs of linen-colored coats.

Chamois gloves have had an undeserved popularity. Nothing under the sun makes your hand look more awkwardly large than those very gloves. They have one merit—they wash; but their popularity is due to anything but the point of economy.

Chiffon, chiffon and then more chiffon, is the cry this year—chiffon used in every conceivable way for every conceivable sort of thing. The blouses made of it are stunning.

Skirts are to be longer than they've been for many a glad day, so say the Paris people. But an inch and a half from the ground instead of the three inches from the ground we've been used to is all the concession American women are expected to make.

The gloves with a tiny purse for change set in the palm, which, for so long, have been a curiosity brought over by people traveling abroad, are to be found in some of our own shops. Only one hand boasts the change-purse, and it is barely big enough to accommodate one or two extremely modest coins. But it's a great convenience, for all that, so great that it ought to have been a staple thing here long ago.

The long, sloping shoulder is promised.

Furs promise to be more fashionable and of richer quality than ever.

Cluny lace seems to be gaining favor.



Notes of the Fashions

THERE is a scarcity of skins for frames, made, so it is said, by the extravagant use of long gloves last winter and this summer.

Hoop earrings made of tiny jewels, pearls, diamonds, rubies or sapphires set in gold or silver frames, have almost entirely succeeded the round pearls so long popular. When pearls are worn at all it is in the pendant pear shape, with a small jewel above. These are not, however, nearly so popular as hoops—than which there is no more picturesque fashion. They look lovely, too, with the little leghorn hats that are tied on with black velvet strings in a bow at the back of the neck. It is very becoming with these picturesque accessories to arrange the hair rather loosely—waved, of course, and in a low knot that is pinned back with tortoise-shell hairpins having large ball heads.

Such liberties as designers have taken with flowers and colors—mixed them up in indescribable confusion! Blue roses, lavender clovers, pink violets—no color seems too far away from nature to be used. And so long as the effect is what it is, good, nobody cares, least of all the woman who picks up the floral design she likes, in her most becoming color.

Quite popular are the many-looped pompon with three ends of different lengths, of the six or eight inch long bow with two short ends, or two rosettes meeting in the back with streamers to the hem of the skirt.

Surely the height of the art of ribbon making has been reached in the exquisite wide things of softest silver or gold tissue, with flowers in subdued though beautiful shades of their natural colors, made to fade into the background and reappear from it with the shifting lights.

Silver, with great, misty bunches of violets, the green of their leaves as soft as the violet, or great, single roses glowing from a background of shimmering gray or the palest of gold, with perhaps a dozen indefinite shades used in it, and shining with the iridescence of a prism—colors and proportions are juggled with in kaleidoscopic fashion, a thousand combinations caught and made permanent.

Tailored Waists Are Growing Popular

INSTEAD of the once ubiquitous lingerie blouse, for mornings and afternoons alike, the tailor-made waist—the old, dearly loved stiff shirtwaist—is growing more and more popular for wearing with tailor suits when the silk waist, that matches the costume, is laid aside. As a matter of fact, tucked linen shirts are being made right along, with a strong indication that next spring and summer will see them in high favor.

Even the old stiff cuff is seen upon them, made for links. Or the leg-o'-mutton sleeve that turns back in a little scallop, which Paris introduced tentatively last season, is worn, and is, perhaps, just a little prettier than the shirt cuff.

Not only white shirtwaists are made in this stiff, thoroughly tailored fashion, but an occasional shirt is of pink or blue, or of a striped stuff (following the fad for stripes), but always made to tone in with the suit, as though a part of it.

A few of these stiffer shirts have little ruffles run down—one on each side of the front box-pleat—the same ruffled shirt that made itself popular a year ago, and still deservedly holds its own.

Silk shirtwaists have gained markedly in popularity with three-piece costumes. Both plaid and striped silks—stripes more than plaids—are to be worn, and plenty of plain silks, as well, tucked and fagot-stitched, and trimmed with two little bands.

But the prettiest of all the plain silk shirtwaists shown so far are those embroidered down the front in a simple design of leaves and conventional flowers and dots—always plenty of dots, and all of it done in exactly the same shade as the shirtwaist itself. Crepe de chine is particularly lovely done that way, and the prettiest designs are those that encircle the collar and run down the front, to be repeated somewhere upon sleeves and collar.

Plenty of lightweight woolen waists will be worn, the prettiest of them made of white albatross, tucked and perhaps embroidered a little, though only a little, by hand, or inset with motifs of cluny lace. But the plaid effects—especially the tartans—will be worn for morning waists, livened with a bit of braid and a few buttons. For neither braid nor buttons show any signs of a decrease in popularity.

Paris Notes

LINGERIE robes promise to be better than ever during the coming season, only they are to be far more elaborate than ever, representing a fabulous amount of work.

Yokes are conspicuous upon the loveliest of blouses—yokes definitely cut or the lines of a yoke conjoined at by the way the trimming is disposed.

The Empire scarf of colored gauze is in high favor, and lends the note of color to an otherwise single-toned gown that la Parisienne's eye for dramatic effects requires.

Pompadour sashes—made of silk, not the ribbon—are tied in butterfly bows or rosettes, set above the waist line and allowed to flutter out in long ends almost to the hem of the dress.



THE CARE WHITE HAIR NEEDS



A dry shampoo



WHITE hair, to be kept the snowy crown of beauty that it should be, needs a little different treatment to that employed for younger hair. Not longer than three weeks should elapse between the times of washing the hair, and two weeks is really long enough to allow.

If the hair shows signs of coming out from frequent shampooing, alternate the washings with dry shampoo, which will be found very effective. Certain powders are manufactured for just this purpose. But a good talcum powder, well rubbed into the scalp—not so violently, however,

every particle of the powder is removed, does the same work well.

If you are patient in both parts of the process—seeing that the powder is well rubbed into the scalp and through every part of the hair, and in the no less important part of brushing it out thoroughly—the result should be eminently satisfactory.

If you are washing white hair, be careful to use the purest sort of soap, or the hair may take on the slightly yellow tinge which so often spoils otherwise beautiful white hair.

In the last rinsing water put a few drops of bluing, just enough to make the hair come out a clear white, and rinse thoroughly with it.

Each of the rinsings, for that matter, should be as thorough as possible, the last one done with more elaborate care than any.

Be careful how much bluing you get in, for just a bit too much will give the hair a dingy grayish look, worse than if you left the bluing out entirely.

In curling, if you have occasion to use an iron upon the hair at all, try it upon white tissue paper first—there must be no suspicion of scorching, not only because it kills the hair, but because scorching shows up as badly upon white hair as it does upon linen, and no amount of bleaching and treatment will bring it back to its right color again.

If it is ever necessary to rub a little vaseline into the roots of the hair, use the white vaseline, the darker

Don't let the irons scorch the hair.

as to cause any irritation of the skin—allowed to remain there for three or four hours, and then brushed out thoroughly, making sure that the scalp itself comes in for its share of brushing and keeping it up until

kind is bound to stain the hair, even though slightly.

Absolute cleanliness, both as to the hair itself and the brushes and combs that are used upon it, is the great point to emphasize.

WITH all that has been said and done upon the subject, five women out of ten either do not know the effect of wearing right or wrong corsets, or perhaps utterly ignore the difference. Yet there is no adjunct which is of so great importance in the training of a figure as the sort of corset that is worn.

"I just get cheap corsets for everyday, and save my good ones for my best clothes," is a common expression with women, and a still more common action. Yet if a corset has any effect at all upon the figure, the one that is worn most surely gets the greatest chance to affect the figure, and that is always the cheap corset.

It isn't necessarily how much money

you put into a corset that determines whether it helps or hurts you, but whether or not it fits you so that, as one woman put it (she's a large woman, too), "you don't know you have it on." That is when you get the greatest good out of it, but the same sort—not the same pair, of course, any more than you'd wear the same pair of shoes all the time—and set to your figure in the same way should be worn all the time.

Too tight a corset brings so many lines in its trail, and is the direct cause of so many ugly points that the red nose, for instance, that many girls complain of, that it is more and more of a wonder that any one should endure the torture that it inflicts.

A perfectly fitting corset trains the figure; moulds it in the subtlest of ways, a little every day, but it does it without discomfort.

And too long a corset is as bad a fault—when you sit down your corset is forced up, raising the waist line, and in a little while shortening it. It's impossible to have a long waist, no matter how you train for it, nor how ardently you desire it. If you are in the habit of wearing a corset that is too long, it will give you a natural long waist, and that in a comparatively short while.

Too tight a corset brings so many lines in its trail, and is the direct cause of so many ugly points that the red nose, for instance, that many girls complain of, that it is more and more of a wonder that any one should endure the torture that it inflicts.

A perfectly fitting corset trains the figure; moulds it in the subtlest of ways, a little every day, but it does it without discomfort.

As sleep induced by anodynes or narcotics in any form—the diet should be liberal and the food should be largely of food containing starch and sugar: potatoes, fresh, sweet butter, milk, cream, fruits cooked and served with sugar, all vegetables containing starch and sugar, such as corn, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, food water and spaghetti, kidney, fish and oysters, ice cream, desserts without pastry, plenty of outdoor life and a moderate amount of exercise. Sleep in a well-ventilated room. If there is any tendency to dyspepsia or liver trouble, where the patient is plump in one part of the body and falls in another a gymnasium course is advised. There is nothing better than bicycling unless it may be a regular gymnastic course. In order to guard the latter, the patient is advised to go to a first-class gymnasium, submit to an examination and take the exercise prescribed by the attendant physician. These gymnastics, at moderate prices, may be found in a town of any size in the country. Where the development is meagre in the upper limbs, the body swimming is also an excellent exercise. Walking is always the best. The patient who wishes to gain flesh can never do so if she worries, is harassed or permits her nerves to get the better of her.

See Answer Above

Would you please repeat formula for bust, as missed reading the Vaucaire remedy in the last paper? S. E. B.

See answer to "Mrs. H. K."

Buttermilk Baths

I would like a lotion to whiten my skin a little; my neck, especially, seems to have become yellow, and my cheeks are thin. Would a skin food tone them up? If so, would you kindly give me a good prescription for one? I might add that my face is rather dry in warm weather.

I would like your lotion for growing heavy eyebrows. I have a little skin wart and a few moles which I would like so much to remove. What would you advise me to try?

What you also tell me what to do for my hair? It seems to be rather thin, and I have on my neck a little skin wart and a few moles which I would like so much to remove. What would you advise me to try?

I know I am asking a great deal of you, but I do so long for the help, and I feel as though I can depend on your advice, if you will give it, as you have helped so many.

I am a married woman, 25 years of age, and, like many more, am anxious to look as well as I can.

Rules for the Reduction of Flesh.

Avoid all starchy and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, etc. Have your bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt instead of butter. Milk, I regret to say, if it be pure and good, is fattening. Skimmed milk may be drunk. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of lemons or lemons to it, if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven at the outside. No naps. If you cannot walk at least five miles a day, and do not wheel, go to one of the institutions where mechanical massage is given. Several of my correspondents report excellent results from this method of getting the vigorous exercise they require. The system is thoroughly wholesome and not expensive. In reducing flesh the one fact to recollect is that fat is carbon—oxygen destroys or burns out carbon. You must consume the carbon by the oxygen you take through your lungs. The more exercise the more oxygen and consequent destruction of fat by the one healthy method of curing obesity.

The more starch and sugar you eat the more carbon to burn away.

Make frequent applications of clear alcohol and use the pomade for which I am giving you formula.

Pomade to Reduce Bust.

Jodide of potassium, 3 grams; vaseline, 50 grams; lanolin, 50 grams; tincture of benzoin, 20 drops.

Make into a pomade and rub over the fatty parts twice a day.

To Gain Flesh Generally

Would you be kind enough to publish Dr. Vaucaire's treatment in the paper? How long do you think it necessary to take these pills, but after purchasing a good prescription. Could you suggest another tonic or medicine to build up and fatten other parts of body? Mrs. H. K.

Dr. Vaucaire's Remedy for the Bust.

Liquid extract of galega (goatweed), 10 grams; lacto phosphatic of lime, 10 grams; tincture of fennel, 10 grams; simple syrup, 100 grams. The dose, two spoonfuls with water before each meal.

It is also well to drink malt extract during the treatment.

Follow these rules for increasing flesh generally:

Absolute freedom from care and anxiety. The largest quantity of sleep possible. Every twenty-four hours, in addition to this, sleep during the day, as you have been doing.

Food should be natural. Nothing is so bad for the appearance and general health

To Darken Light Hair

Will you kindly tell me if there is any

170 Pounds at 20

My trouble is to me a burden. It is this: I weigh 170 pounds and am only 20 years old. The largest quantity of sleep possible. Every twenty-four hours, in addition to this, sleep during the day, as you have been doing.

Food should be natural. Nothing is so bad for the appearance and general health

Remove Dandruff First

I AM having a great deal of trouble with my hair. A year ago it was long and thick. Now, whole handfuls fall out and I dread to comb my hair. I have dandruff, my head is just full of scales. Perhaps this is what makes my hair fall. Please tell me what to do to remove dandruff, stop my hair from falling out and make it long and thick again. Is egg shampoo good? Also, will henna stain give dark brown hair an Auburn tint? How is it applied, and where and at what expense may I obtain it?

A DISCOURAGED GIRL.

By all means remove this dandruff first. Following is a recipe:

To Remove Dandruff.

Tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; liquid ammonia, 1 dram; glycerine, 1 ounce; oil of thyme, 1 dram; rosemary oil, 1 dram. Mix all together with six ounces of rose-water. Rub the scalp thoroughly with this preparation until no further evidence of dandruff is noticed.

When this trouble is corrected apply this tonic:

Hair Grower.

Bay rum, 7 ounces; distilled witch hazel, 1 ounce; common salt, 1 dram; hydrochloric acid (5 per cent.), 1 drop; magnesia, sufficient.

Mix the bay rum and distilled extract of witch hazel and shake with a little magnesia. Filter and in 15 minutes dissolve the salt and add one drop of hydrochloric acid.

The magnesia will cause the preparation to turn quite yellow, but the yellow will disappear when the hydrochloric acid is added.

Apply at night to the roots, with friction. Brush the hair a great deal. It is good to give it a hundred strokes, once, or better, twice a day. Egg shampoo is excellent. It seems to act as food to the hair, giving it a pretty gloss.

As I never give commercial rates in these columns, I cannot tell you the cost of henna, but I am glad to give you any other information about it. It may be obtained from a druggist.

Henna may be applied in several ways, but the simplest and easiest method for the amateur is to use a tea made of the leaves. In preparing the tea use one ounce of leaves to a quart of water, and boil the whole down to one pint. The stain should be applied to the roots of the hair with a small brush; a clean toothbrush or a nailbrush will answer. Next, use an ordinary hair-brush, distributing the henna through the hair. A thorough drying, either in the sun or by heat, concludes the process. This produces an attractive auburn tint.

To Darken Light Hair

Will you kindly tell me if there is any

How Corsets May Make or Mar a Figure.



Too long and too tight

Too short over the hips

Too long that they rise up

Will a skin food help to prevent wrinkles?

I have only a few tiny ones as yet.

Mrs. D. F. D.

Massaging with a good skin food would be excellent for building up your cheeks. I give here a reliable formula:

Skin Food.

White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanolin, 1 ounce; coconut oil, 1 ounce; orange-flower water, 3 ounces; oil of sweet almonds, 4 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 50 drops.

Melt the first five ingredients together. Take off the fire and beat until nearly cold, adding little by little the benzoin, and lastly orange-flower water.

Buttermilk baths are excellent for whitening the skin. Also, raw cucumbers juice will bleach it.

When your skin is disagreeably oily, try this lotion:

Lotion for Oily Skin.

Boric acid, 1 dram; distilled witch hazel, 4 ounces. Apply with a piece of old linen or a bit of absorbent cotton.

Ointment for Scant Eyebrows.

Vaseline, 2 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; oil of lavender, 10 drops; oil of rosemary, 10 drops.

Mix thoroughly. Apply to the eyebrows with a tiny toothbrush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated. Then use often.

This ointment may be used for the eyebrows also. In this case it should be very carefully applied. It will inflame the eyes, so say all will, if it gets into them.

Send to the Nearest Town

We live in a small town, and I cannot get some of the ingredients in your recipes here, and cannot get same dealers at all. Would you kindly send me address of druggist where I could get it; also, liquid rose? I have misplaced my sulfate cream and orange-flower cream recipes.

It is against my rules to give names or addresses of dealers in this department, so I cannot help in this respect. But I think if you ask your druggist to send for the galega to some well-known establishment in a large city the druggist has a list of such dealers, he can procure it for you.

You will find the recipe for Sultana cream in the answer to "M. K." The orange-flower cream also you will find under "Mrs. L. F.'s" letter.

A Good Curling

Would you kindly give me a formula for a good curling, one that will positively keep the hair in curl in damp weather?

A READER.

Dampness is pretty hard on artificial curls, and I cannot say positively that the following will absolutely defy moisture-laden air, but I do suggest that you try it. It is very good.

Solution to Keep the Hair Curled.

Take gum arabic, 1 ounce; good moist sugar, 1/2 ounce; pure hot water, 1 pint. Dissolve. When this solution is cold, add alcohol, 2 fluid ounces; bichloride of mercury and salicylic acid, 6 grains each. The last two should be dissolved in the alcohol before admixture. Lastly, add enough water to make the whole measure one pint. Perfume with Cologne or lavender water. Moisten the hair with the fluid before putting it in the fingers of curlers.

Wart Eradicator.

The following treatment for warts has been tried with most satisfactory results.

Sublimed sulphur, 100 grains; crotonole, 1 fluid dram; acetic acid, 1 fluid dram. Apply repeatedly to each wart, continuing the treatment for several days. The warts dry up and then drop off.

Almost all tonics for promoting the growth of the hair have a certain degree of oiliness. The laboratorial tonic, for which I am giving you formula, has less oil than many others.

Jaborandi Tonic

Quinine sulphur, 20 grains; tincture of cantharides, 2 fluid drams; fluid extract of jalapin, 2 fluid drams; alcohol, 2 fluid ounces; glycerine, 2 ounces; bay rum, 3 fluid ounces; rosewater, 16 fluid ounces. The quinine should be dissolved in the alcohol; the liquids by warming slightly, then the other ingredients added, and the whole filtered. Rub into the roots of the hair every day.

Frequent shampooing is also good for your hair.

You can keep the wrinkles in abeyance by the use of cold cream. It softens the skin and makes it more responsive to your smoothing strokes, which you must give to the parts frequently.

Against My Rules

I read where Dr. Vaucaire's treatment is perfectly harmless and will enlarge the bust or restore it after nursing. Now, this is the information I would like to have: Where can I get this by mail, and what will it cost me?

Mrs. E. I. C.

You can get this remedy from any reliable druggist or giving him the formula published under the letter of "Mrs. H. K." to prepare for you. It is against my rules to quote commercial rates.

A Plaster Stick for Superfluous Hairs

I am very anxious to try the Vaucaire remedy, but want to be sure that it is the "real stuff" before I use it. Will you kindly tell me where I can get the prescription filled?

For the last few years I have had very short, stubbly hairs growing on my neck. I have tried many remedies, but none have helped me.

Another request and I am through. Will you recommend a reliable dermatologist in Atlanta?

Mrs. E. I. C.

I regret that I cannot recommend to you any dealer; that is against my rules. Any reliable druggist will prepare the formula for you.

I would suggest removing the hairs on your nose by the use of a plaster stick. This, too, may be obtained from a druggist or dealer in toilet articles. If it does not prove efficacious, let me know and I will give you a depilatory.

Recommending any specialist is also against my rules.