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Furs and Feathers for WINTER

EDITORIAL

Prevention of Disease.

When the Titanic went down with more than sixteen hundred souls a storm of grief and indignation swept this continent. There was sympathy for the bereaved families that expressed itself in the immediate formation of a fund sufficient to maintain the sufferers who needed aid. That was a disaster spectacular enough to rouse human feeling which remains entirely unmoved over the scores and hundreds of thousands of men, women and children who die every year from preventable diseases and accidents. Not the testimony of public health officers, nor the warnings of scientific experts, nor the appeals in newspapers and magazines of those that recognize the appalling character of the yearly death roll can evoke a response wide enough and big enough to effect the necessary reforms. Why this indifference to human life, accompanied as it is by constant endeavor to guard the beasts of the field and the produce of the soil from the ravages of epidemic disease? Men will cheerfully dig into their pockets for a subscription to a Titanic fund who loudly protest against a fractional increase in taxation required to protect human lives.

Some remarkable figures and testimonies on this perennially urgent question are presented in an article contributed by Annette Austin to Pearson's Magazine for December. Seventeen hundred people in the United States die unnecessarily every day—last year preventable sickness among its wage earners cost them $366,000,000 in wage loss alone. Professor Elmer E. Rittenhouse of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Company of New York has calculated that the lives lost from preventable causes every day in the United States total in number the crews of two battleships—that they equal in three months the combined numbers of its whole army and navy. Yet people who read with shuddering horror about the Balkan war with its tale of fire, famine and slaughter and the hapless victims of cholera continue sublimely indifferent to the far greater number that perish yearly in a country they have been taught to believe the most highly favored in the world.

In a paper read in 1906 before the Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Norton of Yale University, said:—"Thousands have been expended in stamping out cholera among swine, but not one dollar was ever voted for eradicating pneumonia among human beings. Hundreds of thousands are consumed in saving the lives of elm trees from the attacks of beetles; in warning farmers against blights affecting potato plants; in importing Sicilian bugs to fertilize fig blossoms in California; in ostracizing various species of weeds from the ranks of the useful plants; and in exterminating parasitic growths that prey on fruit trees. In fact the department of agriculture has expended, during the last ten years, over $46,000,000. But not a wheel of the official machinery at Washington was set in motion for the alleviation or cure of diseases of the heart and kidneys, which will carry off over 6,000,000 of our entire population. Eight millions will perish of pneumonia, and the entire event is accepted by the American people with a resignation equal to that of the Hindoo, who, in the midst of indescribable filth, calmly awaits the day of the cholera. During the next census period more than 6,000,000 infants, under two years of age will end their little span of life, while mothers sit by and watch in utter helplessness; and yet this number could probably be decreased by as much as one-half. But nothing is done."

Typhoid fever is admittedly a preventable disease. When Wilbur Wright, the man who created the new science of aviation died from it The New York Times said that the general sorrow for his death is, or should be, increased because he would still be alive except for the fact that we are not yet civilized enough to use the known and effectual means wholly to stamp out the fever of which he was the untimely victim and for the other fact that, instead of so protecting men of this kind as to let them give all their time and energy to the work that only they can do, we compel them to spend much of both in struggles in which their genius is rather a disadvantage than an advantage." In a hygiene bulletin on "Sewage Pollution of Inter-State and International Waters, With Special Reference to the Spread of Typhoid Fever," Dr. Allan T. McLaughlin "calls attention to the fact that in Northern Europe, the thirty-three principal cities, with an aggregate population of 33,500,000 had an average typhoid death rate of 6.5 per 100,000 in 1909 and 1910, while fifty registration cities in the United States with a combined population of 20,000,000 had a typhoid death rate of 25 per 100,000." On a conservative estimate Dr. McLaughlin places the deaths from typhoid fever at above 50,000 in the United States. Yet every one could be prevented as could the 250,000 cases of that disease that do not end fatally, but are accompanied by loss of earning capacity and impaired efficiency.

In the same bulletin this statement is made:—"Chicago is the only city on the lakes that does not turn its sewage back into the source of its water supply. All other lake cities draw their water supply from the same source where they empty their sewage." On Wednesday last at Washington, Dr. C. A. Hodgets of Ottawa called attention to the constant increase in the deposit of sewage and factory waste in the great lakes and declared that "as a result of this gross pollution their waters have been year by year less suited as sources from which the inhabitants adjacent thereto can derive water supplies for domestic purposes." Concurring in this view Dr. McCullough, representing the Ontario Board of Health, said that Lake Ontario, in the neighborhood of Toronto, shows contamination to be carried from the polluted Toronto Bay by winds and currents to varying distances and had been found fifteen miles out. The typhoid death rate in communities on the St. Clair River is the highest in America and all cities on the lake and river highway show abnormal conditions. What would be said of a man who put a deadly poison into a glass of water and then attempted to extract it in order to make it safe for his use. His sanity would be questioned with reason, yet that is just what is being done by cities that pride themselves on their enlightenment and progressive spirit. The time will surely come and cannot come too soon when all communities will be compelled to dispose of their sewage by scientific processes and to maintain the purity of all lake and river waters.

Both the United States and Canada are behind the countries of Europe in the matter of the prevention of disease. Life's lengthening in Germany at the rate of twenty-seven years per century. In Massachusetts, the only American state with reliable statistics, life is lengthening at just half the rate in Germany altho natural conditions are much more favorable. According to Dr. Charles W. Stites, the United States is just seven times dirtier than Germany and ten times more unclean than Switzerland. If the cleansing process were carried thru, even to the extent that Germany has done, says Professor Fisher, at least fifteen years in one generation could be added to the average life span in the United States, by simply supplying the public with purer air, water and milk. The pressure of scientific belief based on incontrovertible evidence has created a national movement in the States for the establishment of a Federal Public Health Service, such as is now supported by the governments of France, Germany and other European nations. Reforms of this kind should not wait upon public agitation, when they are demonstrably advisable in the general interest. The mass of the people is inert on subjects that do not appeal to them individually and preventive methods are too much of an abstraction. But prevention can alone effectively overcome preventable disease.

A BLIGHTED "PLANT."

The Good Fellow Movement.

The Sunday World has inaugurated a new movement to spread a little sunshine around at the Christmas season. It is going to give every body a chance to do a little personal work and those who send their names to The World Good Fellow will be forwarded in due time, the address of one or more children of less favored people than themselves. It is suggested that in order to make this a real Christmas the individual Santa Claus should visit the home and ascertain at first hand in what manner he can lighten the hearts of the boy or girl given into his care for the time being. Many of our people who have already signified their intention of joining the movement propose to take full charge of the beneficiary, seeing that he gets what he needs most in the way of a present, a full dinner, and some form of entertainment down town. We believe that this way of spreading Christmas cheer will give infinitely more satisfaction than many of the ordinary methods now in vogue. It is the real personal touch.

Many have written commending the idea and offering to help. It need not stop the contributions to the regular organizations. They are all doing good work. The Sunday World's movement is merely supplemental. Help it along.

Tariff Reduction in United States

Business interests thruout the world, especially in the United States, will watch with interest the movements of the Democratic party which comes into power in the United States on the 4th of next March. Before going away on a vacation President-Elect Woodrow Wilson announced that he would call a special session of congress immediately after his inauguration to carry out the promises he and his party made previous to the election, for an equitable revision of the tariff.

It is not expected that Mr. Wilson proposes to make any radical changes in the tariff, but the business people of the United States have never been better prepared for a tariff revision than at present. Those interests have known for some time what was coming; even had the Republican party been returned to power it was a foregone conclusion that the moderate tariff wing of that party would prevail. Mr. Wilson had many supporters among the manufacturing classes who knew that there must be reductions in the event of his election.

The Philippines.

It is expected that the Democrats will early bring forth a measure providing for the independence of the Philippine Islands. At the last session of congress such a bill was offered and Governor Wilson favored it. If it pass congress it will receive the sanction of the majority of people in the United States as they regard the Philippine Islands as something of an incubus. There is widespread opposition to imperialism in the States, but outside of that the islands have been regarded as a bad business proposition and Uncle Sam is a business man before anything else.

Christmas Giving.

With only a month 'till Christmas the spirit of giving is abroad in the land. It would be satisfactory if all those who intend to increase the joy of living by making Christmas gifts were well endowed financially, but we fear that too promiscuous giving at this season may be a heavy drain upon the pocketbooks of a good many people. We have thousands of young girls, for instance, employed in department stores and offices, who earn barely sufficient to keep them in clothes, pay for their board and allow them a little pocket money. They are thinking probably of how they can return the favors that they will themselves receive. In an office where a dozen or more are employed the practice of swopping gifts at Yuletide has gone so far that many clerks are compelled to deny themselves many of the necessities of life. The exchange of neat, but inexpensive Christmas cards, which in the olden days was the vogue, would meet all the requirements of the ordinary individual.

Prevention of Typhoid Fever.

In a bulletin on sewage pollution of interstate and international waters, Dr. Allen T. McLaughlin, a United States investigator, makes some rather startling statements with regard to typhoid fever. The following comparison will cause a great many people who hold up their hands in horror at the ravages of the plague in India to consider that in Canada and the United States there are diseases which are as life-destroying:

"Over the whole of the United States the number of cases (typhoid fever) which were preventable by means within our grasp would probably reach 175,000 and deaths 50 avoided would total 16,500. In 1909 there were more cases of typhoid fever in the United States than cases of plague in India, in spite of the fact that India's population is two and one-half times greater."

He further points out that in four years in Russia there were 283,684 cases of Asiatic cholera, including the epidemic of 1910. During the same time 1,250,000 cases of typhoid fever occurred in the United States.

According to another authority typhoid fever is 80 per cent. preventable, but it kills 25,000 people in the United States every year and costs many times what it would cost to prevent it.

Surely this is a subject to which the minds of the medical fraternity should be directed. The pollution of our water and disposal of our sewage to prevent this disease should be the first concern of the health authorities of our city.

Technical Training.

Principal Saloan of the Nova Scotia Normal School proposes a remedy for the blight upon the maritime provinces which in the past has depleted the soil, ruined the fisheries, pawned the mines to the monopolists and left the producing class incapable of carrying on skilfully the staple industries. He has seen young people emigrate to lands less favored by nature, and in laying bare this condition of affairs he proposes that the remedy is technical education, vocational training and the diffusion among the people of knowledge that will enable them to reclaim resources that have been weakened and neglected. He says that ten million dollars a year expended in this way would within twenty years place the maritime provinces in the front of the nations in industry, efficiency and culture.

The Dominion Government has, we all know, appointed a commission to investigate the question of technical training. This commission has probed conditions in European countries, but has not yet reported. No doubt when the result of their investigation is known and their recommendations brought into effect we will have made a good start towards the improvement of which Prof. Saloan speaks. Germany, France and Denmark have created great wealth and stopped the dissipation of their natural resources by modern methods of technical training. The United States is moving slowly along the same lines and we in Canada have arrived at the point where we are disposed to copy the ideas of the older lands in this direction.

Shop Early.

Wise givers should accept the advice so freely tendered at this season of the year and "Shop Early." Early buying has many advantages. It affords a better opportunity for selection, and it relieves the tremendous strain which must be upon everyone of the thousands of clerks in the stores. Shopkeepers must convenience their customers by keeping open 'till late at night during the rush week, but if customers would accept this suggestion and get their buying over before the last few days there would be no necessity for the late hours and the clerks would derive more real enjoyment from their Christmas holiday.

CRUSTS & CRUMBS

BY

Albert Ernest Stafford.

I have one reader at all events who has appreciated the spirit of this effort to bring some of the "hidden things" to the everyday reader. It is not meant for scholars who have other resources, nor for any who are satisfied—I will not say with their own conceits—but with any system or form of thought which they find themselves allied with and see no reason to abandon. Thirty-five years ago I would have given much to learn the things I have learned since, which I try now to share with others who are in a plight similar to my own. My correspondent writes:—"I thank you sincerely for enlightening me as to the difference between reincarnation and metempsychosis. It is a common mistake to accept them in one's mind as one. My mind is now clear on the difference. I acknowledge my mistake, which is one of the hardest things in life to do, and tho not making excuses, for excuses are a sign of weakness, I will explain by telling you that my time is very limited. In fact I must steal the two hours in the twenty-four that I have to study in, and then must read just what my finances will allow. Then, too, I am working, working, working, toward a literary career, and you doubtless know what that means when a man has reached the age of thirty without even a public school education. So please accept my apologies." Of course no apologies are needed, and one can only wish all success to such a striver. If "Crusts and Crumbs" can be of any further service to him he is welcome to its assistance. And here I would remind him that the poor man's university, the Public Library, is wonderfully well equipped in Toronto, and the beautiful reading-room of the reference department on College street is the very place for such a student. And with regard to finances and literature, all the best books in the world are being published in "Everyman's Library," Cassell's "Popular Library" and other cheap series at 25 cents a volume and less. One a week soon makes a library.

I admit that such topics as we discuss in this corner are not often met in the ordinary library books, but every student finds what he wants if he be sufficiently in earnest. There is a strange magnetism of the soul which draws all things to it in the realm of knowledge, but most of us have "keepers" on our souls so that they can draw nothing, and perhaps barely conserve their own power for the future. But one must not work a metaphor too hard. The soul which is alert and active, freed from mental, intellectual or sentimental prejudice, will always certainly find what it needs. This is the testimony of the race as well as the promise of its greatest Teachers. "Seek and ye shall find. Ask and ye shall receive. Knock and it shall be opened unto you." One will ask how this is to be reconciled with the assertion that all real teaching comes from within. I can only say that the guidance and the guarantee come from within. Whatever is found without must be submitted to the inner test. And the outer-consciousness can only be harmonized with the inner by the development of the outer instrument; and it is to accomplish that development and to gain the consequent experience that the Word is made flesh, that the soul incarnates upon earth at all. Even to this day, when evolution has become a commonplace, scarcely anyone seems to know what it is that evolves. And few realize that there can be no evolution without a corresponding involution. Allen Upward in "The New Word" has told us a great deal about the whirl and the swirl, the coincident forces which make the universe what it is, macrocosm and microcosm. All the great things of the world come from within. All art and music and poetry and philosophy and religion come from the inner world of the heart; and all that is done in the outer world that brings light, or endures for a little while, has been dictated by the Master Soul within. "Alas!" cries the ancient scripture, "that all should bear the Master Soul within, and know it not!" The final test to which everything we seek or find or ask must be brought, is the test of the Master Soul—that which for evermore endures.

I get a good many letters. Here is another. "Editor: Crust and Crumbs: I think you ought to point out to your Toronto correspondent re the soul that an atom is an aggregation of a thousand and more smaller particles all possessing the same substance and properties as the parent form. If, then, the soul is an atom of the Supreme Being, it may be split up into a thousand or more smaller souls. You will readily see where this may lead to an absurdity. I prefer Spurzheim as an authority on the subject of the Soul. He says, 'Souls may be emanations from God or something essentially different.' Of course, Spurzheim really knew no more than any other thinker on the subject, but what he thought he knew he expressed very clearly." I think this correspondent is easily pleased if he is satisfied with Spurzheim's pronouncement on souls. What would he think of Spurzheim if that philosopher had said: "Sound may be the vibrations of matter or something essentially different." Very clear, is it not? He ought to be overwhelmed with the lucidity. Why is a philosopher allowed to talk rot and be honored, when a scientific man must deliver the goods or be canned? Excuse the slang. And what is all this about the atom? Twenty years ago my correspondent would have fought tooth and nail against his present description of an atom. He would have been willing then to split up his molecule to some extent, but his atom then was absolutely one and indivisible like the French Republic. It was in that twenty years old sense that my other correspondent used the word, I have no doubt, and most people, I fancy, so understood him. Our scientific men are less dogmatic than they were and will not even assert of the ion or the electron what they once asserted of the atom. They are face to face with the fact, so truly awful to some of them, that nothing material is permanent, that everything physical is in constant change; that the secret of the universe is an Eternal Becoming. "Our shadows fleet and vanish. Only the Self forevermore endures." The scientific man knows, if he be willing to admit it, that the only unchanging thing he knows of is his own sense of identity, his egoity, his individuality. Should he live to be a hundred still he can say "I am I!" In all the transmutations of the atoms how does he preserve his I-ness? On this point Spurzheim is a back number.

Nor can we get any real help from the atomizers of today. Even the scientific men cannot agree about atoms. The physicist wants one sort, the chemist another, the biologist something different. One wants a solid atom, hard and unyielding; another wants it elastic and resilient; one wants a force-vortex and another a material particle; one wants to endow it with intelligence and another would make it a blind plaything of unconscious forces. Science can only invent fairy tales about the atom. No wonder our correspondent who has probably been fed up on science, finds rest for his weary brain in Spurzheim's intellectual feat over the soul. "Souls may be emanations from God, or something essentially different." Maybe they are. You see Spurzheim was taking no chances. But as he died as far back as 1832 we must not be too hard on him. He may have foreseen the trouble the scientific men were going to have over the atom, and had the virtue not to fall into dogmatism. And at any rate if a thing isn't one thing it may be something else. One could almost start a new system of Euclid on axioms like that. But I'm glad my correspondent has taken Spurzheim rather than swallow a creed. You can chew on Spurzheim, but you couldn't swallow him. That's the difference between Spurzheim and a creed. You can swallow a creed, but it won't stand chewing. Well, poor Spurzheim has been dead these eighty years, and I'd advise my correspondent either to come down a little nearer modernity, or to go back a little farther into antiquity. I'd recommend Allan Upward's book aforesaid for the former, or Prof. Deussen's "Philosophy of the Vedanta," just published (translated by Charles Johnston), for the latter.

I am not going to recommend Spurzheim to my first correspondent, nor correct his views about atoms until the scientific men are agreed about what kind of atom they want. When the scientific men have agreed they will probably find themselves in disagreement with the mathematicians who require an entirely new kind of atom for their problems. I find the atom of the occultists meets the requirements of all the rest, and not having any scientific prejudices, I naturally use it as it is offered, as a working hypothesis. And similarly with the soul. Accept the idea as a working hypothesis and you need not be astonished to find that it works. That is the all-sufficient testimony. If a man tells me the road to go and I arrive at my destination by following the instructions it is nothing to me whether other people denounce him as a quack or an imposter or an infidel or an ignoramus. He has given me the information I needed. The hypothesis worked, and is no longer an hypothesis, but accepted science—knowledge. This is the strong hold that the hypothesis of immortality, manifested in repeated lives on earth thru ever-advancing experiences, with ever-developing faculties and ever-increasing wisdom, has for men groping in darkness until they find this golden thread in the labyrinth. And that is why reincarnation holds its place today in the science, the philosophy and religion of the world, and why in days to come our civilization will more and more be dominated by the ideals that arise out of its truth.

AFTER THE BALKAN WAR, WHAT? WILL ALLIES FIGHT OVER SPOILS?

Destruction of Ottoman Empire May Start General European Conflagration---Russia and Austria Principally Interested in Outcome.

By Henri Ferrer.

PARIS, Nov. 23.—During many decades the possibility of a war in the Balkans has been the nightmare of the statesmen and diplomats of Europe. This is only natural. A Balkan war is not an ordinary war. It is a war in which one of the most valuable strategical and economic positions in the world is fought for. Those great empire builders, the ancient Romans, knew well what they did when they transferred the capital of their world-empire from Rome to Constantinople. Constantinople is a town which, one may say, was destined by nature to be the capital of the old world.

A glance at the map shows the immense value of Constantinople. Constantinople lies close to the point where the three oldest and most-populated continents meet. It occupies a position which, in the hands of a stronger power, dominates not only the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, but also three great seas. The greatest trade route which connects Europe with Asia, which connects the Mediterranean with the Indian Ocean, passes almost in sight of the Constantinople position. From Constantinople the Suez Canal, which is crowded with the world's commerce, may quickly be reached and seized by a march overland. Besides, the narrows of Constantinople connect the Mediterranean with the Black Sea. The Black Sea is a wonderful inland sea of enormous size. It is a Russian Lake. Its area is far larger than that of the United Kingdom. It is surrounded by extremely fruitful districts which are very rich in minerals. The most densely populated and wealthiest provinces of Russia depend on the Black Sea for an outlet. The geographical position of Constantinople is without an equal.

Will It Stop There?

Many people are asking whether the present war will be confined to the Balkan Peninsula, whether the terrible bloodshed may be stopped by an early intervention of the powers, whether Great Britain will be involved in case the conflagration should spread across Europe.

Intervention can be undertaken either by several powers chiefly interested in the Balkans or by the united powers of Europe. Unfortunately neither the powers chiefly interested in the Balwans nor the powersof Europe in general are united, or are likely to be united, as soon as the question of Constantinople comes up for settlement. The fact that the powers of Europe are not united has been seen every time when joint diplomatic action was attempted in the Balkan Peninsula. The powers chiefly interested in the Balkan Peninsula are Russia and Austria-Hungary. In view of the great importance of the Black Sea, Russia cannot tolerate that Constantinople should fall into the hands of a possible or probable enemy. A power hostile to Russia possessing Constantinople can stop Russia's trade and can, besides, attack Russia in a most vulnerable spot. Russia does not desire to see the Crimean War repeated.

While Russia does not desire to see Constantinople fall into the hands of any power which might directly or indirectly prove hostile to her, Austria-Hungary also does not wish Constantinople to fall into the hands of a power with which she man conceivably be at war. The Danube, that wonderful river which is the principal trade artery of the Dual Monarchy, flows into the Black Sea. Austria is also interested in the freedom of the Black Sea trade and is loath to see that trade controlled by Russia, which she must consider as a possible enemy. Besides, she fears Russia's presence at Constantinople for strategical reasons.

A Composite State.

Austria-Hungary is a composite state. No fewer than sixteen different languages are spoken in the Monarchy. The majority of the inhabitants are of the slavonic race, but the country is ruled by Austro-Germans, and by the Hungarian Magyars, who have known how to hold the slavonic majority in subjection and to make it politically powerless. The slavs of Austria-Hungary are revolting against the conditions under which they live. They desire to dominate, and they are looking towards the slavs of Russia for assistance. Under these circumstances it is clear that it is in the interest of the ruling classes of Austria-Hungary that the slav nations should not become over-strong.

Russia has 170,000,000 inhabitants, and Austria-Hungary has only 52,000,000 inhabitants. The population of Russia increases by 3,000,000 a year, while that of Austria-Hungary increased by only 400,000 a year. Austria-Hungary is in danger of being swamped by a slavonic flood, and that danger is increased if Russia should succeed in enlarging her territory in Europe.

While Russia desires to possess Constantinople, which is in truth the key to her door, Austria-Hungary desires to possess Salonica, which would give an adequate outlet to her commerce. It is, therefore, conceivable that Russia and Austria-Hungary might agree that the one should be arranged for; other powers, particularly Italy, Germany and Rumania, would demand compensation. They would say to Russia and Austria-Hungary: "As your strength has been so greatly increased by your new acquisitions, it is only fair that we should receive some adequate advantages." Rumania and Austria-Hungary and Rumania and Germany are intimately connected by dynastic ties. The King of Rumania is a prince of the House of Hohenzollern. Rumania has hitherto supported Germany and Austria-Hungary, and she will probably continue to do so. Rumania's ambition is to regain Bessarabia, of which she was deprived by Russia after the last Russo-Turkish war. Italy desires to possess Albania. Germany will scarcely allow herself to be left out in the cold at a time when Russia and Austria-Hungary greatly increase their territory. How can the claims of Germany, Italy and Rumania be satisfied? It seems scarcely possible to give to these three countries adequate compensation without war. The partition of Turkey between Russia and Austria-Hungary, if it should prove practicable, would almost certainly lead to a European war.

Stave Off Evil Day.

As the partition of Turkey has hitherto proved impracticable, European diplomacy has endeavored to stave off the evil day by leaving the Turkish question unsolved, by propping up Turkey. War between Russia and Austria-Hungary for the control of Constantinople has been avoided in 1856 and in 1878 by the intervention of the powers which have placed defeated Turkey in a position of security, hoping that the Turks would seriously reform their administration. Their expectations have not been fulfilled. It is not likely that the Powers will set up Turkey once more. In the first place, Turkey's failure as an absolute and as a constitutional state has been too glaring to repeat the experiment. In the second place, the Christian Balkan states have become too powerful to make such an experiment possible. The great majority of the inhabitants of European Turkey are not Mohammedans, but Christians. They are Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks. The Greeks live chiefly near the Greek frontier, the Bulgarians near the Bulgarian frontier, the Servians near the Servian frontier. The people in the Christian Balkan states and their brethren across the Turkish frontier can no longer be kept apart by artificial frontiers. The Turkish Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks can, after the great victories which their brethren have won over the Turks, no longer be forced to submit to Turkish-Mohammedan misgovernment.

Want Problem Solved.

European diplomacy desires to see the Balkan problem solved, if that be possible. The larger part of European Turkey is certain to become free from Turkish rule. Very likely the four Balkan states will claim to retain the territories which they have conquered, and Europe cannot easily resist their wishes. Besides, Europe is not united. The "Concert of Powers" is a fiction. Austria-Hungary, fearing the Slavonic danger, has no desire to see the strength of Slavonic Bulgaria and Servia increased. She has no desire to see her way to Salonica blocked by the Slavonic Balkan States. She may, therefore, oppose the growth of the Balkan states. That is her traditional policy. Russia, on the other hand, has every desire to see the Slavonic Balkan states grow stronger and stronger. She would rather see Constantinople controlled by Slavonic Balkan states, which may be expected to be friendly to her, than by Austria-Hungary, backed by Germany.

At present neither Austria-Hungary nor Russia wishes to fight. The old Emperor of Austria-Hungary still controls the diplomacy of this country. He wishes to preserve peace, if possible. Russia, on the other hand, is still too much weakened to embark rashly in a great European war. Therefore, it seems possible that Russia and Austria-Hungary will agree to a great extension in the territories of the Balkan states, provided the two vital points, Salonika and Constantinople, are not endangered.

May Fight Over Booty.

In the event that the Balkan states should be allowed to cut up the bulk of European Turkey, the question arises whether they will not fall to fighting over the booty.

I have shown in the beginning the enormous value of the position of Constantinople to both Russia and Austria-Hungary. Unfortunately, Constantinople is coveted not only by Russia but by the Balkan states as well. The Greeks lay claim to Constantinople because it formerly was settled by Greeks. Besides, Greeks form a very large part of the population. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, aspire to become the leading Balkan nation, and they would like to see Constantinople become their capital. The question of Constantinople may bring disunion among the allies, but this is by no means the only question which may destroy their harmony.

Constantinople is probably the most valuable position in the world, and such a territory is not likely to change hands without a war or without several wars.

The concert of Europe will scarcely be able to settle the question of Constantinople. That question can apparently be settled only by the test of strength. More than one great European war may be required to decide the problem of Constantinople.

Great Britain is not directly concerned in a possible continental struggle, and she has no cause to interfere with the Balkan settlement until the course of events has become clear.

St. Augustine's Church.

The music at St. Augustine's Church (Parliament and Spruce streets) this evening, has been specially arranged with a view to including in the service a program of musical numbers of a particularly devotional character. Short evensong will first be sung, the service being F. L. Moir in D. and then the following numbers will be contributed by the choir and orchestra of the church under Mr. T. A. Reed's direction. Melody in G, West; flute solo, Mr. A. E. Semple; "Andante," Molique; anthems—(a) "Crossing the Bar," Dr. A. S. Vogt, (b) "The Souls of the Righteous," Gerard Barton; violin solo, Miss Irene Le Brun; "Cavatina," Raff; anthem, "Who is Like Unto Thee," Sullivan; 'cello solo, Mr. F. S. Watson; "Andante," Gottfried Mann; "Marche Solennelle," Gounod.

The roads of Afghanistan are being improved. The Ameer is a devotee of motoring.

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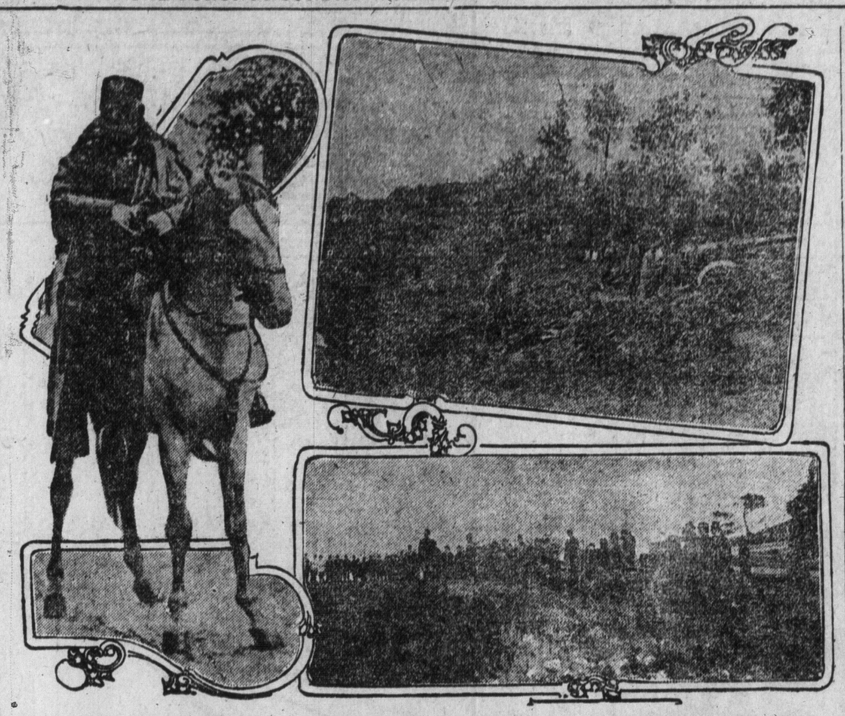

ON THE LEFT IS KING NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO. AT THE TOP, ON THE RIGHT, IS THE MONTENEGRIN ARTILLERY OF THE ALLIED ARMIES BOMBARDING MURITZAN. ON THE RIGHT, AT THE BOTTOM, IS A TYPICAL TURKISH FIELD BATTERY.

Health Talks

By a Layman

This column is started in the hope that anyone hitherto careless about health matters will glean some hints useful to him in fighting against disease. The first thing to consider in building up defences against sickness and decay is how to utilize the forces of nature to the best advantage. We all know that sunshine and fresh air are the most important of God-given elements in the destruction of germs. Therefore we should live and move about as much as possible in the open air. How precarious would be the profession of a medical man were we all to take full advantage of the benefits of sunshine and fresh air! The doctors thrive because 90 per cent. of the people do not use ordinary common sense in their habits of living. A sermon might be preached and platitudes echoed without number on the advantage of open air living. It is the little rules of life everybody knows to be necessary to our existence that are so often violated.

Those good people who are fighting the White Plague will tell you that the three principal causes of that dreaded malady are dust, dirt and dampness. In other words: Be clean; let sunshine into your home and fresh air enter by the windows and circulate freely, and a large proportion of the destruction caused by consumption will cease. Tuberculosis can be cured, there is now no doubt, but it is better to prevent disease than to have to fight it after it has taken hold. In the olden days when a young person fell a victim to the White Plague the panic-stricken family put the patient in an air-tight room and let him slowly die. It was the common belief that there was no cure but that the tenure of life could be prolonged by keeping the patient from the cold air. Today tuberculosis patients are put in the open air, summer and winter—they sleep there and the atmosphere is the principal healer of the diseased body. Medicine can only be an auxiliary—if he patient be carefully watched and nourished he soon responds to the new treatment. These are facts that are now admitted. It is not necessary to despair when once the germ fastens on the body, but the safest thing is to live so that the resistence of the body to disease will be strengthened. The way to thrive is to live in the open air as much as possible in summer and winter, to keep the house well aired, to drive out dust and dampness, and to cleanse the body regularly and thorely.

This is merely a beginning of a series of talks on this subject, but there are some hints here which will be useful if they are followed. Let them sink in.

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EVELYN SCOTNEY IS A WONDER

Australian Prima Donna Scores Great Success With Montreal Opera Company.

The music lovers of Montreal are in raptures over Evelyn Scotney, a young coloratura soprano who made her debut in the role of Gilda in Rigoletto with the Montreal Opera Company the other evening. The fame of Miss Scotney, who is an Australian by birth, had preceded her because of the triumphs that she won in this and similar roles with the Boston Grand Opera last season. So great was her success on her first appearance in Montreal ten days ago, that there was an immediate public demand for her re-appearance in the role of Gilda this week. Despite the fact that she was very nervous on her first appearance, The Montreal Star, which is essentially critical, said:

"At first hearing, however, it can at once be acknowledged that her voice has a resonant timbre of rare and singular beauty, especially in the upper register. Her coloratura work is superb. The notes ring out with a purity of bell-like tone, sweet, yet beautifully round and full, which immediately stamp her as the possessor of remarkable vocal ability.

"'Caro Nome' showed how easily Miss Scotney can surmount the difficulties of vocalization, her phrasing was excellent, and as the evening wore on she revealed more and more the scope of her powers.

"Miss Scotney possesses assets of enormous value in her profession. She has youth, beauty and a graceful carriage all in her favor. One is accustomed to hear Gilda rendered by exponents of the art of Bel Canto, whose marvellous vocal abilities are supposed to atone for their mature charms and ever increasing avoirdupois. But in this case there is no reason for the exercise of any imagination. In appearance and temperament Miss Scotney is well suited to the part. As to her future, there cannot be the slightest doubt about that for a moment. It is already assured. Experience will develop her acting. In the scene where Rigoletto passionately laments his daughter's disgrace, it was difficult to follow the workings of the young girl's mind. Here again, however, her singing won the day. The final note in the famous quartet and the concluding trio rang out as clear as crystal thru the auditorium and literally brought down the house."

It is interesting to note that Miss Scotney will be heard here when the company visits Toronto next February.

What is undoubtedly the oldest museum in the world is that at Nara, the former capital of Japan. The museum was established in 736 with a marvelous collection, comprising about 360 specimens, which are said to be the most beautiful specimens of decorative work which have ever been produced by human hand, such as lacquer ware, decorative furniture, enamel ware, cambric-like fabric, etc.

A Prima Donna Who Really Dances

A prima donna who really dances, is Miss Vinie Daly, who, coming to America from a brilliant success achieved in the role of Sperpolette in Oscar Hammerstein's production of "The Chimes of Normandy" in London, England, is to appear in the forthing spectacular revival presentation of the Planquette masterpiece by the Aborn Opera Comique Company. When it became noised along the Rialto lately that Miss Daly, who is a niece of the comedian, Dan Daly, had been engaged to head the stellar cast of the Aborn production, theatrical wiseacres affected to see in the Messrs. Aborn's selection another example of the far-sighted policy of the popular management. For not only had Miss Daly won laurels on the Italian grand opera stage, both on the continent and in England, under the stage name of Vera Vindali, but prior to her study and preparation for such important roles as Floria Tosca, Santuzza, Marguerite, Nedda and Mimi, she acquired an international reputation as a child dancer. The fact that she has met with greatest favor of European audiences in such dancing prima donna roles as Marta in D'Albert's "Tiefland" and "Carmen" was thought to have impelled the Messrs. Aborn to contract with her for a possible production of an opera of universal distinction requiring a singer skilled in the terpischorean art. It is understood that the Messrs. Aborn have recognized in her an artist to create the title role in a grand opera which one of the leading Italian composers is under contract to prepare for the American producers having as its heroine a dancing girl.

Canadian Singer in "Chimes of Normandy"

Miss Daisy Leon, who will be heard in the role of Germaine, "Chimes of Normandy," was born and reared in St. John, N. B. She has achieved success in the leading role of "The Three Twins" and other musical comedies, but this is her first appearance in the higher sphere of opera. Miss Leon was selected from more than fifty applicants for the role. It was because of her petite and winning personality coupled with a sweet voice, excellently schooled, that Miss Leon was engaged by the Messrs. Aborn to be associated with the stellar opera cast assembled for the big production of the Planquette masterpiece. Another fact which contributed to her fortune in being chosen to join the solo interpreters of the opera is an acting ability of no uncertain degree.

A Slave to Fashion.

A butcher in an Ohio town recently received from a friend in Florida a number of small alligators, which he proudly displayed in an aquarium at his place of business.

A customer came into the shop one afternoon and stood for some time gazing at the reptiles.

Having turned the matter over in his mind, the customer approached the butcher and exclaimed:

"I suppose a body might as well be dead as out of style. Gimme a couple of pounds of alligator!"—Judge.

The eRal Problem.

"Well, dear," said the young husband to his bride of a week, "I make out the deposit slip in your name and all you have to do is to take it to the bank."

"Yes," she responded, "but suppose I want to draw out some money some day, how will they know which is my money?"—Harper's Bazar.

It has been computed that 65,935,995 gallons of water were made use of last year in the washing and sprinkling of the streets of London.

In ancient times the hand of a suicide was separated from the arm by burning before burial.

In some parts of Switzerland a motor car must be preceded by a horseman.

St. Agnes' lighthouse in England has been closed and the light extinguished after 250 years of continuous service.

The invention of a Houston (Tex.) man contemplates the use of nitroglycerine as a power producer. The explosive has been used before in schemes like this, usually to the great sorrow of the relatives of the inventor, but the latest nitroglycerine motor is not designed for pure explosive, but for a solution of it in gasoline.

Kit's Correspondence

B. (Toronto).—Are you not more than a little prejudiced? You apparently find it difficult to pardon prosperity—just like many others. But why walk about with that eternal chip on your shoulder? Find fault? I should think you do—with everybody and thing. Suppose you take a look in the mirror. You will be surprised and pained at the ugly face you will see there.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER (Toronto.)—There is little that I can offer in the way of advice, friend. The case is a sad and rather hopeless one. However, if you will give me leave to present it here we might find a few people who would be interested. I will hold your letter in the hope of again hearing from you.

TIRED MOTHER (Toronto.)—Why, little woman, I think I understand. Among your brood you find one that seems entirely different—a nervous, fractious, "almost unlovable" child. Suppose we shelve that word "unlovable" and say "tiresome"? You will have to take this little chick apart and sit down to study this small personality—and then you will have to reach deep down into the very heart to find some slender thread upon which to hang your hope of changing the apparently warped and soured nature into one of strength and sweetness. I think you must have neglected (without intending it) this particular child. She is, you say, sullen, resentful, jealous and moody. No matter; there is always in every nature the "spot" to be reached. Harshness won't do in this case. To be stern will not answer, for that is just what such a nature expects and is ready to combat with all its strength. Real human love—that is what this little soul needs. Never yet has man, woman or child existed who could not be touched by human love and interest. But it must be real love—and, need I say this to you her mother? I am sure I need not. Let the other children have less petting and cossetting for a while, and single out little Beth for more attention. I do not mean candy-giving or anything of that sort, but take her about with you, give her little missions of importance, and tell her, at night in that last whispered word what a good little chick she has been and how dearly you love her. Try this; you will find this small human bud will unfold into a happy little flower.

OLD MAN'S WIFE (Toronto).—I think you can order the Irish socks from Belfast. The ones you want are those knit by the Donegal peasantry. They are pure wool, very warm and comfortable. I don't know if the McHugh firm is still in existence over there, but ages ago, my mother used to get men's long knickerbocker hose for her family from them. You should be able to get a dozen pairs of socks for about five dollars. Write to them—Messrs. McHugh, Limited, Belfast, Ireland. Let me know if you succeed.

Margaret Illington Coming.

Margaret Illington, in the absorbing and wholly unusual character of Maggie Schultz in Charles Kenyon's drama, "Kindling," will be the attraction at the Alexander Theatre week of December 9, under the management of Edward J. Bowes. "Kindling" is a play that requires exceptional acting for its success. In this respect the demand has been most faithfully filled. Supporting Miss Illington are such well-known players as Ida Lewis, Malcom Duncan, Byron Beasley, Florence Robinson, Frank Camp.

Eleanor Montell In a New Play

Talented Little Actress Coming to the Grand in "A Woman's Name."

Miss Eleanor Montell, who will be seen at the Grand next week in "A Woman's Name," bears the singular distinction of always having been a leading woman, since she entered upon the stage as a profession.

Perhaps is was because she is the daughter of Eugenie Blair that managers had confidence enough in her to place her at the head of a company. But Miss Montell does not think so. She is so much against traveling on her mother's reputation that at the beginning of this season she ordered her advance man to eliminate mention of this fact from all press notices. She says she will travel henceforth merely upon her own ability.

Miss Montell is hardly out of her "teens." Her father was Forest Robinson, an actor who made a name, and her step-father was Robert Downing, also known in the annals of the stage. Her grandmother was Ella Wren, an actress, and a good one. From her great-grandmother, Martha Montell, she takes the surname, by which she is known on the stage.

Miss Montell was reared in an atmosphere of the stage, although her mother never intended she should follow it. She read and heard Shakespeare and the classics as a child, and acting came to her as she grew into girlhood, as second nature.

The day fatal to her mother's intentions came once in Cleveland not a great many years ago. Miss Montell was in th theatre, where her mother was acting in stock, and there suddenly occurred a vacancy in a girl part, because of illness. Instantly Eleanor begged to go on. Her mother objected, and then, recalling the fascination the footlights had for her, at her daughter's age, she gave in.

Eleanor at that time was on a vacation from school. Such was her success in the part and her infatuation for acting, that she never went back to school. She followed the steps of her antecedents and went upon the stage.

Miss Montell starred in "The Dancing Girl," and had been seen here in "The Girl and The Judge," "Cameo Kirby," and last season she appeared at the Grand, and her impersonation of a Southern girl, the heroine of "At the Mercy of Tiberius," won her many admirers. She has a similar part in "A Woman's Name," playing the daughter of a Southern judge, who becomes entangled in the manipulations of high finance at Washington.

THE ROMANCE OF FOUR KINGS

At least, at the present moment they are monarchs of all they survey. How far the inharmonious concert of Europe may eventually restrict their vision remains to be revealed. Of the four kings shown here King Ferdinand, on the right, is a German by birth and King George of Greece, at the other end of the line, is a Dane. King Peter is, on the other hand, a Karageorgevitch, a dynasty of a century's standing; but the real claim to blue Balkan blood must be conceded to King Nicholas, whose Petrovitch ancestry stretches back to the days of the prince bishops of Montenegro. King Ferdinand has identified himself with his kingdom in a most marvelous manner, but for all that his father and mother were the Prince and Princess (Auguste) of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

COPELAND'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

THE WILL TO BE WELL

If you have consumption, you must FIGHT it. COPELAND'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION will help you win. Consumptives given over as hopeless cases by doctors and specialists have recovered with the assistance of its use. Read this, a true story sent in quite voluntarily by the writer:

Mr. W. R. Copeland.
511 Pape Ave., Toronto.

Dear Sir,—I have now taken five bottles of your Consumption Cure and can say that it has done me much good.—I feel better and stronger than I have been for years. I will be pleased to tell anyone what it has done for me.

Yours truly,
(Signed) MRS. W. J. MARTYN.
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These are not simple statements but—FACTS that can be substantiated by the testimony of many who have taken the medicine and have been greatly benefitted thereby, in this city and nearby towns in Ontario.

Don't be a doubter. This medicine is honest. If you are so unfortunate as to need it—it will do YOU good. Get a bottle today. Try it out, you will be encouraged with it as long as it is necessary. 78

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WILL MAKE 600,000 MOTOR CARS IN 1913

Output of American Manufacturers To Be Doubled, Predicts Trade Journal.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The tremendous output of the American manufacturers of pleasure cars, estimated by the best authorities at from 250,000 to 285,000 for 1912, pales into insignificance beside the figures for the 1913 output as gathered by The Automobile Trade Journal of Philadelphia, an authority in the automobile industry Statements received from 109 motor car manufacturers whose output for 1913 will be 564,650 pleasure cars show that if the expectations of the motor car manufacturers are realized there will be more than 600,000 cars built for 1913.

In addition to the 109 above mentioned there are 31 large factories and 37 small ones which did not announce the number of cars they purpose to make, and to these must also be added the electric pleasure cars. The following is a very conservative estimate of the 1913 output of pleasure cars:

109 manufacturers (figures furnished)	534,650
31 large manufacturers (estimated from last year)	40,000
37 small manufacturers (estimated from last year)	3,000
19 electric pleasure car manufacturers, estimated	20,000
Total	627,650

Some Figures.

There are many in the trade who will question the correctness of the estimate for 1913, but if the following table of the largest producers is carefully considered it will be seen that the increase is mainly acounted for among the largest factories, which are probably fully capable of producing the number of cars they have arranged to make. The list is as follows:

	1912.	1913.
Ford	75,000	200,000
Studebaker	40,000	50,000
Willys-Overland	25,000	40,000
R. C. H.	15,000	30,000
Buick	19,000	25,000
Cadillac	12,000	15,000
Hupp	10,000	15,000
Oakland	6,000	13,000
Regal	8,500	10,000
Metz	5,000	10,000
Little	....	10,000
Chalmers	7,500	8,500
Mitchell	5,000	8,000
Imperial	1,100	5,300
Jackson	5,000	5,000
Krit	5,000	5,000
Marathon	2,500	5,000
Paige-Detroit	2,000	5,000
Briggs-Detroiter	1,000	5,000
T. B. Jeffery Co.	3,500	4,500
Velie	2,200	3,500
Abbott	2,700	4,000
Carter Car	2,500	3,500
Moon	1,200	3,500
Lozier	1,500	3,300
Apperson	1,800	3,000
Cole	2,500	3,000
Lion	1,500	3,000
Pierce	3,000	3,000
Total	267,000	499,100

It may be that the manufacturers have overestimated their market, but past experience would seem to show that the market for low-priced cars is still far from glutted. Ample proof of this is the fact that there are very few low-priced cars on the second-hand market.

Another reason which has had considerable influence on the increase in the product of these low-priced cars is the fact that so many of them are being sold in foreign markets, and there is every indication that the foreign demand will increase as rapidly as the American demand.

These two facts, together with the universal prosperity everywhere apparent thruout this country, would seem to indicate that even this enormous increased output will be safely marketed.

England has several blind stenographers.

The coast line of England is 18,000 miles.

Pork eating in Paris is on the increase.

Europe's total area is 3,870,000 miles.

Fireworks were originally made and used by the ancient Chinese.

London's county council's tramways represent a system of 143 miles.

Amber is divided into 100 different kinds.

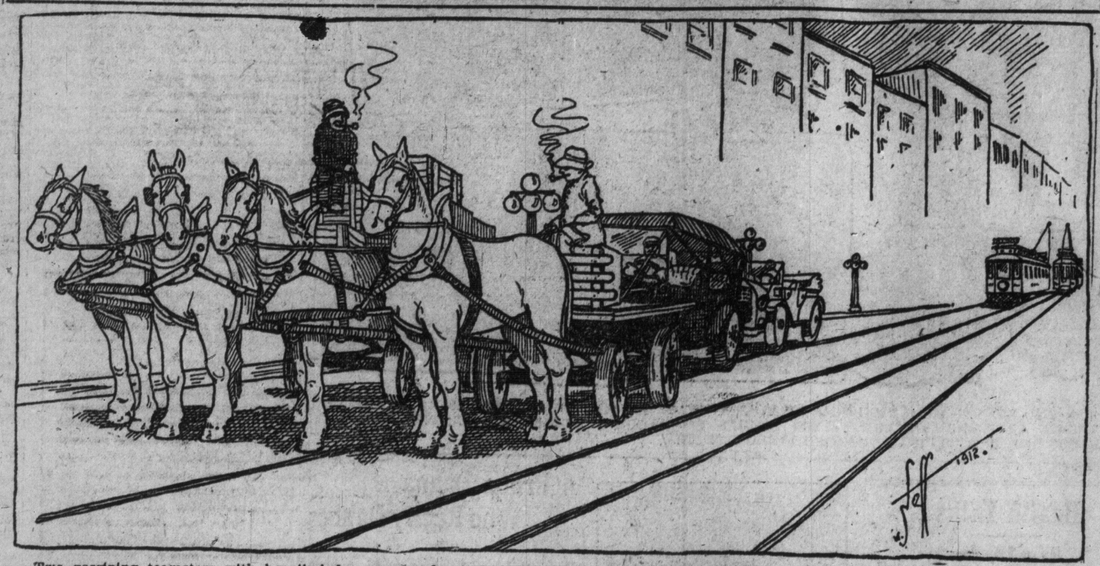
Constant use of hard water has an injurious effect on the finger nails.

September has in turn consisted of 16, 30, 31 and finally 30 days.

Aeronauts in China are known as the "sons of heaven."

An English machine makes rag hearth rugs at the rate of one a minute.

HOW TEAMSTERS BREAK TRFAFIC BYLAWS



Two gossiping teamsters with heavily-laden wagons drawn up alongside each other, thus blocking a large portion of the thorofare, is a common sight in Toronto. These men refuse to move out of the way of approaching traffic until the very last minute, thus delaying every vehicle on the road. They specially delight in blocking a motor car.

In the above illustration the artist has shown an occurrence of this kind on a street where there are street cars. If the motor, shown in the picture, was to swing round to the left and pass on the wrong car track he would probably be fined. The excuse that the teamsters were blocking the road would not be accepted.

If the police paid more attention to the regulation of horse traffic instead of watching motorists for possible offences, the number of street accidents would be considerably lessened.

A Road Carpet

A lecture was recently delivered by a member of the road board before the Royal Institution of London on "The Road, Past, Present and Future." The lecturer said the problem was to find the best mode by which a road should be constructed so that its surface would not be broken by traffic, so that the transit might be easier for both passengers and goods, a road which would neither form puddle holes nor create dust. One thing was universally recognized, that the road of the future should be a truly bound road in which, whatever kind of stone was used, the stone would be held together so that it would form a crust.

The lecturer suggested that what he called a carpet or an elastic skin should be adopted as the covering. The carpet, he thought, should be made of bituminous material, according to the nature of the traffic. It should go on in liquid form, solidifying quickly, but always remaining resilient and compressible, and so integrating with the crust of the road that there could be no shifting of the surface below no matter to what sort of weather it was subjected or how heavy the traffic was over the road.

The advantage of such a carpet would be to permanently protect the crust, and just as a carpet on the floor softens the step so would this carpet for the roads silence the noise and reduce the shock of rolling vehicles. It was admitted that the original cost of a road so laid would be more than that of a mud-bound road, but spreading the cost over a series of years it would probably not be so great, since the crust of the road itself would not have to be renewed.

SLIPPERY WINTER PAVEMENTS.

A great deal of thought and money has been spent on efforts to render the car safe in mud and on wet, slippery pavements that prevail so much during the Canadian winter.

Chains are, of course, effective but expensive in the way they wear tires. If used frequently chains are said to cut the life of a tire about in half.

Of non-skid tires there are many on the market and they differ in their effectiveness in about direct proportion to their numbers. Some of them meet all ordinary conditions with absolute safety to the occupants of the car and among these may be mentioned the Goodyear Non-Skid, whose special feature is the letting down of new diamond-shaped blocks to cling to the road as the centre blocks wear down with use.

The coin collection of the British Museum numbers 350,000 pieces.

British emigration is in the direction of Canada and Australia.

High Grade Auto Painting

The Largest and Best Equipped Paintshop in Canada.

YOUR CHOICE

That Exquisite Bright Lustre Finish—or, the New English Egg Shell Gloss.

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MOTOR SENSE

These are days of motor sense! There is not any desire to remove horse sense from that mental rostrum it has occupied for so long; but motor sense goes further, hence should supersede.

Motor sense is very much needed with the man who drives his own car and specially needed with the chauffeur who drives his employer's car.

Motor sense is best defined as being the ability to know the right thing to do at the right time, and doing it. Motor sense takes into consideration the driving of the car in so far as piloting it over the highway is concerned, but goes further and takes cognizance of the workings of the motor, the clutch and the other mechanical parts, together with care that should be given each when the car is in use, or, at least, the consideration that they deserve.

Motor sense is needed in driving. A few negatives will explain: The driver on the narrow roadway who, holding the middle of the road, approaches a horse vehicle which he wishes to pass, until a short distance from the horses, then quickly swerves to the side, frightening the horses and terrifying some of the horse-vehicle passengers, is certainly lacking in motor sense. He is apparently ignorant of the right thing to do and is qualifying in doing the wrong thing at the wrong time.

Proper shifting of gears in country driving calls for motor sense. Many car drivers forget, if they ever knew, that there is a range of maximum motor efficiency speed, be that range between 800 and 1,500 crankshaft revolutions per minute, or be it between 500 and 1,200. They overlook that it calls for judgment to insure that through the gamut of changing speeds from low to direct, due recognition must be given to this fact if the best speeds on the road are going to be had and the motor is not going to be unduly punished. When climbing grades they fail to get the motor speed on second gear into this range of efficiency before shifting into direct, the result being that the motor has to labor on direct and often the change has to be made back to second. The driver pays for his ignorance in dollars and cents. Motor sense would be much cheaper.

Motor sense is needed in manipulating the spark control when driving. Talk to forty different drivers and they all have a different theory; ride with them, and so often their theory fails in practice. Every motor is sensitive in this respect. One maker advises to maintain the same spark position on climbing grades, adding the caution to "keep the motor speed up"; another advises slower motor speed with a retarded spark; and another says "keep the spark up until pounding starts and then retard as necessary." The manipulation of the spark depends on the characteristics of the motor, which the driver must learn—the sooner the better. A small high-speed motor pulling a relatively heavy load must have its motor speed maintained on hills, and if the approach to the ascent will not permit of such, the driver should get back into second gear before beginning the ascent, thereby keeping the motor speed well up within its zone of efficiency. It is much easier on the motor to be operating at high speed within its zone than to be operating at low speed under its zone and laboring. It is the laboring that motor sense says to avoid. If the car will not make the climb on second, then change to low before the crankshaft speed gets out of the efficiency zone. Every road trip every day in the year has its examples of lack of motor sense in the matter of proper control of the motor speeds.

He is a dwarf who is barely able to get his car to crawl over the crest of the hill on direct and who lauds himself with "that was a fine climb"; and he is a Hercules who can drop to second at the foot, be in high before reaching the crest and who scales the highest point with his motor roaring well up in its scale of maximum speed efficiency.

But the scope of motor sense is broader: It takes recognition of proper brake application, proper slowing down for traffic and reasonable care of tires as well as car parts. The grand stand driver who rushes up to a theatre entrance, applies the brakes, skids the wheels and generally strains the car is possessed of motor sense in inverse proportion to his spectacular characteristics. He lets his motor race idly while tearing up his tires and transmitting a needless strain thru the transmission elements of his chassis. He is apparently void of motor sense. A rational use of the throttle would have been preferable.

Motor sense is needed in tires—very much so. There are thousands who have apparently exorcised it. They buy tires on a 3500-mile adjustment period, and have them ruined at 2000 miles. The tire expert gives but a second, and, with his omnipresent motor-tire sense, tells of under-inflation and over-loads. Instead of 75 pounds inflation pressure, there has been 40; instead of 90, there has been 55; Instead of four adults in the car, there have been seven; instead of smooth asphalt, there has been the stony country road; instead of the smooth hill, there has been the hillside filled with ruts. The driver has known only one thing—the capacity of the motor. It has been 15 miles with two people on the city pavement, and 35 miles with five people on the rutted hill or the stony highway. The 40-pounds inflation has been the same all thru. Sometimes the owner pays, often the tire man. Motor sense is the remedy.

Motor sense is a full brother to "stitch in time." The new car owner should look over every chassis part periodically to see what troubles are exhibiting symptoms, and have a few remedies prescribed. This will discover loose chassis nuts, loose grease cups, loose spring clips, slack fan belts, vibrating lamp brackets, poor clutch adjustments, poorly adjusted brakes, loose door fasteners, and many other parts. He should consult his dealer to see if he is giving that attention that is necessary. In this way 5 minutes will do more today than $25 a month hence. Develop motor sense, and not only the erring one but the public as well will profit by the results that will be obtained by this development.—Motor Age.

Autos in United States

According to a compilation made by Automobile from official and semi-official data, there were registered in the United States on October 1 almost a million automobiles—to be exact, 990,738. These 990,738 automobiles had a total value of $1,118,885,600, figuring the average price of each car as $1200, and the aggregate registration fees paid on all these cars totaled $5,229,459.65. The same trade paper covers in an interesting way the volume of automobile manufacture in one country and the distribution of the industry thruout the country. According to this tabulation, it appears that the motor industry has grown as follows in ten years:

	Cars built.	Increase over preceding year. No of cars.	P.C.
1903	9,000	.....	.....
1904	12,000	3,000	33.33
1905	22,500	10,000	83.96
1906	30,000	7,500	33.33
1907	39,000	9,000	30.00
1908	50,000	11,000	28.67
1909	108,000	58,000	116.30
1910	173,000	65,000	60.25
1911	200,000	27,000	15.62
1912	340,000	140,000	41.20

Big Truck Year

"From general indications this will be a big selling year for motor trucks," says Henry S. Houpt, the Alco general manager, who has just completed a trip thru the Middle West and Canada.

"There is a general wave of prosperity thruout the country," continues Mr. Houpt. "This year's crops are a record maker and the farmers' bins are bulging. The steel mills which have been able to obtain the raw material are working night and day. There have never been as many orders on their books as now. This company itself has never before had as many orders entered for locomotives as it now has. The Interstate Commerce Commission is daily warning the manufacturers against a shortage in freight cars.

"Delivering these goods to the ultimate consumer is going to be a large factor. The motor truck will play an important part in the hauling of these goods.

"In glancing over sales reports for the month, it is found that large manufacturers all over the country are preparing themselves for this rush by buying motor trucks.

"Among the largest concerns which have ordered trucks from us and thus protected themselves against the slowness of horse delivery are the Standard Oil Co., Morris & Co., the big packers, the New England Coal and Coke Co., the Old Colony Brewing Co., of Boston; Kohler & Campbell of New York, one of the largest piano manufacturers in the United States; the Swift Canadian Company, Harrison Brothers & Co., the well-known paint house, and others.

"It is interesting to note that all of these concerns have used motor trucks for over a year. That they are buying more trucks instead of horses to take care of the business rush is an evidence of the superiority of the motor truck over the horse."

Immense Meteorite Buried Deep in Earth

Coon Butte in Arizona contains a vast crater 4000 feet in diameter and 600 feet deep, that is believed to have been formed by the impact of a colossal meteor. Hundreds of pounds of meteoric iron have been found scattered over the surrounding country, and there are countless pieces of iron and bits of meteoric material to be seen on the floor and sloping sides of the crater. Prof. Elihu Thomson has estimated that between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 tons of earth and rock were displaced when the great crater was formed, and that the meteorite must have weighed at least 10,000,000 tons. Prof. Thomson believes that it entered the surface of the earth at an oblique angle, and that new soundings at the south and southwest sides of the crater may reveal the original mass. The discovery would not only settle a much-discussed problem, but would be profitable commercially, because, like every large meteorite, this one probably contains large quantities of iron, nickel, platinum and diamonds.

PEERLESS—SERVICE.

Just what the "service" given by the maker of a high grade motor car to his customer amounts to was illustrated in New York not long ago, when a purchaser of a 1913 Peerless "60-Six" was about to sail for Europe.

The big car was hoisted by a derrick and swung over the deck. The fastenings suddenly let go and the big machine fell forty feet into the hold. Naturally some repairs were necessary, and as the ship was just about to sail, it looked as tho the owner would be seriously inconvenienced.

But a telephone call to the Peerless Motor Car Company of New York brought to the dock in fifteen minutes another "60-Six" which was being used as a demonstrator. So the purchaser took with him an exact duplicate of his car and two weeks later was motoring up the Alps as though nothing had happened.

Sunday World Garage Directory

DOMINION AUTOMOBILE CO., Limited
COR. BAY and TEMPERANCE STREETS, TORONTO
Distributors for Peerless, Stevens-Duryea, Napier and Hudson Automobiles—Peerless and Auto-Car Trucks.

STEPNEY WHEELS and TIRES
VULCANIZING A SPECIALTY
THE STEPNEY MOTOR WHEEL of Canada, Limited
130-132 King Street East, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILES FOR HIRE
Storing, Repairing and a full line of supplies at lowest prices.
Ontario Agents for the ABBOTT-DETROIT
CENTRAL GARAGE AND SUPPLY COMPANY
Temporary Garage and Showrooms, 269 King Street West. Tel. Adel. 17.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICKS & FIATS
CORNER CHURCH and RICHMOND STREETS
PHONE MAIN 7810. TORONTO.
Garaging, Accessories, Repairs and Sales Rooms.
Also: Hamilton, Bay St.; London, Richmond St.; Peterboro and Belleville. Factory at Oshawa.

ROSS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Limited
REGAL MOTOR CARS
TIRES AND ACCESSORIES OFE VERY DESCRIPTION
132 & 134 Simcoe Street, Toronto

THE COLLEGE GARAGE
466 BATHURST STREET
ABBOTT-DETROIT CARS
SUPPLIES AND REPAIRS . . . . . PHONE COLL. 1044

CONSOLIDATED MOTORS LIMITED
GARAGE & SHOWROOMS, MIANTENANCE & SERVICE DEPT
112—116 RICHMOND STREET WEST MAIN 2239
PLEASURE CARS, ACCESSORIES, COMMERCIAL MOTORS

—A-U-T-O-M-O-B-I-L-E-S—
If You Wish to Buy or Sell a Used Car
CALL AND SEE US. 253 HURON STREET

THE FRANCO CANADIAN WELDING CO.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF QUICK REPAIRS OF BROKEN CASTINGS, etc.
Iron, Brass, Bronze, Aluminum, etc., by
AUTOGENOUS WELDING
(Oxy-Acetylene Process)
We employ only expert operators qualified on automobile work.
831 Yonge St. Opposite Edward St. Telephone Adelaide 198. Toronto

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS for the MOON MOTOR CAR
SEE THE CLINTON TRUCKS
Automobile Sales Company, Limited,
Accessories and Repairs 75-77 Queen St. West, Phone Adelaide 2883 Toronto.

MOTORING FADS AND FANCIES

Very serviceable and warm are the double-faced tweed coats, mixture on the outside and plain color on the reverse. They are cut in the long straight model, having the kimono sleeves extending to the hip, but close fitting at the hand. They are finished with big horn buttons.

Among the tea baskets offered for crisp weather use perhaps the drop front willow is most convenient, as it has stowaway compartments for kettle, tea caddy, sugar, lemon and accessories under the china tray and also a space for the alcohol lamp.

As the season advances the single robes with foot muffs are shown in fur, leather faced cloth and in plain leather. They do not differ materially from those of last season.

Nested drinking cups, four or six in a case, come in several different wares and shapes, and are convenient additions to the luncheon hamper.

Germany has contributed a new wool hood which is of sensible shape, warm and durable. It comes in all the good shades and will be very comfortable in severe weather.

Angora mufflers are prettier than ever this fall. The white ones with the broad stripes at the ends in old blue, willow green and old rose are perhaps the leaders, though many persons prefer the more sombre colorings. They are all finished with deep soft fringe.

An odd hat in African shape has the visor back and front and is of white velvet faced with black velvet, with black velvet band and bow at the side. Under the back visor is a shirred silk dust cap that protects the hair. A straight scarf veil is worn with it.

In the first showing of fur hats there is an oddity in the shape of a wrinkled. It is of black coney fur and has a soft rolling brim.

Once f the coziest fur garments is a full length coat in straight model, finished at the neck with a scarf or throw of moleskin. It is lined with Persian brocade and has large moleskin buttons.

Soft, round leather toilet bags seem to be very popular. They open out flat like a work bag, the fittings being in little compartments all around the edge. In the centre is an oilskin lined bag for the rubber sponge.

Crochet silk scarfs finished at the ends with long silk tassels are in single face of one shade or double face of two shades. They seem exceedingly popular and are easily dry cleaned or washed to free them from traveling dust.

One of the pretty new box toilet cases has a drop front to hold the manicure set and at the back an oval swinging mirror. The mirror is quite large enough for all ordinary uses and is a great comfort to the tourist.

There is a new box toilet case for men which resembles a doctor's emergency case. It is completely fitted and has the mirror in the top of the case.

STRANGE FEATS WITH THE HAIR

German Woman Has Very Strong Scalp — Withstands Heavy Pull.

Frau Langer calls herself a hair athlete. She claims to have the strongest hair in the world. At a variety theatre in Berlin sheh as been recently astonishing the spectators by the extraordinary feats she performs with her hair. Among these is one in which her husband, a man of medium size and weight, slings a hammock between a tree and her hair, lies down in it and swings at his ease. Women who know how it hurts to have their hair pulled will understand what a tough scalp she must have to be able to bear such a strain upon it. Another of her feats is to place her little girl in a swing, tie this to her hair and let her swing to and fro. She has acquired this unusual strength in her hair by many years of constant practice. There is nothing astonishing about the strength of Frau Langer's hair; what is extraordinary is the strength of her scalp. For human hair is, for its thickness, one of the strongest materials known. This German lady has drilled her scalp to resist a pull that would tear the ordinary woman's hair out by the roots.

The Deadly Parallel.

"There's no doubt about my getting in," said the newly-arrived shade to St. Peter. "Here's a newspaper clipping of the eulogy the minister delivered at my funeral."

"Take this," returned St. Peter, handing the clipping to the recording angel, "and compare it with his past performances."—Lippincott's.

MOTOR BOATING

BIG LONDON MOTOR SHOW

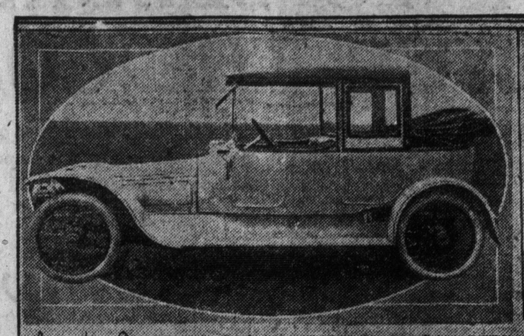
Exhibition at Olympia Largest Yet.

London, Nov. 22.—Whatever may have been written of the automobile shows of the past, whether held in this country or across the Channel, it is certain that the present Olympia Automobile Exhibition will prove the world's largest trade exhibition. It presents a record number of exhibitors ---three hundred and fifty-three, all told---and no less a sum than a quarter of a million pounds sterling is represented in motor cars alone. It is the eleventh of the series of shows so successfully organized by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders in conjunction with the Royal Automobile Club. Habitues of former exhibitions will, upon entering the building, notice a striking change in the grouping of the exhibits. For the first time the tire manufacturing firms will be found on the ground floor, the whole of the gallery being left to the exhibitors of accessories and component parts. British, French, German, Belgian, Austrian, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and American automobile products of one sort or another will find shelter under the broad sweep of the big glass roof at West Kensington. In order to accommodate as many exhibitors as possible, the space for stands has been considerably reduced thruout, which has had the effect of largely lessening the number of show cases to be exhibited. Many makers who in the past have been proud to show their chassis find themselves obliged to relinquish the practice, for the reason that today, in so many cases, bodies sell cars. This is very largely ascribable to feminine influence---for lovely woman will always pronounce in favor of the smart, taking, luxurious body, with little or no reference to the vital mechanism beneath. That is the reason, also, for the growing popularity of the great body builders' stands, which today attract almost equally with those of the leading car manufacturers.

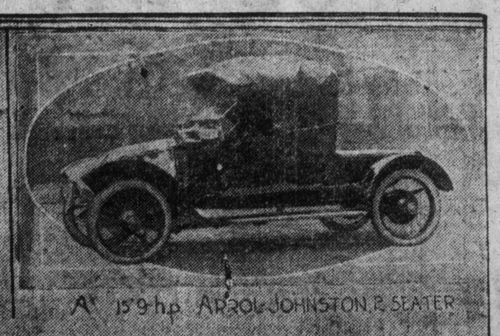
Mechanical Design.

In mechanical design we must look to find an increase in en bloc engines, the growth of true forced lubrication, and of the motor unit system, where crank chamber, fly wheel pit, and gear box are all bolted up together to better alignment. Self starting devices will be found considerably in evidence, most of the contrivances being operated by compressed air in one way or another. Several electrical devices, however, are in the field; but purely mechanical arrangements are not numerous. There is, apparently, no promise of an engine sensation, such as was occasioned by the first exhibition of the Knight or the single-sleeve Argyll. Little or nothing is heard of spring wheels. There is sure to be the usual crop of accessory novelties; indeed, the motorist seems never to tire of encouraging the output of fresh notions calculated to make smooth his path before him.

SOME 1913 ENGLISH MODELS SEEN AT THE LONDON OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW



A 25-hp SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX WITH SPECIAL LANDAULETTE



A 15·9 hp ARROL-JOHNSTON R SEATER

THE 30-80-hp METALLURGIQUE WITH VAN DEN PLAS LIMOUSINE

THE 38-hp SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE

Reorganization of R.C.H. Corporation

J. F. Hartz, president of the J. F. Hartz Co., and officer and director of various other leading Detroit business concerns, was chosen general manager and treasurer of the R-C-H Corporation at a meeting of the directors held November 8. Other officers for the coming year are:

President—R. C. Hupp.
Vice-president—C. P. Sieder.
Secretary—L. G. Hupp.
Assistant general manager---F. R. Bump.

The directors are G. W. Rogers and J. G. Robertson, of Akron; C. G. McCutchin, of Jackson, Mich.; J. F. Hartz, John Kelsey, C. P. Sieder, F. M. Randall, J. H. Clarke and R. C. Hupp, of Detroit.

The active management rests with an executive committee of five, composed of Messrs Hartz, Kelsey, Randall, McCutchin and Hupp.

The assuming of the reins of management by Mr. Hartz brings actively into the industry one of Detroit's most successful business men. About thirty years ago Mr. Hartz entered the commercial field as organizer of the company which bears his name, and has made it a remarkable success. He is also president of the J. F. Hartz Co., Ltd., of Toronto, Canada, and the H. H. Hester Co., of Cleveland, allied firms of the local concern. Mr. Hartz became actively associated with the automobile business four years ago, when he organized the C. M. Hall Lamp Co., a firm which has rapidly grown to be a leader in its line. He is also vice-president of the Williams Brothers Co., director of the C. W. Warren Co., publisher of the Detroit Medical Journal and director of the Detroit Times Co.

R. C. Hupp, from whose initials the car takes its name, takes national rank in the automobile industry, having been actively engaged in the manufacture of cars for the past fifteen years with firms building some of the best known and most successful cars on the market.

C. P. Sieder, as president of the Sieder Manufacturing Co., has taken a place with Detroit's most successful men of business.

L. G. Hupp has been secretary of the corporation since its inception.

F. R. Bump, who as assistant general manager in charge of sales for the R-C-H Corporation, has, during the first year, built up a remrakably strong sales organization, now becomes assistant general manager. To Mr. Bump's ability as an organizer is due a large share of the success of the R-C-H, his force having set an automobile sales recrod in selling nearly 7,000 cars the first year the R-C-H was on the market. Before joining the R-C-H, Mr. Bump was sales manager for the H. H. Franklin Co., of Syracuse. In his new capacity Mr. Bump will have his field of activity greatly increased, extending over both the distribution and production departments.

Reports presented at the meeting brought out the remarkable fact that during its first year the R-C-H Corporation marketed approximately 7,000 cars, and that at the present time 16,500 cars had been contracted for by dealers in America and foreign countries for delivery during the season.

One of the most interesting features of the year's business was the splendid export business, over 1,000 cars having been sold abroad in 41 foreign countries. From contracts already entered into abroad, between 3,000 and 4,000 cars will be required for export alone during the next twelve months.

The R-C-H plant located in Fairview district consists of a completely equipped foundry, forge, machine shop, paint shop, assembly buildings, large power house, administration and other buildings. It has a capacity of sixty cars per day, and during the heavy output season gives employment to 1,600 men.

The corporation maintains branches in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Atlanta, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit, and Walkerville, Canada.

DECLINE OF LEECH TRADE IN FRANCE

Poor Peasant Created Enormous Business—Drove Old Horses Into Marshes.

Less than a half century ago there were in Paris alone ten wholesale dealers in leeches, each of whom sold between 300,000 and 400,000 monthly, and for which they received on an average $50 per thousand. Today, says a writer in the Medical Brief, there is only one dealer in leeches in the French capital, and he gets between $1.30 and $1.40 per hundred for them His name is Leya, and he handles about 130,000 per month, his best market being the United States. He has sometimes half a million leeches in stock.

In fromer times the Paris poor law administration purchased $16,000 worth a year; this was in the '30s and '40s of the nineteenth century; the administration now finds itself amply supplied with $40 worth annually.

The great breeding ground for French leeches was the marshes around Bordeaux. A poor peasant named Bechade was the creater of the industry. He rented a tract of marsh land for about $60, and this, when properly stocked with leeches, become worth $5000.

Bechade collected the leeches by buying all the worn-out horses he could get hold of and driving them into the marshes five or six times a month, especially in April, May, June, October and November. Bechade's business flourished and he left a large fortune when he died.

After a while the French leech trade was ruined, not only on account of the great decline in the demand, but on account of the accessibility of other sources of supply brought about by the improved facilities of transport, fast trains bringing them in a short time from Turkey, Bohemia and Dalmatia, and to a more limited extent from Algeria and Russia.

The invention of a Houston (Tex.) man contemplates the use of nitroglycerin as a power-producer. The explosive has been used before in schemes like this, usually to the great sorrow of the relatives of the inventor, but the latest nitroglycerin motor is not designed for pure explosive, but for a solution of it in gasoline.

On Big Creek, 275 miles from Los Angeles, a large hydro-electric plant is now being built. Current from this plant will be conducted to Los Angeles at a voltage of between 150,000 and 175,000. The gradual increase of voltage use don transmission lines in California is due to the low hydroscopic condition of the atmosphere. It is predicted that before long voltages of 200,000 and 250,000 may be employed.

NEW LANDAULETTE BODY FOR SALE

We have just finished, ready for immediate delivery, a beautiful aluminum Landaulette body of latest design, luxurious upholstering, superior finish; will fit any chassis from 110 to 126 inch wheelbase.

THE CONBOY CARRIAGE CO. Queen E. & Don TORONTO

Simplified Spelling Reform

Editor, Sunday World: In an editorial under the title "A Master of English," appeared in last week's issue a notice of the life, work and death of the late Prof. Skeat. "He recognized," said the writer, "that the English language is a living thing, and like all other things, subject to the laws of growth and change."

Surely from the dead, the reverend professor speaketh, and we should do well to consider this law of life which involves change and phonetic decay, and inquire whether the English language is, if not dead at least moribund, and awaiting only the attacks of phoneticians and spelling reformers to extinguish the last sparks of life. Humanus est errare! It is a pity that the biographer should not have omitted reference to the unfortunate pamphlet of 1908, which contains statements that are historically and scientifically untrue, such as "Writing was invented for the purpose of representing sound, and is useful only so far as it does so!" "The sole true judge is the ear," etc. Surely the veriest tyro in history knows that writing was invented for the purpose of representing sense, or meaning, and that its genesis was hieroglyphical, its development idiographical, and its association with sound an accidental one, or an after thought, and this association is even now only a partial one and not a necessary physiological function of the brain which directs the hand to form symbols for the silent reading animal called man. The ear is a most imperfect organ as is proved by the great chapter of human misunderstanding, to which everyone adds daily and hourly in his own experience. How is it that English visitors to Toronto hear the street car conductor say "Regiment" when he passes a street where is inscribed in clear characters Richmond, and instead of alighting go on in a vain hope of reaching Richmond street? Why? We answer: Because speech sounds, are of all intellectual phenomena the most unreliable, the most evanescent, the most changeable, the most subject to passing fashion, and therefore the most unfit to define thought, especially in a commercial and scientific age. What I have written I have written, said Pilate on a memorable occasion, not what I have spoken I have spoken. The statement that language grows by speech sounds is not true. Sir James Murray remarks in the preface to the New English Dictionary, that when he writes to the inventor of a new word for information as to its pronunciation, he gets for answer that the inventor has never pronounced it himself, and does not know whether it be pronounceable or no, and will Sir James Murray decide the matter as he chooses, he himself having invented the word because of its etymological significance and propriety, without any reference to its sound.

If writing is merely visible speech, "and is only useful as far as it is so," how does it come about that a written document is received as evidence, altho it has never been, and which may never be translated into human speech sounds. Thousands of books have been written which have never been read aloud, and every day millions of newspapers are perused by sight silently, and without excitation of the auditory nerves, and vocal organs. Thoughts that are worth preserving cannot be enshrined in the ever shifting sands of phonography, but are inscribed on everlasting monuments in invariable idiographic symbols. Phonography ceases to be readable to the writer a few days or even a few hours after it is written. The professional stenographer reads idiographically by sight, and silently.

The invariable international words such as philosophy, science, nation, armistice virtue, humanity, form the basis of modern civilization, and to preserve these invaluable idiographs for the use of humanity were well worth the sacrifice of a lifetime; it was therefore with horror and amazement that on Jan. 28, 1911, we heard from the platform of University College, London, Eng., with the reverend professor's authority the memorable words: They must go! The international words must go.

In order to preserve the solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon race by the use of an invariable system of idiography for all time, and in all places, we have sacrificed millions of dollars annually, and three years of the educational life of every child, and we think the time and the money well spent in such a cause. By the agency of the printing press we have spread this medium of written intercommunication to the uttermost parts of the earth for the use of humanity, and we have confided this sacred trust to the universities that it may be handed down intact from one generation to another as enforcing the only one action which the English-speaking races perform in common. We neither eat, drink, clothe ourselves, travel, dance, think, wish, hope or believe, and certainly do not speak alike, but we all do spell alike. Is it any wonder then that the common sense of the public refuses to consider seriously that "Appendix to Babel," which is so often forced upon its notice by the Phonetic Iconoclast?

"Deliver us from the tyranny of the printer;" is the cry that goes up from a polyglot community seeking to render itself articulate and mutually understandable, it is repeated by overworked masters and students, teachers and children, authors and readers alike, but writing and printing are graphic arts, and to allow these to be tampered with by men who cannot draw, who have no graphical instinct and no practical acquaintance with the laws of graphics or of graphical representation of thought is the ne plus ultra of absurdity. The Phonetic Man, or individual with elongated ears and rudimentary eyes, who gains all his ideas by hearing, and orients himself in his natural surroundings by his ears, is a species of the human race, which even in this telephonic age has not yet come into existence and we are not ready to welcome the nine new alphabetical letters with which Dr. Graham Bell threatens us, nor his proposal to render compulsory the teaching and practice of two forms of English—the traditional and the phonetic.

The errors which the printer makes, let the printer correct! He has made no improvement in his art for four centuries, and with vastly improved mechanical apparatus has introduced not one single reform with the sole exception of the omission of the long (s) since he adopted, for economical reasons, the Roman type. In these days of linotype and monotype machines these economical reasons should no longer control him, and the right to express meaning should be restored to the hand of man from which it was wrested by the usurpation of the punch maker. It may not be known to the readers of this journal that there exists a system by which the alphabetical key to the English print is brought up to date without interfering with the spelling or general look of the printed page. The method is called orthotype and it is the only notation in the world which has been accepted by the patent authorities. The Rev. St. Clair Tisdall, P.D., himself an Oriental scholar of no mean reputation, remarks: "I am convinced that the system of orthotype needs only to be known to achieve a great success and to be regarded as one of the most valuable inventions of modern times." It is supported by scientists such as Sir Norman Lockyer; professors such as the masters of Christ's College and Trinity College, Cambridge, the educational advisers of the London County Council, headmasters of important educational establishments such as the Haberdashers' School in North London, England. The problem of "how to teach international English" can easily be solved in the Province of Ontario by introducing orthotype reading books into the bilingual schools.

The notation can be learnt in four minutes and requires no explanation. The misleading letters a, e, i, o, u, y, and all their irregular combinations, disappear under the pointer of the pupil who reads the eight simple geometrical marks above them. These are taught to the children on their fingers in play at the age of three and thus they become a function of the brain. The use of the straight line in three positions four segments of the circle and the dot is all that is needed to indicate the position of the vocal organs and to render the traditional print absolutely phonetic. The inventor of orthotype is at present in Toronto urging the department of education to adopt these books in the bilingual schools. Professor Alexander of Toronto University, has remarked that however carefully a child is taught to read out loud his mother tongue, as soon as he recognizes the word as one in constant use around him it is very difficult to prevent him from pronouncing it in the manner, right or wrong, in which he hears it pronounced in his home. This is unfortunately too true and for this reason the study of pronunciation rather than phonetics should be the care of the teacher and the formation of correct vocal habits while the child is learning to speak, and this art of articulation is acquired far more quickly and better in a foreign, than in a native tongue. For this reason, every child in the British Empire should learn the pronunciation of at least one foreign language, at an early age when sound rather than sense is extremely attractive and while Mother Nature is teaching the boy to imitate the cries of animals and the language of cocks and hens in the poultry yard, without the aid of a phonetic notation.

The increased flexibility of the vocal organs, thus acquired, will facilitate the learning of any foreign language which the student in later life may have occasion to practise.

There is no advantage to be gained in forcing the child to repeat in school the twaddle of the home, either in his own or any other language, but he will reap a great advantage in becoming at an early age familiar with the language of classical literature and the proverbs stories and fables which form its basis and explain its meaning. It is impossible to insist except in infancy upon the constant repetition of fundamental truths in the native tongue, they become monotonous and tiresome as they become familiar, but the ever-increasing facility of pronunciation in a foreign tongue (renders every repetition a step in advance and a development of the vocal organs) which lends a charm to the study and a feeling of progress inspiring to the student and at the same time the subject of the repetition is indelibly imprinted upon the brain for future use.

The orthotype notation was invented for the purpose of preparing Italian men for emigration to America. Immediately on arriving at their destination, these all obtained lucrative employment in the Italian quarter by means of their equipment in the English language which they had studied barely three months, while the traditional methods of teaching foreign languages had entirely failed to produce any effect but the usual response: "It is impossible to learn English; they spell it R, O, M, A, and they call it Napoli.'"

The pressing need for a reformed educational notation was recognized by Mr. Gladstone, who remarked that the English print made us a laughing stock on the continent, while Sir Bulwer Lytton insisted that it was an "invention of the devil."

It is high time, therefore, that our educational authorities should bestir themselves and insist upon the printer reforming his art, and doing away with the anomaly of a fifteenth century notation in an age of automobiles, telephones and aeroplanes.

If I have trespassed on your space, my only excuse is that this is a matter I have sorely had at heart, and, as an exponent of "the art preservative of all arts," surely you will agree with me that in the interests of education this proposed reform is worthy of the consideration of all citizens who appreciate the pitfalls of our language.

Anne Deane Butcher.
2 Maple avenue.

Fighting Tuberculosis By Gasoline

A new field of gasoline usefulness seems to have been discovered, The Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association recently started a field worker on a tour of the state, on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. The lecturer carries a stereopticon machine and a number of charts, besides a camping kit, all of which is packed most cosily on his small vehicle.

For some years it had been evident that there was much need in the rural sections of Wisconsin for a fuller understanding of the ordinary laws of sanitation, but owing to the impossibility of reaching the bulk of the farmers, under the disadvantages of the old-fashioned methods of transportation, little could be done except by a letter campaign. Now, however, all that is changed. The lecturer on his motorcycle is able to reach every nook and cranny of the state. Early in the morning he visits some creamery, talking to the farmers who bring in the milk. By noon he has gathered an audience in some little cross-roads village miles away, and before evening he is in some larger place, ready to deliver a stereopticon lecture as soon as it is dark. The light for the lantern is supplied by the same gas that drives the motorcycle, and the pictures are thrown on a white curtain, which is part of the equipment. When one remembers that one-half the population of Wisconsin is rural and that the word 'sanitation" is practically unknown among them, the true significance of this campaign appears.

What is undoubtedly the oldest museum in the world is that at Nara, the former capital of Japan. The museum was established in 756 with a marvelous collection, comprising about 2000 specimens, which are said to be the most beautiful specimens of decorative work which have ever been produced by human hand, such as lacquer ware, decorative furniture, enamel ware, cambric-like fabric, etc. The origin of the majority of the articles is uncertain; some came from China, and others from Korea, but most of them appear to be of a more exotic origin. All, however, come of a time prior to the year of the establishment of the museum. The first collection has not been augmented in any particular, and its doors are opened but once a year, when one day in the spring is selected for this event. It is then officially inspected and a new list made of the contents by an authorized committee.

Life of the Motor

"What is the chief determining factor in the life of an automobile motor?" asked a World representative of Mr. Thompson recently, who is one of the town's leading automobile dealers, and he knows motor cars inside and out, but he had to admit that the query was a poser.

"Sounds pretty technical," he replied, "but let's try a 'process of elimination.' Take this Stevens-Duryea motor here.

"The cylinders are good for a lifetime practically, because every casting is tested for hardness before being used, and even after several years of running, the wear could only be measured in thousandths of an inch. The crankcase will stand anything but a whack with a sledge hammer; that means only an accident will put it out of business. Do accidents figure in your technical problem?"

The reporter allowed that they did not.

"Then that narrows things down to the bearings," Mr. Thompson said. "They get more hard use and pounding, every minute the motor is running, than all other parts put together. I should say that, ordinarily, the bearings would be the first thing to give out, that is, in an ordinary motor. But Stevens-Duryea bearings are made so that their life will be equal to that of any other part.

"There are three classes of motor bearings, generally speaking, all bronze, all babbit, and combination bronze and babbit—the bronze for the foundation and the babbitt to give easy running qualities. That makes the best type of bearing. But the way it is ordinarily put together, the babbit is too soft and needs constant adjustment, and more or less frequent replacement to keep the motor in trim. The Stevens-Duryea bearings are made by casting a phosphor-bronze shell almost full of special anti-friction metal and then compressing the soft metal under heavy pressure. The pressure used is so great that, sawing one of these betrings in half, shows that the two metals have practically combined; they cannot be separated in the usual way, and the result is a bearing in which the anti-friction metal is so dense that no other method of making bearings now practiced by automobile manufacturers can compare with it for durability."

Disfigured Scenery

From time to time we have noted in the columns the spread of a world-wide sentiment against the disfurement of perfectly wel behaved scenery by vulgar and objectionable billboard advertising. Now the Touring Club of France has taken up the fight against this abuse, and that organization, with its 130,000 members, has a reputation of successfully carrying out whatever it starts out to do. At present many of the most famous scenic sections of France are in a fair way to be totally spoiled by this sort of vandalism.

An English advertising agency, dealing in this billboard stuff, recently issued a circular describing the efficacy of its billboards. One clause of this panegyric so aptly states the case against themselves that it is worth quoting:

"Instead of being lost on a well covered with innumerable posters, they force themselves upon the eye and the mind by virtue of their isolation in scenes of rural beauty and by the insolence of their colors."

"Insolence" is a good word, but "blackguardly impertinence" would be a better term to apply to this sort of thing. And the worst of it is that it is so very hard to reach. A large majority of the public is unwilling to take the trouble to join in a crusade, while the interested minority, who profit directly by the abuse, the advertising men and the farmers who rent their barns or their land for the displays, are ready to fight bitterly against any remedial legislation. New York had a law, excellent so far as it goes, under the terms of which no display "ad" may be placed within the confines of the public highway, and which further authorizes anyone to take the law into his own hands and tear the offending sign down. But this law does not reach the great proportion of the display advertisements which stand on private land, rented for the abominable purpose. It will be interesting to watch the progress achieved by the Touring Club of France in its campaign, and possibly we may gain some hints for our own profit. (Motor).

VULCANIZING

Old tires made new. Retreading sections and tube repairs. All kinds and sizes. Our workshop is equipped with the most up-to-date and efficient machinery operated by expert workmen.

Stepney Motor Wheel Co.
OF CANADA, LIMITED
130-2 King St. E., - TORONTO - Phone M. 3827

Begin Today!

Take advantage of the special Free Coupon Offer published on opposite page, and enter the Contest now.

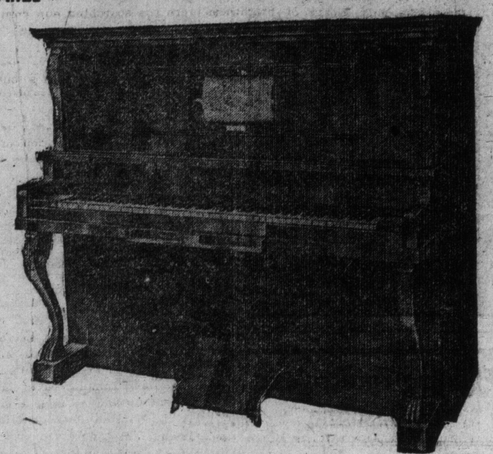
There Is No Time to Lose!

IF YOU WANT TO SECURE FREE COPIES OR ENTER THE CONTEST!

THE TORONTO WORLD'S GREAT $5,000 PROVERB CONTEST now in its eighth week of progress offers even greater opportunities to non-contestants, beginners and regular contestants than it did in the beginning. The special free coupon offers published upon the opposite page offer great advantages and benefits to everyone. They make it possible for those, not yet entered, to start now upon an equal footing with all earlier contetsants. However, there is no time to lose for the special offers will soon draw to a close.

Take Advantage of Them Today! Tomorrow May Be Too Late!

2d GRAND PRIZE— **$750 BLUNDALL PLAYER PIANO**



Style Louis XV., artistic, rich-toned instrument of rare musical qualities. Fifteen music rolls and bench accompany piano.

Purchased From **The Blundall Piano Co.** 144 Spadina Ave.

4th GRAND PRIZE— **$300 BURNETT PIANO**

A Superb Instrument of Excellent Tone and Quality.

PURCHASED FROM **The Burnett Piano Co.** 276 YONGE ST.

☛ Proverb No. 53 appears on page 2, today's news section. Get Monday's World for Proverb 54.

LIST OF PRIZES

Aggregating

$5,000

In Value

1ST PRIZE—$2250 NEW OLYMPIC 1913 MODEL, FIVE-PASSENGER JACKSON TOURING CAR, with all the latest attachments, fully equipped. Purchased from the Jackson Car Company of Ontario, Limited, 338 High Park avenue.

2ND PRIZE — $750 BLUNDALL PLAYER-PIANO, Louis XV. style, with fifteen Music Rolls and Bench. Purchased from The Blundall Piano Company, 144 Spadina avenue.

3RD PRIZE—$350 R. F. WILKS UPRIGHT PIANO, in beautiful walnut case. Purchased from R. F. Wilks, 11-13 Bloor street east.

4TH PRIZE—$300 BURNETT UPRIGHT PIANO, in mahogany. Purchased from the Burnett Piano Company, 276 Yonge street.

5TH PRIZE—$265 INDIAN MOTORCYCLE. Purchased from The Toronto Motorcycle Company, 384 Spadina avenue.

6TH PRIZE—$265 EXCELSIOR AUTOCYCLE. Purchased from Percy A. McBride, 343 Yonge street.

7TH PRIZE—$250 NINE-PIECE DINING-ROOM SUITE, in fumed oak. Purchased from L. Yolles, Furniture, 363-365 West Queen street.

8TH PRIZE — $225 SIX-PIECE BEDROOM SUITE, in full mahogany. Purchased from S. Levinter, 401-405 West Queen street.

9TH PRIZE — $150 GENUINE SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING. Purchased from Ellis Bros., Diamonds, 108 Yonge street.

10TH PRIZE—$100 FOUR-PIECE LIBRARY SUITE, in fumed oak, pigskin leather upholstered. Purchased from L. Yolles, 363-365 West Queen street.

11TH PRIZE — $100 GENUINE SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING. Purchased from Ellis Bros., Diamonds, 108 Yonge street.

12TH PRIZE — $50 DIAMOND CLUSTER RING. Purchased from Ellis Bros., Diamonds.

13TH TO 17TH PRIZES—$50—LEATHER TRAVELING BAGS, at $10 each. Purchased from Pink Trunk & Bag Co., 149 West Queen street.

18TH TO 42ND PRIZES—$62.50—L. E. WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS, $2.50 each.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER.

Rules Governing the Contest Read Them Carefully

The Toronto World Proverb Contest is a test of skill and diligence, designed to encourage thought and research on the part of the young and provide a pleasant mental diversion for everyone.

Every day, for a period of seventy (75) days, there will appear in The Toronto Daily and Sunday World, an illustration, cartoon or other representation of a commonly used and well-known English proverb.

The Toronto Daily World will award PRIZES AGGREGATING OVER $5000 IN VALUE to readers of The Daily and Sunday World who send in the correct or nearest correct answers to the entire series of illustrations. The first proverb picture was published in The Daily World, Thursday, Oct. 3. The last will be published on Dec. 16.

The correct answers, to serve as a basis of awards, are being selected according to their common use by the Contest Manager and three representatives of The Daily and Sunday World, and will shortly be placed under seal in a Safety Deposit Vault.

This list of correct answers will remain under seal until called for by the judges, whose names will be announced in due course, and who will have full control of the examination of the answers and awarding of the prizes.

The correct answers are included in The Toronto World's Book of English Proverbs, which is published as a guide and reference for contestants' use in the contest.

To compete for the prizes, contestants need only to supply the proverbs represented by the illustrations that will appear daily, and send in their answers, at the close of the contest, according to the rules. The person sending in the correct or nearest correct list of answers to the entire series of seventy-five (75) illustrations will be awarded the first prize. The person sending in the second nearest correct list of answers will receive the second prize, etc., etc. Entry may be made any time before the contest is entirely closed. Rules follow:

1. The Toronto World's Proverb Contest is open to all readers of The Daily and Sunday World in Canada, except employes of The Daily and Sunday World and members of their families. Anyone not excepted as above mentioned may enter the contest by simply becoming a regular reader of The Toronto Daily and Sunday World.

2. Contestants must write the Proverbs represented by the illustration upon the coupon provided therefor and which will appear on Page 2 of The Daily and Sunday World every day during the Contest. Answers may be written with pen, pencil, or typewriter, and arranged in any manner to suit the contestant.

3. Each picture represents only one proverb. Where contestants are not certain as to the correct proverb represented, they will be permitted to send five (5) answers (not more) to each proverb illustration. If the correct answer is given, incorrect answers will not count against a contestant.

4. Only one answer may be written upon a single coupon. Extra coupons must be used for additional answers, and all coupons of the same number must be kept together in making up the set.

5. Different members of a family may compete in the contest, but only one prize will be awarded to any one family or household, and only one set of answers will be accepted from any individual contestant.

6. Answers must not be sent in until the last proverb illustration has been printed. After the last picture has been printed, contestants must arrange their coupons in numerical order, fasten them securely together and deliver or mail them in a neat, flat package (not folded or rolled), plainly addressed to the Contest Manager, The Toronto World, Toronto, Canada, within the time specified in the following rule.

7. The time of receiving answers will have no effect upon the awarding of the prizes with this exception: All answers must be delivered at the Office of The Toronto World or bear postmark of mailing of not later than midnight, December 30, 1912, twelve days after the last or 75th picture is published.

8. The prizes will be awarded to readers sending in the correct or nearest correct set of answers to the entire series of seventy-five (75) Toronto Daily and Sunday World Proverb illustrations.

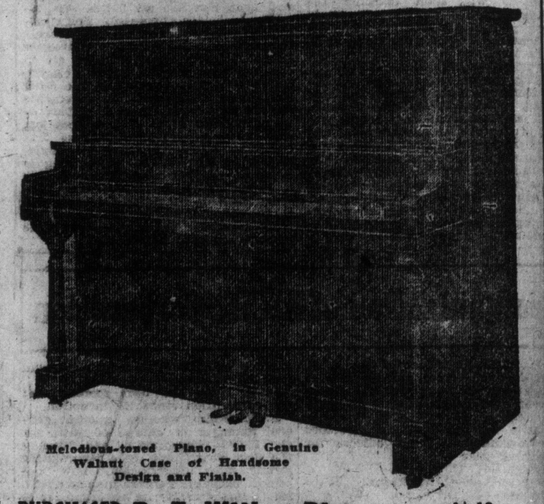
9. In the event of a tie between two (2) or more persons, the contestant sending in the nearest correct list of answers with the least number of coupons will be declared the winner. Where two (2) or more contestants submit the same number of correct answers upon the same number of coupons the value of the prize or prizes thus tied for will be equally divided among those tying.

10. In making the awards, the judging committee, whose names will be announced in due course, will take into account the similarity and exact wording of the proverb answers as selected by the Contest Manager and three representatives of The Daily and Sunday World, and as contained in The Toronto World's Book of English Proverbs; spelling, wording, punctuation, and the correct construction of the proverbs are the essentials that will be graded.

11. Where a set of answers is securely fastened together the contestant will be permitted to stamp (with rubber stamp) or abbreviate his or her name on the space allotted for same, and omit the full address from the greater majority of the blanks, PROVIDED THAT SUCH FULL NAME AND FULL POST-OFFICE ADDRESS is plainly and distinctly written upon the FIRST SIX and LAST SIX BLANKS of the set.

12. In sending in the answers at the close of the contest it is important that contestants seal all packages containing answers, and if mailed, contestants should exercise great care to see that postage is fully prepaid at the rate, one cent per ounce, or fraction thereof, in Toronto, and two (2) cents per ounce, or fraction thereof, outside of Toronto, as The Toronto World is not bound to pay postage due on any set of answers.

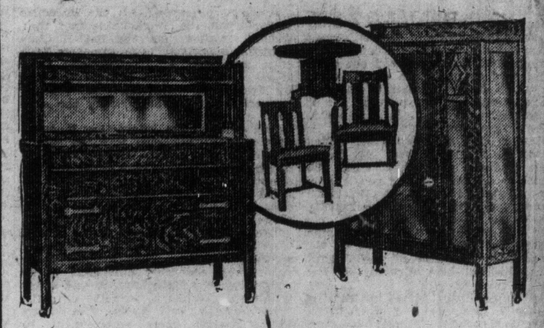
3rd GRAND PRIZE **$350 R. F. WILKS PIANO**



Melodious-toned Piano, in Genuine Walnut Case of Handsome Design and Finish.

PURCHASED FROM **R. F. Wilks, Pianos** 11-13 BLOOR EAST

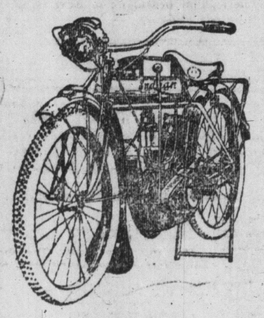
7th GRAND PRIZE— **$250 DINING ROOM SUITE**



Beautiful Nine-Piece Suite In Fumed Quartered Oak.

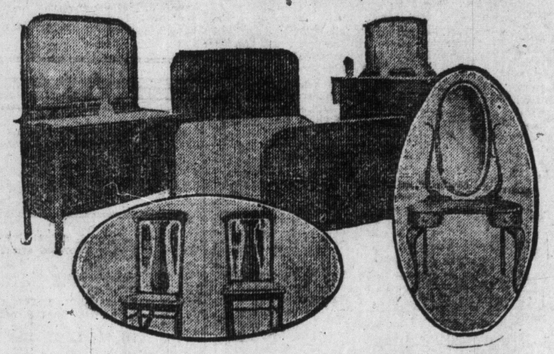
PURCHASED FROM **L. YOLLES, Furniture** 363-365 QUEEN WEST

5th GRAND PRIZE **$265 INDIAN MOTORCYCLE**



Purchased from THE TORONTO MOTORCYCLE CO. 384 Spadina Avenue.

8th GRAND PRIZE **$225 BEDROOM SUITE**



Handsome six piece suite in full mahogany.

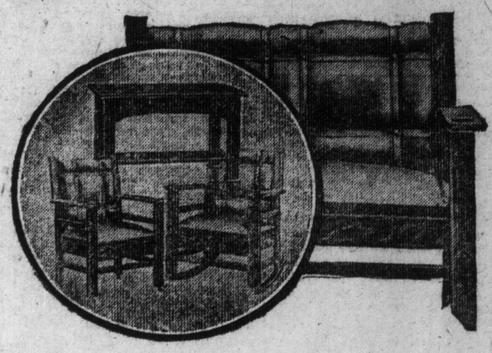
PURCHASED FROM **S. LEVINTER, Furniture** 401-405 QUEEN WEST

9th GRAND PRIZE **$150 DIAMOND RING**

Clear white stone of first quality and rare brilliancy.

Purchased from **ELLIS BROS., Diamonds** 108 Yonge Street.

10th GRAND PRIZE— **$100 4-Piece Library Suite**



Four-piece fumed oak suite, upholstered with genuine pigskin leather.

PURCHASED FROM **L. YOLLES, Furniture** 363-365 QUEEN WEST

6th GRAND PRIZE **$265 EXCELSIOR AUTOCYCLE**

Purchased from **PERCY A. McBRIDE** 343 Yonge Street.

Don't Let the Special Free Coupon Opportunities Get Away From You

EXTRA BACK NUMBERS WHEN NOT ORDERED THROUGH THE SPECIAL COUPON OFFERS ARE 1c FOR THE DAILY AND 5c FOR THE SUNDAY, ADDING 1c POSTAGE FOR EVERY TEN NUMBERS. PROVERB BOOKS ARE 50c AT THE OFFICE. BY MAIL 2c EXTRA.

25 Pictures and Coupons
15 Pictures and Coupons
FREE

NON-CONTESTANTS! READERS! THINKERS!

This is Your Opportunity

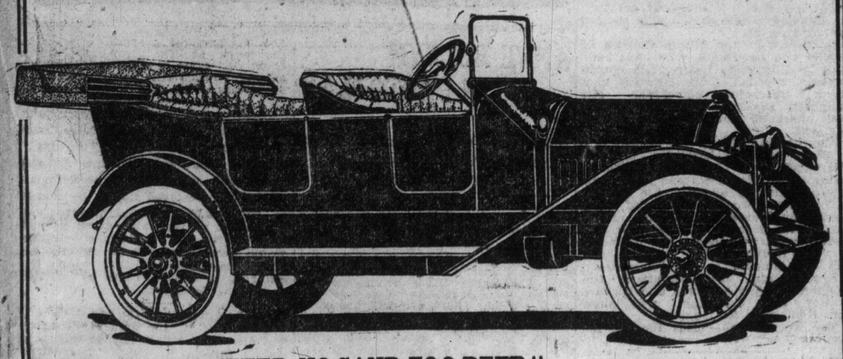
—to secure extra free pictures and coupons and enter the contest now upon an equal footing with all other contestants. A splendid chance for beginners to secure a valuable Proverb Book, and an exceptional opportunity for regular contestants to supply themselves with extra back pictures and coupons at a great saving in price.

YOU CAN ENTER NOW

And get in line to win this magnificent Five Passenger Automobile

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

$2,250 JACKSON TOURING CAR



"NO HILL TOO STEEP, NO SAND TOO DEEP."

New 1913 Olympic Model, fully equipped with Top, Lights, Windshields, Self-Starter and all Latest Attachments.

PURCHASED FROM THE JACKSON CAR CO., of Ont., Ltd. 338 HIGH PARK AVENUE

OR, a Grand Prize Piano—a handsome Set of Furniture,—a Motorcycle—a Diamond Ring—or one of the many other valuable and attractive Prizes which are to be given away Free in

The Toronto World's GREAT $5000 PROVERB CONTEST Now Only Half Over

HERE ARE THE SPECIAL OFFERS—WHICH ONE DO YOU ACCEPT?

This Offer for Non-Contestants

25 PICTURES & COUPONS FREE

Daily World three months.. 75c
World's Proverb Book 50c
(Containing all correct answers).
Proverb Pictures and Coupons No. 1 to 25, inclusive 41c
Total value .. $1.66

Special Offer NO. 1
A one dollar and sixty-six cent value
FOR $1.25
Ten days only.

Contest Manager: Enclosed find $1.25, as per above Offer No. 1, which please send to
Name .....
Address .....
This offer expires Nov. 27, 1912.

For Those Who Have Not Purchased the Proverb Book

15 PICTURES & COUPONS FREE

World's Proverb Book 50c
Containing all correct answers).
Any six Proverb Pictures and Coupons 10c
(Five Daily and one Sunday).
Any 15 Proverb Pictures and Coupons 23c
(Thirteen Daily and two Sunday).
Total value .. 83c

Special Offer NO. 2
An Eighty-three cent value
FOR 60c
Ten days only.

Contest Manager: Enclosed find 60c, as per above Offer No. 2, which please send to
Name .....
Address .....
This offer expires Nov. 27, 1912.

Open to All Contestants

46 PICTURES & COUPONS 50c

Choice of any thirty-nine Daily Proverb Pictures and Coupons 39c
Choice of any seven Sunday Proverb Pictures and Coupons 35c
Total value .. 74c

Special Offer NO. 3
A Seventy-four cent value
FOR 50c
Ten days only.

Contest Manager: Enclosed find 50c, as per above Offer No. 3, which please send to
Name .....
Address .....
This offer expires Nov. 27, 1912.

Extra back numbers when not purchased through the special offers are 1c for the Daily and 5c for the Sunday—adding 1c postage for every ten numbers to be sent by mail.

You Can't Afford to Miss This---Enter Now

OUR WEEKLY SHORT STORY

"THE METHOD OF CHEETUM"

By Alan Sullivan

Copyright, Canadian Writers, Limited.

It was known on Halfway River that there was bad blood between Cheetum the Hillock and Moosoo the Moose. All the prairie Crees knew it. Some said it was about a girl, for the Crees are jealous of their women: but the wiser ones laid it to Moosoo's buffalo pony. Moosoo had brought him up from Hudson's Hope, on the Peace River, and the first time Cheetum saw him he stared for a long while between narrow lids. He stared harder when Moosoo was running buffalo, for all Moosoo had to do was to shoot and the pony attended to the rest.

Going farther back it was the same. Moosoo always got what he wanted, whether in women, game or horses. Cheetum's resentment grew steadily, but he stood it in savage silence, till, suddenly, he appeared one morning on the back of the pony.

Moosoo had vanished utterly. His three wives and the whole tribe, except Cheetum, searched for days. His brother, a large, lazy man, breathed revenge, but Cheetum cantered about untouched with his lip lifted into a snarl.

On the prairie and in the skin-covered teepees there was much talk. Hunters were called cowards by their wives, and there was no reply. The children threatened each other with Cheetum and the threat was generally effective. The men did nothing but let him alone; and he stalked about unarmed and unafraid in their midst!

Now the brother of Moosoo had a son called Pinace, which is Little Thunder, and Pinace had for the most part sat silent amid all the talk of Cheetum. He was tall and lean. He did not care for women or hunting, but there was that about him that the Crees did not understand. He was not a medicine man or a priest, but would slip out by himself without arms or food and come back after many days with mysterious eyes and leaner than ever, full of wonderful stories of wonderful things. What was most important, he knew the spirits of the buffalo and how many there were and which way they were feeding, and, tho he would not tell them all, he did tell them enough to keep the tribe in plenty the year round.

So, gradually Pinace became a man apart; but never had he spoken of Cheetum.

It fell on a night that was black that the chief hunters were in the teepee of Moosoo's brother. The talk had turned to Cheetum, and Pinace sat silent in the corner.

"It is strange," said his father, slowly, "we know not any more now than we knew a year ago, and my brother's spirit will not rest till he is revenged."

Pinace looked up quickly. "What knows my father of spirits?"

Moosoo's brother drew a little closer to the fire. "Enough to fear," he said.

"And what may I know, then?" put in Pinace.

"You are not a man like us. You know what you know."

"And have you asked me about your brother?"

His father turned slowly and stared. It was true. They had been so anxious about the buffalo that the oracle had walked among them unasked and unconsulted. Pinace had been to them their buffalo man—nothing more. His father recovered himself sharply.

"What can you tell me of my brother?"

The ring of copper-colored hunters gazed at Pinace. His expression was changing. His lips, slightly parted, moved inaudibly; his eyes were glazing. The fire leaped and lit features full of dim and dawning anticipation. Then, with form swaying and the rapt look still upon him, he moved noiselessly thru the teepee door. No man stirred or spoke. The hours slipped by; the fire blackened and died. Across the hole in the teepee roof the procession of stars swam gloriously; the night breezes lifted and fell, and, far borne, the voices of the night came thru the triangular door; but the circle wavered not. Then as the east began to redden, came Pinace; his step light and devoid of sound, his brown skin shining with the dews of darkness, but his face drawn and his eyes weary, as the eyes of one who has seen mysterious things.

He stood for a moment and spoke steadily: "The Great Spirit led me to the steep hill that hangs over the river at the place where the pipe stone comes out of the ground. There he left me, and I waited till the spirit of my father's brother came."

Moosoo's brother shivered and Pinace looked at him fixedly: "When it came it told me that while it was in the body of my father's brother, riding the pony by the edge of the hill, Cheetum came quickly from behind a tree and stabbed him. Then he tied a stone to him and threw him in the river. This much his spirit saw while it was going away over the hill. You have asked me and I have told you."

His father's voice trembled in spite of himself. "And if my brother is there how shall I find him in deep water?"

"Come with me," said Pinace, quietly. "The Great Spirit has spoken."

Together they rode, loping across the flower-gemmed prairie that glistened in the rising sun, and, behind, came the hunters.

The hill was rounding in front of them when a dull roar boomed across the level land. A gigantic cloud of dust, shouldering from the hill, came rolling up into the still air in mountains of mist.

Moosoo's brother pulled up his pony and glanced at Pinace. The prophet's face was alight. "Come quickly, the Great Spirit has spoken."

They galloped hard to the scarred flank of the hill. Half of it had thundered down and partly dammed the river with irresistible mass and weight. Shattered trees transfixed it like arrows; great boulders lay out near the opposite bank with foam of the rising stream whitening around them. At their feet, below the dam, the deep reaches were shallowing. Pinace pointed to a bar of sand that was fast widening.

"Eywade—neshka. There, look," he whispered.

Upon the bar lay that which had been a man, shapeless, and mutilated; but about its neck was the thong and beside it lay the stone.

Pinace's father gazed at it long and silently, his fat chest heaving. Then suddenly behind him some one laughed. He turned and saw Cheetum. Instantaneously his hand leaped to his knife. "This is the end. Cheetum, that is my brother."

Cheetum laughed again. "That was thy brother, Moosoo, and here am I. Kill me."

He threw back his leather shirt and bared his broad and muscled breast. "Kill me; I have no knife."

His voice was strong and insolent; the fire in his eye was not quenched. He was still stranger to fear. And because of all this—because he recognized something that was greater than any courage of his own, the fat man's hand fell. And all the time Pinace was silent, looking at them both.

Cheetum spoke again. "You have forgotten your brother. At sunset I will meet you. Let all the men come. My friends, if I have any, will sit on one side and my enemies, who are many, will sit on the other. Then we will talk together."

They met when the sun was low in an irregular space between the scattered teepees. On one side of the circle sat fifty fighting men draped in multicolored blankets, their heads crowned with eagle feathers and hung with brass ear-rings, their necks encircled by strings of bear claws. In front sat their headmen, wise and very silent. Opposite the other half of the circle, the side of Cheetum's friends—was empty. Then came Cheetum, alone and very proud. He wore his finest beaded moccasins, his best robe was folded around him, his fingers were covered with rings, and he had painted his face.

In the silence that followed, his clear, hard eyes slowly traversed the circle, meeting every man's gaze unfaltering and strong.

"I bid my enemies welcome," he said at length, holding out his hands, and, turning scornfully to the empty space, "I bid my friends welcome, too."

"It is well that I should appear before you, for I have something to say to you, and you will know before I have done that a man is among you. Pinace has shown you that I killed. It is true that I did kill."

A deep-throated murmur ran thru the semi-circle, and Cheetum smiled. "I did kill, I killed not a man, but a dog."

The heavy jaw of Moosoo's brother thrust out, but Cheetum, by every rule of council, must have his say.

"This dog insulted me—and nothing that insults me can live."

He paused for a moment and suddenly tore open his robe again and bared his breast. Then, drawing a heavy buffalo knife from his belt, he struck it quivering into the ground.

"You say you are friends of Moosoo's brother and my enemies. Now, let his best friend, and my worst enemy, come and kill me. I have not another knife."

The semi-circle swayed forward. There were involuntary twitchings and movements beneath the gaudy blankets! but these all smoothed themselves out into the same impassive, motionless silence.

"Will no one kill me?" said Cheetum again, contemptuously. "I ask for the last time."

But the semi-circle did not break. No lithe figure rushed forward for vengeance. Death suddenly seemed very far away from Cheetum. In the last few moments he had begun to appear to them as something greater than a man. His loneliness was majestic. His defiance spoke to them of the greatness of spirit of those gods whose voice they had heard in the thunder, whose anger they saw in the jagged lightning stroke, and, as they marvelled, he said:

"I would talk with Moosoo's brother."

The big man moved forward uncertainly, and when he was at arm's length Cheetum said: "I killed your brother; will you not kill me?"

Moosoo's brother looked at him dazed, and the other picked up the knife and pushed it into his unwilling hand.

"Now come with me."

Very slowly he stalked along the semi-circle, and stopped at each man, kicked back the robe that lay loosely across his knees. On every knee rested a short buffalo hunting gun. Every trigger was lifted, and beneath every trigger was a cap. So with death behind and in front he came to the last man and then his place in front of them.

"Why I killed you will not know, and the Great Spirit will not tell you—for all that Pinace may promise. Nor will you ever know why you did not kill me—but your children perhaps will tell you. Now, I will say farewell. I go to a tribe in the foothills, while you bury Moosoo in a tree. I, bye-and-bye, you want to kill me, you will know where to find me."

He mounted the buffalo pony and rode alone into the west. The golden flush of the horizon caught his stately figure and magnified it into something more than mortal. He never turned to look back, but rode steadily on.

Then, as his form topped a rise in the prairie, one of the councillors spoke: "He is a great chief; he must not go."

A dozen horsemen dashed after him, and, as they neared, he halted the pony, facing them with folded arms, waiting for the death they must bring. But the oldest of them all caught at his bridle—

"Come back, Cheetum! You are very wise and brave. Come and be chief of many tribes."

Cheetum looked at him and smiled and spoke prophetically: "I will not come back, and I will be chief over many tribes, but they will be tribes of men, not of women and cowards!"

And he spoke truth, for when he died, many years later, Cheetum was chief over all the Crees of the Saskatchewan!

Hawaii furnishes the government with the cheapest ice that is supplied to the army—eleven and one-fifth cents a hundred pounds—the monthly consumption being 450,000 pounds. In Chicago the army pays twenty-five cents, and there are posts where it goes as high as seventy-five cents and one dollar.

According to published provisional returns of the census of Italy, taken in 1911, the city of Rome has a population of 538,634, showing an increase since the last preceding census—that of 1901—of 75,851. According to the same returns the Province of Rome, including the city, has a population of 1,236,125, showing an increase over that of the earlier census of 191,214.

TRAVEL

Conducted By Lewis W. Clemens

Travel Club Notes

Parkdale Travel Club.

The regular meeting of the Parkdale Travel Club was held at the residence of Mrs. Sproul Smith, 46 Forest Hill road. In the absence of the president, the chair was occupied by Mrs. J. P. Balfour, who conducted the meeting in her usual acceptable manner.

"German Architecture," in the hands of Mrs. G. R. Anderson, from its earliest inception, was made particularly lucid by the interesting lantern views and explanatory comments culled from recent experience and a wide range of reading. The evolution of modern German architecture from the earliest forms was sketched and gradual changes pointed out in doors, windows, arches, etc. Many magnificent churches, with graceful towers and exquisite carving, were shown, followed by examples of secular art, illustrated by romantic ruins and great castles on the Rhine, town halls, gates of cities, fountains, bridges, etc.

In an admirable paper on the "Thirty Years' War," Mrs. George Hodgens gave a succinct account of the causes of this war, fought between 1618 and 1648. The famous personages who took active part in it, the enormous loss of life and property, and the extreme misery and devastation left in its trail. The only gleam of brightness which issued from the dark war clouds of gloom and despair was the promise of a united Germany in the future, a promise fulfilled in the Germany of to-day. The music for the afternoon was kindly furnished by Miss Dorothy MacMahon, who gave much pleasure with several delightfully rendered songs.

Runnymede Travel Club.

An open meeting of the Runnymede Travel Club was held on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. George Royce, Annette street, when an interesting paper on "Frankfort, Heidelberg and Baden," was given by Mrs. Skeans, and one on "Heidelberg and the Valley of the Neckar," by Mrs. Bettman. The art paper was read by Mrs. D. M. Jones and the music paper, "Clara and Robert Schumann," by Mrs. Horner. Mrs. McGill and Miss Baggs furnished the music.

Canadian Travel Club.

A number of the members of the Canadian Travel Club have recently had the honor of fellowship conferred upon them by the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, England. They are the Rt. Rev. J. F. Sweeny, Lord Bishop of Toronto; His Honor Geo. H. V. Bulyea, Esq., Lieut.-Governor of Alberta; His Honor Benjamin Rogers, Lieut.-Governor of Prince Edward Island; D. L. Lawrie, Esq.

Toronto Travel Club.

The Toronto Travel Club met on Monday, November 18, at the residence of Mrs. Woodcock, 470 Palmerston Boulevard. Mrs. Woods' paper commenced at the babyhood of one of the most fascinating of all England's heroic figures, General Gordon, thru his young manhood and intensely interesting career in the Chinese empire and in Egypt, thru his splended work there, and on to the last, where he gave up his life for his love of England. It is one of the saddest of the tragedies in British history. On the very site where he made his last stand the traveler today may see that splendid memorial, the Gordon College. We are somewhat inclined to think that a great soldier has no private life, and it is not until we study his life at Gravesend, where he did so much for the ragged boys of that hamlet on the Thames, that we learn to love him most.

Mrs. Findley gave a most graphic account of the life and history of Cairo, the city of the Arabian Nights. The story included descriptions of the beautiful mosques and the Castle of the Nile, and an account of what modern British improvements have done for it. Miss Fanny Fetherstonhaugh gave a short paper on the "Development of the Pianoforte." Mrs. Herbert T. J. Coleman sang a group of three songs, one of which, "I Wonder If Ever the Rose," was composed by Mr. David Dick Slater, of London, Eng., who played his clever pupil's accompaniment. Miss Sparks gave a piano selection, Staccato Caprice, by Max Voyrich, and Mrs. Woodcock played Beethoven's Sonata, bringing to a close a most delightful meeting. Refreshments were served.

Member's Sudden Death.

The sudden death of Dr. John A. McArthur, a member of the Council of the Canadian Travel Club, at Victoria, B. C., on Sunday last, is recorded with very deep regret. Dr. McArthur was for many years a resident of Ottawa. After two years spent in the post-graduate hospitals of Europe and a year in Bermuda, he removed to Victoria, as the climate was beneficial to his somewhat delicate health, where he has resided for more than eighteen months. He is survived by his wife, who has the sympathy of many friends in Toronto, Ottawa and elsewhere thruout Canada.

The Field of Art

Archibald Browne's Exhibition.

Someone was bemoaning the fact that there would be no art exhibition in Toronto until the April exhibition of the C. A. C. and the May exhibition of the O. S. A. They, however, overlooked the possibility of a number of one-man exhibitions by the members of the art colony of this city.

An exhibition of considerable note and excellence is being held this month in the studio gallery of Mr. Archibald Browne, 5 King street west. This is the first exhibition of small works by this artist, as his previous exhibition paintings have been of the larger gallery dimensions. The present show is entirely of smaller works, made from material collected last summer in England and France, and this year in Ontario.

Altho the paintings are small, they mark a most important development in the onward march of this talented painter. Some will remember his first period of rugged strength and more intense coloring, and all lovers of art cannot but recall with affection the poetic beauty of his second period; the still, tranquil twilight, the symphonies of silver and green, the night flooded by the pale light of his queen, and the quiet rest of the lake at evening. More than usual importance, then, is due to the present exhibition, for it marks the beginning of a third period; one in which the strength and virility of the first is mingled with the finer sensibilities and expressions of the second, creating, as they do, the beginning of a third. This period differs from either of the other two in details of technique and treatment, but presents an individualism which is Mr. Browne's own romantic interpretation of the subject he essays.

A feature of the exhibition is the remarkable variety of subjects presented. From the rich, warm coloring of the Canadian landscape in autumn, to the luscious greens of a Canadian spring; from the smiling downs of England to the gray, moisture-laden atmosphere of the Medway. Atmosphere, by the way, is one of the attractive expressions of Mr. Browne's work. Rochester, England, and the Medway (Dickens' Country) form the subject for a number of canvases and exemplifies finely the varied treatment under changing atmospheric conditions. The choosing of a subject is certainly important, but the interpretation of what one sees in the subject marks as artistic selective sense. There is one, "Gray Morning, Don Valley," which, to those knowing the actual scene of commonplace houses on the top of an embankment, will realize what the selective sense is capable of, for this is an agreeable composition of rich tonal qualities and carries one far beyond the Don Valley. There is a delightful little glimpse of Shoreham; another of the Bayswater Road, Hyde Park; and the expanse of countryside in Berkshire. A beautiful color note is found in "The Butcher Shop." "Kleinburg" is resonant of June in Ontario. It represents the full and luxurious growth of trees and fields before the scorching sun comes to ripen the grain and deepen the tone of the leaves. It typifies the peace and plenty of a bountiful spring.

"The Willows" is in Mr. Browne's second period, and is a charming example of the poetic treatment of greens and silvers. "The Birches" may be said to belong to the new period, but has many characteristics of the earlier work. The introduction of the rustic railing between the light trunks is a decidedly human touch. "Gray Evening, Lake Ontario," is poetry and music. I know no other way to describe it.

This is by no means the extent of the exhibition; there being some fifty canvases in all. The exhibition will remain open for several weeks.

Travel Topics

Royal Colonial Institute in Canada.

Mr. James R. Boose, secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute, has returned to England after a most successful trip thru Canada, covering some 14,000 miles and visiting every province of the Dominion except Prince Edward Island. He addressed various gatherings of the Canadian Clubs, National Council of Women, Daughters of the Empire, and many other meetings, which has resulted in about 300 new Fellows being elected in Canada. The tour cannot fail to be o fthe greatest value in bringing to the notice of our people the importance of the work being undertaken by the Institute in promoting closer unity between the mother country and the various overseas Dominions. Of the 300 Fellows which the R. C. I. has honored with election a large number are Torontonians. The Canadian Travel Club has received the following list from the Institute: John Aird, J. R. Arnoldi, T. Frederick Aspden, W. R. Austin, Lawrence H. Baldwin, Richard T. Blachford, John Price Brown, Dr. Herbert A. Bruce, Donald A. Cameron, Edward M. Chadwick, K. C., Hon. Mr. Justice James Craig, Major J. A. Currie, M. P., James Curry, Wilfred S. Dinnick, J. C. Eaton, John T. Ellis, Rhys. D. Fairbairn, J. E. M. Fetherstonhaugh, Fred. W. Field, Colonel Frank Fleming, John G. Forbes, J. W. L. Forster, Colonel J. T. Fotheringham, M. D., Hon. James J. Foy, W. K. George, Dr. G. J. Goggin, George H. Gooderham, Edward Gurney, Paul Hahn, Dr. Albert Ham, W. A. Hargreaves, Edward C. Hill, J. Castel Hopkins, Hon. Robert Jaffray, Charles C. James, C. M. G., Aemilius Jarvis, Sir Lyman M. Jones, John G. Kent, G. H. Kilmer, K. C., Arthur S. King, James Kynock, Prof. Geo. H. Langley, John W. Langmuir, F. C. Larkin, E. J. Lennox, G. G. S. Lindsey, K. C., J. A. Macdonald, Henry McGee, John Mackay, Sir William Mackenzie, John S. McKinnon, Frank W. Maclean, Angus MacMurchy, K. C., Noel Marshall, John Massey, Lieut.-Col. J. B. Miller, Sir Wm. Mulock, W. C. Phillips, Major W. W. Pope, John Pugsley, Dr. E. K. Richardson, Beverley Robinson, James L. Ross, W. E. Rundle, William H. Shapley, James W. Sharpe, K. C., R. S. Smart, Rev. Wm. E. Smith, Egmund G. Stanton, Richard A. Stappels, J. F. M. Stewart, W. J. Suckling, E. Smith, M. D., Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Harry Symons, W. B. Tindall, Daniel Waters, George Wilkie, W. D. Wilson, Frank Wise, Bernard R. Wood, Edward R. Wood.

In addition to the above Canada has been still further honored by the election of Sir Daniel McMillan and Sir B. Edmund Walker as vice-presidents. The president is Earl Grey, the vice-patron, H. R. H., the Duke of Connaught, and the patron, His Majesty the King.

Canadians on the Go

Mr. Harrison Clarkson Jones leaves this week for South America, where he will spend the winter on business.

Dr. and Mrs. Vogt are in England and have been the guests of Mr. A. E. Bosworth of Chiselhurst, Kent. They leave this week for the north of Europe.

Mr. A. Ireland sailed by the Caronia for England.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Chambers and child left by the Virginian November 21.

Mr. C. V. Coombs has left for Glasgow by the Hesperian.

Lt.-Col. L. V. Phillips and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. E. Boreham, Mr. C. G. Mackenzie, Mr. Thos. Hunter and Mr. A. T. Drummond sailed by the Megantic November 23.

Mr. C. C. Masten, K. C., Mr. Geo. D. Harper, Mr. J. H. Mars, K. C., and Mr. Chas Gilbert left by the Oceanic November 23 for England.

Mr. A. G. Cull, Mr. J. J. Beck and Mr. C. E. Robin are on the Baltic.

It is stated in British official railway returns that at the end of 1911 the length of line (in equivalent of single track) worked solely by electricity in the United Kingdom, was 206¾ miles, and that 252 miles were being worked partly by electricity. The corresponding lengths of line at the end of 1910 were 205 and 229¾ miles, respectively.

The STAGE

Phyllis Partington in Lehar's "Gypsy Love"

California Prima Donna, and Arthur Albro, Important Factors in Opera.

Phyllis Partington, the California prima donna, and Arthur Albro, the Russian tenor, are the important factors in this season's production by A. H. Woods of the Franz Lehar comic opera, "Gypsy Love," which is the offering at the Princess Theatre this week. Besides this clever pair of singers there are Leola Lucy, a beautiful comedienne; Mona Desmond, a dainty soubret; Nona Malli, Phil Branson, Harry Hermsen, Raymond Crane and Charles Fulton; a large chorus and a large and capable orchestra that is essential in the playing of the Lehar delicious music. "Gypsy Love" is at present being given at Daly's Theatre, London, and from present indications will remain in the big city on the other side of the Atlantic for many months. It is the biggest musical hit London has ever had. When it was first produced several months ago Charles Frohman, who happened to be in London, cabled A. H. Woods and offered him a fabulous sum for the American rights, but Woods would not part with it. Of the many important attractions controlled by Manager Woods he considers "Gypsy Love" his very best. This fact has been proven by the American public in their great desire to see it. In the story of "Gypsy Love," Zorika, the daughter of Niklas, is filled with longing for a nomadic life. She is affianced to Fedor, a nobleman, but falls in love with Jozsi, (his half-brother), a gypsy musician. It is her wedding night, and she promises to elope with Jozsi, and join him in his roving life. Sacha, Zorika's old nurse, discovers her secret and persuades her to drink of a mystic spring which will give her an insight into the future. Zorika drinks and falls asleep on the grassy bank. Act two shows her dream. It reveals her position after three years when she has grown tired of the gypsy life, and when her lover has tired of her and her father refuses to recognize her. She is awakened from her sleep by Jozsi, who implores her to make haste and fly with him, but with the remembrance of the dream fresh in her mind, she turns from the love he offers and flies to the arms of her betrothed.

Miss Percy Haswell is back in Toronto after a season in London and Paris. She is going to New York shortly to get together a company to produce a new play, which will either be "Clothes and the Woman," by Geo. Paston or "The Wife of a Genius," by G. W. Hanshew. The company will rehearse in Toronto and open the season in Toronto somewhere around Christmas and then take the road. Miss Haswell secured a number of Lucille gowns while abroad. She is glad to be back in Toronto where she has so many friends. Her manager, Mr. Le Grove, is with her, and will stay in Toronto until after the local engagement.

This Week at the Theatres

PRINCESS—
"GYPSY LOVE."

ROYAL ALEXANDRA—
"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY."

GRAND—
"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE."

SHEA'S—
VAUDEVILLE.

STAR—
NEW CENTURY GIRLS.

GAYETY—
THE GAY WHITE WAY.

STRAND—
PHOTO PLAYS, SINGING AND MUSICAL NOVELTIES.

GARDEN THEATRE—
MOVING PICTURES.

Robert Planquette's Chimes of Normandy

Ever Popular Music by Aborn Opera Comique at Royal This Week.

The ever sweet "Chimes of Normandy" (Les Cloches de Corneville) will peal forth their merry music at the Alexandra for one week, commencing Monday, November 25, when the Aborn's new organization, the Aborn Opera Comique Company, presents Robert Planquette's masterpiece in spectacular form. It is said the Messrs. Aborn have surpassed all previous efforts in the forthcoming production, as to massiveness and grandeur of scenic environment. "The Chimes of Normandy" has a record for sustained popularity. The general brightness of the work and the tunefulness of its melodies have been sufficient to capture the public ear both in this country and abroad, and the suggestion of its scenes afford the scenic artist unusual opportunities, a fact which had much to do with influencing the Messrs. Aborn to make this opera the subject of their initial presentation by the new Opera Comique Company. The massive cyclorama scenes have been prepared by Reisig, late of the Manhattan Opera House, and P. Dodd Ackerman of New York, and the detail stage production has been in the hands of that wizard of stage producers, Edward Temple, late of the New York Hippodrome. The utmost care has been bestowed upon a cast of soloists, particularly fitted by temperament and ability to interpret the markedly contrasted and picturesque roles. Miss Vinie Daly, whose success in the role of Serpolette in the Hammerstein English production of "The Chimes of Normandy," at the London Opera House last year, was so remarkable, has been specially engaged to head the Aborn cast in this role. Miss Daisy Leon will appear as Germaine; William Wolff, who has essayed the dramatic role of Gaspard, the miser, for more than 1000 times, will repeat his extraordinary vivid impersonation. Carl Haydn will appear in the role of Grenechieux; Fred Frear as the Bailie; Carrick Major as the marquis. A large and handsome chorus and many special performers will appear in the big fair and fete scenes. The scenic environment will elaborate upon the fishing village on the Normandy coast, showing an everrestless expanse of water upon which vessels are seen cruising. The big realistic fair scene, with its wealth of special features, surprises and fun-makers, the interior of the famous ancestral hall of the Chateau de Corneville, the apple orchard in full bloom, and the final scene of the gala garden fete, are said to surpass anything of the kind ever prepared for English opera.

VINIE DALY AS "SERPOLETTE" IN "THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY," THE ROYAL ALEXANDRA THIS WEEK.

Jimmy Valentine Coming to the Grand

Famous Drama Founded on Retrieved Reformation to be Presented Here First Time.

"Jimmy Valtntine," the famous detective-thief play, will be seen for the first time in Toronto this week at the Grand. The play has a record of two years at Wallack's Theatre, New York city. Paul Armstrong, the author of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," received his inspiration from that exceedingly interesting short story writer, the late O. Henry, out of whose short story, "A Retrieved Reformation," he has elaborated a consistent plot, with an exceedingly interesting series of incidents.

Before the play opens Jimmy Valentine has saved a lovely girl, Rose Lane, from an attacking ruffian. He came upon her in a parlor car, struggling alone with the brute, promptly fell upon him and threw him from the moving train, treatment which culminated in the man's death. The girl's imagination has been fired and has played around Jimmy's heroism and attractive personality until he is the only man in the world for her. She does not know his name, nor his whereabouts until she comes upon him in Sing Sing, where he is "doing time" for the robbery of a bank. She, with her uncle, the Lieutenant-Governor of the state, and two women, representing the Gate of Hope Society, which is looking toward "the release of all innocent prisoners from all the prisons in the world," are visiting the prison in the interests of the cause.

Jimmy protests that he is innocent, though to those on the inside he is the only man in the country who can open a safe by the delicacy of his sense of touch. Through the straight story he is able to tell, and the girl's plea, the lieutenant-governor has his sympathy sufficiently aroused to secure his pardon. This act proves exceedingly good comedy, for in his efforts to convince the women of the futility of their ideas, the warden of the prison brings in the various convicts to illustrate his thesis that a criminal is in love with his trade, and ready to use it at every opportunity, whether he is to gain it or not. "Blinky" Davis raises the lieutenant-governor's check for $5.00 to $5,000 for the sheer pleasure of the sensation, and "Dick the Rat" opens with a hair-pin a lock which a German inventor has passed fourteen years in perfecting. The members of the Gate of Hope Society introduce a note of humor which is delightful in the extreme.

In the next act, Jimmy released from prison, appears as a very presentable young man, confronted with the problem of the pardoned convict—what to do with his life. He must reckon with the call of his old life, the temptations of his former pals, who have already framed up a job in which his help is wanted, and with Doyle, the detective, who for an old offense, can send him up again for another term of years, if he will not turn into that most odious thing to a crook, a stool pigeon. A halo of romance and reformation is spread around the thief, for Rose Lane holds out the only beacon light for him to follow, and a good position in her father's bank, where as a trusted employe, he can win a place in society without loss to his self-respect and without being a constant object of suspicion.

In the bank, in company with his old pal, Red Jocelyn, whom he has installed as watchman, Jimmy rises to the position of assistant cashier. He has won the respect and confidence of Mr. Lane, his future is secured and his love for Rose is about to culminate in marriage, when his old enemy, Doyle, closes in on him.

SCENE FROM "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE," THE OFFERING AT THE GRAND THIS WEEK.

NOTICE

See the Huge Display "Ad" for the Grand Opera House on Last Page of Illustrated Section

KID KABARET SHEA FEATURE

New Gus Edwards' Specialty Will Head Bill at Popular Vaudeville House.

Heading the bill at Shea's next week will be Gus Edwards' "Kid Kabaret" with Eddie Cantor and a company of twenty clever kid comics, including Hattie Kneitel, George Jessel, Ruth Francis, Evelyn McVay and Betty Washington. All these young favorites were with Edwards' School of Boys and Girls. The cabaret act has been staged and personally directed by Mr. Edwards. The music has been written by him and the lyrics by Will Cobb. The scene is laid in the dining-room at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Terrace, sr., and five minutes after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Terrace, sr., is the signal for the big show. The kids romp and sing and make generally merry, and the audience will hear all Gus Edwards' newest and best music, including a number called "Mimic Land," the proper way to get upon the stage; the youngsters impersonating Mme. Trentini, Dave Warfield, Blanche Ring, Raymond Hitchcock and Eddie Leonard.

The special extra attraction on the bill is Hale Norcross and company in a comedy playlet, "In the Suburbs," from the pen of Charles Dickson, author of "Three Twins." This is the first offering that the actor author has given to vaudeville, and it has been well received wherever seen. The stay-out-late-husband who must get up at 6 o'clock in the morning to reach the city, the pretty wife, and the officer on the beat get into ar amusing tangle that makes the act one long laugh.

A feature of the bill is Charles B. Lawler and daughters, who have been seen by Sheagoers before, but not in several seasons. Mr. Lawler is a clever character comedian. His daughters are good to look at and their character work is also in a class by itself.

Charles and Fanny Van will find a warm welcome awaiting them in their offering, "A Case of Emergency." Bob Matthews and Al Shayne are as amusing as they are artistic in "A Chinatown Fantasy," and Ethel MacDonough comes with some dainty gowns and a repertoire of new and merry songs. Of course, she is known as "The Drummer Girl," and she will add this number to her repertoire.

Ergotti and his Lilliputians are wonderful Risely acrobats, and Richard Walley and Company will show something new in juggling.

The kinetograph closes the big bill for the week with new pictures.

Mr. Harry Louder has almost completed a book of poems, which he has arranged to publish in the beginning of the year. Those who have been privileged to read them say that many of them are not unworthy of being classed with those of Robert Burns.

STAR SMOKE IF YOU LIKE THEATRE MATINEE DAILY

BURLESQUE

AHEAD OF THE TIMES

NEW CENTURY GIRLS

WITH

TED BURNS

AND A LARGE COMPANY OF UNDISPUTED MERIT

AND

A CHORUS OF BEAUTIES YOUNG AND DAINTY

NEXT WEEK—THE DANDY GIRLS

ANNE BOLEYN IN PHOTOPLAY

Influence Queen Exerted Over Henry VII. Depicted on Canvas at Strand.

By far, one of the most elaborately staged and beautifully colored photo play productions, will be shown at the Strand this week. The story of "Anne Boleyn" and the wonderful fascination she exerted over King Henry VIII is perhaps too well known to our readers to go into any further details. Suffice to say, the story is recounted with a faithfulness to detail which makes it tense, dramatic and entertaining. The perfect coloring gives the atmosphere of grandeur which is prevalent in the palaces of kings. The usual weekly current events the world over will be shown as well as other equally interesting dramatic and comedy subjects. As a special attraction, manager Weill has on the bill this week Lillie Lorrell Howard, well known to all Torontonians. She has prepared a special offering for the week at The Strand and will no doubt find favor with her numerous admirers. "Inez," the dainty violinist, also appears in the same program.

Theatregoers had an opportunity during the week of seeing Miss Grace George in a new play, "Carnival." The play was a poor drawing card and those who attended its performance went away resolved not to be caught so easily again. Grace George is a competent actress and given a good vehicle for her noticeable abilities would have conveyed an exactly opposite impression to that which her unfortunate choice "Carnival" carried across the footlights.

On the other hand the broad comedy "Officer 666" at the Princess Theatre, had none of the finer shades and made clearly farcical attempts for laughter for its audience. It, however, has this advantage, that it succeeds always in getting them, and that, after all, is the true proof of a success, that it achieves the object which its author intended it to attain.

ARTHUR ALBRO, THE RUSSIAN TENOR AND PHYLLIS PARTINGTON, PRIMA-DONNA, IN FRANZ LEHAR'S FAMOUS COMIC OPERA, "GYPSY LOVE," AT THE PRINCESS THIS WEEK.

GIRLS OF THE GAY WHITE WAY

GAYETY DAILY MATS. LADIES-10¢

BURLESQUE & VAUDEVILLE

SEATS 15c-25c-35c-50c BEST SEATS NIGHT 75c

WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST

INCLUDING

Sam Hearn, Harry D. Ward, James Rowland, Helen Eley, Estelle Barry, Emily Hooper, Hattie Raymond, Maud Morrell, Ed. Jerome, Dan Healy, Frank Winfield,

AND A BEAUTY CHORUS OF TWENTY

NEXT WEEK—HARRY HASTINGS' BIG SHOW, WITH SAM SIDMAN.

MATS. THUR. SAT. | ALEXANDRA | SEATS, BELL'S 146 YONGE ST.

THIS WEEK THE ABORN OPERA COMIQUE CO. IN THE NEW SPECTACULAR

CHIMES OF NORMANDY

80 SELECTED SINGERS (Les Cloches de Corneville) MAMMOTH CYCLORAMA SCENES

HEAR "The Legend of the Bells" "On Billows Rocking" "It Was In September" "The Bird Has Flown" "Just Look At This" "I May Be Princess" "By Your Side" and all of PLANQUETTE'S DELIGHTFUL MELODIES

SOLOISTS: MISS VINIE DALY, MR. WM. WOLFF, MR. CARRICK MAJOR, MISS DAISY LEON, MR. CARL HAYDN, MR. FRED FREAR, A Large and Attractive Chorus, AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

EXTREME REALISM. The Apple Orchard in Bloom. THE BIG FAIR with Seven Marvelous French Acrobats (Six of them women). THE GRUNATHOS. THE VORLOP TROUPE & OTHERS. STAGED BY EDWARD P. TEMPLE

IT REQUIRES A SPECIAL TRAIN OF SEVEN CARS TO BRING THIS PRODUCTION TO TORONTO—IT WILL NOT BE PRESENTED IN ANY CANADIAN CITIES EXCEPT MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

PRICES: POPULAR MATINEE, THURSDAY; BEST SEATS $1.00. NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE 50c., 75c, $1.00, $1.50.

NEXT WEEK SEATS ON SALE WEDNESDAY

THE MUSICAL COMEDY EVENT OF THE SEASON

SAM BERNARD IN A NEW FARCE WITH MUSIC ALL FOR THE LADIES

ENSEMBLE OF 80 PRICES—50c to $1.50

New Century Girls Return to the Star

Two Screaming Burlesques and a Lavish Display of Costumes.

The latest old for popularity in the burlesque line is "The New Century Girls." They are billed to appear at the Star this week. There are two burlesques, "A Busy Day at a Union Station" and "The Lord's Reception," both arranged and staged by the popular comedian, Ted Burns, who plays the principal comedy role in both burlesques. It is claimed by the management that all the music in the piece, which runs through the show, is the very newest, and most of it is of that catchy rippling kind which captivates the populace, who whistle on the streets and hum tuneful snatches when leaving a theatre. The success of the burlesques, and they are successful beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt, is not altogether due to its pleasant melodies nor its pungent book, which reeks with jollity, but to the effectiveness of its staging. It shows a lavish expenditure, which, for once, has been guided with considerable good taste. There is a mass of rich material varied in harmony, that gives a dazzling effect, at once pleasing to the eye as it is artistic in color. With plot the author has been rather stingy, he being a firm believer in the old saying, "actions speak louder than words." Among the company will be found such well known performers as Charles Saunders, Ralph Rockway, D. B. Galleher, Roy V. Krause, Harry Wise, Sam West, Gloria Martinez, "the handsomest girl in burlesque," and Pearl Reid, the dainty little singer.

SAM HEARN, AT THE GAYETY THIS WEEK.

Sam Hearn Heads Company of Stars

"Girls of the Gay White Way" Will be at the Gayety Theatre This Week.

"The Girls of the Gay White Way," presented by the Gordon-North Amusement Company, comes to the Gayety Theatre this week, prepared to outshine its own enviable record. Headed by Sam Hearn, James Rowland and Harry D. Ward, the organization is composed almost entirely of stars, as far as the principals are concerned; as to the chorus, it sets a new standard of beauty of figure and face, and with their customary care, Gordon and North have selected young women who can sing and dance.

But, aside from providing a treat for the eye and ear, Gordon and North have this season also provided a genuine musical farce, a piece with a comedy plot and brimful of laughs. With burlesque elasticity, the piece has permitted the introduction of several novelty and sensational dance numbers.

To unfold the fun of the "Girls of the Gay White Way" Gordon and North have engaged those kings of burlesque comediane, Sam Hearn, James Rowland and Harry D. Ward, and these three laugh makers produce infectious laughter every instant they are upon the stage, not only by their grotesque mannerisms but by a natural talent in that direction. Then there is Ed. Jerome, Ben Ryan, Helen N. Ely, Gertie DeMilt, Harriet Lee, Hattie Raymond, so, taken all in all this season, the "Girls of the Gay White Way" should prove an enjoyable performance.

Arnold Bennett's "Milestones" Coming

English Company Will Present Dramatic Success at the Princess Theatre.

"Milestones," the English play by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, which is to be presented at the Princess Theatre the week of December 2, by an English company, is told in three episodes, and the audience will see the action take place in the same room of a London house altho it covers a period of fifty-two years. The room is seen as it was in 1860, illuminated by candles and filled with hoopskirted women; as it was in 1885, when gas had replaced the more primitive the mellower light of wax, and side whiskers and bustles were in vogue and as it is in 1912, with its Turkish rugs, electric light and company of people in modern evening clothes.

In 1860, John Rhead, the principal character in the play, is enthusiatic, young and far in advance of his partners. He is a Thames-side iron founder, and he realizes that the day of wooden ships has gone and that the iron ship is the thing of the future. His determination to move with the times breaks partnership and friendship. The Sibleys are old fashioned. They are not to be deceived with new fangled notions. Young Sam Sibley is engaged to Rhead's sister, Gertrude. She gives him back his ring when he attacks her brother. Pretty Rose Sibley loves Rhead and believes in him, but she will only marry him if her father consents. That was in 1860.

In 1885, Rhead is portly, prosperous and fifty. He has married Rose, her father conveniently dying a week after the split, and she has grown into a sweet-tempered, husband-adoring Victorian matron. Rhead is rich enough to secure a baronetcy with a handsome contribution to the party funds. Gertrude is a sentimental middle-aged spinster, with a keen nose for romance, sad but not soured, lonely and rather vapid, but yearningly affectionate. The Rheads have one daughter, Emily, and Emily is in love with Arthur Preece, a clever inventor, with an enthusiasm for William Morris and a fine contempt for material prizes. Success has made Rhead obstinate and stupid. Iron ships have made his fortune, but the idea of steel ships fills him with amused contempt. He will have none of Preece. He has other ideas for his daughter, and she is conveniently married to the amiable, inane, forty-five year old Lord Monkhurst. This is in 1885. But she did allow Preece to kiss her first: 1885 is a generation later than 1860.

Then comes 1912, and the Rheads' golden wedding day. Sir John is nearly eighty, bent, tired, but still obstinate and forceful. His wife is sweeter and more lovable than ever. Emily is a handsome widow, with two children—the boy a selfish fool; the girl splendidly modern, with her mother's beauty and her grandfather's character. She in her turn falls in love with an engineer, and she is going to marry him whatever the family say or think and her grandmother for the first time in her life opposes her husband and takes the part of the young lovers. Her mother's old sweetheart turns up at a most opportune moment and she marries again, removing her own objection to her daughter's marriage. The grandparents with Aunt Gertrude are left alone at the end, the old man deploring there are no women like his wife nowadays, women have grown so hard. But as he speaks his granddaughter steals back into the room and with tender grace kisses him and puts a red rose in his hand.

Plenty of Audiences, Not Enough Successes

A. H. Woods, Who Owns "Gypsy Love" and 34 Other Shows, Talks of the Stage.

A. H. Woods, the plunging manager who owns thirty-five shows, among them the Lehar comic opera, "Gypsy Love," says the main trouble with the drama is there are not enough successes to fill the theatres.

A. H. WOODS.

"There are enough audiences," says Mr. Woods, "if they are given what they want. There is nothing the matter with the American audiences. They are just as solid, substantial and plentiful as ever. If successful plays can be produced a manager does not have to worry about audiences."

Mr. Woods does not hesitate to say that he would rather produce melodrama than the best musical show ever written if only the conditions were the same as formerly. The average musical show costs from $25,000 upward to produce. "Madame Sherry," it is true, cost somewhat less than that figure, but "Gypsy Love," which Mr Woods is bringing to the Princess this week, is one of the most expensive musical shows of recent seasons and cost approximately $50,000 before the curtain rose on its premier performance. "Gypsy Love," as did also "Mme. Sherry," had several $22,000 weeks in New York and Chicago, but expenses were so great that the profits were vastly disproportionate, when the financial risks of the original productions were considered. Melodrama, on the other hand, is a certain quantity; it is, or rather was, just as much a staple as groceries or cotton goods. The expense of producing a melodrama is almost negligible. All that is necessary is an attractive title for the show and sufficiently sensational billboard display. Results are produced, one might say, automatically, for no other effort is necessary. It is simply a question of drawing down the receipts. Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and New York were the best cities in the east for melodrama. For the first week $11,000 was by no means rare and $7000 or $8000 for the other two weeks.

In Mr. Woods' last season of producing melodramas he had twenty-five different companies under his direction, each booked for forty-five weeks. As the average receipts for each company during this entire period was from $1600 to $3000 weekly, it will be readily understood that the profits added up well—rather better in fact than the best week recorded for either "Madame Sherry" or "Gypsy Love."

A. H. Woods has ambitions of his own to control a chain of theatres, not a large chain, but just big enough to house his own attractions in the important cities. Mr. Woods sees much that is hopeful for the producer. And he backs his faith with real money. He has always invested $100,000 in advance royalties for plays to be produced in the future. He is a firm believer in the adage that anything worth having is worth paying for, and that a man can't get something for nothing and be honest.

PRINCESS

ALL THIS WEEK MATINEES Wed. and Sat. | NIGHTS 25c to $1.50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. 25c to $1.00

NOW IN ITS NINTH MONTH AT DALY'S THEATRE, LONDON, AND WILL REMAIN THERE FOR ANOTHER YEAR

A. H. WOODS PRESENTS THE FRANZ LEHAR OPERETTA

GYPSY LOVE

THE INTERNATIONAL COMIC OPERA SUCCESS. AMERICA & ENGLAND'S MOST NOTABLE PRODUCTION.

THE FRANZ LEHAR COMIC OPERA THAT ALL ENGLAND AND AMERICA IS TALKING ABOUT

CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON declare that "GYPSY LOVE" marks the high water of artistic achievement in the development of a musical play and notwithstanding the fact that Lehar wrote "The Merry Widow," and "The Count of Luxembourg" it is the

FAMOUS COMPOSER'S MASTERPIECE

Company of 100 includes ARTHUR ALBRO, the brilliant Russian tenor, in his original role of JOSZI, the gypsy violinist, and PHYLLIS PARTINGTON, the captivating prima donna as ZORIKA.

WEEK BEGINNING MON. DEC. 2 —SEATS THURSDAY—

Klaw & Erlanger Present— THE REIGNING SUCCESS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA

MILESTONES

By Arnold Bennett and Edward Kloblauch

The Masterpiece of Dramatic Art of the Generation.

Interpreted by a Specially Selected Company of Actors From London.

SHEA'S THEATRE

MATINEES DAILY 25c | WEEK OF NOV. 25 | EVENINGS 25, 50, 75

First Appearance of the Season's Novelty

GUS EDWARDS KID KABARET

With Eddie Cantor and Hattie Kneitel. And a Kompany of Twenty Klever Kid Komics.

CHAS. AND FANNY VAN From Stage Carpenter to Ackter.

ETHEL McDONOUGH In New and Tuneful Songs.

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Special Extra Attraction

HALE NORCROSS & CO.

Presenting "In the Suburbs."

THE "MISSEY MOON" GIRLS, WITH THE NEW CENTURY GIRLS, AT THE STAR THIS WEEK.

DRAMA

STRAND

YONGE ST. THEATRE NORTH KING

E. L. WEILL, Manager.

MON., TUES., WED., WEEK OF NOV. 25

ANNE BOLEYN

An epoch-making occurrence, and one of the most important in all history is herein recounted. Dealing with King Henry VIII. of England, and his infatuation for Anne Boleyn, which resulted in the founding of a new religion.

OUR REGULAR PROGRAM IN ADDITION TO ABOVE

LILLIE LORRELL HOWARD TORONTO'S FAVORITE ENTERTAINER

"INEZ" THE DAINTY VIOLINIST

MATINEE—5c and 10c. Box Seats 25c. EVENING—5c, 10c and 20c. Box and Reserved Seats, 35c. CONTINUOUS—12 NOON—10:45 P. M.

COMEDY MUSICS ART

The Week in Society

A TEA-POT INFUSION OF—

"SALADA"

Gives the maximum of satisfaction at the minimum of cost.

BLACK OR GREEN... PRESERVED AND SOLD ONLY IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS.

Social Notes

Miss Kathleen Sweeny, youngest daughter of the Lord Bishop of Toronto, will make her debut this season.

* * *

The provost and students of Trinity College have issued invitations to a dance from 8 to 12.30 o'clock on Thursday, Nov. 28.

His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and a party from Government house occupied a box at the Royal Alexandra on Thursday evening.

* * *

Miss Maud Arthurs Weir is giving a small tea at the Prince George on Monday for Miss Haidee Crawford.

* * *

The president of the board of directors of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy has sent out invitations to the celebration of the fiftieth year of its incorporation on November 25 at 9 o'clock.

* * *

Mrs. Sydney Greene is giving a young people's dance for her daughter Betty on New Year's Eve.

* * *

Mrs. John A. MacKellar, 47 Madison avenue, has issued invitations to an at home on Thursday afternoon, November 28, at 4.30.

* * *

Mrs. R. G. Stapells will receive for the first time in her new house, 41 Fairview Boulevard, North Riverdale, on Wednesday, and not again until the new year.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Ellis have issued invittions to the marriage of their only daughter, Katherine, to Mr. John Renwick Bell, in Cowan Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday, November 27, at 7.30 o'clock.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Haidee Crawford to Mr. Ernest Watt takes place on Wednesday afternoon at 80 Rowanwood avenue.

* * *

The Lord Nelson Chapter, I. O. D. E., dance, which was postponed from November 15, will be held in the Metropolitan Assembly rooms, on Friday, December 13.

* * *

Miss Genevieve Morland, who has been the guest of Miss Eleanor Mackenzie, has left for Mexico, where her marriage will take place on December 17.

* * *

Invitations have been issued to the annual ball of the Island Aquatic Association, which is to be held at McConkey's on Friday, November 29, this being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the club. Tickets can be obtained from any member of the following committee: The Messrs. A. R. Denison, T. K. Wade, H. S. Sweatman, I J Ardagh, Fred Lamont, Norman Copping, Arthur Meredith, Charles Q. Ellis, L. B. Brown, Fraser Allan, Aubrey Ireland, C. L. Lugsdin (secretary).

* * *

Her Majesty the Queen has sent an enamel and diamond pendant, with the royal monogram, "M. R.," as a wedding present to Miss Iris Fitz-George, daughter of the late Colonel Fitz-George, and granddaughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Robert S. Balfour, which takes place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on December 12.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton Gunn, of Prince Albert, are in town, staying with Mrs. Wright, on their way to Scotland.

* * *

Miss Sarah Lansing arrives in town this week for a visit to Mrs. Oscar McGaw. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin Bernard left last week to spend a couple of months in California.

* * *

Mr. Reginald Geary, Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. L. Ross were staying with their Royal Highnesses at Government House, Ottawa, for the May Court Club ball.

* * *

Mrs. Cyril Knight held her post-nuptial reception on Friday afternoon, the 15th, at 152 Howland avenue. The bride wore her wedding gown, of ivory chaveneuse, draped with malines lace, and a corsage bouquet of melody roses. She was assisted in receiving by her sister-in-law, Miss Phyllis Knight, of Kingston, in cream lace over Alice blue satin, trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds. The tea room was decorated with bronze chrysanthemums and the drawing room with yellow chrysanthemums, palms and smilax. Mrs. E. W. Wright presided at the tea table. The girls assisting were: Miss Nell Killam, of Yarmouth, N. S., and Miss Frances O'Reilly.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. Claude Fox have moved into their handsome new house on Glen road.

* * *

St. Simon's Y. M. C.

The initial dance of St. Simon's Young Men's Club took place on Wednesday evening last at the Aura Lee Assembly Rooms. The evening was a grand success. About eighty were present.

* * *

Mr. Ashbury Robinson and Mrs. Ashbury Robinson (Dot Rose) have left town to spend the winter months in Mr. Robinson's home, Brookline, Mass.

* * *

The Benvenuto Club will hold its next formal dance in the Foresters' Temple on Wednesday evening, December 11.

ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. MacPherson, 47 Metcalfe street, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Beatrice Muriel, to Mr. William H. Grimbleby, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Grimbleby, 18 Galt avenue. The wedding will take place early in the new year.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Miss Marjorie Raven, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Raven, Kew Beach, Toronto, to Mr. Charles Stewart of Butte, Montana, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Stewart, Alipore, Calcutta.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Mabel Snider, daughter of the late Martin Snider and Hannah Wilkinson, to Dr. Sprague Carleton of New York City. The marriage will take place the last of November.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Summers announces the marriage of her daughter Mary to Esmond Austin Childs, M.D., of Geneva, Ohio. The wedding will take place on Tuesday, November 26.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fry, Ossington avenue, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Mabel, to Mr. Grover Taylor, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Taylor, Borden street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Weir Acheson, Stratford, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Bessie E., to Mr. Mellville E. Fisher, only son of Mrs. Margaret Fisher, Toronto. The marriage will take place shortly.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Hayes announce the engagement of their niece, Ellen Mary Merritt, to Harold Wilson Shapley. The marriage will take place very quietly at their home, Morristown, New Jersey, on November 29.

FAREWELL DINNER.

The following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dinner at Government House by his honor the Lieutenant Governor and Lady Gibson on Monday evening, to say farewell to Major-general and Mrs. Cotton: Col. and Mrs. Hemming, Col. and Mrs. Williams, Col. Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Col. and Mrs. Logie (Hamilton), Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Philips. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Newburn (Hamilton), Lt.-Col. Mercer, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hendrie, Lt.-Col. Rennie (Hamilton), Lt.-Col. McLaren (Hamilton)' Hon. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Moodie (Hamilton), Lt.-Col. Moore (Hamilton), Mrs. Stewart (Jersey), Miss Cotton, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. Rennie, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gooderham, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. A. Grant, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Fleming, Hon. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cox, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Chadwick, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. B. Miller, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Van Nostrand, Major and Mrs. Nelles, Major and Mrs. Clyde Caldwell, Mr. Fellowes.

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Fur Garments of all kinds made to order and old Furs remodelled, cleaned, dyed or repaired.

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owing to their long experience and natural ability are experts in floral arrangements. Flowers may be ordered by Phone, Telegram or Letter and assurance is given that prompt and efficient delivery will be made. They guarantee all shipments. Night and Sunday, Phone Junct. 858.

MRS. GILBERT FRANCIS (NEE STUART), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON WEDNESDAY.

Wedding Notices

CARDELL—STUART.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Lilian Joyce Stuart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert James Stuart, 27 Maynard avenue, became the wife of Mr. Gilbert Francis Cardell, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cardell, of Calgary. An orchestra was in attendance, and the house was exquisitely decorated with masses of palms, ferns, smilax and gold and white chrysanthemums, the bridal party standing in the bay window of the drawing room, which was banked with white flowers, while the dining room was massed with chrysanthemums and tall standard vases of pink roses, the bride's table being centred with a basket of white roses, surrounded by smaller baskets of pink Killarneys, the cake decorated with lilies of the valley. The charming little bride looked her prettiest in a tailor-made of darkest blue whipcord with black braiding and buttons, and with this was worn an imported blouse of blue satin with white lace and ruffles and touches of cerise, mink furs and a most becoming mink hat with magnificent cerise willow plumes at the side. She also wore a corsage bouquet of violets and lilies of the valley and a gold bracelet which had been worn by her mother on her wedding day. Miss Helen McKibbin was lilies of the valley. The charming little son best man, each receiving a silver monogramed card case as a souvenir of the event. Miss McKibbin was in a wedgewood blue tailor-made, black silk beaver hat with paradise plume and bouquet of pink roses and lilies of the valley. The bride's mother wore a very smart gown of moonlight satin veiled with black net embroidered in crystal bugles, amethyst and pearl ornaments, and a bouquet of beauty roses, while Violet Stuart was in white ninon with cerise, a black beaver hat with marabout and bouquet of violets and lilies. Mr. and Mrs. Cardell left for a trip to New York, Montreal and Quebec before going to their new home in Calgary. The bride's many presents included a large check from the groom and a beautiful Persian lamb coat from her father.

WALLACE—CULLEN.

Victoria College chapel was the scene of a wedding at half-past twelve o'clock on Wednesday, when the marriage took place of Miss Rose Nicholls Cullen, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Cullen, to the Rev. Edward Wilson Wallace, son of the Rev. Prof. F. H. Wallace. The ceremony was conducted by the father of the bridegroom. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Dr. Thomas Cullen, wore a gown of ivory duchess satin, with tulle veil and orange blossoms. She carries an empire shower of roses and lilies, and wore the bridegroom's gift, a pendant of pearls. Miss Catharine Cullen attended her sister as maid of honor, wearing pale blue satin, veiled with marquiset, and black hat. She carried pink roses and wore the bridegroom's gift, a pendant of pearls, and pink coral. Mr. Paul Wallace was his brother's best man, and the ushers were Dr. Ernest K. Cullen and Mr. Ernest Joliffe. Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. John B. Ramsay, Baltimore; Mrs. B. C. Loveland, Syracuse; Mr. and Mrs. James E. Beatty, Montreal; and Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Greene, New York. A reception and dejeuner was held at the Queen's Hotel, where the bride's table was very beautifully arranged and centred with an Italian pink and gold basket filled with pink and white carnations and maidenhair fern, surrounded with six smaller baskets, of white chrysanthemums, connected with pink cords. There were twenty-four covers. The bride and bridegroom left by the afternoon train to spend their honeymoon in New York, the bride traveling in a green cloth tailor-made, black hat and mink furs.

LOW—ALLEN.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Allen, 699 Keele street, was the scene of a wedding on Thursday last, when their eldest daughter, Ethel Maud, was united in matrimony to Mr. Robert Low by the Rev. Dr. J. S. German. Miss Irene Allen, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. James Low, brother of the groom, best man. After a reception the couple left for New York and St. Louis, the bride's traveling dress being grey velvet with large picture hat. On their return they will reside at Howard Park and Sunnyside Avenue.

Elgar Trio

(Piano, Violin, 'Cello)

Teas, Receptions etc.

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GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Score, both of whom have spent their lives in Toronto, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding by a large reception at McConkey's last week. Mr. Score and Miss Clarissa Metcalf were married at the residence of the latter's father, Mr. Thos. Metcalf, on John street, on November 18, 1862, when the snow was so deep that it was impossible to see across the road. Mr. and Mrs. Score lived for many years in University avenue, in the building now occupied by the Ontario Medical Council. Later they moved to their present home, at 312 Huron street. They have five children living, and five grandchildren. Their children are Mr. Thomas Score, of St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Frank Score, of Kendal avenue, Toronto; Mrs. R. T. Shillington, of Haileybury; Mrs. J. Edward Potts, of Toronto, and Mr. Frederick Score, of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Score have received many beautiful gifts from their relatives and friends, including a gold receptacle for flowers and an illuminated address from the staff at the tailoring establishment founded by Mr. Score. At the reception last week only two witnesses of the wedding 50 years ago were present. They were Mrs. Reford and Mrs. William Fahey. When the guests had been received a grand march was formed, with Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Score leading, and their youngest grand daughter acting as flower girl. A halt was made while Mrs. Score cut a large wedding cake at the end of the room and Mr. Score made a brief speech. Mrs. Score wore a handsome gown of white satin veiled with black Chantilly lace, and carried an old-fashioned bouquet of yellow roses and forget-me-nots. Receiving with her and her husband were Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Score, of St. Paul; Mr. R. T. Shillington, M.P.P., Mrs. Shillington and Miss Shillington, of Haileybury; Mr. Frank Score, Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Score and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Potts, of Toronto.

TO MAKE WAY FOR XMAS

SELLING NOW AT

$5.00

Monday and Tuesday's offerings of colored willow plumes will be the greatest sale we have ever introduced. In order to make way for our special Xmas stock, we offer the latest and best colorings in hand made willow plumes, regularly sold in our own stores at from $8.00 to $10.00. Not more than two sold to one person.

Sale price $5.00

Another assortment of exceptionally beautiful double tied willow plumes, regularly sold at $15 to $20, including almost every color and shade you can think of.

Sale price $10.00

HATS 1-3 OFF

Every imported hat has now been reduced. They are priced at 1-3 off and include beavers, velvets and velours, in late fall New York designs.

LONDON FEATHER CO., LIMITED

144 YONGE STREET TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg

How large is the consumption of mahogany in the world may be inferred from the fact that England alone imported last year 104,712 tons of it, valued at $4,307,402.

The English Board of Trade labor exchanges last year received nearly 2,000,000 applications for work, and 592,739 vacancies were filled.

Out of 56,799,904 acres, the total area of Great Britain, only 2,000,000 are unused for agricultural purposes.

GROWING GIRLS

Watchful Care of Health Extremely Important for Growing Girls.

Of course you want your daughter to grow up to strong, vigorous womanhood, fully equipped to take her place in the world of activity. You are seeing that she gets a good education, that the growth of her mind is well looked after; but what about the growth of her body and her physical condition? You must remember that just at this time her vitality is being taxed to the utmost, and upon how well or how poorly her system is built up just now depends to a large extent the health or weakness of later years.

To enrichen the blood and build up tissue and assure a growing girl of glowing, permanent health and strong womanhood, there is nothing so effective as the scientific preparation called Sanguinol. It is a tonic containing no alcohol or harmful drugs—a tonic which merely feeds to the system the elements which Nature cannot supply fast enough.

Sanguinol is composed of the iron and manganese of which the rich, red, life-giving blood corpuscles are made and the phosphates which build the tissues and nerve cells. So you see that its action is merely to assist Nature, co-operating with Nature in a most effective way to make sure stalwart, robust health.

Get Sanguinol today and place your daughter safely upon the road to vigorous womanhood. She will thank you for it. You will never regret it. You can get it at any of the Owl Drug Stores: 770 Queen East, 1631 Dundas street, 491 Parliament street, 257 College street, 900 Bathurst street, 1219 Bloor West, 732 and 894 Yonge street, VanZant Drug Stores, and E. A. Legge, College and Ossington.

For the House, Party or Dance

To have your hair becomingly arranged is a matter that is of premier importance.

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You can find the largest and most select stock of hair goods in the Dominion, and any style will be demonstrated free. You will be waited upon by experts who have made the art of hairdressing a life study.

Hair Dealers, Hair Dressers, Manicuring and Chiropody.

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Gadski Will Retire After Two Seasons

Great Artist Will be Heard Again at Massey Hall on Nov. 29.

Mme. Gadski impresses everyone as different from any other great singer they have ever heard, and she is different in her plain determination to permanently retire after two or three more seasons of concert work and operatic appearances. Then she will leave America and live for ever in Berlin, as she herself expresses it. "And when I say good-by, I shall not say it more than once. I will mean it!" And she will do as she says, will Johanna Gadski. For an artist who is at her greatest to speak of retirement seems strange, and yet is not strange coming from Mme. Gadski, who is the most determined woman alive, and above all other things loves her home and wants to be in it. She has given up all idea of establishing a home in New York, and while a great portion of her season is spent there she looks forward to the time when she will leave it all behind and live with her husband and daughter in her old home in Berlin. The people of Toronto will have a present opportunity of hearing Gadski on Friday, November 29, in Massey Hall, and her many admirers will not be slow to avail themselves of making her further acquaintance in a recital program; an entire evening with Gadski.

EVELYN'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The vexed question of Christmas presents is easily solved by a visit to Lady Evelyn Ward, Bloor street, where all the daintiest new ideas of London and Paris may be admired or purchased in addition to the most exquisite examples of Irish lace and embroidery. In the lace all sorts of new ideas as sets and individual pieces are to be seen and hand embroidered handkerchiefs of gossamer quality vie with the handsome pieces of French and English embroidery on table cloths, cushion covers, bed spreads, etc. Some of the newest and prettiest lampshades with china vase lamps to correspond are of parchment adorned with chintz flowers, which look good enough to pick and would make ideal gifts for owners of either electric or oil lamps. The terrible task of choosing a present for a man is quickly settled by a glance at the lovely old framed engravings, genuine antiques, at a very low sum, and devotees of bridge would be delighted with one of the little purses or bill folds made of antique brocades in lovely metallic shades, the same materials being utilized for match boxes and reticules. Another novelty is to be seen in the toilet table bottles, decorated with gold which are to be had in all shapes and sizes for a very small sum.

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The New Webber System of measuring just introduced is so simple that a child can send us measurements which will ensure a perfect fit.

The information you will give us on the new form assists in deciding the exact proportions of your figure in every angle. Our cutters can make you a new suit as perfect as if the fitting were done in our own workrooms.

We want you to try our new system, and are therefore making this special inducement:—

This Special Proposition: Any Made-to-Measure Suit for which we regularly ask $25 and $30, for..... $20

With our new system of home measuring we are able to positively guarantee the fit of every garment turned out by us.

Ask about the Webber System of Home Measuring

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GIFTS

At this season of the year for men are most appreciated if useful. There are no two articles that would be more pleasing to a man than

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

PARIS-GARTERS

You can procure them at most shops in great variety of patterns and boxes.

President-Suspenders OR Paris-Garters in beautiful single boxes or combination Holly box containing both suspender and garter.

DOMINION SUSPENDER COMPANY

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PAGES MISSING

REAL ESTATE — City Expansion - - Suburban Development — EDITED BY N. C. PEARCE

NEXT! A WINTER COLONY OF ARDENT ISLANDERS

That is What One Enthusiast Says Will Come To Pass When There's a Bridge Over the Western Channel and a Motor Boulevard From the City.

"Well, it won't be very long now before we're living over at the Island all the year round," declared a real estate man, who manages to get over there first in the season and always lingers till the boats quite running.

"With the boulevard, and the bridge over the western gap, and the widened approach from Bathurst street, why the Island shore when the breezes with a motor, than the Hill, or Rosedale. And besides it will be healthier."

Sure, it will be healthier alright, the newspaperman agreed. But the average city person finds it difficult to conjure up pleasant fancies of life on the Island shore when the breezes blow in from over the lake and the snow piles up behind the ice banks on the beach.

"It will be no easy matter to change the houses so that they would be habitable all the year round. It wouldn't cost much, if that were a factor. Living on the Island during the winter will be fun available only to the man with the motor, because the only way to get to the Island when the boats cease plying would be by autos down Bathurst street. There'll be no street cars on the Island. We will have light, gas and water service all the year round. The water pipes would have to be put down a couple of feet deeper and, of course, we would want telephone service during the winter. No, I tell you it won't be long after the harbor board gets that bridge up before there'll be a fine, select little colony over at West Island and Hanlan's enjoying the zero-touched, bracing breezes of the dead of winter."

And it isn't beyond the bounds of probability to see coming, the day when those hardy habitants who divide their time between cutting drift wood into stove lengths and coming over on the ice to the city, where it's warm, will have company, and motor rides instead of ice-boat trips.

Pygmies of New Guinea.

The most primitive of peoples are the New Guinea pygmies, and the information about them in "Pygmies and Papuans," by A. F. R. Wollaston, is most curious, interesting and surprising. This is a book of travel, rich in information for anthropologists and naturalists. How undeveloped these New Guinea pygmies are may be gathered from the fact that they possess no metals, and have no knowledge of poetry, and were unaware of the fact that water could be made to boil. Their average height is 4 feet 9 inches. The difficulties encountered by the expedition, which lasted fifteen months, may be gathered from the fact that during the first year 12 per cent. of the party died, while 83 per cent. were invalided and had to be sent out of the country. Out of the 300 men employed during the first twelve months only eleven remained to the end.

It has been computed that 65,965,907 gallons of water were made use of last year in the washing and sprinkling of the streets of London.

From the top of the Malvern hills in England on a clear day the tourist may look into sixteen counties.

Steam Radiators Made of Concrete

Germany has found concrete to be an excellent material for the construction of radiators for steam and hot wate heat, and at recent hygienic exhibitions such radiators were shown in all possible forms and colars.

The most important feature of these radiators has to do very intimately with hygiene. Being porous, they furnish moisture as well as heat to the air in a room, which is most desirable. It is also stated that they heat more quickly and cool off more slowly than an iron radiator, and that they cost much less than the latter.

The radiators are formed by pouring a mixture of cement and sand into special gypsum molds, or iron castings and can be made in all colors and shapes. The thickness of the walls is about three-eighths inch.

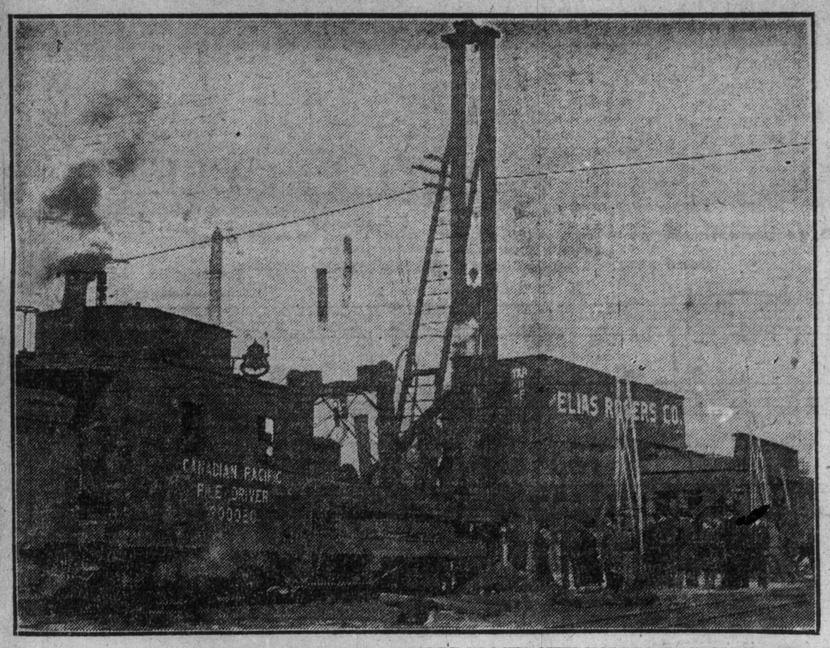
Poetry and the Child.

Read poetry to the child. Read easy, simple verse, read nonsense verse, read real poems as "Thanatopsis," and bits of "Paradise Lost." Of course the child will not understand the thought, but he will enjoy the sound, and he will unconsciously learn the words. Poetry was never meant to be read to one's self, but always to be read aloud or recited. It is harder than prose. The order of the words is often unlike our everyday speech, and the words themselves are frequently different. Here, especially, children need help. If they find it, they learn to love poetry, and there are few things that so sweeten life as a genuine love for poetry, for its beauties, and for the helpful lines that come to one's mind in hard places—Home Progress Magazine.

The value of the output of trap rock in the United States in 1911 was $6,399,623, a decrease of $52,159 as compared with 1910. California and Massachusetts were the two states showing increases in value of production. Crushed stone for concrete increased in value.

St. Agnes' lighthouse in England has been closed and the light extinguished, after 230 years of continuous service.

DRIVING PILES ON YONGE STREET.



RAILWAYS BUILDING THE BRIDGE THAT WILL CARRY TRACKS OVER NORTH END CROSSING, WHILE GRADE ELIMINATION WORK IS GOING ON.

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THE NEW WAY OF SHARING IN BENEFITS OF RAPID TRANSIT

What the Canadian Northern Railway is Doing in Many Cities in Eastern Canada—Quick Sale of Lots and Price Advances at Rideau, Near Ottawa.

LEASIDE GOES ON THE MARKET APRIL 1.

The modern way of railway city development is to buy big tracks of suburban land, improve it with transit facilities and in other ways, and then put the profits from the lot sale into the construction of high-class terminals and transportation schemes. This the Canadian Northern is doing with four or five thousand acres at Montreal, where the boring of a tunnel thru Mount Royal has made their real estate and railway plans spectacular; at North Bay, which is to be made an important point on their transcontinental system; at Sudbury; at Toronto, where the transforming of the 1500 acre Leaside subdivision into a highly improved suburb with best of transit facilities is receiving close public attention, and at Ottawa. Eight hundred acres just south of Ottawa, at a place where the Rideau River is broad and still, were laid out by the company and now are partly sold at encouraging figures. Rideau was sold primarily as a summer resort but with the knowledge that eventually the subdivision will grow into a settled town with a business district, and railway shops, roundhouses and other C. N. R. works. A fifteen minute gasoline-electric car service from Rideau to the heart of Ottawa will be given next summer. So good was the demand that the company within a week of their placing the property on the market raised the river-front lots 25 per cent., and the lots at the north end 40 per cent. and within ten days the balance had been increased 15 per cent., and this without a cessation of the active sale, and of course with good profits to those who got in early.

Mr. H. Pitzimons, of the C. N. R.'s land agents, Davidson and McRae, says the big sale at Rideau was much larger than even his rosiest anticipations. While the property is far nearer Ottawa than any other summer resorts, as well as being offered at very attractive prices some novel and energetic selling ideas were put into good effect by the agents. To show from the river what a fine property was offered and the excellent aquatic advantages over other sections, special steamboat excursions to Rideau were run.

Rideau will have some of the C. N. R. shops, but Leaside will probably get the best share of the railway's industrial favors. Plans for the big subdivision to the north-east of the city leave plenty of space for railway works, and for an artisan's section. These will be divided from the high-class residential district by business streets. Leaside's development will be to some extent sectional, as denoted by the setting aside of industrial and business districts, but most faith in its success is based on the rapid upbuilding of a residential district. Mackenzie & Mann interests are in a position to assure rapid transit; just how it will be given is pretty much a problem as yet, and it is likely that the company and the city will have to agree upon terms.

Leaside will go on the market about the first of April, next year. Annexation to the city may be consummated about that time.

Sixteen thousand Europeans and 665 Maoris have obtained old-age pensions in New Zealand in the last year. About 30,000 old-age pensions have been granted in all.

Cyanide precipitates of silver constituted $237,051 of the $430,055 declared exports to the United States thru the American consular agency at Amapala, Honduras, in the first half of 1912.

In 1862 the annual consumption of meat in France was 67.1 pounds a head of the population. In 1892 it was 81.18 pounds; in 1897 it was 111.27, and in 1900 the number of pounds a head was 125.68.

In one year the British general post-office dealt with 3,047,000 letters.

CARVING RADIAL'S ROUTE THRU CITY.

STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK NEAR WALKER AVENUE, ON METROPOLITAN'S NEW ENTRANCE. THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINE HOUSES BOUGHT BY COMPANY ARE TORN AWAY AT THE SAME TIME.

Creator of Pearls.

Anything is easy if one knows how, even the manufacture of pearls. Mr. K. Mikimoto, an ingenious Jap, for many years tried to find a means of producing pearls artificially. At last his study, skill and patience were rewarded and it is said that he has received a patent from the Japanese government, just as would the inventor of a piece of machinery, for his discovery. Mikimoto's method consists in catching the oyster when it is young, and literally performing upon it an operation, for into the tender substance of the bivalve he inserts an irritating substance. He then returns the oyster alive to its place in the sea.

These young oysters live at a depth not to exceed seven fathoms. They cling to the stones and sea weed by means of a thread or film-like substance they spin. When they grow larger they are transferred to deep water. Vast beds are under the control of Mikimoto and no poaching is allowed upon these preserves. It takes about four years for a pearl fully to develop around the spot originally invaded by the foreign substance. The pearl is really a secretion deposited from time to time to ease the irritation caused by the foreign body. This hardens into the pearl of commerce.

To assist in the pearl industry women divers are employed and they are found more skilful than men.

Smyrna has a population of 400,000, and the Vilayet of Aidin, of which it is the capital, 1,800,000. The other principal towns of the province are: Aidin, 45,000; Magnesia, 25,000; Denizli, 15,000. A spirit of industrial enterprise is taking hold of Smyrna, which has heretofore confined its activities to purely commercial matters.

Pennsylvania produces thirty per cent. of the sand used in glass-making in the United States—about 400,000 tons. The average value of glass sand in Pennsylvania is $1.40 a ton.

Real Estate Market Unusually Active for This Season of Year

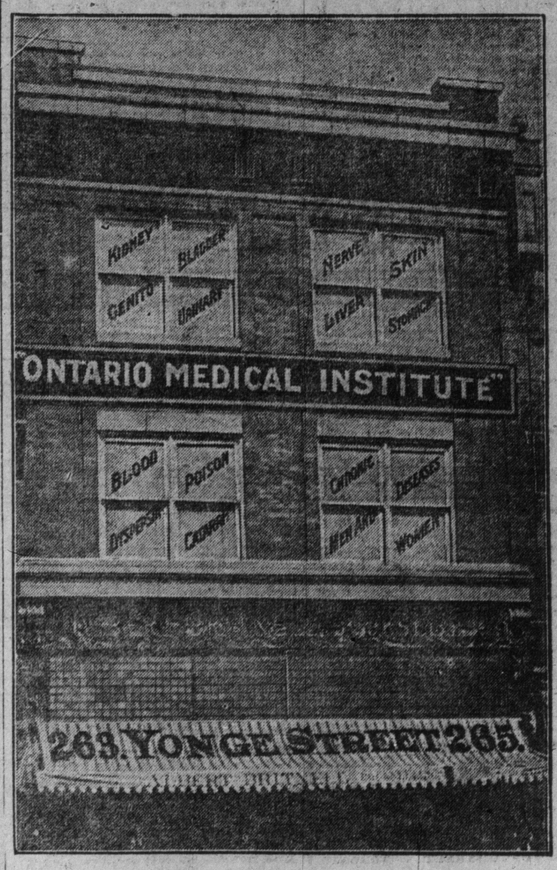
Real estate men are frankly surprised at the amount of enquiry and the number of good sales for the time of year. Mid-season is usually chosen by the big financial companies and others wanting large properties as the best time to make purchases and from now on we should see a succession of big deals in addition to the many notable ones that have gone thru this fall.

But while large transactions are looked for at this time of year, agents expect a falling off in the general public demand. Houses and small central purchases that require only a little capital to swing are not much sought after when the days get cold and short. That is usually. This year is the exception.

Those who watch the market closely say the late fall is the best time of the year to buy houses, but until this year the buying public bought mostly during the spring and early fall. But the intrusion into the market of a great many people who have the money to invest in an extra house or two, but who are very cautious as to what they buy and who have studied all the fine points about the real estate market, has brought about a period of activity in what otherwise would be a slack time.

Then also a great many people who have made good in suburban properties during the year are putting their money into small central pieces, sticking pretty well to sections where the property is so held that a fair amount of activity can be engendered on moderate developments. But while many suburban operators are getting into city property for next summer's expected turnover more are going back into lands and many of the subdividers report large block sales. Winter holding for the early spring profits is popular. Builders too are learning to reap some of the benefits of buying ahead of use, and considerable demand from them for city building land, in North Toronto and the east end particularly, is noticeable.

Altogether the market is very brisk and there is no sign of a let up. It is too early yet to say how long the quiet holiday spell will last. The money market is improving, from the real estate standpoint, all the time, and it is quite likely that but little time will elapse between the active periods, and also that spring business will be very heavy. That is what real estate men, and their moneyed clients, and builders think.



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Honey Bunch

Lyric by FLETA JAN BROWN

Music by HERBERT SPENCER

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Moderato

Bout a spook-y love-charm tree;
Down a-round the spook-y tree

While - the moon was hid - ing,
Then they kiss and cud-dle

Witch - es came a rid - ing
Goo goo and hud-dle

On their brooms and said to me, "Go get the
While the witch - es laugh with glee, And make a

Lis - ten here, my hon - ey,
When the moon is shin-ing

I know something fun-ny
Lov - ers come a pin-ing

mf a tempo

Kiss me, do! Cud - dle close and we will spoon, spoon, spoon,

Un-der neath the wink-y, blink-y man in the moon. Hug me, hon - ey bunch,

Hug me tight, Squeeze me, squeeze me with all your might,

While the charm works Love me, my Hon - ey Bunch, do!

Honey Bunch 3

CHORUS

Love me, Hon - ey Bunch, Love me true, Kiss me, Hon - ey Bunch,

spook-y, ook-y tree, I'll whis - per in your ear.
moon is out of sight, And se - crets we will tell.

girl you a - dore
ring round the moon

And bring her down
To break up the

here"
spell

Come a - long, my hon - ey, lo the
Run a - long my hon - ey while the

FINANCIAL SITUATION IS ESTABLISHED ON FIRM BASIS

Improved Outlook in Europe Reflected in Some Measure in the Stock Markets — Prospects as Viewed by Wall Street.

The European situation, which has long been a vital factor in this market, shows decided improvement. The Balkan war appears to be practically ended, and diplomacy may safely be depended upon to work out its results without serious difficulties between the great powers. Temporary friction may ensue, but it is very evident that England, Germany, Russia and France are all strenuously opposed to war. Calm consideration of the problems to be solved plainly shows inadequate occasion for any such calamity. The great bankers of Europe are in no way disposed to finance a ruinous European war, and they are likely to control the situation, for upon them depends the raising of the sinews of war.

As a result of more peaceful tendencies conditions have improved in the international money markets. There is less fear of financial disaster and the situation has been materially strengthened by the liquidation of unwholesome speculation. Firm rates are ruling in all the foreign money markets, the great banks being disposed to maintain present high discount rates; an attitude which of course discourages the possibility of gold exports to the United States. A better feeling, however, has resulted from Europe's repurchasing some of our stocks sold a month ago. In the local money market somewhat more comfortable conditions prevail. Good rates are likely to continue for some time to come, but no stringency is in sight, at least before the usual preparations for January disbursements.

In a week congress will reassemble. It will be but a short session, and no important legislation affecting business is to be expected. The business world has had enough of "trust-busting" and "tariff-smashing." Reform may be necessary in both these directions, but it should come gradually and not violently. Systems and tendencies which have been at work for years cannot be overturned in a day without injury to all concerned. Some effort may be attempted at banking reform, which, if carried out on sound and non-sensational lines, should be encouraged. We have had altogether too much trifling with banking institutions for practical effect, and the sooner our politicians learn the danger of playing with credit the better for all concerned. Nothing is more sensitive than credit. The tariff problem will, of course, remain for adjustment by the incoming administration.

Conditions at the moment favor continued fluctuations in securities, but no very positive advance in view of the above circumstances. The decision of the arbitration board regarding the wages of railroad engineers will be shortly announced. This may have an important bearing. If important concessions are made without permitting the railroads to recoup themselves by better rates the effect would be detrimental to railroad shares. A few of the industrials will also be certainly affected by tariff revision. Our steel trade continues abnormally active and this may have a further effect on prices. Altogether conditions are favorable and in time will make their presence effectually apparent.

TORONTO STOCKS

	Nov. 22. Ask.	Nov. 22. Bid.	Nov. 23. Ask.	Nov. 23. Bid.
Brazilian	93¼	92	92	91½
Amal. Asbestos	...	...	...	...
do. preferred	...	...	...	...
B. C. Packers A	150	145	150	145
do. B.	...	...	...	...
do. common	150	...	150	...
Bell Telephone	...	162¾	...	162¾
Burt F. N. com	...	...	...	...
do. preferred	...	103½	107	106¾
Can. Bread com	23	20½	22	20
Can. Cement com	...	28½	...	28½
do. preferred	...	92	...	92
Can. Gen. Electric	118	117½	117½	116¾
Can. Mach. com	...	45	...	45
do. preferred	85	...	85	...
Can. Loco. com	60	...	60	...
do. preferred	94	...	94	...
C. P. R.	266	265½	266	265½
Canadian Salt	...	112½	...	112½
City Dairy com	53½	52	53½	52
do. preferred	101	...	101	...
Consumers' Gas	193	192	193	191
Crow's Nest	80	...	80	...
Detroit United	72	...	72	...
Dom. Canners	69½	...	69½	...
do. preferred	101	...	101	...
Dom. Coal pref	...	...	...	...
D. I. & S. pref	...	102	...	102
Dom. Steel Corp	61¾	...	61¾	...
Dom. Telegraph	103	100	103	100
Duluth-Superior	...	70	71¼	...
Elec. Dev. pref	...	85	...	85
Illinois pref.	...	92¾	...	92¾
Lake of the Woods	...	134	...	134
do. preferred	...	120	...	120
Lake Sup. Corp	21¼	20¾	21¼	20¾
Mackay com.	85	85¼	86	85
do. preferred	...	68	68	67½
Maple Leaf com	65	60	65	60
do. preferred	95	94½	96	...
Mexican L. & P.	...	83	...	83
do. preferred	...	...	...	...
Laurentide com.	...	...	...	...
Mexican Tram	113	...	113	...
Montreal Power	...	...	...	...
Monterey pref.	73½	72½	72½	72½
Monarch com.	...	83¾	...	86¾
do. preferred	...	93	...	93
M.S.P. & S.S.M.	...	...	...	...
Niagara Nav.	...	...	...	...
N. S. Steel com	89	...	89	...
Ontario common	...	124	...	124
do. preferred	...	...	...	...
Rio Jan. Tram	...	...	...	...
do. dep. rec.	...	...	...	...
Rogers common	117	...	117	...
do. preferred	115	...	115	...
Russell M.C. com	...	90	...	90
do. preferred	...	99	...	99
Sawyer - Massey	...	50	...	50
do. preferred	...	94	96	94½
St. L. & C. Nav.	113	111¾	...	115
Sao Paulo Tram.	...	...	...	...
do. dep. rec.	...	...	...	...
S. Wheat com	83½	...	83½	...
do. preferred	...	94	...	94
Spanish River	65	64¾	64¼	63¾
do. preferred	94	...	94	...
Steel of Can. com	...	28	...	27½
do. preferred	92	...	92	...
Tooke Bros.	52	...	52	...
do. preferred	90¾	89½	90¾	89½
Toronto Paper	69	...	69	68
Toronto Rail.	...	...	141½	141
Twin City com	106	...	105¼	...
Winnipeg Ry	219	...	219	...
—Mines.—				
Coniagas	7.40	...	...	7.50
Crown Reserve	3.65	...	3.60	3.55
La Rose	...	2.42	2.60	2.50
Nipissing Mines	8.70	8.60	8.75	8.60
Trethewey	24	...	25½	...
—Banks.—				
Commerce	222	...	222	...
Dominion	235	234¾	235¼	234¾
Hamilton	205	...	205	201
Imperial	220	218	222	218
Merchants'	196	...	196	...
Metropolitan	200	...	200	...
Molsons	...	207	...	207
Montreal	...	246½	...	246½
Nova Scotia	...	267	...	267
Ottawa	...	...	...	...
Royal	222	...	222	...
Standard	220	...	220	...
Toronto	...	239	...	238
Union	...	150	...	150
—Loan, Trust, Etc.—				
Canada Landed	...	164	...	164
Can. Permanent	...	194	...	193½
Central Canada	...	190	...	190
Colonial Invest.	...	78	80¼	80
Dominion Savings	...	77	...	77
Gt. West. Perm.	135	...	125	...
Hamilton Prov.	...	135	...	135
Huron & Erie	...	204	...	204
do. 20 p.c. paid	...	195	...	195
Landed Banking	...	140	...	140
London & Can.	124	...	124	...
National Trust	...	215	...	215
Ontario Loan	...	162	...	162
do. 20 p.c. paid	...	152	...	152
Tor. Gen. Trusts	190	...	190	...
Toronto Mort.	...	135	...	135
Toronto Savings	...	200	...	200
Union Trust	180	178	180	178
—Bonds.—				
Black Lake	...	92	...	92
Canada Bread	...	...	...	...
Canada Loco.	100	...	100	...
Can. Nor. Ry.	...	90	...	90
Dom. Canners	104	...	104	...
Dominion Steel	...	...	...	...
Electric Develop.	...	92	...	92
General Electric	...	...	...	...
Keewatin	...	...	...	...
Lake of the Woods	...	108	...	108
Mexican L. & P.	...	90¼	...	90¼
Penmans	...	91	...	91
Porto Rico	93	...	98	...
Prov. of Ontario	...	...	...	...
Quebec L. H. & P.	...	...	...	...
Rio Janeiro	...	...	...	...
do. 1st mortgage	...	88	...	88
Sao Paulo	...	100	...	100
Spanish River	97¾	...	97	...
Steel Co. of Can.	...	89½	...	93½

TORONTO MARKET SALES

	Op.	High.	Low.	Cl.	Sales.
Brazilian	92	92	91¾	91¾	190
Burt F. N.	103	...	...	...	27
do. pref.	107	107	106½	106½	43
Can. Bread	20	...	...	...	1
Can. Salt	115	...	...	...	5
C. Dairy pr.	100	...	...	...	3
Con. Gas	192½	192½	192	192	15
Gen. Elec.	117½	117½	117	117	60
Locomotive	59¼	...	...	...	1
do. pref.	93½	...	...	...	4
Mackay	85¼	...	...	...	75
do. pref.	68	...	...	...	25
Monarch pr.	93	...	...	...	25
P. Burt pr.	91	...	...	...	3
R. & O.	114	...	...	...	50
Spanish R.	64½	64¾	64¼	64¼	85
do. pref.	94	94¼	94	94	21
St. Lawce.	113½	...	...	...	10
Toronto Ry.	140	...	...	...	5
Twin City	105	...	...	...	72
—Mines—					
Crown R.	3.60	...	...	...	150
La Rose	2.50	...	...	...	50
Nipissing	8.65	...	...	...	100
—Banks.—					
Commerce	222	...	...	...	10
Dominion	235	235¾	235	235	65
Toronto	215¼	...	...	...	2

NEW YORK STOCKS

Erickson Perkins & Co., 14 West King street, report the following fluctuations on the New York Stock Exchange:

	Op.	High.	Low.	Cl.	Sales.
—Railroads.—					
Atchison	107⅝	...	...	...	200
Balt. & Ohio	106½	106⅞	106½	106½	700
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	92½	92¾	91¾	91⅞	700
Can. Pacific	265	266	264⅞	265¼	4,200
Ches. & Ohio	81	...	...	...	200
Chic., Mil. & St. Paul	114⅜	115	114½	114½	1,300
Chi. & N.W.	140	...	...	...	100
Erie	24¼	24⅜	24	24	1,500
do. 1st pref.	5⅝	...	...	...	100
Gt. N. pf.	128½	128¼	128¼	128⅜	800
Inter - Metro	20⅝	20¼	20	20¼	300
do. pref.	66⅝	66⅝	63	63¼	1,200
Lehigh Val.	176¼	176	176¼	176½	2,200
Louis & Nash	146⅝	...	...	...	100
Miss. Pac.	44	44	43⅞	43⅞	200
N. Y. Cent.	114¼	114⅞	114¼	114⅞	200
North. Pac.	124½	124⅝	124½	124½	700
Pennsylvania.	122⅝	122⅝	122¾	122¾	1,100
Reading	172¼	172⅞	171⅝	171⅞	24,600
Rock Island.	25½	25⅝	25¼	25¼	500
do. pref.	49	49	48⅞	48⅞	900
St. Louis & S.F., 2nd pf.	31	31	20¾	20¾	.....
South. Pac.	111⅜	111⅝	111⅛	111⅜	300
South. Rail.	29⅞	29⅞	29¾	29¾	500
Twin City	104⅞	...	...	...	100
Un. Pacific	172½	172⅞	171⅜	171⅞	18,600
West. Mary.	54⅜	...	...	...	100
Amal. Cop.	84⅞	85	84¼	84¼	4,700
Am. Bt. Sug.	65¾	65⅞	65¼	65¼	.....
Am. Can.	42	42¼	41⅝	41⅝	3,600
do. pref.	124	...	...	...	200
Am. C. & F.	59⅜	...	...	...	100
Am. Cot. Oil.	58½	58½	58¼	58¼	400
Am. H. & L.	5½	...	...	...	200
Am. Linseed.	13	...	...	...	100
Am. Loco	46⅝	46⅝	46¼	46¼	400
A. Snuff com.	103	...	...	...	100
Am. Smelting.	81½	81½	79¾	80	700
Am. T. & T.	142¼	142¼	142⅛	142⅛	400
Am. Tobacco.	27	...	...	...	200
Anaconda	43½	43⅞	43½	43⅞	200
Beth. Steel	40½	41¼	40½	40¾	400
do. pref	71	71	70	70	200
Chino	47⅞	47⅞	47¼	47½	2,200
Cent. Leath.	23⅜	23½	29¼	23½	600
Col. F. & I.	26¾	...	...	...	200
Con. Gas	142⅜	142⅞	142¼	142⅜	400
Corn Prod	15⅜	17	16⅜	17	800
Dis. Sec.	25¼	26¼	25¼	25	4,700
Gen. Elec.	134	134	133½	133½	200
Inter. Harv.	121¼	...	...	...	100
Inter. Pump	26¾	...	...	...	100
—Industrials.—					
Mex. Petro	83¾	84	83¾	84	200
Nat. Biscuit.	132⅛	132⅜	132¼	132¼	200
N. Y. A. Bke	82	...	...	...	100
Nevada Cop.	23¼	23½	23	23	1,500
Peo.G. C. & C	116½	116½	116	116	700
Ray Cop.	22⅛	22½	22⅛	22⅛	400
Rep. I. & S.	28	...	...	...	300
Sears Roeb'k.	216¼	216¼	216	216	200
U. S. Rub.	59	59	57¼	58	2,300
U. S. Steel	74⅜	75¼	74½	74⅝	20,600
do. pref.	112	...	...	...	100
U.S. Steel 5's.	102	102	101¾	101¾	.....
Utah Cop.	61¼	61½	61¼	61½	900

LONDON MARKET TURNED WEAKER ON WAR REPORTS

Rumors of Mobilizing of Russian and Austrian Armies Brought Decline in Capel Court.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Rumors of the mobilizing of the Russian and Austrian armies caused an easy opening on the stock exchange today. Later most departments developed weakness on continental selling and local realizing prior to the settlement and the whole market, from consols to Kaffirs, declined moderately and closed with an uncertain tone.

Trading was dull in the American section. Prices opened around parity and then declined with the other sections. A slight rally followed and some shares recovered to the opening level. The closing was dull with prices ranging from unchanged to 1-2 lower than yesterday's New York closing. Money was in better supply and discount rates were easy.

DWINDLING TRADE OF BANK INTERNATIONAL

October Bank Statement Reveals a Big Drop in Deposits and Assets.

In the return of chartered banks of the Dominion to October 31, issued by the Department of Finance at Ottawa, the following changes in the principal items of International Bank's standing, compared with that of September, are to be noted:

Liabilities.

	Oct. 31.	Sept. 30.
Total deposits	$948,828	$2,623,797
Total liabilities	2,037,665	3,799,849

Assets.

	Oct. 31.	Sept. 30.
Call and short loans.	442,142	$185,029
Current loans	1,420,933	1,229,958
Notes and checks of other banks	202,841	1,897,178
Oevrdue debts	6,570	.....
Deposits with other banks	541,894	805,187
Total assets	$3,283,289	$5,152,614

AUTOS AND PUPS ARE RAFFLED OFF IN WALL STREET

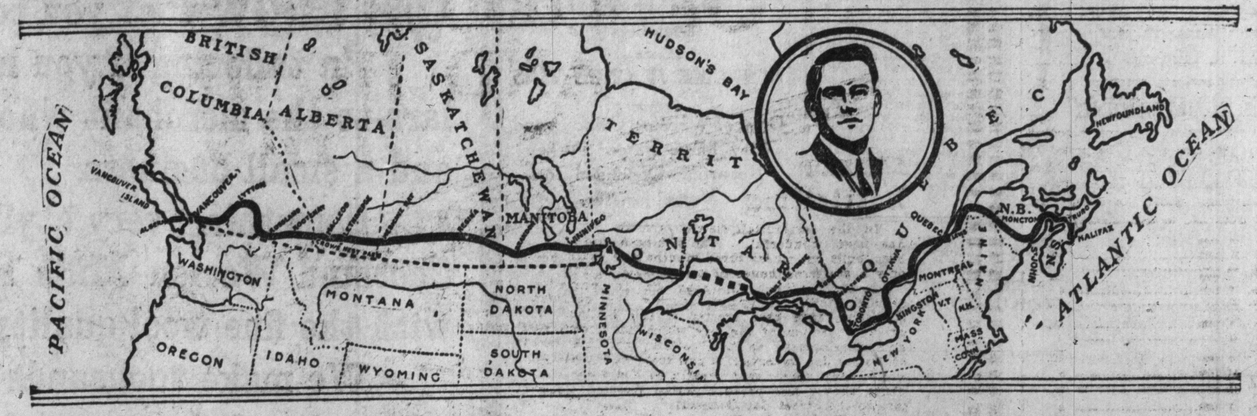
NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Wall Street is perhaps the best place in the country to hold a raffle, and everything from an automobile to a collie pup is involved in various parts of the financial district during the course of the year. The curb, perhaps, offers the best market for this sort of gambling, and there are a number of professionals who come round regularly and conduct raffles for pieces of jewelry which often have a value of nearly $1,000. Automobiles are raffled comparatively frequently by both the Exchange and the Curb. Recently a curb broker won a $1,500 car for $1. Stock is sometimes raffled on the Curb.

SAYS TOBACCO TRUST IS REALLY BROKEN UP

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Percival S. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, says disintegration of the company has been complete, and that real competition does exist among various tobacco companies, formerly subsidiaries of the trust.

'Cross Canada in a Reo

TRAIL BLAZED FOR NATIONAL "ALL-RED" HIGHWAY



TRANSCONTINENTAL AUTOMOBILE RUNS are now of not unusual occurrence in the United States. Because road difficulties have been charted—the determining factor there is speed.

The first transcontinental run across Canada was essentially one of ENDURANCE. More so when it is known that a boy of 23 was at the wheel, who did not even know the geography of the country—without a chart, or directions—who had to meet all the great difficulties of the trip, far surpassing those of any other part of the world, blindly, and overcome them at their worst by sheer sturdiness of this ordinary stock car alone.

What does this run mean to YOU—who desire a car for everyday use?

It means—that in a Reo—there is the positive assurance of mechanical and structural reliability—minimum upkeep—adaptability to all—no matter how unusual—road conditions. If an ordinary stock Reo car stood a Canadian transcontinental trip it would surely meet any test that you can put it to.

What does it mean to the man who has already bought a car?

It again means—that the

Reo is the Car of Experience

SEND your name and address for the Illustrated Book that tells of the trip. Read how the sturdy little REO ploughed the treacherous muskeg, and pertinacious gumbo. How bridges were improvised, how chasms were block and tackled, and how triumphantly she dipped her wheels in the Pacific, 4,200 miles to the good—with mechanism perfect and running as smooth as the "purr of a contented kitten."

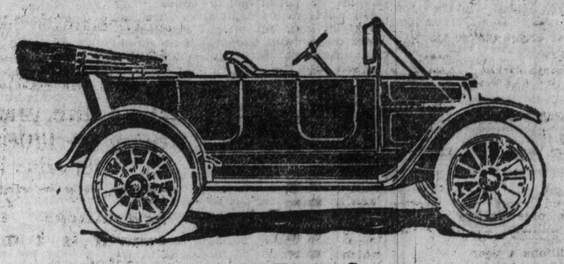
The edition is limited, so send early.

The All Red Route Reo and a number of Reo 1913 models will be on exhibition in the Montreal Motor Show, January 4th to 11th, 1913, and the Toronto Show, February 6th to 15th, 1913.

Reo 1913 Touring Car

"Is the last word"—in automobile construction. Rational—reason why—left side drive—no irksome, awkward levers—all controls in the centre of the car—the handle like a cane, right at driver's hand, where a movement of only 3 inches each of 4 ways shifts every gear. The famous Gray & Davis Electric Starter, lamps and dynamo are installed.

Here is the car of the "automobile man." The car—if not bought first—is surely bought after a man has paid for his so-called "automobile experience."



Reo 1913 Touring Car

REO records are records of "reliability," and if you sum up every quality desired in a car, they are expressed in that word "reliability." $1,750 f.o.b. St. Catharines, Ont.

REO SALES CO.
LIMITED
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

REO MOTOR CAR CO.
LIMITED
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

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As large purchasers of Municipal obligations in every Province of Canada, we are in a position to readily furnish a selection of investments acceptable for—

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By investing a small amount now you can get in on a syndicate holding two good Silver properties. A membership will entitle you to a big block of stock in company to be formed later, money to all go into development. References given. Address
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567

London Produce.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Raw sugar centrifugal, 11s 3d; muscovado, 9s 3d. Calcutta linseed: November-December, 50s 6d; Linseed oil, 27s 3d. Sperm oil, £30. Petroleum, American refined, 8 1-4; spirits, 9 1-4. Turpentine spirits, 28s. Rosin, American strained, 15s 7 1-2d; fine 19s 9d.

EVERYONE BUSY NAMING CABINET FOR PRESIDENT

Portfolios Passed Around, But Chief Executive-Elect Will Have Something to Say About it Himself.

MR. WILSON UNBENDING

Official Family Only an Advisory Body and Their Recommendations Often Go for Naught.

By Roderick Clifford.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Never yet did king, prince or potentate rise to a position of supreme power without bringing about a slightly lesser exaltation of a number of other men, as an accompaniment to his own accession. Any man in a high place is like a comet, which, rushing across the skies, drags behind it a tail of brilliance. And even in the United States, it has long been the custom and the law for the president, upon his election to elevate to the dignity of cabinet ministers, certain of his coadjutors, whom he may choose.

The time is rapidly approaching when a new executive head of the nation will assume the office to which the people of the country have elected him, and with the advent of that hour, the making of a new cabinet will be begun. Now that the suspense of waiting for the news of the election of a new president is passed, the country has progressed to the next stage of the game and practically everyone the nation over, is as busy selecting a president's cabinet as a Kentucky colonel picking winners at a horse race.

Portfolios are being passed around with astonishing alacrity by everybody save the president-elect himself. The first proof sheets prepared by the many self-elected cabinet slate makers, show the race card for the day to be about as follows:

William Jennings Bryan; Senator James A. O'Gorman of New York; Representative James L. Slayden of Texas; Dr. Harvey W. Wiley; House Majority Leader Underwood of Alabama; Representative A. S. Burleson of Texas; Louis D. Brandeis, the trust-busting lawyer; Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts; William G. MacAdoo, the man who put the tunnels under the Hudson River, at New York; Samuel Untermeyer, a corporation lawyer of New York; Representative James Hay of Virginia; Charles R. Crane of Chicago; Representative J. T. Lloyd of Missouri, and many others.

Each will have a sheaf of recommendations and miscellaneous credentials big enough to paper the walls of the particular departmental building in which he wants to have the most comfortable office. It is predicted, however, that recommendations and credentials will all go for naught in this matter, this year, for Woodrow Wilson is reported to be unapproachable and unbending.

Aside from the political aspect of the times, the president's cabinet is an interesting body in itself. Altho not provided for explicitly by the constitution of the United States, it is still one of the oldest institutions of the government. Every president from George Washington down has had a cabinet. The American cabinet is similar to the Privy Council of Great Britain; it has the same relation to the president that that British body has to the King of England. The cabinet acts as an advisory body to the president, giving him advice when he requires it, assisting him in his executive activities and also placing a check upon his rasher actions.

The cabinet has no power under the law to force the president to accept and follow its advice, but it has long been the custom for our American presidents to adhere very closely to the counsels of their cabinets, especially in cases where the ministerial admonitions coincide with the original executive opinion.

On the theory that the president should be permitted to choose his own advisors no legislative direction is given him, but on the supplementary theory that the president should not be allowed to bring an unreliable person into the cabinet, the constitution has provided that all public officers must be appointed by and with the advice and consent of the senate, a clause which quite frequently places beyond the pale a man whom a president-elect would particularly delight to honor.

The matter simmers down, then, to this: The president may choose the men he wants for his cabinet, provided that the senate has no reason to believe that the men proposed will be other than docile, pleasing and orderly, and will cast no obstacles in the pathway of the political party in power. Cabinet ministers must be efficient men and ornaments to Washington officialdom, the men least likely, of all the public men of the nation, to commit unwise and imprudent actions.

Latterly the docility of cabinet ministers has become the paramount qualification of such high office holding. Washington had troubles with his cabinet. Jackson had so much of it that he found it necessary to admit some of them in thru the back door, hence the name of "Kitchen Cabinet" was affixed to his ministry. Even Thomas Jefferson, who held that all men are created equal, refused to hold meetings of his cabinet, because he could not assemble them all at one time without some of them kicking over the traces.

President Taylor's persistency in appointing men with opinions of their own resulted in an attempt by congress to take the appointive power out of his hands.

Almost without exception every president has been forced to refrain from appointing the men he really has desired for his cabinet because he has been certain that their nominations would meet with unfavorable action at the hands of the senate. The advice and consent of the senate is not one of the easiest things of attainment in American public life.

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

"Canada" Brown Scone

"Variety is the spice of life," the old adage runs. And it applies to the family bread supply as much so as to many another thing in life.

All "Canada" breads are good breads. But no matter for that, folks tire of the same loaf, and appetite has its craving for a change.

One of the most pleasing and palatable changes from one good bread to another good bread is to the Brown Scone—baked right on the oven "floor," as grandmother used to bake her bread. Made from the finest of brown flours. Has a sweet thick, all-round crust that is as toothsome as it is wholesome and nutritious.

From the grocer or the driver 5c

Canada Bread Company, Limited

Mark Bredin, Manager

Phones: Hillcrest 760, Junction 2340, and Main 329.

Musical News

IN view of the near approach of Christmas, we have provided ourselves with an unsurpassed selection of Songs and Anthems suitable for use at church services and in the home. We name a few of the new songs picked from hundreds here: "The Redeemer," by Harry Rowe Shelley; "Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem," by Frederic Field Bullard; "Oh! Babe, My Son, My Saviour," by Henry Leslie. The latter most suitable for contraltos. We'll gladly play over any selections you are interested in.

BELL PIANO WAREROOMS 146 YONGE ST TORONTO

"OUR EMPIRE NAVY"

Staying a Second Week at Massey Hall.

"Our Empire Navy" exhibition at Massey Hall proved such a phenomenal success last week that Mr. Guy Bradford has decided to run these magnificent patriotic moving pictures a second week in the city, and has accordingly arranged to present "Our Empire Navy" at the Massey Hall all next week (Friday excepted), with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. It is estimated that during last week over 25,000 people visited Massey Hall and acclaimed "Our Empire Navy" to be the finest lesson in imperial defence and imperial unity ever witnessed in Toronto. Twenty-five thousand is a very small percentage of our large population, and many thousands of people have necessarily not yet had opportunity to visit Massey Hall, and it is at the request of many hundreds of townspeople that Mr. Bradford has decided to stay over next week.

The prize scheme for the children—Mr. Bradford has offered three prizes, $25, $10 and $5, for the best essays written upon "Our Empire N y" by children under 16—will be continued all next week, and the winners announced from the stage on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 30. The judges for this prize competition are Major Collins of the Army and Navy Veterans' Association, Scoutmaster Hammond and Mr. Guy Bradford.

Next week is "popular price week." All seats will be 10c and 25c.

Steamer Toiler Ashore.

KINGSTON, Nov. 23.—The steamer Toiler, grain laden from Port Colborne to Montreal, is ashore at the foot of Wolfe Island. The steamer Navijo went to her assistance.

CONGRESS DEBATES LACKING IN DIGNITY LIE IS OFTEN PASSED

"Refrigerated Vulture of the Dead," "Pinhead," and Other Epithets Hurled by Members.

NOT LIKE IT ONCE WAS

Days of Webster, Calhoun and Clay Have Passed, When Repartee Depended on Verbal Finesse.

By Sidney Espey.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Congress is usually the doctor for all things of public interest, but when that body meets next month, somebody is going to quote the old motto, "Physician, heal thyself," and endeavor to restore to the debates in Congress something of the dignity which was apparent in the days of Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay.

Just outside the chamber of the House of Representatives there stands statues of a score or more of orators, whose words have been perpetuated as examples of parliamentary language.

Yet inside of the chamber too often during the past decade there have been sounded accusations openly impugning the motives and veracity of public men, and the "short and ugly" has frequently been passed.

Last session a member designated a prominent government official as "a refrigerated vulture of the dead." That accusation stands upon the pages of the Congressional Record for future generations to read.

This same member has been unsparing in his vituperation and has heaped insults upon men in public life, safely protected by the constitutional provision which safeguards a member of Congress from the consequences of anything he may utter during a debate on the floor of either House or Senate.

Just before the House adjourned, it was necessary for Speaker Clark, a parliamentarian of the old school, to admonish one member for what the Speaker considered the intemperate use of language.

"It used to be regarded as bad taste for one member of this body to impugn the truthfulness of another on the floor of the house. But those times appear to have passed," said the veteran congressman.

For some time past the tendency has been to bring the expressive but sometimes objectionable language of the masses to the floor of both the House and the Senate.

"Pinhead," is the epithet applied by one congressman to a newspaperman who had written a story to which the member did not subscribe.

As a matter of fact, while members of Congress rarely pass the lie one to another, they frequently charge falsification to men outside of the government service, and, protected by their position, they are safe from being called to a personal account.

One member of Congress, who has taken a decided stand against the careless use of epithet, has taken the trouble to jot down from time to time the most objectionable of the words used during the past session. He declares that it is his intention to read them without comment at his first opportunity after Congress reconvenes, and it is his opinion that this will do much toward restoring to debates at least a portion of the dignity of the old regime.

Aside from the promiscuous use of epithets on the floor of the House and of the Senate, the American people are fast approaching a crisis in language. Slang may be expressive, but if used to a great extent, may do far more harm than good.

Should you, who are perhaps a native born American, say, upon witnessing a close decision in a baseball game: "That umpire ought to be lynched," you perhaps would entertain no personal animosity against the official of the team.

But you see what happened in Havana a short time ago under like circumstances. Umpire O'Brien, of the National League, was officiating at a game where he rendered close decisions against the home team. A sporting editor of one of the Havana papers strung a banner head across his sheet the next morning announcing that the umpire ought to be lynched.

The Cuban fans took this assertion so seriously that Mr. O'Brien was visited by a well-equipped lynching party, armed with ropes, and enthusiastically shouting for a sight of the official dancing on thin air, and only the interference of the rurales saved the baseball man.

This, of course, is an extreme case, but the United States, none the less, is a receiving station for all of the raw human materials of the world. They come to the melting pot of Ellis Island, imbued with the idea that anything American is heaven born. When they learnt that the most intelligent men of the country—for they are likely to chass members of Congress as such—are in the habit of passing the lie, of making accusations, and of indulging in language which is fighting talk with red-blooded men the world over, it bids fair to give the immigrant a warped and totally erroneous idea of what Americans really are and what principles they really advocate.

So, as a matter of fact, if the congressman who plans giving Congress its little object lesson in the expletives which have been used on the floor, makes good with his plan, it will do much toward bringing back the days when parliamentary discussion and debate was an art; when repartee depended on verbal finesse, and not upon the weight of Billingsgate which the opposing debaters could summon.

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Simple Home Remedy, Easily Applied Gives Quick Relief and Prevents All Danger from Operation.

Send for Free Trial Package and Prove It in Your Case.

Don't even think of an operation for piles. Remember what the old family doctor said: Any part of the body cut away is gone forever. One or two applications of Pyramid Pile Remedy and all the pain, fire and torture ceases. In a remarkably short time the congested veins are reduced to normal and you will soon be all right again. Try this remarkable remedy. Sold everywhere at drug stores. Send for a free trial package and prove beyond question it is the right remedy for your case, even though you may be wearing a pile truss.

Just send in the coupon below at once for the free trial treatment. It will show you conclusively what Pyramid Pile Remedy will do. Then you can get the regular package for fifty cents at any drug store. Don't suffer another needless minute. Write now.

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Pyramid Drug Company, 452 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Kindly send me a trial treatment of Pyramid Pile Remedy at once, by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper, so I can prove its splendid results.

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WE KNOW that you couldn't get a better proposition in tailoring if you handed over thirty or forty dollars to the merchant who owns a large plate glass front and a small business.

Something very stylish about the appearance of a Scotland Woolen Mills suit or overcoat that goes well with the fine wool quality of the material.

We make thousands of suits of clothes each month, but each suit is as carefully tailored and finished as if we only made less than one hundred and charged over twice the price.

Your Choice of Any Material, Made-to-Order Suit or Overcoat

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Scotland Woolen Mills LIMITED.

NO MORE $15 NO LESS

Our tailoring facilities on the individual order plan cannot be approached on this continent.

Out of Town Men---Write us today for samples of new winter suitings and overcoatings.

We guarantee satisfaction or your money will be returned.

The only branch of the Scotland Woolen Mills Company in Toronto at 139 Yonge St.

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BRANCHES: Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Winnipeg, Brandon, Fort William, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Regina, Sask.

WITNESS TOLD OF DYNAMITE FINDS

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 23.—Attacks on District Attorney Charles W. Miller and on the government's prosecution of the "dynamite conspiracy" cases, as published in The Iron Workers' Union Magazine since the trial began, were read by Mr. Miller before the jury today.

The magazine is the official organ of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, of which most of the 45 defendants accused of complicity in the McNamara dynamite plots are officials.

Ortie E. McManigal's recital of his confession as a dynamiter was interrupted today to allow other witnesses to testify.

At Rochester.

Cornelius L. Crowley, Monica, Pa., told of the finding of nitro-glycerine in an old cooper shop at Rochester, Pa., in August, 1910. It was this store of explosives which McManigal charges was pointed out to the authorities two months before The Los Angeles Times explosion by H. S. Hockin, in secretly giving information to "double-cross" the union.

Crowley was the witness who said he had been "approached" since coming to Indianapolis and told not to testify. Joseph Schwartz, Chicago, was arrested and charged with attempting to obstruct justice in talking to Crowley. Schwartz is still in jail, held for the federal grand jury.

At Boston.

George W. Harvey described an explosion caused by McManigal on March 27, 1909, in a new opera house at Boston. Watchmen corroborated McManigal's statement that bombs had been placed in the southeast side of the structure.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

Nineteen Years the Standard

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores. 7tf

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. S. 65, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Sporting Section of The Toronto Sunday World

32ND YEAR—PAGES 1 TO 4 X TORONTO SUNDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 24 1912 —PRICE FIVE CENTS

N. H. A. Alters Foul Rules Meeting Was Tame Affair

Hockey Magnates Hold Quiet Session—Torontos Get Cameron—A Working Agreement With Maritime Pros.

The National Hockey Association held a very lengthy meeting at the King Edward Hotel Saturday.

Those who expected a very exciting session were somewhat disappointed, as the principal discussion was in connection with the alteration of some of the playing rules.

The rules laid down are as follows:

1. The referee has the right to overrule an umpire's decision in the case of a disputed goal.

2. Players may be changed at any time during the game.

3. Coaching thru a megaphone will not be allowed.

Minor, major and match fouls were defined and the penalties for same were decided upon.

a. A minor foul consists of holding an opponent or his stick, also tripping when a goal is not in danger. Loafing offside is also a minor foul.

A player who makes a minor foul is to be warned once for each offence, and for a repetition of the offence he is to be fined $2, with the exception of loafing off-side. The third time that the latter offence is committed it constitutes a major foul and is to be treated as such.

b. Cross-checking, charging from behind, kicking, collaring, throwing stick to prevent a score, tripping an opponent while he is attempting to score, stopping a goal by intentionally kneeling or lying on the ice, and abusive language to any of the officials, constitutes a major foul.

The penalty will be a fine of $5 for the first offence; for the second offence an additional fine of $10 and suspension from play for 20 minutes; for the third offence an additional fine of $15 and expulsion from play for the rest of the game.

c. A match foul consists of deliberately disabling an opponent.

A player who offends in this matter will be fined $25 and be banished from the game for such time as is required for the injured player to return to play, unless the offence is the second or third major foul, when the penalty for the major foul will be imposed.

T. E. Quinn was instructed to complete his negotiations with the Maritime League and form a working commission between the two associations.

"Cyclone" Taylor has gone to the coast league and Cameron of Port Arthur goes to Toronto.

The following delegates were present:
Ottawa—M. Rosenthal.
Canadiens—George Kennedy.
Torontos—F. Robinson, B. Ridpath and P. J. Quinn.
Tecumsehs—W. J. Bellingham, Wm. Nicholson and E. J. Williams.
Wanderers—S. Lichtenhein.
Quebec—M. J. Quinn (no relation to the president of N.H.A.) and J. Malone.

THIRD EDITION

See Last Edition for Additional News and Sports.

BOARD OF REFEREES IS QUEEN'S IDEA

Will Ask Intercollegiate Union at Annual Meeting to Appoint Board and Has Infefence Stopped.

KINGSTON, Nov. 23.—(Special to The Sunday World.)—Queen's Rugby Club will make an effort to have some of the Intercollegiate Union rules amended at the annual meeting in December. They will apply for the appointment of a permanent board of referees, these officials to be appointed for the inter-university games at the beginning of the season. This has been doubtless brought to a head by most of the officials in charge of games this past season overlooking the irregularities as to off-side interference, and holding on line in all bucks and fake plays.

Coach E. O. Slater of Queen's feels that a board of referees must assemble and agree upon the definition of the off-side interference, and to what extent this holding is to be allowed.

M'MASTER DOWNS TEACHERS 1 TO 0

Second of Home and Home Games For Interfaculty Soccer Cup Played on Varsity Campus.

McMaster won the second game of the final home-and-home games for the Interfaculty Soccer Cup from Toronto Teachers Saturday morning at Varsity campus by the score of 1-0. The Teachers having won the first game by the same score, this tied the series up, and after 20 minutes' overtime had been played, and neither team had scored ,the game was called, and a sudden-death game will be played some time next week.

Jones the Champion.

ITHACANY, Nov. 23.—Captain John Paul Jones of Cornell won first honors inter intercollegiate cross-country meet this afternoon. Taber of Brown was second and Copeland of Harvard was third.

BIG CROWD SEES SCOTCH-ENGLISH IN SOCCER GAME

International Fixture Brings Together Best of Intermediate Players in Good Game at Rosedale Field.

SCOTCH TEAM PRESS EARLY IN THE GAME

Misplay by Scottish Goal Tender Gave English the First Score — Game Rough and Many Spills.

ROSEDALE, Nov. 23.—(Staff Correspondence.)—A good-sized crowd of soccer enthusiasts turned out at the Rosedale Athletic Grounds on Saturday afternoon to witness the international game played in the intermediate division of the Toronto and District Soccer League. This is a sequel to the international game of the senior division of this league three weeks ago, which ended in a victory for the English team over the Scotch.

The English and Scotch teams playing in this game were chosen from the best players of the international division, and one of the greatest games of the season was looked forward to.

The English team attempted to duplicate the feat accomplished by their fellow-countrymen in the first inter-national game, while the Scotch team undoubtedly tried to make up for the defeat of the other Scotch team by a decisive win over the English this afternoon. The line-up:

Scotch team : Goal, Robert Duncan, (Fraserburg); right back, John Colquhoun (Old Country); left back, John Highet (Simpsons); right half, James McClymont (Parkviews); Centre half, George Small (captain, Old Country); left half, Andrew Turriff (Fraserburg); outside right, John Innis (Caledonians); inside right, John Linton (Simpsons); centre, Robt. Frame (Westerns); inside left, James Nicol (Wychwood); outside left, Allan McLean (Don Valley).

English team : Goal, C. Coombs (Don Valley); right back, C. Harrison (Don Valley); left back, E. Townsley (Parkview); right half, R. Willis (Christies); centre half, E. Leonard (captain, Devons); left half, J. Tipper (Simpsons); outside right, S. Horn (Devons); inside right, W. Moffitt (Sunderland); centre, G. Reynolds (Fraserburg); inside left, E. May (Mount Dennis); outside left, W. Wilding (Don Valley).

Referee—S. Banks.

Linesmen—H. Wells and J. Guthrie.

The English got the kick-off, but the advantage was soon lost them by the Scotch, who were keeping the ball very much on their opponents' territory. A misplay on the part of Duncan, goalkeeper of the Scotch team, resulted in the English scoring the first goal. This was a kick by Wilding,outside left of the English team, which was stopped by Duncan, but the goalkeeper was unable to hold the ball after checking it, and let it drop to his feet in the goal. The game was being played quite roughly, and spills in the field were the rule. Both teams were equally to blame in this regard, and it tended to show the strong rivalry existing between them.

Many determined shots near the English goal were spoilt by the great playing of Coombs, the English goalkeeper, who deserved much credit for the game he was putting up. This, coupled with the inability for accurate shooting displayed by the Scotch forwards, without doubt prevented the Scotch team from scoring. The playing of the back division of the Scotch team was brilliant, and with anything like as good playing from the Scotch forwards that team would have piled up a winning score.

The rough playing indulged in resulted in the somewhat painful injury of W. Moffitt, inside right of the English, who was violently thrown in a collision with J. Highet, left back of the Scotch team. It was necessary to carry Moffitt off the field, but his injuries, tho painful, did not prove serious, altho he was unable to resume play this half. Half-time score :

ENGLISH 1, SCOTCH 0.

Scotland scored two goals in the second half and won the game, 2 to 1.

Argos Trim Varsity 22 to 16 In a Great Game of Football

Varsity Line Unable to Hold Argos—Hughie Gall on Back Division of Blue and White—Oniy Small Crowd Turns Out.

VARSITY STADIUM, Nov. 23.—(Staff Correspondence.)—Varsity and Argos played an exhibition game here today before a comparatively small crowd. It looked like a red-hot tussle from the drop of the hat, because both teams had taken the game much more seriously than the public, and they had their respective leagues to uphold.

Varsity and Argo rooters nearly filled the bleachers, and the cheers made one think it was a real championship struggle. Hughie Gall played right half for Varsity, with Gonter and Maynard also on this line. Bell and Knight were back on the scrimmage and Brown was unable to play. Lorimer replaced Clarkson on the wing.

The Argo team were practically the same as played off with the Rough Riders. Meeghan was flying wing instead of Jack Newton. Clarke, who couldn't get a place on Varsity, is doing the punting for Argos, and O'Connor and Lawson filled the other two places on the back.

It was an ideal day, it being not too chilly, with very little breeze, one that was not an advantage for either team. The teams were :

Varsity—Flying wing, Gage; half-backs, Maynard, Gonter, Gall; quarter, Campbell; scrimmage, Knight, Bell, Pearce; inside wings, Cory, Clarke; middle wings, German, Taylor; outside wings, Sinclair, Lorimer.

Argos—Flying wing, Meeghan; half-backs, O'Connor, Clarke, Lawson; quarter, Dissette; scrimmage, Sinclair, Mulligan, Murphy; inside wings, Gale, Foster; middle wings, Whale, Heuther; outside wings, Murray, Reaume.

Referee—Dr. Kennedy.

First Half.

First quarter : Argos won the toss and kicked to the south. Clarke started the doings by a neat kick to Gonter, who returned to O'Connor at midfield. Argos made their yards by bucking thru the Varsity line and following up with ten more. Then O'Connor got a pass and went around the end for twenty yards, being nailed five yards out. Argos bucked over on the second down for a touchdown, about two minutes after play. O'Connor failed to convert. Argos 5, Varsity 0.

On the kick-off, Clarke of Argos was held at the ten-yard line, and Argos failed to make yards, Clarke kicking to Gonter at Argos' forty-yard line. Gonter got away for fifteen yards by the end route. Gall followed up with five more. Gonter kicked behind the line and Lawson ran it out. Gall fumbled Clarke's punt and Murray got possession. Gale was right on the job, grabbing Lawson twice, keeping him from getting yards and falling on a loose ball at Argos' forty yards.

Maynard pulled off twenty yards on the first down. Varsity then failed to buck, and Gonter kicked to Clarke, who was downed a few yards out. Argos punted on the first down, and Varsity got possession at midfield, getting yards, and by an exchange of punts ran the ball to Argos' ten-yard line. Lawson broke thru for yards and Murray and Clarke kicked, Gall returned it in time. O'Connor caught and returned to Gonter, who could barely reach it, the pigskin going over his head and dribbling to the goal line. Murray was on for a touchdown, with no Varsity man. It was unconverted. Argos 10, Varsity 0.

Varsity got their first point by Gonter's kick to the dead line after Varsity had worked the ball to their own twenty-yard line. Argos 10, Varsity 1.

Right after Lawson pulled off the sensational run, for which he has been noted. It was Argos' ball at their 30-yard line when he broke thru on the first down, using his great strength arm jab he ran down the field ditching everybody in sight. He tore past Gonter, Gage and Maynard line a torpedo. At Varsity's 20-yard line he was all alone with Hugh Gall following up close. Gall finally downed him five yards out. On the first down Argos bucked over for a try, which was not converted. Argos 15, Varsity 1.

Varsity woke up at this stage and kept the ball in Argos' territory. From Argos' 20-yard line Lawson secured and passed to O'Connor, who was downed by Gall and Gage, after running for 20 yards around the end. End of quarter. Argos 15, Varsity 1.

Varsity made yards right off the bat. Maynard tried a run on the next down, but Murray grabbed him. On an exchange of punts by Clarke and Gall, Varsity were in possession on their 20-yard line. Gall kicked to Clarke on the last down. Clarke made a bad kick and Taylor broke away for 15 yards. Campbell followed up with 15 more.

On the second down Campbell passed to Maynard, who took the end route, passed to Gonter, who, when tackled, handed to Gall, the only Hugh going over for a touch by a few yards. It was unconverted. Argos 15, Varsity 6.

Varsity got their trick plays going at this stage and got Argos on the run with no mistake. Gall kicked to Clarke, who fumbled on his 40-yard line. A triple pass by Campbell, Maynard and Gonter brought the ball to the 20-yard line. On the next down Maynard tore off 15 yards. Varsity then bucked over. It was unconverted. Argos 15, Varsity 11.

An exchange of punts placed Varsity in possession on their 35-yard line. Campbell passed to Maynard, Murray tearing around the end and intercepting the pass. He went over for a touch, which O'Connor converted. Argos 21, Varsity 11.

Argos worked a mass buck and swept the Varsity defence before it. Varsity's line was too weak to hold back the scullers, and the Argos wings put a crimp in Varsity at this stage, like Messrs. Laing and Lewis did a week ago in Ottawa. Clarke and Gonter swamped punts, bringing the ball to Varsity's forty-yard line, with the collegians in possession.

Varsity made yards, which brought cheers of delight from the rooters, but Varsity lost the ball on the next play by a fumble. Clarke kicked on the second down to Maynard, who clipped off five yards from the goal line. Varsity were then forced to kick, O'Connor muffing and Clarke recovering at middfield. Gall caught the next punt and was downed on Varsity's ten yards, after running it out. Varsity again bucked for yards. Gonter was then forced to kick, Clarke returning to Campbell, who made a long pass to Maynard. Maynard fumbled, and luckily recovered on his ten-yard line. End of quarter :

ARGOS 21, VARSITY 11.

The playing on both sides had been very loose at times, with Argos getting the better of it in this respect. But Argos put up by-far the better game. Meeghan, Murray and Reaume covered Varsity runners like a tent. They followed up fast

Continued on Page 2.

BIG YANKEE GAME GOES TO HARVARD

Buckley's Good Kicking Defeats Yale 20 to 0—Yale Muffs Were Costly and Lost the Game.

YALE FIELD, New Haven, Conn., Nov. 23.—The alertness of Harvard in taking advantage of Yale's errors and the field goal kicking by Brickley gave the Crimson the victory over the Blue today by a score of 20 to 0.

Two touchdowns, one by Storer and the other by Brickley, were scored in the first and third periods. Principally due to muffed punts in the Yale back field, Brickley kicked one goal from the field from the 35-yard line and another from the 19-yard line. Yale was never dangerous until the final period, when the Blue's offense carried the ball 40 yards down the field to Harvard's eight yard line. There it was lost on downs. A few minutes later Pumpelly of Yale was about to try to kick a field goal when the game ended.

Harvard made comparatively few consistent marches into Yale's territory, by a rushing game.

Kicking was adopted as the best means of offense against an uncertain Blue backfield.

Eight bad muffs showed the wisdom of this line of attack. The score by the Crimson today was the largest made in a Harvard-Yale game in ten years and the touchdowns were the first either the Crimson or Blue have scored against each other in five years.

As Harvard has vanquished all comers the Crimson team was hailed as champions when they left the field.

Rugby Scores

ONTARIO UNION.

—Senior—

Torontos ..... 39 Alerts 7

DOMINION SEMI-FINAL.

—Intermediate—

Rough Riders.. 18 Ottawa H. 11

—Junior—

Central Y..... 7 Petrolea 2

Guelph College.50 St. Lambers 2

EXHIBITION.

Tigers..... 12 Alerts 8

Argonauts..... 22 Varsity 16

TORONTO'S WIN JOKE CONTEST ALERT JUNIORS BEATEN, 39-7

Hamilton Squad Unable to Stop Torontos and They Went Over For Trys at Will—Only a Handful of Spectators View Game—Babe Burkart the Hero.

The joke is sprung, and the original burlesque game betwen Alerts and Torontos was finished to the tune of 39 to 7 in favor of the Queen City aggregation Saturday morning at Varsity Stadium. The boys from the mountain side fulfilled their threat and sent down a handful of juniors who just stepped aside and allowed Torontos to go over. As a finishing touch to last Saturday's mitt-slinging feast, and today's massacre Torontos will meet Alerts (proper) on Wednesday. About 75 people attended the game, which was a farce from beginning to end. The line-up:

Torontos (39)—Flying wing, Heffernan; halves, Joe Smith, Hal De Gruchy, Everett Smith; quarter, Mills; scrimmage, D'Arcy Smith, Egan, Brown; wings, "Dode" Burkart, Foster, Crawford, Morrison, "Babe" Burkart, Moore.

Alerts (7)—Flying wing, Clements; halves, Laing, McKelvey, Reid; quarter, Bridges; scrimmage, Osborne, Vickely, Crawford; wings, Caffery, Snider, Jones, Voelker, Ireland, Tice.

Referee—Jimmy Bell.

Umpire—Lloyd Sifton.

First Half.

First Quarter—Alerts won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. Torontos started and forced the "scrubs" gradually backward, and in three minutes had secured a touch in goal from De Gruchy's boot. Toronto 1, Alerts 0. Torontos secured a rouge immediately afterwards. Torontos 2, Alerts 0.

Everett Smith ran back a punt from centre to 10 yards out, but Joe Smith dropped a long pass, and Jones nearly got away, as he had a clear field, but Heffernan leaped and downed him by the heels. De Gruchy booted and forced the play to five yards out, and Torontos promptly bucked over for a try. Torontos 7, Alerts 0.

Alerts gradually worked the ball up the field thru errors and loose play of Toronto's half-line, and Clements intercepted a pass and went over for a touch. Alerts 5, Torontos 7.

Torontos play was very ragged, but their weight just squashed the Hamilton boys, and De Gruchy punted in rapid succession for two rouges, leaving the score at quarter time:

TORONTOS 9, ALERTS 5.

Second Quarter—Alerts were unable to make anything of Torontos' line, but were making a little headway on end runs. McKelvey made 10 yards out from centre on a beautiful end run, and Alerts, after unsuccessful bucks, punted for a rouge. Torontos 9, Alerts 6.

Jones was knocked out and Redwood replaced him. De Gruchy punted to Laing, who was forced to rouge. Torontos 10, Alerts 6.

Still forcing the massacre, De Gruchy punted for two rouges, doubling the score. Torontos 12, Alerts 6.

Mills placed a nice onside kick and "Babe" went over for a touch, which De Gruchy converted. Torontos 18, Alerts 6.

Mills, after finding no one to pass the ball to, tore away for 40 yards before he was downed. Egan went over for a touch from 10 yards out, and Hal again converted. Torontos 24, Alerts 6.

De Gruchy punted to the dead line. Torontos 25, Alerts 6.

"Babe" took a long pass and romped over for another touch (converted). Half-time score:

TORONTOS 30, ALERTS 6.

Second Half.

Third Quarter—Still the massacre went on, and DeGruchy punted from centre for a rouge and duplicated this two minutes afterwards. Torontos 32, Alerts 6.

Hal De Gruchy was hurt and was replaced by Jimmy Bicknell. "Babe" again took another long pass and trotted over, carrying a couple of Alerts with him, for a touch, which Joe Smith converted. Torontos 38, Alerts 6.

End-to-end play kept things busy for the next few minutes, and the quarter ended. Score:

TORONTOS 38, ALERTS 6.

Fourth Quarter—On the kick-off Reid missed the ball, and before it was secured "Dode" Burkart forced him to rouge. Torontos 39, Alerts 6.

Gradually forcing the play, Alerts brought the ball away from the danger zone, and after some nice bucking McKelvey punted to Everett Smith, who fumbled and was forced to kick it to the dead line. Torontos 39, Alerts 7.

Until the whistle blew play was pretty even and good football was played, but neither team broke into the scoring column, and so ended the burlesque game of the season:

TORONTOS 39, ALERTS 7.

Tigers Too Good For Alerts Hamilton Football Crazy

Enormous Crowd Turns Out for Ambitious City Championship Game—Alert Regular Team on the Field—Tigers Line Make Gains Time After Time.

HAMILTON, Nov. 23.—The biggest, loudest, maddest crowd that ever saw a football game in Hamilton turned out this afternoon to witness the long-awaited clash between the Alerts and Tigers for the senior championship honors of Hamilton. A sea of humanity filled the grandstands on the east and west sides of the field and from there overflowed and surrounded the field on all sides. The crowd was estimated at 9000. Previous to the game both teams had their pictures "took" and were greeted from all sections of the crowd as they lined up for the photograph.

Betting is not so active as was expected and Tigers are slight favorites, the odds being 5 to4. The field was in fairly good condition. The teams lined up as follows:

Tigers—Flying wing, Gatenby; half backs, Burton, Manson, and McKelvey; quarter, Awrey; scrimmage, McCann, Young, and Melville; inside wings, Wilson and Macfarlane; middle wings, Isbester and Stuart; outside wings, Glassford and Thompson.

Alerts—Flying wing, Flannery; half backs, Becker, Leckie, and Carr; quarter, Harper; scrimmage, Pieffer, McCarthy, and Spence; inside wings, Craig and Grey; middle wings, Gerard and Clark; outside wing, Fisher and Smith.

Officials — Dr. Griffiths, referee; Frank Robbins, umpire.

First Half.

The Jungleits won the toss and elected to defend the southern goal. Isbester kicked off and Leckie returned to McKelvey, who was downed at midfield. Manson punted to Leckie, who was forced into touch at Alerts' 25 yard line. Alerts failed to gain yards on bucks and when Tigers secured Manson booted into touch in goal. Tigers 1, Alerts 0.

Carr got away for a sensational run, carrying the leather to Tigers' 40 yard line. Leckie attempted an onside kick, which Burton secured at his 10 yard line, where he was downed. Manson booted to mid field. Leckie returned to McKelvey, who was downed a tthe 20 yard line. Manson kicked into his own scrimmage. Flannery secured and passed to Leckie, who booted a pretty drop between the Tiger posts. Alerts 3, Tigers 1.

Play up to this time has been exceptionally fast, and the teams are putting up a grand battle. Isbester objected to Leckie's drop kick, and insisted that another good judge be put on. This was done. Isbester kicked off to Carr, who returned to McKelvey, who was downed at his 40 yard line. Glassford went thru the Alert line for ten yards. Manson kicked into touch at Alerts' 40 yard line. Fisher failed ons n end run, and Leckie booted to McKelvey, who ran back five yards. Tigers failed to gain on two bucks, and the leather was given to Alerts for interference. Flannery plunged for five yards, and Leckie booted to McKelvey, who fumbled on his five yard line. Burton saved. McKelvey and Catenby gained 15 yards on an end run. Manson punted to Becker, who ran the ball back ten yards.

Leckie kicked behind Tiger line to McKelvey, who electrified the crowd by running the ball out and dodging thru the whole Alert team for a 40 yard gain. Tigers secured a loose ball on Alerts' 40 yard line, and Burton almost duplicated McKelvey's performance by getting away for a run to Alerts' five yard line On the first down Nevilles and McFarlane smashed thru for a touch down, which Isbester converted. Tigers 7, Alerts 3. Nevilles was side lined for five minutes for scrapping. The quarter ended with the Tigers in possession at their 20 yard line. Score—Tigers 7, Alerts 3.

Second Quarter—Manson kicked a perfect on-side, which Glassford grabbed on Alerts' 30-yard line. Manson kicked into his own scrimmage, and Gerard secured. Leckie punted to McKelvey, who was downed at Tigers' 30-yard line. Manson kicked to Becker, who ran back ten yards. Leckie punted to Manson, who went down at midfield. McKelvey kicked to Carr, who was downed at his 30-yard line. On the first down Ross Craig was forced back five yards. Leckie booted to Burton, who was downed at midfield. McKelvey broke thru for 20 yards and kicked to Smith at Alerts' 30-yard line. Leckie punted to McKelvey, who ran it back to midfield. Burton and Manson gained five yards on an end run. On the next down Manson ran the ball 20 yards and kicked to Alerts' dead-line. Score: Tigers 8, Alerts 3.

Ross Craig hit the Tigers' line for

Continued on Page 2, Column 4.

The Trouble-Makers---Hamilton Alerts Senior O.R.F.U. 1912 Team

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FAVORITES LAND AT NORFOLK TRACK

Genesta Takes the First Race and Public Choices Win Majority of Events at Jamestown.

JAMESTOWN, Nov. 23.—The races here today resulted as follows:

FIRST RACE—Two-year-olds, purse $300, selling, 5 1-2 furlongs:

1. Genesta, 111 (Wolf), 11 to 10, 2 to 5 and out.
2. Coy, 111 (Buxton), 4 to 1, 7 to 5 and 3 to 5.
3. Insurance Man, 104 (Teahan), 5 to 1, 3 to 2 and 7 to 10.

Time 1.07 1-5. Kewassa, Ancon, Chad Buford, Wanda Pitzer, Early Light, Mama Johnson also ran.

SECOND RACE—Three-year-olds and up, Helter Skelter Selling Steeplechase, short course, about two miles:

1. Malaga, 144 (Chartrand), 3 to 1, even and 1 to 2.
2. Lizzie Flat, 142 (Henderson), 5 to 2, even and 1 to 3.
3. Dr. Heard, 147 (Helder), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and 4 to 5.

Time 4.07 2-5. Sanctim, Galin, Renault, Denora and Norbitt also ran.

THIRD RACE—Three-year-olds and up, purse $300, selling, six furlongs:

1. Aviator, 104 (Ferguson), 7 to 1, 3 to 1 and 7 to 5.
2. Coppertown, 112 (Peake), 5 to 2, even and 1 to 2.
3. Sir Blaise, 111 (Buxton), 2 to 1, 4 to 5 and 2 to 5.

Time 1.14 2-5. The Gardener, Monty Fox, Cropper, Patrick S., Gold Cap and Chilton Queen also ran.

FOURTH RACE—All ages, Monticello Handicap, value $1500, one mile:

1. Grover Hughes, 113 (Ganz), 7 to 1, 2 to 1 and even.
2. Tartar, 98 (McCahey), 4 to 1, 2 to 1 and 3 to 5.
3. Sebago, 109 (Teahan), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1.

Time 1.39 3-5. His Majesty, Kormak, Lochiel, Cliff Edge, Carlton G. and Lahore also ran.

FIFTH RACE—Three-year-olds and up, purse $300, selling, 6 furlongs:

1. Sherwood, 116 (Butwell), 4 to 1, 8 to 5 and 4 to 5.
2. Joe Knight, 111 (Davies), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and 3 to 5.
3. *Ben Loyal, 109 (Doyle), 25 to 1, 10 to 1 and 4 to 1.

Time 1.19 3-5. *Ran a dead heat. Winning Widow, Black Chief, Right Easy, Ivabel and Hoffman also ran.

SIXTH RACE—3-year-olds and up, purse $300, selling, 1 1-16 miles:

1. Hilarious, 112 (Teahan), 9 to 5, 3 to 5 and out.
2. Blackford, 108 (Butwell), 8 to 5, 1 to 2 and out.
3. James Dockery, 101 (Buxton), 15 to 1, 5 to 1 and 5 to 2.

Time, 1.47 1-5. Springmass, Supervisor, Working Lad, Altamaha and El Oro also ran.

BASKETBALL AT THE JUDEAN A. C.

The Judean A. C. basket ball team, champions of the Inter-City Basketball League, have organized for the season. Altho two of last year's team are out of town, the prospects look exceedingly bright, as a wealth of material is on hand ready to start the season. The team last year hung up a record of winning 13 games and losing 1, three victorious exhibition contests being added to the official league record. There is only one setback that places this club in the same predicament it was in last season—the inability to secure a good basketball court, and that will certainly handicap the team for want of practice. Any club or church in the city who would care to rent their court for the season (on special evenings) would do well to communicate with the Judeans. All letters are to be addressed to the clubrooms, 153 West Queen street.

School Basketball.

The Intermediate School Boys' Basketball League started Saturday morning at Central Y.M.C.A. with a game between G. Ferguson's team and R. Hutchinson's, and the second between Argue's and Rupert's team. The first game was very close and hard fought right up to the call of time, and after the dust had cleared away it was found that Hutchinson's team had won by one point, the final score being 11-10.

The second game was well played, but Argue's men, who are new at the game, were away off on shooting, with the result that the score was very one-sided. Another week's practice will do much to remedy this fault, and Argue's will undoubtedly be heard from before the league ends. The score was: Rupert's 17, Argue's, 1.

Referee—Jack Johnson.
Scorers—A. Reade and W. Cuthbert.
Timer—A. E. Clarke.

Riverside Bouts.

The Riverside Athletic Club have secured their permit, and the police and C. A. A. U. have sanctioned the tournament. This ensures a good evening's pleasure, as the card contains eight corking good bouts, with a head-liner between Bill Hanna and Joe Burke in the heavyweight class, also Willie Hitchen meets Williams of Brantford in the 125-lb. class. All arrangements have been made, and it will be held on Friday, Nov. 29, at Riverdale Rink. The plan opens at Moodey's cigar store, 23 West King street, on Wednesday.

TIGERS BEAT ALERTS

Continued From Page 1.

five yards, and Flannery broke thru for 20 yards more. Clarke dropped the ball when tackled, and Thompson dribbled over for a touch, which was not allowed. Leckie punted to Manson, who ran it back ten yards and booted to Ross Craig, who was forced into touch at Tigers' 40-yard line. Carr tried an on-side kick, which Isbester secured at Tigers' 30-yard line. Alerts secured the ball for interference, and lost it immediately for the same cause. Manson booted to Leckie, who was downed at his 30-yard line. Ross Craig hit the line for 10 yards. Leckie kicked to McKelvey, who passed to Burton, who was downed at his 30-yard line. On the first down McKelvey broke thru for 35 yards. Manson punted behind Alerts' line to Carr, who was forced to rouge. Score: Tigers 9, Alerts 3.

Leckie and Carr lost ten yards on attempted end runs. Leckie booted to Manson, who returned to Carr. McCarthey ran into Manson in attempting to block the latter's kick, and the Tiger man was laid out for two minutes. Alerts gained their yards on bucks. Leckie booted to Burton, who was downed at midfield. Manson kicked to Becker, behind Alerts' line, and another rouge resulted. Score: Tigers 10, Alerts 3.

Alerts again gained their yards on bucks. Half-time score: Tigers 10, Alerts 3.

Second Half.

Play so far has been fast. The Tiger wing line has shown a slight superiority over the Alerts', while Johnny McKelvey has eclipsed the performance of any Alert half back. Alerts are playing a cool steady game and fighting all the way and it is still anybody's game. Ross Craig's great bucking on two occasions has given the Alerts hopes of smashing thru for a touch-down if they can get the ball within striking distance of the Tiger's goal again.

Third quarter—For the Alerts Bleakley replaced Gerard at middle wing and Husky Craig replaces Spence in the scrimmage. Myles took Stuart's place on the Tiger wing line. Gray kicked off to Manson, who was downed at his 20. Manson punted to Leckie, who returned to McKelvey and the latter was downed at his ten. Manson booted to Becker, who ran the ball back 15 yards. Alerts gained yards on bucks. With the ball at Tigers' ten, Alerts tried in vain to buck over and the ball went to Tigers. Manson kicked to Carr at midfield. Leckie booted to McKelvey 5 yards out. On an exchange of punts McKelvey secured behind his line and was forced to rouge. Tigers 10, Alerts 4.

Manson kicked to Becker, who returned to McKelvey at Tigers' 15. Flannery went off for three minutes for punching Manson, who took a two minutes' count. Leckie tried a drop on the second down. The ball went wide, but rolled to the dead line. Tigers 10, Alerts 5.

Manson kicked into his own scrimmage and the ball went into touch at Tigers' 30. Leckie kicked behind to McKelvey, who ran it out 5 yards. Tigers got ten yards for interference. Alerts secured a loose ball at Tigers' 20. Leckie kicked to Manson, who was forced to rouge. Tigers 10, Alerts 6.

Manson kicked into touch at his 30-yard line. Becker booted into touch at Tigers' goal line. Manson punted to Leckie, who booted to the dead-line. Score: Tigers 10, Alerts 7.

An exchange of punts placed the ball at Tigers' 20-yard line, with Tigers in possession. Manson booted to Becker, who ran it back ten yards and returned to McKelvey, who went down at his ten-yard line. A punting duel resulted in McKelvey being downed for a rouge. Score: Tigers 10, Alerts 8.

Manson kicked to Carr, who was downed at midfield. Leckie booted to Burton, who fumbled, and McKelvey secured at his 20-yard line. Three-quarter time score: Tigers 10, Alerts 8.

Fourth quarter—Tigers had the ball at their 20. Manson booted to Becker, who ran the ball back ten yards and was forced into touch at his 40-yard. Harper attempted an onside kick and the ball went into touch at Tigers' 25.

Benson punted behind to Becker, who ran the ball out ten yards. Manson punted to Leckie, who was forced to rouge. Tigers 11, Alerts 8.

Only four minutes more to play. Manson booted to Becker, who was downed at his 40. Tigers secured an onside kick at midfield. Manson broke thru for 35 yards. Manson kicked into touch. Harper's attempted onside was secured by McKelvey.

Manson kicked to Leckie, who booted the ball out from behind his line to Manson, who was downed at his 30. A punting duel resulted in Manson getting the ball to Alerts' dead-line. Game over. Tigers 12, Alerts 8.

ARGOS TRIM VARSITY

Continued From Page 1.

all the punts—better than Varsity—and did better tackling.

The scoring has been a great big surprise to the spectators, who expected a slow scoring game.

In the second quarter Varsity got their running, passing plays going better and consequently put up a better argument against the oarsmen. Clark's kicking has in no way outclassed Gall and Gonter, who have been holding up Varsity in turns, but the Argos' line and wings have had the edge. Lawson and O'Connor have been a tower of strength on the Argos' book.

During the intermission the rooters did their duty. A new song was directed at Principal Haggarty of Harbord, who has been not very kind to the students of late. The rooters sang a song with words like these:

"O HAGARTY" to the tune of "The Doxology."

Second Half.

Third quarter. Varsity kicked off to the north and Murray was held on Argos' 25-yard line. Argos made yards on three bucks. Varsity secured on an off-side and Gonter kicked over O'Connor's head. Argos got possession on their five-yard line. Clarke punted on the first down to Gonter, who returned. Argos being held on their 20-yard. Clarke kicked again to Maynard, who was flopped after making 10 yards. Gonter on the first down kicked to the dead-line. Argos 21, Varsity 13.

Another exchange of punts found Varsity in possession on Argos' 20-yard line. Gonter kicked over the line to Lawson, who rouged. Argos 21, Varsity 13.

On the next play Clarke kicked into the scrimmage, the ball bouncing back towards the goal line. O'Connor queered Varsity from scoring a touch by kicking to the dead-line. Argos 21, Varsity 14.

Meighan got away for 20 yards. Argos bucked thru for the necessary gain. Clarke kicked on the third down to Gall, who lifted the longest punt of the day, Clarke being held on Argos' 5 yard.

Clarke kicked on the first down and Gall secured, passing to Gonter, who kicked into a rouge. Argos 21, Varsity 15.

Gall and Gonter were then outkicking the Argo backs. Varsity worked the ball to Argos' ten-yard line by a series of punts, with Argos in possession. Lawson broke thru for yards. Dissette then tried an onside kick, which was unsuccessful. Varsity getting the ball. After grabbing Gonter's kick on his fifteen-yard line, Lawson was tackled heavily by Gage and hurt, but he resumed playing. A series of punts brought the ball to Varsity's twenty-yard line, with the collegians in possession. Gall punted low, which Clarke nabbed at midfield. Lorimer was hurt tackling him, but came back. Gonter kicked to Lawson, who did not get yards. Murray received a pass and got away for about thirty yards. Just then the gong sounded the end of the quarter.

ARGOS 21, VARSITY 15.

Clarke kicked behind and Murray nailed Maynard for a rouge. Argos 22, Varsity 15.

Varsity tried a long trible pass, Campbell, Maynard to Gall, but they made no gain. Gonter kicked into touch. Argos lost on their 40-yard by a forward pass. Maynard got away for about 50 yards, but was caught by Reaume. Gall kicked to Clarke, who was downed on Argos' 10-yard by Sinclair. Clarke kicked into touch and Varsity got possession on Argos' 20-yard. Then Varsity lost by failing to buck thru. Campbell intercepted a pass and was held in the scrimmage.

Varsity made no gain, and Gall then kicked to Clarke, who was held on Argos' 10-yard line. Clarke kicked on the last down to Gonter, who was brought to earth at midfield. Varsity failed to make yards, and Gall kicked to Clarke, who passed to Lawson. Lawson ran up the centre of the field, flopping all tacklers, for 30 yards, being finally downed by Bobby Sinclair. The Argos lost on interference. Ted Whale was hurt in a scrimmage and taken off the field. A double pass, Maynard to Gonter, netted 20 yards. Gall kicked to Clarke, who was nailed for a rouge. Score: Argos 22, Varsity 16.

Argos made yards right off, but Varsity got the ball on interference. Game ended. Score:

ARGOS 22, VARSITY 16.

OTTAWA SECONDS LOSE AT HAMILTON

Rough Riders of Hamilton Win Close Intermediate Game—Play Fast and Clean All the Time.

H. A. A. A. GROUNDS, HAMILTON, Nov. 23.—(Staff Correspondence.)—The Hamilton Rough Riders went one more step nearer the Dominion intermediate championship by defeating the Ottawa II. by an 18-11 score in a fast, clean game before a good-sized crowd this morning. The field was slippery, but there was no wind. The Rough Riders won the toss and defended the south goal. The play:

First Quarter — Shortly after the kick-off Manson kicked behind the Ottawa line to Carruthers, who fumbled, and O'Heir secured for a try, which was not allowed because of interference. Johnson made a beautiful running catch, and carried the ball for 50 yards to the Tigers' 40-yard line before he was downed. Manson kicked behind to Carruthers, who muffed, Awrey falling on the pigskin for a try, which Manson converted. Score: Rough Riders 6, Ottawa 0.

Manson kicked to Johnson, who was forced to rouge just as the quarter ended. Score: Rough Riders 7, Ottawa 0.

Second Quarter—Ottawa forced the play at the start of the quarter and worked the onside kick for a big gain, one of which Disney secured behind the line for a try, which was not converted. Score: Rough Riders 7, Ottawa 5.

Rough Riders secured the pigskin on Ottawa's ten-yard line, and Manson was bucked over for a try, which he failed to convert. Score: Rough Riders 12, Ottawa 5.

Manson kicked to Johnson, who was forced to rouge just as the half-time whistle blew. Score: Rough Riders 13, Ottawa 5.

Third Quarter—Johnson was forced to rouge just after play commenced. Score: Rough Riders 14, Ottawa 5.

Rough Riders secured a loose ball at Ottawa's 40-yard line, and Manson kicked a touch-in-goal. Score: Rough Riders 15, Ottawa 5.

Manson is playing a good game. He kicked for another point to the dead-line. Score: Rough Riders 16, Ottawa 5.

Fourth Quarter—After a minute of play Johnson kicked an on-side behind the Rough Riders' line, which Disney secured for a try, which was converted. Score: Rough Riders 17, Ottawa 11.

Rough Riders forced the play, and Carruthers was forced to rouge. Game over. Score:

Rough Riders	18
Ottawa	11

The teams were:

Rough Riders—Flying wing, Crocker; half-backs, Dobbie, Manson, Smith; quarter, Chagnon; scrimmage, T. O'Heir, J. O'Heir, Gill; wings, Mlyas, Nixon, Stuart, Meyers, Awrey, Fisher.

Ottawas — Flying wing, Kennedy; half-backs, Carruthers, Johnson, Charrand; quarter, Murphy; scrimmage, Walsh, Baulme, Beltz; wings, Acheson, Taylor, Disney, McElligott, McCrimmon, Tubmore.

Referee—Frank Robbins.
Umpire—Eddie Phillips.

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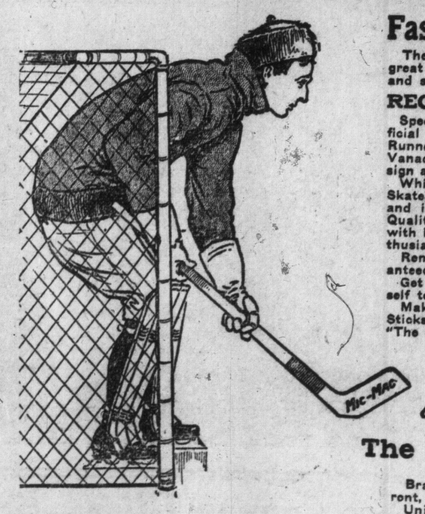

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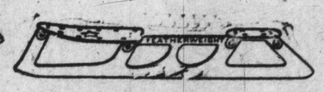

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Train Was Not Flagged.

ALEXANDRIA, La., Nov. 23.—Passengers on a Texas and Pacific express escaped death today when the train crashed into two locomotives pushing a Southern Pacific freight near here. Two trainmen were killed and two others hurt.

Railway officials began an investigation to fix responsibility for failure to flag the passenger train.

Never Accepted Salary.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23.—Bishop H. F. Hoffman of the Reformed Episcopal Church died at his home here today from heart disease. During his career as a clergyman he never accepted salary. In addition, he donated out of his private means thousands of dollars toward the building of churches and gave liberally to aid the work of the church in India.

Pioneer Dies Suddenly.

SALEM, Ont., Nov. 23.—William Short, aged 89, one of the pioneers of Pilkington Township, died suddenly this morning from heart failure.

CORBETT CALLS WOLGAST TO WIIN OVER RITCHIE

Ex-Heavyweight Champion Sizes Up the Coming Big Battles For The Sunday World Readers—Wolgast a Real Lightweight.

By James J. Corbett,
(Former Heavyweight Champion of the World.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—(Special to The Toronto Sunday World.)—Lightweights will again monopolize the spotlight Thanksgiving Day, as has been their custom for years. At the principal points to fistic activity in the west the 133 pounders are billed as star holiday attractions, while in the east they will contribute more than a fair share towards making next Thursday an eventful day in pugilism.

The feature event is billed for San Francisco, where the champion is booked to defend the title in a 20-round match with Willie Ritchie—a development of the past 12 months, and deemed by many wiseacres the most formidable candidate for Wolgast's honors. This prediction is based upon the splendid record Ritchie has made during a short but eventful career.

A year ago Willie was employed by Packey McFarland at the San Francisco camp, where the Chicagoan was busily engaged in preparing for a bout with Harlem Tommy Murphy. Practically unknown at the time, Ritchie's chance for fame came with Ad Wolgast's attack of appendicitis on the eve of the proposed Wolgast-Freddie Welsh contest. Tom McCarey, promoter of the match, sent out a hurry call for a volunteer to "sub" for Ad Wolgast against the clever Welsh. Ritchie responded, and in the short space of 24 hours made the trip from Frisco to Los Angeles, stood Freddie off for 20 rounds, and incidentally carved a niche in the pugilistic hall of fame. Apparently the youngster had improved the golden opportunities while assisting the masterly McFarland at the training tasks.

Not a Flash in the Pan.

Shortly afterward followed the four-round bout with Wolgast, which established the youngster as the real thing, and not a flash in the pan, as many thought when he startled the world by sticking it out with Welsh. Then the trip east. None of the talent in this neck of the woods wanted Willie's gabe. A novice who could hold Welsh fairly even and slug for four rounds at top speed with the champion was too dangerous to take a chance with, the local bunch decided. It is a matter of record that Willie did not show his wares in Gotham. A little later he boxed Joe Mandot ten rounds in New Orleans. According to the newspapers Joseph was on the receiving end thruout the contest.

Some going, that, for a youngster in his first year as a glove slinger. For a beginner to take on a boxer of Welsh's calibre, barely losing the decision, and to follow it up with a draw from Wolgast, and a popular verdict over Joe Mandot, recognized as championship timber, is stepping some, and proves the boy has the real fighting stock in him.

Many critics will have it that Wolgast is thru, has shot his bolt, so to speak, his recent indifferent performances with Mandot being used to emphasize their assertions. The operation of a year ago is blamed for the decay in the physical powers of the champion. Be that as it may, I believe Ad to be the daddy of the legitimate 133 pounders, and that the coming encounter will show he has plenty good fight left in his make-up. No boxer ever held title who boasted greater courage and confidence when facing an opponent, and those qualities are hard to down, in the ring or elsewhere. Possibly he may not have completely gotten over the ill-effects of the appendicitis carving (I can bear testimony that it takes some time), but I know for a fact that the "champ" is satisfied with his physical condition. I had a long talk with the little fellow at the time he called on me in the Philadelphia hospital, and, if he was "bulling" me Wolgast is a corking good actor.

Wolgast is Confident.

While admitting his work in the Joe Mandot job was not particularly impressive, Ad points to his record as evidence that he never was a star over a short distance. The 20-round and finish contests are far more suited to his particular style of milling. He is very confident of victory over young Ritchie.

At that Willie has an outside chance to vanquish the champion. He is younger, a niftier boxer and the splendid account he gave of himself in their four-round meeting instilled him with confidence that he will prove the master in a longer bout. But the odds are that he will not be able to turn the trick Thanksgiving Day, 1913, as Wolgast has gradually fought himself back into shape, and when close to top form is practicably unbeatable at the weight and distance. In forecasting a battle at 133 pounds in which the champion is to be a contender, it must be taken into consideration that Ad is a natural lightweight and makes the mark without having to resort to strenuous training methods, in which a portion of his stamina might be left on the road or in the gymnasium. It will be seen that he has a great advantage in this respect over aspirants who are compelled to put in weeks of hard work and continue the heavy stunts up to practically the last minute before entering the ring. However, if Ad wins by a knock-out it will surprise me as Ritchie's splendid battles make the task look a difficult one for even an indomintable little scrapper like Wolgast.

Out Los Angeles way Tom McCarey presents Joe Mandot and Joe Rivers for a Thanksgiving card, while here in Gotham, the former "Iron Man," Battling Nelson, hopes to convince doubting Thomases that he is still as spry as he was before the war. Which will take considerable "convincing," by the way. Bat is to box a local celebrity, Leach Cross, who applied the chloroform punch to "One Round" Hogan in three rounds last week. Cross is a bear at times, especially when confident he has it "on" a fellow. On such an occasion he fights like a champion, but when up against a classy lad reneges on the job. Opposed to Jack Britton, Cross looked the biggest kind of dub; when boxing Hogan he was brave as a lion. The Battler will find Cross one of the dirtiest boxers in the business, but if memory serves me right, Nelson himself could hand out the rough stuff pretty well in the old days. He may find it necessary as a matter of defence to resort to all his "inside" stunts when boxing Cross.

Morgan and Kilbane.

Eddie Morgan, who claims the English bantamweight title (it seems all British boxers who visit us are champions), has grabbed a match with Johnny Kilbane. While no date has been announced, it is likely Los Angeles will get the bout for a Christmas attraction. On the surface it would appear that Kilbane will have much the better of the weights, but as the English bantam limit is 118 and the American featherweight figure 122 pounds it will be seen that there will be little, if any, difference in actual poundage. And Morgan is rather heavy for even a British bantam. When he boxed Eddie O'Keefe the visitor weighed within a few ounces of his opponent.

By the way, Eddie Morgan is not a false alarm, like many foreigners who have visited us lately. In his first bout here he decisively defeated Frankie Burns, the Jersey bantam, and local critics, all of whom are great admirers (?) of Kilbane, "allowed" he did the job much better than our featherweight champion. Also, Morgan's showing in the O'Keefe contest was impressive. But, boxing Kilbane 20 rounds is a different proposition from waltzing thru short bouts with boys of the Burns and O'Keefe variety, neither of whom has a punch.

Tom O'Rourke denies that Tony Ross bested Al Palzer at Philadelphia last week. He says Ross was entitled to a draw and no more. O'Rourke is not making excuses for his "hope" and is not at all satisfied with Al's showing. He says the big fellow is way over weight as a result of five months' vacation, and that it will take considerable hard work and several battles to round him into good condition. It is like beginning all over again with this fellow, according to Tom.

At that, O'Rourke takes a goodly share of the blame for the poor work of the other night on his own shoulders. He says Palzer was suffering from a very bad cold and that on top of the fat he was carrying, was too much of a handicap. He underestimated Ross and thought his man, even tho in poor shape, could win. Which is an error of judgment the shrewd O'Rourke is seldom guilty of. Before taking Al to California to box the winner of the Flynn-McCarthy match, Tom hopes to arrange several local bouts for his charge as part of the preparatory system. Palzer thrives on work.

Hockey Gossip.

The organization meeting of the London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Limited, hockey team was held Thursday night and the following officers were elected: Honorary president, Mr. Alfred Wright; president, Mr. A. E. Blogg; first vice-president, Mr. C. M. Horswell; second vice-president, Mr. L. C. Alexander; secretary-treasurer, Mr. R. S. Manning; assistant secretary-treasurer, Mr. P. W. Price; manager, Mr. H. C. Baillie; captain, Mr. N. L. Thompson; league representatives, H. C. Baillie and N. L. Thompson.

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Important News All About Dandy Clothes

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Dandy cut clothes differ from so-called made-to-measure clothing sold by country order houses and fictitious mill owners which misrepresent themselves as cloth manufacturers. Such clothes are cut from ready-made block patterns and very often from blocks that can't compare with those used by large clothing manufacturers. The pattern of goods and cheap linings coupled with cheap tailoring resemble the ready-made, cheap grades so strongly as to bring to mind the fact that peas from one pod look alike.

Dandy cut clothes mean swell looking clothes individualized to cover the defects of men. For instance, we make the round shoulders look regular, we raise the sloped shouldered man to present a square appearance, we make the tall young fellow look full chested and shorter, we make the short man look taller by the proper shaping of a waist line, we make the fat man look slimmer by working the coat by hand over his corpulent form, we make the bowed legs look straight by straightening the inseams of the pants.

In short, we are real tailoring specialists; a coat specialist drafts an individual pattern for each patron, a pants specialist of many years' experience drafts a proper pattern to suit your needs. This is the age of specialists in all lines. Jack of all trades and master of none takes a far back seat these days.

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MONDAY'S ENTRIES

Monday at Jamestown.

JAMESTOWN, Nov. 23.—Entries for Monday are:

FIRST RACE—Two-year-old maidens, purse $300, conditions, 5½ furlongs:

Battery	109	Votes	109
Gardenia	109	Hands All Ar'd	109
Trifler	109	Huda Maid	109
Abdon	112	Centurion	112
Corn Cracker	112	Jack Kellogg	112
R. H. Gray	112	Cogs	112

Also eligible:

Aran	109	Fairy Godmoth'r	109
L'Aiglon	112	Rich Land	109

SECOND RACE—Two-year-olds, purse $300, conditions, seven furlongs:

Clothes Brush	103	Yenghee	103
Barnegat	106	Strenuous	106
Continental	106	Early Light	109
Federal	109	Brynary	112
Nash Cash	115		

THIRD RACE—Three-year-olds and up, purse $300, selling, six furlongs:

Fond	*99	Wood Dove	*99
Bay Cliff	104	Viley	101
Little Pal	104	Hermis, jr.	104
Miss Moments	105	Rubicon II.	107
Scarlet Pimpernel	111	Cardiff	111
Bodkin	111	Runn'g Account	111

Also eligible:

Joe Gaitens	*100	Calisse	107
Toddling	104	Western Belle	105

FOURTH RACE—Owners' Handicap, all ages, purse $400, 1 1-16 miles:

Flamma	100	Kormak	106
Merry Lad	111	Lochiel	115
Guy Fisher	118		

FIFTH RACE—Three-year-olds and up, purse $300, selling, six furlongs:

Duke Daffy	*99	Sylvan Dell	*100
Judge Howell	104	Con Curran	104
Monkey	104	Tonlata	105
Grenida	105	Harvey F.	105
Theo Cook	108	Grecian Bend	108
Jacobite	108	Inclement	111

Also eligible:

Mindinette	105	Dipper	101
Lady Sybil	*100	Onager	105

SIXTH RACE—Three-year-olds and up, purse $300, selling, six furlongs:

Premier	*103	Jack Nunnally	108
Venets Strome	108	Berkeley	108
Golden Castle	108	Spellbound	108
Clem Beachey	108	Moncrief	111
Royal Meteor	111	Chemulpo	111
Towton Field	114	Jack Denman	114
Ben Loyal	114		

Also eligible:

		Chilton Squaw	*100

SEVENTH RACE—Three-year-olds and up, purse $300, selling, 1 1-16 miles:

St. Joseph	*98	Little Ep	100
Outlaw	*101	Emily Lee	*101
The Squire	*101	Con Curran	103
Shelby	103	Sam Badger	103
Harlem Lass	103	Kaufman	103
Sideon	106	Cheer Up	106
Montagnie	*107	Haldeman	109
Eddie Graney	109	Annie Sellers	109

*Apprentice allowance of 5 lbs. claimed. Weather fine; track fast.

POLICE PROBING HAGARTY AFFAIR

Principal of Harbord Has Turned Case Over to Lawyers—Same With Varsity Editor.

Principal Hagarty of Harbord Collegiate Institute stated Saturday that all the information he has been able to gather in connection with the Varsity students' raid a week ago Friday night is now in the hands of the police, "who are energetically investigating the affair." He intimated that several names of rowdy students have been made available and will no doubt be turned over to President Falconer. He also stated that his case is now in the hands of his legal advisers.

The editor-in-chief of "Varsity," O. D. Stevenson, in a public statement Saturday reiterated his former account of his interview with the principal of Harbord. He said it was to be regretted that Mr. Hagarty did not "use more moderation and justice before rushing into print with a vitriolic letter based so slenderly on facts."

The legal adviser of "Varsity," said Mr. Stevenson, declares that Mr. Hagarty has no case at all.

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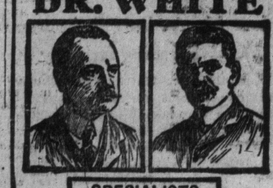

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STRENGTHEN UNITS OF EMPIRE AND SAFEGUARD MOTHERLAND

Hon. Martin Burrell Approaching the Task of Developing Breeding Industry Along Imperial Lines.

When the Hon. Martin Burrell was chosen as Federal Minister of Agriculture there were some few retrospective individuals who asked the question:

"What has this gentleman ever accomplished for agriculture"

Now, too much retrospection is a bad thing in a country. We all know where it left the Chinese. It is worse, even, than introspection, and the eugenists show us that too much introspection degenerates the race. Retrospection is a bad thing in any country, and is particularly harmful in a new country like Canada, which must look ahead and go forward.

Of course, the answer to the foolish question quoted above, is that the Hon. Martin Burrell performed a great deal for agriculture in the special calling which occupied his time before he was appointed minister of agriculture. That he did not do more was probably due to the fact that he was not in a position to give wider scope to his ideas.

Now that he is in a position of power and influence, agricultural Canada is commencing to learn that he is the right man in the right place, and that he has arrived at the psychological moment.

Without loss of time he got his house in order, and arranged affairs so as to be not impeded in his efforts at solving great national problems. And the Department of Agriculture is confronted by many problems of vital interest to every man, woman and child in this nation.

Conserve National Wealth.

One of the chief aims of the different branches of any progressive and honest government is to conserve and increase the national wealth. We all know that the wealth of any nation has for its foundation the land of that nation, all else is superstructure. A minister of agriculture is entrusted with this foundation, and with the plant and animal wealth which it can produce.

The greatest need in handling such a task is energy, and the new minister has shown undoubted energy.

Energy is the greatest thing in the world. Take that away from the universe and there is nothing left but ether. It is responsible for every living thing on the face of the earth. It is the food of boundless thought—the greatest attribute of man.

Without energy there would be no such thing as creative genius, and without creative genius man would long since have disappeared. Because of a sensori-motor called the brain, man controls everything on the earth. Without brains he would be a puny specimen, if not food for stronger animals.

To energy is due the fact that everything in the universe advances. From the individual cell in a blade of grass to a nation of mighty human beings. To stand still is to perish.

This is the law.

So that it must be the aim of a country and its ministers to go ahead, create new wealth, and in this way fill the proper niche in this world, and to prosper.

It is particularly necessary that this should be so in a young country which has so much to do, and which is about to take its place in a great empire.

Cementing the Empire.

We hear some glib talk nowadays about the British Empire, and the cementing of the same. Some men approach the question with the sang froid of a baby building a house of blocks.

They reason not that this is the greatest task ever attempted by man. If it can be accomplished it will be the greatest stride in the direction of the brotherhood of man that has yet been taken. It does not mean the hoisting of one flag over two-fifths of the surface of the earth. That has already been done. The hard part is to unite the different races which make up the empire; unite them, at least, in similarity of thought and aim. It is a far cry from the Malay States to Canada; from India to the West Indies; or from Australia to Egypt. It is a sublime task to make this empire one heterogeneous whole. It means the wiping out of race prejudice, which is as much of a fact as race itself.

Race preservation, and not self preservation, is the first law of nature.

Seven or eight months ago I referred to the empire as a giant merger of nations, and a merger which, if completed, would make it unnecessary for England to protect herself by more or less brittle alliances with European powers. This line of argument has since been adopted by many of the English newspapers, including The Pall Mall Gazette. It is gaining ground. If there is one discordant note in the song of empire now ringing throughout Canada, it is placed there by those who state that this country should not be entangled in the hoary diplomacy of European states.

This and race prejudice are the two chief obstacles to be surmounted. They are hurdles which it will take clever statesmanship to negotiate.

Strengthen the Units.

The first may be overcome by the strengthening of the different parts of the empire. England has often been compared to an old mother with growing children.

To extend this comparison, it is reasonable to say that if those children are strong enough to safeguard her, she need not and will not ask the aid of strangers. So Canada and the other units of the empire have in their hands the solution of the first problem. They must prosper, become strong and assist, as they continue to mature, alliances with foreign nations will become unnecessary. The merger will have won out.

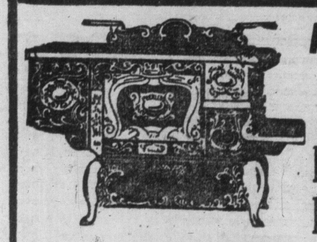
In the immediate future Canada will be asked to assist the navy of the empire. It is hard to see how there can be any discussion regarding this navy problem. The road which joins the unites of the British Empire is neither a country lane, nor is it paved with asphalt. It lies along the surface of the ocean. That is the way of empire, and that way must be protected.

Following closely on this necessity comes the need of strengthening every link in the chain. Some writers have allowed their minds to soar and have prophesied that in the future Canada will be the center of the empire. This may or may not be so. To at least some extent it depends on Canada and Canadian energy. Energy rightly directed means wealth and prosperity. It means getting the most out of the soil.

Work for Mr. Burrell.

So the Hon. the Minister of Agriculture has his work cut out for him, and, to his credit be it said, that he is approaching the task on imperial lines. His aid to the provinces; his plan for the improvement of the cattle and sheep industry; his assistance to the National Bureau of Breeding; his help to the fruit and dairy men, are all signs of good, broad-minded common sense, of which the nation and the empire will reap the profit one-hundred fold.

Hearken, ye Knights of the Land, the empire rests on you.



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One of the greatest evils of our modern life is the quick lunch. To this evil, as much or more than any other may be traced the preponderance of the stomach troubles of our times. Instead of taking time to thoroughly masticate the food before swallowing it, the average person rushes through the meal, bolting the food, deglutition taking place while it is only partially mixed with saliva and only half masticated, thus leaving the stomach to do the work the teeth should have done.

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Every druggist has Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in stock and sells them at fifty cents a box.

RITCHIE SHOULD GIVE CHAMPION GOOD ARGUMENT

Frisco Lightweight Will Do Battle With Wolgast Next Thursday---Ritchie, the Man That Gave Welsh An Awful Battle a Year Ago.

—By W. W. Naughton—

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—Turkey and cranberrysauce is the national dish at Thanksgiving time, but here in the far west they like Queensberry sauce as an added condiment. It indicates, of course, how tastes become vitiated, but it is substantial testimony in respect to the force of habit.

A retrospective glance will show that for years and years every good sport and true of this favored burg has been in a position to take in a glove contest, generally of championship calibre, before turning his thoughts to drumsticks, liver, wings and the like.

This year it looked for a while as tho the Thanksgiving celebration would be incomplete. Promoter Coffroth had an option on lightweight champion Wolgast's services but he could not find a suitable opponent. This sounds strange in view of the fact that all the one hundred and thirty-three pound men in Christendom are clamoring all the year round for a crack at Wolgast, but it is true nevertheless.

Knockout Brown, who issued fifty-seven different kinds of challenges to Wolgast in any ordinary month, declined because of some more pressing engagement and so did all the others who were considered fit mettle for the Michigan wildcat.

But here is the funny part of it. All the time Coffroth was dickering with Knockout Brown and the rest of them, he had one particular youth in mind as the boxer best caluculated to draw a big crowd with Wolgast. This was Willie Ritchie, a San Francisco product, who gave Wolgast a hard time of it here once in four rounds and who defeated Joe Mandot in New Orleans.

Cofforth was debarred from talking business with Ritchie because Ritchie's manager and Coffroth are the principals in a feud which dates back to the Battling Nelson days and which was revived recently owing to a personal encounter bteween the men.

Billy Nolan is the manager's name. He said repeatedly: "I will not have anything to do with Coffroth." He overlooked the fact that the public did not care a continental if he never, never, never had anything to do with Coffroth. What the fight fans wanted to know was whether Ritchie was going to have anything to do with Wolgast.

Patched It Up.

Anyhow, Coffroth sawed wood and said little, while as for poor Ritchie, his plight was pitiable. He was just aching in every fiber to get a crack at the champion, but thru feelings of loyalty to his manager, was constrained to hold aloof.

Then came the Mandot-Wolgast match at New Orleans and then Coffroth made an announcement. He said that owing to his inability to secure a suitable opponent for Wolgast he had abandoned his plans for having a Thanksgiving glove feast.

Then there was a genuine flurry in the pugilistic glove coterie. Manager Nolan went hot foot to Los Angeles to meet Tom Jones and Ritchie. After a few hours, of deep cogitation, they sought out Coffroth and wanted to know if there was not a chance of having the Thanksgiving date restored to the calendar.

Coffroth, wily old fox that he is, said he would see what could be done. And he saw. And in less than twenty-four hours Tom Jones, Coffroth and Ritchie were closeted together drawing up and signing articles for a Thanksgiving fight, while Nolan remained in Los Angeles so as not to clog the wheels of progress.

It goes to show that there is more to the fight promoting game than putting up forfeits and paying out purses. And it goes to show that when the time comes for making a detour or executing a flank movement this fellow Coffroth knows his field as well as the best of them.

They think very well of the Ritchie-Wolgast match here. The thing that makes it of particular interest to local sports is the fact that Ritchie is a San Francisco boy. He developed in the four-round school and was so well thought of that when a lightweight was wanted in a hurry to take Wolgast's place against Freddie Welsh last Thanksgiving, Ritchie was telegraphed for. He went to Los Angeles, and, altho he had not had a single day's training, did so well against the Britisher that Welsh's friends were scurrying around looking for a chance to hedge their money after one fierce round.

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Magazine Section of The Toronto Sunday World

AN AMERICAN GIRL TO SIT ON CLEOPATRA'S THRONE?

Cleopatra, the Last Famous Ruler of Egypt.
From the Noted Painting by A. Cabanel.

The Former Miss Ola Humphreys Urged to Return to Her Autocratic Princely Husband Because He May Be Heir to the Khedive of Egypt.

Berlin, November 15.

THE romantic prospect that an American girl may occupy the throne of Cleopatra is now discussed as a possibility. The girl is the Princess Ibrahim Hassan, formerly Ola Humphreys of Oakland, Cal., by which name she is best known to Americans. Her husband, the Prince Ibrahim Hassan, is the first cousin of the Khedive of Egypt, and consequently near in the line of succession to his throne.

The throne of Egypt has lost some of its brilliancy since the days of the immortal Cleopatra. Needless to say, it is the most ancient in the world. Cleopatra was Greek, with a mixture of ancient Egyptian blood. She belonged to the Greek family of the Ptolemies, who were placed on the ancient throne of the Pharaohs as a result of the conquests of Alexander the Great.

The Ptolemies adopted the religion of Egypt and the strange custom by which the sovereign married his own sister. Cleopatra had been married to her own brother, whom she removed by poison.

Under Cleopatra Egyptian civilization of mingled native and Greek elements rose to a height of splendor and corruption such as the world had never seen before. The colossal worship of Aphrodite in the temple at Alexandria was the most curious and iniquitous spectacle of which history has any record.

Cleopatra fascinated and ruined the Roman master of the world and then perished herself. Since her time Egypt, although enjoying many periods of great brilliance, has always been more or less under the domination of foreigners. An ambitious American woman might revive the glories of Cleopatra's throne and appeal strongly to the patriotic feelings of the modern Egyptians.

Prince Ibrahim Hassan is highly regarded by the Khedive and the leading Mohammedans. He is now striving to help the Turks through their present desperate crisis. He is said to be as rich as Aladdin and the Forty Thieves combined.

Miss Humphreys, an American girl of wealth, who had gone on the stage to satisfy her ambitions, met the Prince while on a visit to London. He was the most fascinating type of a modern cultivated Oriental. He wooed her persistently, and although many friends warned her against the dangers of marrying an Oriental, he proved too fascinating to be resisted.

After a brief honeymoon in Paris the Prince took his wife to his great palace in Cairo. There she found that she was virtually his prisoner. She was allowed to see no man but her husband. A dusky guard followed her everywhere. Her husband supplied her with dresses from Paris and every luxury of civilization, but she was guarded as closely as any inmate of an old-fashioned pasha's harem.

In the Summer following her marriage she coaxed her husband to take her to Paris. There, although closely guarded, she succeeded in running away from her tyrant. Away from Egyptian soil, he was powerless to seize her.

The Princess returned to America after her flight, but later went to Europe, and is now in Berlin.

The Princess Ibrahim Hassan, Formerly Miss Ola Humphreys, of Oakland, Cal., Wife of the Khedive's First Cousin.

She has been making plans to return to the stage in a new musical comedy.

The Khedive of Egypt was shocked to hear of his cousin's domestic troubles. He regarded him as a valuable supporter of his throne, and wished him to live in harmony with his handsome American wife.

While he was passing through Berlin recently the Khedive called upon Princess Ibrahim Hassan and warmly urged her to return to her husband. He was particularly anxious that she should not return to the stage, as he evidently felt that this would put himself and the whole royal family in a very undignified light.

The national feeling in Egypt is now very strong, and the Khedive is anxious to maintain his position as a dignified monarch in the eyes of the people.

The Khedive offered the American Princess all sorts of rewards and honors if she would refrain from going on the stage, and she replied that she would only accept his proposition on certain conditions. These were that if she returned to her husband she must be treated exactly like an American wife, meaning that she must be free to see any man she pleased, be allowed to go wherever she liked and not be attended by keepers. She required a written agreement, signed before an American consul, guaranteeing these conditions.

The Khedive was not able to give her the exact guarantees she demanded, because his cousin was in the field in Turkey and could not be reached immediately. He promised, however, that he would order the Prince to sign the stipulation.

In the meantime the Princess promised the Khedive not to go on the stage until the Prince had been heard from.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Abbas Hilmi, the Reigning Khedive of Egypt.

"The Bandbox" — A Serial Story — By Louis Joseph Vance

Previous Installments.

Benjamin Staff, an American playwright, while writing a play in London, is suddenly seized with a desire to go home. While booking his passage to New York he makes the acquaintance of Mr. William Howard Iff, a diminutive person of rather mysterious manner, who is bargaining for the same cabin accommodation as himself, and they agree to travel together. As they are leaving the booking office, a motor-cab, with an unusually large and ornate bandbox on its roof approaches; but the occupant of the cab, a very beautiful young woman, on perceiving the two men immediately orders the driver to move on. Iff, who has observed this peculiar happening, awaits the return of the cab, while Staff, who has noticed nothing unusual, returns to his apartments. Later, while preparing for the journey a large and brightly colored bandbox is delivered to him, much to his surprise and disgust.

It was nothing more or less than the everyday milliners' hat-box of commerce: a capacious edifice of stout pasteboard neatly plastered with wall-paper in whose design narrow stripes of white alternated with aggressive stripes of brown, the whole effectively setting off an abundance of purple blossoms counterfeiting no flower known to botanists. And one gibbous side was further decorated with bold black script advertising the establishment of its origin.

"Maison Lucille, New Bond street, West," Staff read aloud, completely bewildered. "But I never heard of the a— the place!"

Helplessly he sought Milly's eyes, and helpfully Milly rose to the occasion.

"Nossir," said she; and that was all.

"I know nothing whatever about the thing," Staff declared severely. "It's all a mistake. Take it away—it'll be sent for as soon as the error's discovered."

A glimmer of intelligence shone luminous in Milly's eyes. "Mebbe," she suggested under inspiration of curiosity—"Mebbe if you was to open it, you'd find a note or—or something."

"Bright girl!" applauded Staff. "You open it. I'm too busy—packing up—no time—"

And realizing how swiftly the golden minutes were fleeting beyond recall, he cast desperately about for his pipe.

By some miracle he chanced to find it, and so resumed packing.

Behind him, Milly made noises with tissue-paper.

Presently he heard a smothered "O sir!" and looked round to discover the housemaid in an attitude of unmitigated adoration before what he could not deny was a perfect dream of a hat—the sort of a hat that only a woman or a society reporter could do justice to. In his vision it bore a striking resemblance to a Gainsboro with all modern improvements—as most big hats do to most men. Briefly, it was big and black and trimmed with an atmosphere of costly simplicity, a monstrous white "willow" plume and a huge buckle of brilliants. It impressed him, hastily, as just the very hat to look ripping on an ash-blonde. Aside from this he was aware of no sensation other than one of aggravated annoyance.

Milly, to the reverse extreme, was charmed to distraction, thrilled to the core of her and breathless—tho by no means dumb. Women are never dumb with admiration.

"O sir!" she breathed in ecstacy—"it's a real creashun!"

"Daresay," Staff conceded sourly. "Did you find a note?"

"And the price-tag, sir—it says twenty five pounds!"

"I hope there's a receipted bill, then . . . Do you see anything remotely resembling a note—or something?"

With difficulty subduing her transports—"I'll see, sir," said Milly.

Grunting with exasperation, Staff bent over a trunk and stuffed things into it until Milly committed herself to the definite announcement: "I don't seem to find nothing, sir."

"Look again, please."

Again Milly pawed the tissue-paper. "There ain't nothing at all, sir," she declared finally.

Staff stood up, thrust his hands into his pockets and champed the stem of his pipe—scowling.

"It is a bit odd, sir, isn't it?—having this sent to you like this and you knowing nothing at all about it!"

Staff said something indistinguishable because of the obstructing pipe-stem.

"It's perfectly beautiful, sir—a won'erful hat, really."

"The devil fly away with it!"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I said, I'm simply crazy about it, myself."

"Oh, did you, sir?"

"Please put it back and tie it up."

"Yessir." Reluctantly Milly restored the creation to its tissue-paper nest. "And what would you wish me to do with it now, sir?" she resumed when at length the ravishing vision was hidden away.

"Do with it?" stormed the vexed gentleman. "I don't care what the d—lickens you do with it. It isn't my hat. Take it away. Throw it into the street. Send it back to the place it came from. Give it * * * or, wait!"

Pausing for breath and thought, he changed his mind. The hat was too valuable to be treated with disrespect, no matter who was responsible for the mistake. Staff felt morally obligated to secure its return to the Maison Lucille.

"Look here, Milly * * * *"

"Yessir?"

"I'll just telephone * * * No! Half a minute!"

He checked, on the verge of yielding to an insane impulse. Being a native of New York, it had been his instinctive thought to call up the hat-shop and demand the return of its delivery-boy. Fortunately the instinct of a true dramatist moved him to sketch hastily the ground-plot of the suggested tragedy.

In Act I (Time: the Present) he saw himself bearding the telephone in its lair—that is, in the darkest and least accessible recess of the ground-floor hallway. In firm, manful accents, belittling an intrepid soul, he details a number to the central operator—and meekly submits to an acidulated correction of his Amurrikin accent.

Act II (fifteen minutes have elapsed): He is clinging desperately to the receiver, sustained by hope alone while he attends sympathetically to the sufferings of an English lady trying to get in communication with the Army and Navy Stores.

Act III (ten minutes later): He has exhausted himself grinding away at an obsolete rotary bell-call. Abruptly his ears are enchanted by a far, thin, frigid moan. It says: "Are you theah?" Responding savagely "NO!" he dashes the receiver back into its hook and flings away to discover that he has lost both train and steamer. Tag line: For this is London in the Twentieth Century. Curtain: End of the Play * * *

Disenchanted by consideration of this tentative synopsis, the playwright consulted his watch. Already the incident of the condemnable bandbox had eaten up much invaluable time. He would see himself doomed to unending perdition if he would submit to further hindrance on its behalf.

"Milly," said he with decision, "take that * * * thing down-stairs, and tell Mrs. Gigg to telephone the hat-shop to call for it."

"Yessir."

"And after that, call me a taxi. Tell it to wait. I'll be ready by ten or know—"

Promptly retiring, Milly took with her, in addition to the bandbox, a confused impression of a room whose atmosphere was thick with flying garments, in the wild swirl of which a lanky lunatic danced weirdly, muttering uncouth incantations * * *

Forty minutes later (on the stroke of ten) Mr. Staff, beautifully groomed after his habit, his manner (superbly nonchalant) denying that he had ever known reason why he should take a single step in haste, followed his trunks down to the sidewalk and, graciously bidding his landlady adieu, presented Milly with a keepsake in the shape of a golden coin of the realm.

A taxicab, heavy-laden with his things, fretted before the door. Staff nodded to the driver.

"Euston," said he; "and a shilling extra if you drive like sin."

"Right you are, sir."

In the act of entering the cab, Staff started back with bitter imprecations. Mrs. Gigg, who had not quite closed the front door, opened it wide to his remonstrant voice.

"I say, what's this bandbox doing in my cab? I thought I told Milly—"

"Sorry, sir; I forgot," Mrs. Gigg interposed—"bein' that flustered—"

"Well?"

"The woman what keeps the 'at-shop said as 'ow the 'at wasn't to come back, sir. She said a young lidy bought it yestiddy afternoon and awked to 'ave it sent you this mornin' before nine o'clock."

"The deuce she did!" said Staff blandly.

"An' the young lidy said as 'ow she'd write you a note explynin'. So I tells Milly not to bother you no more about it, but put the 'at-box in the keb, sir—wishin' not to 'inder you."

"Thoughtful of you, I'm sure. But didn't the—ah—woman who keeps the hat-shop mention the name of the—ah—person who purchased the hat?"

By the deepening of its corrugations, the forehead of Mrs. Gigg betrayed the intensity of her mental strain. Her eyes wore a far-away look and her lips moved, at first silently. Then—"I ain't sure, sir, she did nime the lidy, but if she did, it was somethin' like Burnside, I fancy—or else Postiethwayt."

"Nor Jones nor Brown? Perhaps Robinson? Think, Mrs. Gigg! Not Robinson?"

"I'm sure it may 'ave been eyether of them, sir, now you puts it to me pl'in."

"That makes everything perfectly clear. Thank you so much."

With this, Staff turned hastily away, nodded to his driver to cut along, and with groans and lamentations squeezed himself into what space the bandbox did not demand of the interior of the vehicle.

III.

Twins.

On the boat-train, en route for Liverpool, Mr. Staff found plenty of time to consider the affair of the foundling bandbox in every aspect with which a lively imagination could invest it; but to small profit. In fact, he was able to think of little else, with the damned thing smirking impishly at him from its perch on the opposite seat. He was vexed to exasperation by the consciousness that he couldn't guess why or by whom it has been so cavalierly thrust into his keeping. Consequently he budgelled his wits unmercifully in exhaustive and exhausting attempts to clothe it with a plausible raison d'etre.

He believed firmly that the Maison Lucille had acted in good faith; the name of Staff was too distinctive to admit of much latitude for error. Nor was it difficult to conceive that this or that young woman of his acquaintance might have sent him the hat to take home for her—thus ridding herself of a cumbersome package and neatly saddling him with all the bother of getting the thing thru the customs. But * * * ! Who was there in London just then that knew him well enough so to presume upon his good nature? None that he could call to mind. Beside, how in the name of all things inexplicable had anybody found out his intention of sailing on the Autocratic, that particular day?—something of which he himself had yet to be twenty-four hours aware!

His conclusions may be summed up under two heads: (a) there wasn't any answer; (b) it was all an unmitigated nuisance. And so thinking, divided between despair and disgust, Mr. Staff gave the problem up against his arrival on board the steamship. There remained to him a single gleam of hope: a note, of explanation had been promised; he thought it just possible that it might have been sent to the steamship rather than to his lodgings in London.

Therefore, the moment he set foot aboard the ship, he consigned his hand-luggage to a steward, instructing the fellow where to take it, and hurried off to the dining-saloon where, upon a table round which passengers buzzed like flies round a sugar-lump, letters and telegrams for the departing were displayed. But he could find nothing for Benjamin Staff.

Disappointed and indignant to the point of suppressed profanity, he elbowed out of the thronged saloon just in time to espy a steward (quite another steward; not him with whom Staff had left his things) struggling up the main companionway under the handicap of several articles of luggage which Staff didn't recognize, and one which he assured himself he did: a bandbox as like the cause of all his perturbation as one piano-case resembles another.

Now if quite out of humor with the bandbox and all that appertained thereunto, the temper of the young man was such that he was by no means prepared to see it confiscated without his knowledge or consent. In two long strides he overhauled the steward, plucked him back with a peremptory hand, and abashed him with a stern demand:

"I say! where the devil do you think you're going, my man?"

His man showed a face of dashed amazement.

"Beg pardon, sir! Do you mean me?"

"Most certainly I mean you. That's my bandbox. What are you doing with it?"

Looking guiltily from his face to the article in question, the steward flushed and stammered—culpability incarnate, thought Staff.

"Your bandbox, sir?"

"Do you think I'd go charging all over this ship for a silly bandbox that wasn't mine?"

"But, sir—"

"I tell you, it's mine. It's tagged with my name. Where's the steward I left it with?"

"But, sir," pleaded the accused, "this belongs to this lidy 'ere. I'm just tikin' it to 'er stiteroom, sir."

Staff's gaze followed the man's nod, and for the first time he became aware that a young woman stood a step or two above them, half turned round to attend to the passage, her air and expression seeming to indicate a combination of amusement and impatience.

Precipitately the young man removed his hat. Thru the confusion clouding his thoughts, he both foreglimpsed humiliation and was dimly aware of a personality of force and charm: of a well-poised figure cloaked in a light ponjee traveling wrap; of a face that seemed to consist chiefly in dark eyes glowing lambent in the shadow of a wide-brimmed, floppy hat. He was sensitive to a hint of breeding and reserve in the woman's attitude; as tho (he thought) the conventions diverted and engaged her more than he did who was responsible for it.

He addressed her in a diffident and uncertain voice: "I beg pardon * * "The box is mine," she affirmed with a cool and even gravity. "The steward is right."

He choked back a counterclaim, which would have been unmannerly, and in his embarrassment did something that he instantly realized was even worse, approaching downright insolence in that it demanded confirmation of her word: he bent forward and glanced at the tag on the bandbox.

It was labelled quite legibly with the name of Miss Eleanor Searle.

He colored, painfully contrite. "I'm sorry," he stammered. "I—ah—happen to have with me the precise duplicate of this box. I didn't at first realize that it might have a—ah—twin."

The young woman inclined her head distantly.

"I understand," she said, turning away. "Come, steward, if you please."

"I'm very sorry—very," Staff said hastily in intense mortification.

Miss Searle did not reply; she had already resumed her upward progress. Her steward followed, openly grinning.

Since it is not considered good form to kick a steward for knowing an ass when he meets one, Staff could no more than turn away, disguise the unholy emotions that fermented in his heart, and seek his stateroom.

"It had to be me!" he groaned.

Stateroom 432-433 proved to be very much occupied when he found it—chiefly, to be sure, by the band-box, which took up most of the floor space. Round it were grouped in various attitudes of dejection sundry other pieces of traveling-gear and Mr. Iff. The latter was sitting on the edge of the lower berth, his hands in his pockets, his brow puckered with perplexity, his gaze fixed in fascination to the bandbox. On Staff's entrance he looked up.

"Hello!" he said crisply.

"Afternoon," returned Staff with all the morose dignity appropriate to severely wounded self-esteem.

Iff indicated the bandbox with a delicate gesture.

"No wonder," he observed mildly, "you wanted the ship to yourself."

Staff grunted irritably and, picking his way thru and over the mound of luggage, deposited himself on the transom opposite the berths.

"A present for the missis, I take it?" pursued Iff.

"You might take it, and welcome, for all of me * * * Only it isn't mine. And I am not married."

"Pardon!" murmured Mr. Iff. "But if it isn't yours," he suggested logically, "what the deuce-and-all is it doing here?"

"I'm supposed to be taking it home for a friend."

"Ah! I see * * * A very, very dear friend, of course * * * ?"

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?" Staff regarded the bandbox with open malevolence. "If I had my way," he said vindictively, "I'd lift it a kick over the side and be rid of it."

"How you do take on, to be sure," Iff commented placidly. "If I may be permitted to voice my inmost thought: you seem uncommon' peeved."

"I am."

"Could I soothe your vexed soul in any way?"

"You might tell me how to get quit of the blasted thing."

"I'll try, if you'll tell me how you got hold of it."

"Look here!" Staff suddenly aroused to a perception of the fact that he was by way of being artfully pumped. "Does this matter interest you very much indeed?"

"No more, apparently, than it annoys you * * * And it is quite possible that, in the course of time, we might like to shut the door * * * But, as far as that is, I don't mind admitting I'm a nosey little beast. If you feel it your duty to snub me, my dear fellow, by all means go to it. I don't mind—and I dessay I deserve it."

This proved irresistible; Staff's humor saved his temper. To the twinkle in Iff's faded blue eyes he returned a reluctant smile that ended in open laughter.

"It's just this way," he explained somewhat to his own surprise, under the influence of an unforeseen gush of liking for this good-humored wisp of a man—"I feel I'm being shamelessly imposed upon. Just as I was leaving my rooms this morning this hat-box was sent to me, anonymously. I assume that some cheeky girl I know has sent it to me to tote home for her. It's a certificated nuisance—but that isn't all. There happens to be a young woman named Searle on board, who has an exact duplicate of this infernal contraption. A few moments ago I saw it, assumed it must be mine, quite naturally claimed it, and was properly called down in the politest, most crushing way imaginable. Hence this headache."

"So!" said Mr. Iff. "So that is why he doesn't love his dear little bandbox! * * * A Miss Earle, I think you said "

"No—Searle. At least, that was the name on her luggage."

"Oh—Searle, eh?"

"You don't happen to know her, by any chance?" Staff demanded, not without a trace of animation.

"Who? Me? Nothing like that," Iff disclaimed hastily.

"I just thought you might," said Staff, disappointed.

For some moments the conversation languished. Then Staff rose and pressed the call-button.

"What's up?" asked Iff.

"Going to get rid of this," said Staff, with an air of grim determination.

"Just what I was going to suggest. But don't do anything hasty—anything you'll be sorry for."

"Leave that to me, please."

From his tone the assumption was not unwarrantable that Staff had never yet done anything that he had subsequently found cause to regret. Pensively punishing an inoffensive wrist, Iff subsided.

A steward showed himself in the doorway.

"You rang, sir?"

"Are you our steward?" asked Staff.

"Yes, sir."

"Your name?"

"Orde, sir."

"Well, Orde, can you stow this thing some place out of our way?"

Orde eyed the bandbox doubtfully. "I dessay I can find a place for it," he said at length.

"Do, please."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday).

TORCHY — A WHIRL WITH KAZEDKY — By Sewell Ford

Chee! W'atcher think? I ain't read an "Old Sleut'" for more'n a week, and there's two murder myst'ries runnin' in the sportin' extras that I'm way behind on. You wouldn't guess it in a month, but I'm takin' a fall out of the knowledge game. Mr. Mallory says I'm part in the sixt' grade and part in the eight'.

"I believe it," says I; "my nut feels that way."

Honest, I'm stowin' away so much that I never knew before that I'm thinkin' of wearin' a leather strap around my head, same's these strong boys wears 'em on their wrists.

"Ah! w'at's the use?" says I. "Nobody's ever goin' to ask me what's four per cent. of thoity thousand plunks, an' if I had that much I wouldn't farm it out for less'n six, anyway. And I don't see where this De Soto comes in. Sounds like he might have played first base for the Beanies; but he's been dead too long for that. What odds does it make if I don't know the capital of Nevada? I ain't lookin' for no divorce, am I?"

But there's no shakin' Mallory off. He's dug up a lot of school books for me, and I got 'em stowed away in the desk here, like this was P. S. 46, 'stead of the front office of the Corrugated Trust. And when I ain't takin' cards into the main squeezes, or answerin' fool questions over the 'phone, or chasin' out on errands for Piddie, I'm swallowin' chunks of information about the times when G. Wash. was buildin' forts in Harlem and makin' good for a continuous in front of the Subtreasury.

Course, it's a clean waste of time. Suppose I gets the run next week, could I win another head office boy job by spielin' off a mess of guff about a lot of dead ones? Nit, never! But Mallory's got the bug that it'll come in handy to me sometime, and I'm doin' it just to keep him satisfied. We get together most every night in his room, and I has to cough up what I've got next to durin' the day. And say, when I've been solderin', and try to run in a stiff bluff instead of the real goods, he looks as disappointed as if I'd done something real low down. So gen'rally I hits up the books when there's nothin' else doin'.

Mr. Robert's on. He comes in one mornin' and pipes off the 'rithmetic. "What's this, Torchy?" says he. "Studying?"

"Yep," says I. "When I went thru Columbia College there wa'n't anybody there but the janitor; so I'm takin' a postprandial whirl at this number dope, and it's fierce."

"Whose idea?" says he.

"Mr. Mallory's," says I. "But I've laid it out flat to him that I draws the line at Greek. I'd never want to talk like them 23d-st. flower peddlers, not in a thousand years!"

Didn't tell you, did I, that Mallory's doin' the skyrocket act? After Mr. Robert gets next to the fact that Mallory's a two seasons' old football hero from his old college he yanks him out of that twelve-dollar-a-week filin' job and makes him a salaried gent, inside of two days.

"Which is something I owe chiefly to you, Torchy," says Mallory.

"Honk, honk!" says I. "Them's the kind of ideas that will get you run in for reckless thinkin'. You was winnin' all that when you did that sprint for goal your friend Dicky was tellin' about the other day. Now all you got to do is get up on your toes and make one or two touchdowns for old Corrugated."

"I know," says he; "but I'm afraid that in this game I'm outclassed."

Honest, he was scared stiff; but he didn't let anyone but me see it. Even a little thing like goin' down to Wall Street and lookin' up some securities gets him rattled. He hadn't been gone more'n an hour 'fore he calls me up on the 'phone and says some broker's clerk has asked him if our concern don't want to bid on P. O. privileges at seven-eighths. "What are P. O. privileges?" says Mallory.

"Oh, tush!" says I. "And you let 'em hand you such a burry one? P. O. privileges is the right to lick stamps at the gen'ral postoffice, and it's a gag them curb shysters has wore to a frazzle. You go back and tell that fresh paper-chewer we're only buyin' options on July snow removals preferred."

That's what comes of foolin' around at college. Mallory comes back lookin' like some one had sold him a billboard seat to a free window show.

But that was nothin' to the down-and-out slump I found him in next night, when I goes around for my writin' lesson and so on.

"Is it the spino comeandgetus," says I, "or has Miss Tuttifrutti sent back your Christmas card?"

"It is worse than either," says he, with his chin on the top button of his vest. "I guess I'm what you would call a false alarm, Torchy. I've been tried out and haven't made good."

"G'wan!" says I. "Everyone gets a lemon now and then. Some tries to swaller it whole, and chokes to death; others mixes 'em up with eggs and things, and knocks out a pie, with meringue on top. Draw us a map of how you fell off the scaffold."

Well, I jollied the hard luck tale out of him. It was a case of sendin' a boy with a pushcart to bring home a grand piano. The Old Man had done it. He's kind of sore on the way Mr. Robert lug-ged Mallory in by the hair, 'cause I heard him growlin' somethin' about makin' a kindergarten out of the Corrugated; so he springs this on him. He calls for Mallory and tells him there's a Russian gent down to the Waldorf that's come over to place a big Gover'ment contract.

"We've got to have a slice of that," says he. "Just you run down and get it for us." Like that, offhand, as if it was somethin' you could do anytime between lunch and one-thirty.

Near as I could make out, Mallory goes for it in his polite, standoff, afteryou way, and the closest he gets to Russky is a minute with a cocky secretary that says his Excellency is very sorry, but he'll be too busy to see him this trip—maybe next time, about 1914, he'll have an hour off.

"And then you back up the alley?" says I.

"There was nothing else for me to do," says Mallory. "He went off without giving me another chance."

"Say," says I, "if I had all your parlor manners, I'd organize an English holdin' comp'ny for 'em, so's not to be jacked up for bein' a monopoly. Why didn't you give him the low tackle and sit on his head until he promised to behave? Was that the only try you had?"

"No, I sent up my card twice after that," says he, "and it came back. So I've flunked. I think I'd better go down in the morning and resign."

Now wouldn't that rust you?

"Then here goes the books," says I, chuckin' 'em into the corner. "If doin' the knowledge stunt leaves you with a backbone like a piece of boiled spaghetti, I'm thru."

That makes Mallory sit up as if I'd jabbed him with a pin. "Do I seem that way to you?" says he.

"You don't think you're givin' any weight-liftin' exhibition, do you?" says I.

He lets that trickle thru for a minute or so, and then he comes back to life. "Torchy," says he, "you're right. I'm acting like a quitter. But I don't mean to let go just yet. Hanged if I don't try to see that man tonight, now, as quick as I can get down there! He's got to see me, by Jove!"

"There's more sense to that than anything else you've said in a week," says I. "Wish I could be there to hold your hat."

"Why not?" says he. "Come on. I may need fresh inspiration."

"Whatever I gives you'll be fresh, all right," says I; "but if I was you, and was goin' to butt into any Fifth-ave. hotel along about dinner-time, I'd wear the regalia. Yours ain't in on a ticket, is it?"

It wa'n't. Mallory had to go clear to the bottom of the trunk after it; but when he'd shook out the wrinkles and got himself inside the view was worth while. After he's blown up his op'ra hat and got out his stick you couldn't tell him from a three times winner.

"Chee!" says I. "You've got Silent Smith tied to a post. If you acts like you look, you don't need me."

He wouldn't have it that way, tho. I'd got to go along and be ready to give him any points I thought of. We goes in a cab, too, in over the rubber ma's to the carriage door, just like we'd come to hire the royal suite.

"The Baron Kazedky," says Mallory, shovin' his card across at the near plute behind the desk.

Then the cold wave begun comin' our way. Mister Baron was out. Nobody knew where he'd gone. He hadn't left any word. And he didn't receive callers after four p. m., anyway. Mallory was gettin' his breath after stoppin' them body blows, when I pushes in.

"Say, Sir Wally," says I, leanin' over towards the clerk and speakin' confidential, "Let me give you somethin' from the inside. If Kazedky misses seein' Mr. Mallory tonight, you'll be called up tomorrow to hear some Russian language that'll take all the crimp out of that Robert Mantell bang of yours. Now ring up one of them bench-warmers and show us the Baron!"

But, say, you might well try bluffin' your way thru the fire lines on a brass trunk check. "You'll find the manager's office two doors to the left, gentlemen," says he.

"Much obliged for nothin'," says I. Course, there wa'n't any use registerin' a kick. Orders is orders, and we was on the wrong side of the fence. Mallory and I takes a turn thru the corridors and past the main dinin'-room, where they keeps an orchestra playin' so's the got-rich-quick folks won't hear each other eat their soup.

We was tryin' to think up a new move. I was for goin' out somewhere and callin' for the Baron over the 'phone; but Mallory's got his jaw set now and says he don't mean to leave until he has some kind of satisfaction. He's kind of slow takin' hold; but when he gets his teeth in he's a stayer.

We knocks around half an hour, and nothin' happens. Then, just as we was pushin' thru the mob into the Palm Room I runs into Whitey Buck. You know about Whitey, don't you? Well, you've seen his name printed across the top of the sportin' page that he runs. And say, Whitey's the smooth boy, all right! Him and me used to do some great old joshin' when I was on the Sunday editor's door.

"Hello, Whitey!" says I. "Who you been workin' for a swell feed now?"

"That you, Torchy?" says he. "Why, I took your head for an exit light. How's tricks?"

"On the blink," says I. "We're up against a freeze out, Mr. Mallory and me. You know Mallory, don't you?"

"What, Skid Mallory?" says he, takin' another look. "What a pipe! Why, say, old man, I want you the worst way. Got to hash up a full-page sympose knockin' reformed football, and if you'll take off a thousand-word opinion I'll blow you to anything on the bill of fare. Come on in here while we chew it over. Torchy, grab a garcon. Sizzlin' sisters! but I'm glad to root you out, Skid!"

He was all of that; but it didn't mean anything more'n that Whitey sees an easy column comin' his way.

Mr. Mallory wa'n't so glad. "Sorry," says he, "but whatever football reputation I ever had I'm trying to live down."

"What!" says Whitey. "Trying to make folks forget the nerviest quarterback that ever pranced down the turf with eleven men after him? Don't you do it. Besides, you can't. Why, that run of yours thru the Reds has been immortalized in a whole library of kid story books, and they're still grinding 'em out!"

Mallory turns the color of the candleshades and shakes his head. "You print any such rot as that about me," says he, "and I'll come down and wreck the office. I'm out of all that now, and into something that has opened my eyes to what sort of useless individual I am. Behold, Whitey, one of the unfit!"

Then Whitey wants to know all about it.

"It's nothing much," says Mallory, "only I've been sent out to do business with a Russian Baron, and I'm such a chump I can't even get within speaking distance of him."

"What Baron?" says Whitey. "Not Kazedky?"

"That's the identical one," says Mallory. "Don't happen to know him, do you?"

"I sure do," says Whitey. "Didn't he and I have a heart to heart session when that sporty Russian Prince was over here and got himself pinched at a prizefight? Kazedky was secretary of the legation then, and it was thru me he got the story muffled."

"Wish you could find out where he is now," says Mallory.

"Don't have to," says Whitey; "I know. He's up in private dining-room No. 9. Been captured by a gang of Chamber of Commerce men, who are feeding him ruddy duck and terrapin and ten-dollar champagne. He's got a lot of steel contracts up his sleeve, you know, and—"

"Yes, I know," says Mallory; "but how can I get to see him?"

"Who are you with?" says Whitey.

"Corrugated Trust," says Mallory.

"Wow!" says Whitey, them skim-milk eyes of his gettin' big. "They wouldn't let you within a mile of him if they knew. But say, suppose I could lug him outside, would I get that football story?"

"You would," says Mallory.

"By tomorrow noon?" says he.

"Before morning, if you'll stay at the office until I get thru here," says Mallory.

"Good!" says Whitey. "Come on! I'll snake him out of there if I have to drag him by the collar. But he's a fussy old freak, and I don't guarantee he'll stay more than a minute."

"That's enough," says Mallory. "He can talk French, I suppose?"

"What's the matter with English? says Whitey. "Now let's see what kind of hot air I'll give him."

Whitey didn't say what it was he thinks up; but he was grinnin' all over his face when he leaves us outside No. 9 and goes in where the corks was poppin'. It must have been a happy thought, tho; for it wa'n't long before he comes out' towin' a dried-up little old runt with a full set of face lambrequins and a gold dog license hung round his neck from a red ribbon. He had his napkin in one hand and half a dinner roll in the other; so it didn't look like he meant to make any long stop. He was actin' kind of dazed, too, like he hadn't got somethin' clear in his mind, and he hung back as if he was expectin' some one to hand out a bomb. But Whitey rushes him right up to Mallory.

"Here's the chap, Baron!" says he. "I couldn't let you go back to Russia without shaking hands with the greatest quarterback America ever produced. Mr. Mallory, Baron Kazedky," and then he winks at Mallory, much as to say, "Now jump in!"

And say, Mallory was Johnny on the spot. He grabs Kazedky's flipper like it was a life preserver.

"I—I really, gentlemen, there's some mistake," says the Baron. "A quarter what, did you say?"

"Oh," says Mallory, "that's some of Mr. Buck's tomfoolery—football term, you know."

"But I am not interested in football," says the Baron, tryin' to back towards the door, "not in the least."

"Me either," says Mallory, gettin' a new grip on him. "What I want to talk to you about is steel. Now, I represent the Corrugated Trust, and we—"

Well say, the old man himself couldn't have reeled it off better'n Mallory. Why, he had it as letter perfect as a panhandler does his tale about bein' in the hospital six weeks and havin' four hungry kids at home. I only hears the start of it; for as soon as he got well under way Mallory starts for the other end of the corridor, skatin' the little old Baron along with him like he was a Third-ave. clothing store dummy that was bein' hauled in at closin'-up time.

Whitey didn't even wait for the overture. The minute he hands Kazedky over he fades towards the elevator. There's nothin' for me to do but wait; so I picks out a red velvet chair and camps down on it to watch the promenade. That's what it was, too; for Mallory acts like he'd forgot everything he ever knew except that he's got to talk steel into the Baron. I guess it was steel he was talkin'! Every time he passes me I hear him ringin' in Corrugated, and drop forged, and a lot of things like that.

Mallory had a right-arm hook on Kazedky and is makin' motions with his left hand. Bein' so tall, he has to lean over to pump his speech into the old fellow's ear; but every now and then he gets excited and, 'stead of bendin' himself, he lifts the Baron clear off his feet.

About the third lap some of the gents from the private dinin'-room pokes their heads out to see what's happened to the guest of the evenin'. They saw, all right! They must have been suspicious, too; for they were lookin' anxious, and begun signaling him to break away.

The Baron didn't have no time for watchin' signals just then. He was busy tryin' to keep his feet on the floor. First I knew there was a whole gang at the door watchin' 'em, and they was talkin' over makin' a rush for the Baron and rescuin' him, I guess, when Mallory leans him up against the wall, hauls out a pad and a fountain pen, and hands the things to Kazedky. The Baron drapes his napkin over his arm, stuffs the piece of roll into his mouth, and scribbles off somethin'.

When he's done that Mallory pockets the pad, leads the Baron back to his friends, shakes hands with him, motions to me, and pikes for the elevator. The last glimpse I had of Kazedky, he's bein' pulled into the private dinin'-room, with that half a roll stickin' out of his face like a bung in a beer keg.

"Well, Torchy," says Mallory to me, as the car starts down, "I got it!"

"Got what?" says I.

"Why, the contract," says he.

"Chee!" says I. "Is that all? I thought you was pullin' one of his back teeth."

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FOR CHRISTMAS

Parents, Sunday School Teachers, everybody, at some time or other, give a Bible as a Christmas box. The opportunity to secure one that will combine all the features of the usual presentation Bible and in addition something decidedly new, and attractive, will be lost after November 30, as The World's distribution of the New Illuminated Bible closes after that date—The World's Bible is different only in the embellishments—which attract the indifferent and casual reader. The six hundred Text pictures are of never-ending interest to the child, as well as an aid to the mature reader. The colored reproduction of the famous Tissot's paintings, are an inspiration to the Bible student and vividly bring to mind the grandeur and magnificence of Biblical times. You have a choice of either a Protestant, (St. James' version) or Catholic (Douay version) both bound in limp leather, gold lettered, with overlapping edges. Thru the efforts of The World Newspaper, it is possible to secure a copy of this Bible, but as the distribution closes on November 30, you will have to hurry. Six consecutively dated coupons from The Daily World and a small charge secures it.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF LOVE

No. 1—The Oracle

By Nell Brinkley

One of the wonders of the ancient world was the Oracle of Delphi, who decided all momentous problems of the world. The modern oracle is Love, and the maids of nowadays consult his prophecies, just as the warriors and kings of ancient days followed the dictates of the priestess of the Delphi Oracle.

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ALL SHOULD CULTIVATE THE HABIT OF GAIETY—BERNHARDT

Actress Says a Gay Disposition is Half the Happiness of Life—Advises Against Worry—"Loss of Money is Nothing."

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A gay disposition is half the happiness of life.

But it must not be thought that because one is gay that one is not also thoughtful. Oh, indeed, yes!

One might be able to take a joyous interest in everything and still admire passionately all that is really beautiful.

Verily life is difficult enough to pass without trouble, but one should not allow one's self to be worried except by real sorrows, and one should never waste time over trivial annoyances.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

Some people are ever ready to seek trouble. They make a great mistake. One ought to look on the bright side of everything.

In the first place we ought to prepare ourselves in life against all the little setbacks and misfortunes which are sure to come. Our social existence hedges us around with a thousand little worries which we must overcome without anger. Unforeseen events continually disorganize our carefully planned projects, and we must be prepared to meet these shocks and even to use them in elaborating other projects along the lines of the first ones.

Should Guard Against Setbacks.

An intelligent human being should from the time after he has reached the age of reasoning be on guard against the little disappointments of life, and for that all that is necessary is good temper, gaiety of spirit—taking everything cheerfully as it comes.

It is only irreparable losses, the grief of losing those who are dear to us and for which no consolation can be offered—that, in my opinion, should be allowed to overshadow our lives.

Money losses count for nothing. Verily, it is too utterly stupid to let one's life be embittered by the loss of a fortune. If one is young, one can make another fortune. If one is old, one does not require it any more.

Will Power Can Overcome Trouble.

There are, it appears, certain forms of sickness which cause dejection in those who suffer from them, but I cannot think that one's own will may not overcome the trouble. If I were to become suddenly blind I would take infinite delight in listening to music and in hearing lectures. I feel that I should still be happy.

If I were to become deaf I should be overjoyed to escape the stupid conversation that buzzes around a drawing room and the vulgar flatteries of sycophants, and, thanks to my imagination, I would still be hearing sweet music.

I have an agreeable friend who is society mad. She is everlastingly arranging garden parties and automobile picnics. The preparations for these gatherings are always luxurious and costly. Everything is arranged the day before and she prepares to play the coquet. Her gown is new, her hat is intended to create a sensation, a thousand surprises have been prepared. She arises early on the day fixed, runs to the window. If the weather is unpromising her day is spoilt and she throws herself on her bed and bursts into a fit of weeping, accusing the weather of betraying her. She is thoroly convinced that heaven has upset her plans on purpose.

The guests arrive. They wait, but are informed that everything has been put off. Later when the sun shines she sends for her friends and dresses in haste. Her eyes are swollen, her nose is red, her hat does not suit her, tho it suited her smiling face when she tried it on. But she wears it with a worried expression. She is discontented, but we who know her leave her to wear off her ill humor, which amuses us immensely.

Will Send Her This Article.

She returns home tired and unhappy, and is displeased with whoever has not sympathized with her fretfulness. She is only 27 years old, but when she retires at night she looks ten years older. I am sorry for her, but I think she is so silly that I shall send her these lines when they are printed to be sure she sees them!

Nell Brinkley

Kit's Column

A Weekly Letter of Comment & Opinion

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The article on Canada's "Babylon," which was written for a London newspaper by a lady tourist (or journalist), and to which reference was made in this column a few weeks ago, has apparently aroused the ire of certain British persons who have made their home in our Last West, and are not afraid of hitting straight from the shoulder. The paper in question admits having received "a great volume of comment from all quarters" on the article which so roundly represented our prairie cities as one put it—"Hell with the lid on."

A ten years' resident in Canada, hailing from Regina, ridicules the assertions made by the lady tourist that our western towns are rowdy places given over to drunkenness and painted women. He declares that he does not know just which of two thing to do—laugh or get mad about it. Frankly, he does a little of both, tho more of the former.

He defends the west—if it needs defence, which I do not think it does. It is peopled, he tells Londoners in general, with "clean living, law-abiding, refined men and women, from the best homes in this and other lands." Of course we over here know this, but the Babylon article was certainly one that might give a contrary impression. "The Western Canadian," goes on our Saskatchewan friend (more power to him!)—"by birth or choice, is jealous of his good name, and the good name of the west, and his unbounded confidence in and love for his country. And with good reason."

You never said anything truer in your life, son, you and the other Saskatchewan who follows with a pungent letter to the London editor, written in the same strain. Very splendidly have these Englishmen in the west, arisen to do battle for the good name of this magnificent country of ours. It is good that such letters should appear in a London paper. They are written in a glow of sincerity which must impress the casual reader with the firm hold Canada takes of those who come across from the Motherland to make their homes with us.

One letter, affects to corroborate the traveling lady's idea of Western Canada as a sort of Scarlet Woman. A "Blackpool Lad," hailing from Edmonton, declares that the villifying statement was "too mild." While asserting that he is not "knocking Canada" (I would like to know what he thinks he is doing), he proceeds to warn people of weak will and vicious habits against coming over here. Quite right. Canada does not want them. So our Blackpool Lad is doing us a service when he tells such persons to remain at home. But when he says, "There is more unconcealed vice in a prairie town of 300 inhabitants than in an Old Country city of 30,000," we think there must be something seriously wrong with our spectacles. And this from good little Edmonton! Where, on each of my visits, I heard the most aristocratic English accent—and almost fawncied myself back in dear old London. O Calgary! O Saskatoon! O Moose Jaw! what a cruel crack—and from Edmonton.

A Fairy Ship

There is no one who has voyaged in the good ship Royal George, and met her gallant and efficient master, Captain Harrison, but will be sorry for the disaster which has overtaken the splendid vessel in the beautiful but treacherous river, St. Lawrence. And many a good Bristolian will be sorry, too! Bristol was as proud of the twin ships, George and Edward, as we Canadians. They were in a way fairy ships to me, so daintily fitted, so luxurious, so well officered, and so efficiently served. I remember feeling—and helping the thought—some atmosphere about the ships of their old Mediterranean days—some whiff of Cairo, or the East, some savor of Greece and Greek art. And the end seemed too sordid, too common for these aristocrats of the sea.

And yet—did not the queen of ships go to her fate earlier in the year, taking with her such human freight as the world never saw before! Happily the Royal George bears no such burden of sad history. But it was with grief that we read that a thing so fine should come to such an end.

The Busy Biographers

No man of recent years has been more "biographied" than the late King Edward. First came Sir Sidney Lee, who denuded the King of many of the illusions which flattery had wrapped around him, and whose analysis of Edward's character aroused bitter comment. Then arrived the famous German journalist, Maximiliam Harden—with a criticism of the late King which is candid, but also acid, and not altogether in the best taste. Edward, he avers, created a new type of monarch, and he proceeds to describe him as a sort of royal merchant, or commercial traveler. What, I hope, he really means is that the late King was the most human "royalty" England has known, a man to whom the "human interest" of life was more precious than kingly baubles. Read in this light, the German journalist has given King Edward the highest honors of all. But the Germans do not read Harden in this light.

Now comes a new contribution to the discussion of King Edward as a king and a statesman by Mr. Edward Legge, entitled "King Edward in His True Colors." And we like it least of all! It is ineffectual, petty, and feebly sarcastic. It aims at "vindicating" the character of the late King of Britain from the "attack" (?) made upon it by Sir Sidney Lee. One prefers the more outspoken Lee and acid Harden, to Mr. Legge's justification of a most human king, a very generous man, and a fine old English gentleman who tho he sowed some wild oats—never unlike most men—reaped the harvest or met the whirlwind.

Somebody's Mother

A recent discussion brings me a few letters. "Which, in your opinion, Kit, is woman's loveliest age." Far be it from me to set down any age at all. We are always lovely, we women, and there is always some man to tell us so—or there ought to be. The young girl is lovely because Youth is. The young wife and mother is lovely because Love makes her so. And the old woman is lovely—at least in the eyes of her son. Have you never heard a man talking about his mother? He is at his best then. There is a fervor in his speech, a fire in his eye, and a glow in his heart that no other woman in all his life will ever be able to put there in quite the same way. Not long since I heard an Irish-Canadian say he ardently hoped home rule would not come about (by the way, I believe that he gets his wish)—"at the least while my mother lives, and I hope my dear mother will live for many dozens of years yet." And tho I held different opinions, I almost felt as if I could very well dispense with them in the presence of this man's mother. One found oneself wishing, too, that her years might be long in the land. We all have heard at one time or another about the "pie that mother used to make," and many a young wife comes up crossly, against this little snag in her stream of life, forgetting that some day her son will be telling another woman about the pie she used to make. Yes, all along the line Woman gets her love innings. The bachelor girl has a brother she adores, and who thinks the world of her. No woman is quite lonely—Yet, stop. A day or so ago a very old lady rang a door bell. She stood out in the cutting wind with a heavy basket on her arm. Her head shook with a palsy. A quiet, respectable, gentle old lady, selling from door to door at this time of life! What boy had forgotten his duty? What girl her obligation? An old woman who could hardly walk—Somebody's Mother—selling things to earn bit and bed—in this dreadful and sordid way. Somehow, it hurt. Was there nobody in all the wide world—after her long life—who had the precious right to look after her, and give her a corner on his hearth. Was there any—so poor a creature—that she would forego his right, and let his mother drift from door to door!

Out in the cold and rain—the day was wet and chill—in her rusty black dress—a wedding ring on her poor old hand—stood in a strange doorway Somebody's Mother.

And I thought of that other man who had spoken so tenderly and so proudly of his mother. And I thought of a Boy I know—and many a sad thought of persons and things drifted into mind as I watched this poor, lonely old Cirale move painfully down the steps and disappear in the mists that loomed at the end of the long and narrow street.

Nice, But Not Naughty

But I must not leave you with thoughts as sorrowful as these. Here's a little story—not a naughty Rossmore one like those which so shocked some of you, poor dears—but just a sensible Scotch story. There's alliteration for you! S. S. S.!:

An aged Scotch minister about to marry (the sinner!) for the fourth time was explaining his reason to an elder. "You see, I am an old mon now, and I canna expect to be here verra lang. When the end comes, I wad like to have some one to close my eyes."

The elder nodded and said: "Aweel, meenister, I have had two wives, and baith o' them hae opened mine."

Kit

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LIVE WOMENS ORGANIZATIONS OF TORONTO

ELEANOR GUNSTON

THE HEATHER CLUB

The name of this club does not indicate just what work it does, it rather suggests sloping hillsides colored with the sweet rosy purplish flower so dear to the heart of every son of Scotia.

Anyone who has seen a moor covered with heather, late in August, has felt the wind sweep past perfume-laden, has listened to the drowsy hum of the bees, will recall just the desire to inhale long draughts of the life-giving air.

Some such thought I understand was in the minds of those who organized "The Heather Club," that in some intangible way heather was synonymous with health.

It is now four years since the club was organized by the graduated nurses of the Hospital for Sick Children. Its object is the care of tubercular children (in their home) of 14 years and under, in providing suitable nourishment and clothing, and in instructing the mothers in the care and prevention of the spread of the disease to other members of the family, teaching the great value of fresh air night and day, for the three friends of tuberculosis are dirt, damp and dust.

Sunshine, fresh air and cleanliness, with rest and proper nourishment are its enemies. The first patient was cared for at the Lakeside Home, where she remained all alone night and day from May to September—little Fanny is now a complete cure, no T.B. being found in her system. The work of the club has grown very rapidly, showing the great need there was for just such a society. There are 450 children under observation for tuberculosis. At the close of the first year a pavilion was donated by Mr. John Ross Robertson, the hon. president. It is on the grounds of the Lakeside Home, Toronto Island, the summer home of the Hospital for Sick Children. This was soon enlarged to carry on the summer work, a large open play-room and dining-room being one feature. This lets the children practically live the out-door life night and day. The proof of this treatment being shown in the steady improvement of the children. The work of the fresh air school this summer enabled the club to keep 80 of the worst cases at the Island from the 9th of May to the 12th of October. At the Hospital for Sick Children clinics are held on Wednesday and an overflow clinic on Saturday morning. Miss Charters, the visiting nurse attends the doctors, and the city nurses. Miss Farncomb and Miss Murchison assist. The doctors, who give so freely and generously of their time are Doctors J. H. Elliott, Parsons, Straity, Boyer and Minns. Cases treated are infected but not all the open cases are sent to Weston. Parents are glad to get treatment for their children, and to have them go to the pavilion, realizing that this gives the poor kiddies a chance for life. These children are visited in their homes, provided with medicine and anything necessary to aid in "aking a cure. Fresh eggs, pasteurized certified milk, warm clothing, rubbers, often beds and bedding being provided.

To give an idea of the gastronomic feats of the children, at the pavilion, 48 children at a meal (I understood), disposed of 18 pounds of roast beef, a bag of potatoes and one other vegetable, 17 loaves of bread and 48 quarts of milk, besides fruit pudding and cereal. Really, I think it must have been a day, not a meal! However, after hearing this it reminded me of a poor child I met in one of the lower districts in New York, when making the rounds with a school nurse. We met Martha, whose brother Jimmie was being cared for at a fresh air school. The nurse inquired after him, and the hungry-looking mite replied "Oh, he is having a swell time, he don't do nothing but eat all de time he ain't sleeping. Gee! I wish I was bit by de bug." Hearing of Jimmie's good living made her willing to be tubercular, if she could enjoy the same fare. Children at the pavilion are given so many ounces of milk a day (extra to their nourishing meals); never less than a quart and there is a gain in weight correspondingly.

There is no need to point out that all this costs money; the expenditure is about $3571 annually, including the nurse's salary. There is the cost of maintenance and the up keep of the pavilion. This season they were $936 behind, and thanks to one man's generous donation this was wiped out, but this cannot be counted on every year.

The sources of revenue are from membership fees, donations, annual sale of work. Concerts and bazaars have been given for the club which have helped greatly this year's bazaar netting over $400. What is wanted is a fund, so the club has started a campaign for "A Mile of Silver," hoping by this means to get about $20,000—a small enough fund considering the good accomplished by preventive measures.

Mrs. Clutterbuck, the clever and energetic president, when asked if they had actually measured what amount a mile of our silver coinage would bring in, told me they had not, so to satisfy myself I got out a yard stick and found that if you use one of each—a five, ten, 25 and 50 cent piece in continuous succession, you need 73,920 pieces of silver and a mile of each of these pieces would net $55,440. Anyone can work it out, this is only roughly done. I may be out a few pieces or dollars. If the people of Toronto would consider for a minute the valuable work done by this earnest band of some 200 members, what it means to the public health of the city to be safe guarded from the infection of these cases! What it means to the little child to be taken from a home where there is frequently over-crowding, an inadequate food supply, no one to give them proper attention, to be suddenly taken from these sordid surroundings and placed in an airy, light room, or verandah where the sun and wind have full sweep, where there is abundance to eat of the proper kind of food, with trained and sympathetic care, can you picture what it means? Let us all do our share to give the children their "fighting chance" by contributing our piece of silver, large or small—a quarter just measures an inch—so help on the inches to make the mile.

The president is an inspiration for hard work; she is brimful of the subject; can tell you the interesting history of many of the cases that lack of space prevents me telling of, but one cannot be in Mrs. Clutterbuck's company for any length of time with out feeling a desire to be up and doing—not Giant Despair but Giant Tuberculosis. Associated with her are such well known workers as Miss Brent, Miss Rogers, Miss Geddes, Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Wallace as directors of the club and Mrs. MacBeth, Miss Stella Fellows, Miss Ada Ballantyne and Mrs. Fullerton as officers. The last named is the treasurer, who is always willing to receive donations and contributions.

The club needs a permanent home to treat the cases, so lately became a chapter in that splendid organization, the Daughters of the Empire. It is the desire of the latter to build a "Preventorium." They have rented a house where they will care for the tuberculosis children that need treatment during the winter.

The knowledge and assistance that the club will bring to the larger organization will be of great value. May the combined forces result in securing a home where the children may have continuous care till fully restored to health. As one speaker said here at the May meeting of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis: "Our knowledge is being extended, human life is being prolonged, and little hands are being strengthened over and—let us hope—better carry on the work which is ours today. Whether we agree or not with the idea, we are forced to realize that the health of the individual is a matter of public concern and not purely of individual or family interest."

E. G.

Animals Used to Test Drugs.

Use is made by chemical manufacturers of various animals, such as chickens, dogs, cats and frogs, to test the efficacy of drugs.

Ergotine, for instance, is tested on chickens in an extremely simple way. Should it fail to turn a chicken's comb black, it is at once known by the experimenter that the drug is worthless.

Dogs are employed to test hashish. This is manufactured from female buds of hemp, the male buds having no particular medicinal value. Hashish administered to dogs induces a peculiar pathological condition, if the drug is correctly prepared, which is seen in no other animal save man himself.

Digitalis, the heart stimulant, is best tested on frogs. Injecting a drop of the drug into the stomach of the frog, the chemist, by means of the kymograph, or heart-recording machine, studies the changes of the frog's heart action, thus obtaining accurate knowledge as to the effect of that particular kind of digitalis.

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LITERATURE SCIENCE EDUCATION

Edited By Donald G. French

NEW BOOKS

Marcus Polatkin and Philip Schelkowitz were thorgly acclimatized United Statesers running a prosperous clothing business in partnership and talking when we meet them the new "American" dialect which is a compound of bad English, poor German, worse Russian, with a flavor of Hebrew. Schelkowitz (let us say Sky to save space) gets a letter from home which stirs up his philanthropic and racial feelings. Sky has a brother-in-law in Russia, whose landlord has been shot accidentally while having a quiet game of cards in the brother-in-law's home. Borrochson, the relative, writes for passage money to bring himself and his boy Yosel to the land of liberty; passage for two only, because, you see he was a widower. Pole and Sky have some warm words over this, rehearsing family pedigrees and divers other matters which always serve to fill up the controversy when real argument is lacking. However, Sky does send the money, and one day a few weeks later met at Ellis Island (accompanied by Polatkin whose presence was a sort of peace offering) a stunted lad of fifteen answering to the name of Yosel Borrochson. Perhaps you'll get the spirit of the story a little better if we drop into quotation here:

"'Uncle Philip,' the lad cried, dropping the bundle. Then clutching Marcus round the neck he showered kisses on his cheeks until Philip dragged him away.

'I am your uncle,' Philip said in Judisch Deutsch. 'Where is your father?'

Without answering the question Yosel Borrochson took a strangle-hold of Philip and subjected him to a second and more violent osculation. It was some minutes before Philip could disengage himself from his nephew's embrace and then he led him none too gently to a seat.

'Never mind the kissing,' he said, 'where's your father?'

'He's not here,' Yosel Borrochson replied with a vivid blush.

'I see he is not here,' Philip rejoined. 'Where is he?'

'He is in Minsk,' said young Borrochson.

'In Minsk?' Philip and Marcus cried with one voice, and then Marcus sat down on the bench and rocked to an fro in an ecstasy of mirth.

'In Minsk!' he gasped hysterically, and slapped his thighs by way of giving expression to his emotions. 'Did you ever hear the like?'

'Polatkin, do me the favor,' Philip begged 'and don't make a damn fool of yourself.'

'What did I told you?' Polatkin retorted, but Philip turned to his nephew.

'What did your father do with the ticket and the money I sent him?' he asked.

'He sold the ticket and he used all the money for the wedding,' the boy replied.

'The wedding,' Philip exclaimed. 'What wedding?'

'The wedding with the widow,' said the boy.

'The widow?' Philip and Marcus shouted in unison. 'What widow?'

'The landlord's widow,' the boy answered shyly.

And after that you will not be surprised to hear that Yosel Borrochson turned out in a day or two not to be Philip's nephew at all but Elkan Lubliner a connection of Marcus. The rest of the story tells of Elkan's rise to prosperity, first a cutter in the tailoring shop, then a salesman and then onward and upward. It is a delineation in a field which Montague Glass has made particularly his own and will show you one of the many "other sides of life" and at the same time keep you thoroly amused. ("Elkan Lubliner, American," by Montague Glass; Musson Book Co.)

* * * * * * *

If you tire of the monotony of brick and stone and pavement, and the weary, ceaseless noise of the city, then you'll probably enjoy this simple, homelike, personal narrative called "Windyridge." Grace Holden, alone in the world, wearies of the city, hears "the call of the heather," and answering it goes away into Yorkshire, lights on a delightfully quaint little village, finds an ideal cottage to let in it, takes the cottage for a year and settles down to carry on business there as a photographer. The sketches of village life and character are very good, and if the old farmers, the kindly old squire, the quaint, motherly, old soul who is Grace's neighbor, the pathetic man who is her first customer, the finely honorable barrister whom Grace dubs "the Cynic," and most of the other people of the tale are more idyllic than one generally encounters on this sinful earth they are admirably in keeping with the sweetness and quiet charm of the whole story. For the story has an atmosphere and a curious charm of its own that are not easy to define: there is a sort of dream-magic about it; a delicate, lavender-like fragrance; and the love romance that finds Grace and stays with her at last wears the same sober, pretty colors, breathes the same subdued, pleasant music. The people in the novel, the pathos and joy of their simple experiences, the little bits of homely philosophy, these are the things that make the book not only readable but enjoyable, so that it lingers in your mind when you have done like the gracious memory of a midsummer night's dream of idyllic men and women you have never met and never hope to meet, but would be glad to. (Bell and Cockburn.)

* * * * * * *

Napoleon Prince, is a charming scoundrel, a sort of Sherlock Holmes among thieves, whose adventures begin in a little railroad town of Western Canada, and ramify to all the centres of Europe. Napoleon, who is a cripple with lower limbs paralyzed, is an astute reader of human character with an almost omniscient knowledge, aided by his sister and by John Luck, who becomes his partner after that affair in the little Canadian town. Mr. Prince "pulls off" a succession of thrilling and mysterious events in the role of gentleman crook. Readers fond of the detective element in fiction will find plenty of it here. ("The Adventures of Napoleon Prince": Cassell & Co.)

* * * * * * *

"Mrs. Lancelot," by Maurice Hewlett: A story of love and politics in the Georgian period. Like other heroines of Mr. Hewlett's creation, Mrs. Lancelot is very fascinating, and besides, is not altogether sure of her own mind where love is concerned, so that there is here a sort of quadrangular heart problem involving the heroine, her husband, a duke, high in place and a poor but passionate poet. (Copp, Clark Co., publishers.)

* * * * * * *

"The Reluctant Lover," by Stephen McKenna: Opens with the picture of "the home of a decadent"—a cynical young man of the world, who regards his fellowmen and even womankind as but the equipment for the transference of the somewhat monotonous phenomena of human life. However, the god of love lays siege to his citadel, and this book recounts the story of the campaign. (Bell & Cockburn, publishers.)

* * * * * * *

"Four Gates," by Amy Le Feuvre: In which we are introduced to four charming young ladies of a rural English town. Naturally it cannot be expected that they will be satisfied to remain in an environment which offers so little in the way of adventure or opportunities. Miss Le Feuvre traces for us the subsequent careers of these young ladies who enter the great world by "four different gates." (Cassell & Co., publishers.)

* * * * * * *

"A Cavalier of Fortune," by Escott Lynn: Spirited historical adventure in the days of King James the Second in England, a panorama of successive events carrying us thru affairs of highway robbery, riots, and rebellion. The chief events of the tale are centred about the rising of the Duke of Monmouth. The notorious figures of Titus Oates and Judge Jeffreys appear on its canvas, as well as those of several other historical characters. Several colored illustrations lend attractiveness to the book. (W. & R. Chambers, publishers, Edinburgh.)

* * * * * * *

"The Antagonists," by E. Temple Thurston: Carries us with Dicky Furlong from his youthful adventure of being bitten by a snake, thru the happenings and soul experiences of his adolescent years until he fares forth to make his fortune in the broad world. The antagonism that gives rise to the title lies between the spirit of the hard, narrow, commercial-minded father who would keep Dicky in his own groove and rear him to follow his steps and manage his factories, and the artist soul of Dicky longing to express himself in painting. This is a remarkably fine study of the growth of a boy's soul. (Musson Book Co., publishers.)

* * * * * * *

"Bachelors' Buttons," by Edward Burke: Given a shy bachelor of forty, who has fallen heir to an unexpected fortune. What will he do with it? That's what all his friends wanted to know. Said he, "I shall go into the country and grow things," and when his more worldly friend presses the enquiry as to "what things?" he can think of nothing but "Bachelors' Buttons." Following his dream he leaves Manchester City and seeks out a little country village of which the author draws a map). Now a country village, considered from a certain point of view, may contain more persons than a big city. Anyway, this one furnished persons and material enough for a good story. (Bell & Cockburn, publishers.)

* * * * * * *

The 'Captain Annual,' consisting of the round volumes of a monthly "For Boys and Old Boys," is now issued by Gordon & Gotch, 132 Bay street. It contains numerous excellent stories of adventure and articles of interest to boys.

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OBSESSION OF MODERN NOVELIST

Archbishop of York on Modern Fiction.

The Archbishop of York has made an indictment of the modern novel that has greatly stirred British novelists and publishers. He says: "I am sick of this hot, panting, blear-eyed fiction of the present day. This twentieth century fiction is obsessed with the sex problem, and that not in its oldest, simplest, happiest or most tragic form. It is simply in its relation to sexual passion."

To this indictment of the archbishop, William Heinemann, the publisher, replies as follows: "I do not believe the archbishop knows very much about fiction or has read many novels. Was it not Balzac who declared that the world has three stories only: First, a man and a woman; second, a man and two women; third, a woman and two men? I cannot believe that the archbishop wishes to confine fiction to the eternal reiteration of the first story. Sex is the only subject for a novelist to write about. The modern novel is infinitely cleaner and better than the sex novel of ten years ago."

We do not think that Mr. Heinemann has answered the archbishop, says The Rochester Herald, and we believe that the archbishop is sound in the main, in his indictment of modern fiction. Mr. Heinemann is wrong when he says that "sex is the only subject for a novelist to write about." The novelist has the whole field of life to draw upon, and sex is not the whole of that field. The trouble with the average novelist is that he is a very small potato in the garden of life. The greatest novelists have not been obsessed by sex. Balzac himself was not, and we do not think that he is the author of the saying quoted by Mr. Heinemann. Dickens was not obsessed by sex, nor was Cervantes. There are many others who were not. When Mr. Hehemann tells us that "the modern novel is infinitely cleaner and better than the sex novel of ten years ago," he talks nonsense. When fiction is obsessed by sex, it is seldom clean and is never good, for the reason that it is false both to life as it is and to life as it ought to be. And when we find the spirit of sex pervading the field of polite literature, it is as bad as it can be. It was bad ten years ago: it is bad now.

We do not write in the interest of philistinism and puritanism. Sex is a legitimate subject for fiction, of course, and there is no reason why any intelligent discussion of it should be tabooed. But when writers can see nothing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, but sex, there is something wrong with them. Fiction ought to be, and at its best it is, emancipative biography, and surely when we study the biographies of the great heroes of the world, we find vastly more than stories of amours, licit or illicit. There was more than one love episode in the life of Julius Caesar; there was at least one in the life of Oliver Cromwell, but the biographers of Caesar and Cromwell do not spend much time in dealing with them. Why should the novelist feel constrained to do so? Is not the story of Caesar interesting and the story of Cromwell likewise, quite apart from their love affairs? They would be, if we had great novelists to interpret them. But, of course, when whippersnappers would interpret them, their greatness is too dazzling for the pen. What the world needs is a greater type of novelist.

Interpret This Poem and Win a Prize

MISCONCEPTIONS.

This is a spray the Bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
Fit for her nest and her treasure.
Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying
fleet hung to—
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is the heart the queen leant on,
Thrilled in a minute erratic,
Ere the true bosom she bent on,
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer
went on—
Love to be saved for it, proffered to,
spent on!

—Robert Browning.

Give the meaning of this poem briefly in your own words. Answers will be received up to Dec. 31, and three prizes will be awarded: First, four volumes of pocket classics; second, three volumes; third, two volumes (winners will be allowed to make a selection). Mark envelope "Browning Poem," and address to: Literary Editor, Sunday World, Toronto.

F. A. TALBOT
British journalist, who has written several books about Canada.

Amateur Poets' Competition

Weekly Prizes for Best Contributions.

A weekly competition for amateur poets began with the issue of Oct. 13, and will continue weekly for ten weeks. Only amateurs are eligible to compete. This means persons who have not yet sold poems for publication. Poems must not exceed 64 lines in length, and preference will be given to poems not more than 32 lines. No manuscript will be returned, therefore keep a copy of what you send. No person can win more than one prize, but otherwise any person may compete as often as desired. Criticisms of submitted material will appear weekly. Use a pen-name and address. One poem will be selected each week for publication (if deemed of sufficient merit), and a book, value $1.25, will be given as prize. Address all contributions: Literary Editor, Sunday World, Toronto, Ont. Mark your envelope, "Amateur Poets' Competition." Send your contributions without delay.

The Prize Poem.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

I walk in my Gethsemane,
The shadows mock me as I pass:
The harsh wind stirs the crisping grass,
The cold moon idly looks on me,
I walk in my Gethsemane.

I pray in my Gethsemane,
The writhing boughs of ancient trees
Drop rattling leaves about my knees:
No angel ministers to me
While I am in Gethsemane.

When I am in Gethsemane
No friendly star for me doth gleam,
Aloof, and coldly clear the seam
The iron-bound heaven doth shed on me
In sorrowful Gethsemane.

I walk in my Gethsemane,
Its lonely paths my tears efface,
Thru blood drops I my steps retrace
From that shut gate that prisons me.
I walk in my Gethsemane.

* * * * * * *

For a change, let us begin this week by calling attention to the beauty of this excellent little lyric. Amateurs would do well to study it very closely and note the special rhyme-scheme, the rhythm, the use of repetition to heighten the particular tone of the poem, and, above all, the appropriateness of the atmosphere created by the writer. The real lyric poem should be, as this is, the expression of a single mood. It should not attempt, what many amateurs do, to tell a story which would be better expressed as a prose sketch. It should not try to give an exhortation in rhyme which would be better if delivered as a sermon. Nor should the lyric poet take up in his poems the treatment of problems in economics, sociology, or any of the other "ologies," no matter how imperative the consideration of them is necessary in daily life.

"But what do you mean by atmosphere?" some one may ask. Well, you doubtless understand the feeling of anguish which is now associated with the very word "Gethsemane" (if not familiar with the origin of this associative connotation, see the Bible story). Observe, then, how every detail of the pen-picture (for this is largely what the poem is) harmonizes with that feeling—"the shadows mock me," "the harsh wind," "the crisping grass," "writhing boughs"; consider the loneliness brought out by, "No angel ministers to me," "no friendly star"; even the moonbeam is "cold and aloof" and heaven appears "iron-bound"; till we come to the climax in "Thru blood drops I my steps retrace." Truly, this is no "amateurish" verse tho it be entered in an amateur competition; it is a rare gem of verse.

* * * * * * *

THE CHIMES.

How merrily they seem to peal, upon the Sabbath air,
Rejoicing in their splendid strength to call each soul to prayer,
Singing alike to rich or poor the message of His love,
Wafting their thoughts from earthly things unto His throne above.

But oh! thru all their joyfulness, there runs a sadder strain,
Telling of weary souls that came, only to fall back again.
Telling of hearts that never felt the softening power of grace,
Of others in their scorning who turn away their face.

—"Pete."

* * * * * * *

There is a lack of definiteness in the grip of the subject here that is a strong contrast to the tenseness of the first poem. "They seem to peal," is a weak expression; in poetry, a great deal is "seeming" that is, it is symbolic, it represents something else which it interprets by the concrete image. But the poet must bridge the chasm between the seeming and the real, and make the seeming appear the reality. Therefore, the bells should not be allowed to "seem to peal merrily," but the reader should be made to feel that the bells actually are pealing merrily—they must convey a real message to him. "Splendid strength" is not appropriate here; one scarcely associates the idea of "strength" with the tolling of a bell. Again the transition from the conception of mankind as a "soul" to the more prosaic classification into "rich and poor" shatters the sense of harmony.

Read the first line of stanza two carefully and you will find that it is not metrical. The composite face presented by the last two words taxes my imaginative processes sorely.

* * * * * * *

"Britain's Travail" is an incoherent parochial-socialist tract; In "To a Snowdrop" there is too evident the effort to make a moral it is not natural. "The Sunflower" is vague; one doesn't know whether it means sunrise or a flower. "Helen of Ballydown" comes to us from far-off Ireland: it is a musical song but has fatal weaknesses in diction. "The Storm" from an Alberta contributor makes the mistake of blending the archaic "doth", etc., with the commonplace; many of its lines lack regularity of metre, or rather they are not metrical at all.

"A Memento" is a commendable effort but the picture of a "wild bird calling from the broom" seems to be the result of the necessities of rhyme rather than the representation of actual nature; again "clouds of nigrescent hue" are rather difficult to visualize—"black" clouds would be the same thing and more readily seen. "The Flight of Time" mixes its metaphors; time is first met "on the unbound sea," then "on flying wing," then "once you (time) gave be a bird to hold." "The Human Wolves of Sin" is a sermon, not a poem. "Cynthia's" unnamed effort is beyond me—don't know what she's driving at.

"Unknown" sends two poems and threatens to "keep trying to win." Dear friend, forbear! First of all, learn to spell; secondly, get into your head the idea of rhythm; thirdly, take Tennyson's noble example and study and write for ten years more before offering the unappreciative public any more of your work. "Mountjoy" sends a poem of "Imperishable Worth." It is about an angel maiden—"A simple maiden, robed in nature's own simplicity" (there now, don't tell the press censor). Sad that a hard-hearted editor must consign it to limbo for the usual amateur offences.

If the writer of "The Old Violin" is really "A Slave to the Muse" as he signs himself, he should acquaint himself with the first requisite of a poem—tune or rhythm. Until then—please don't come back!

"G. R. H." should re-write "In Memory's Garden" and try to strengthen the language and improve an occasional irregularity in metre; "A Child's Thoughts of Christmas" should be suitable for a children's journal.

WITH THE GOSSIPS.

Mr. Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" and "Four Months Afoot in Spain," has just reached Quito, Ecuador, on his tramp thru Central and South America. He reports that he covered the eight hundred and fifty miles from Bogota, Colombia, to Quito in fifty-seven days, spending fifteen of them in the cities thru which he passed and forty-two days on the road, making from seven to forty miles a day. From what he had been told, he expected to find that the inhabitants of Colombia were not cordial to visiting Americans, but he says that "the risk we ran as Americans in a 'Yanqui'—hating land was about equal to that of a trip down Broadway on a Sunday morning; once a Colombian cried right out loud to us sarcastically as we passed: 'America for the North Americans!' and this was the extent of the insults or ill-treatment received from the inhabitants of Colombia."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS

An Ants' Sewing Circle.

A party of German naturalists recently returned from Ceylon have reported the existence of a species of ant that has been observed in the act of sewing two leaves together for the purpose of forming a nest. This report confirms the observations of the English naturalist, Ridley, made in 1890.

They saw a row of the insects pulling the edges of leaves together, then others trimming and fitting the edges; and finally the completion of the work by still other ants which fastened the edges with a silky thread yielded by larvæ of the same species the workers carried in their mandibles. It is said that the sewing ants pass the thread-giving larvæ like shuttles thru holes in the edges of the leaves.

A Plant that Coughs.

All have read of carnivorous plants, of laughing plants, and of plants that weep; but who has heard of a plant that coughs? There is the authority of a French botanist, however, for the statement that a plant in various tropical regions actually possesses the power to cough in the most approved manner. The fruit of this plant resembles the common broad bean.

It appears that the coughing plant is something of a crank, that it easily works itself into a rage, and that it has a curious horror of all dust.

As soon as a few grains of dust are deposited on its leaves, the air chambers that cover their faces and are the respiratory organs of the plant become filled with gas, swell, and end by driving out the gas with a slight explosion and a sound that resembles so much the cough of a child suffering from a cold as to carry a most uncanny sensation to the one beholding the phenomenon.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Heather Moon," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "Knocking the Neighbors," by George Ade (Musson Book Co.).

"The Best of a Bad Job," by Norman Duncan; "Pujoe," by W. J. Locke (Henry Frowde.)

"Pickanock," by Bertae Heeney Bell & Cockburn).

"Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," by Ober. W. Service (William Briggs).

"Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor (Westminster Co.).

"The Reef," by Edith Wharton (Mcleod & Allen).

"A Rebellion," by F. Douglas Reveille (Hurley Printing Co., Brantford).

Mr. Henry Peck: "Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?"

Mr. Brushaway: "My friend, I can make it so life-like you'll jump every time you see it."—N. Y. Globe.

Note This Corn

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MUSIC

National Chorus Is Better Than Ever

Gives Promise of Surpassing Achievements of Previous Years.

The fame of Toronto's choral organizations has spread far and wide during the past few years and the reputation of this city as a musical centre has risen until it is on a par with almost any city on the globe. The local choruses have secured the warmest support of the citizens and the announcement of the annual concerts are received with undisguised interest. The chief event of the coming musical season will be the series of concerts given by the National Chorus under the direction of Dr. Albert Ham, F. R. C. O., in association with the New York Symphony Orchestra. The chorus has been reorganized this year and its members now number 220, having received an increase of 40 voices. Dr. Ham is of opinion the chorus as a whole is a much finer body of voices than he has ever had under his baton, some of the new members having exceptional voices and being singers of quite superior merit. The test for admission has been placed on a very high standard, Dr. Ham being compelled to exercise much discrimination in the choice of singers as the music selected is generally of a very exacting nature and demands a high state of efficiency on the part of the voices. The rehearsals are now progressing and both conductor and executive have been greatly cheered by the marked ability of the chorus to cope with the most exacting selections and the promise it gives of surpassing the achievements of previous years.

The splendid record of the chorus in unaccompanied work determined Dr. Ham on again devoting much attention to this particular class of composition in its highest phases. The music selected has been chosen not only for its intrinsic merit but for the purpose of shewing the brilliancy and musicianship of the chorus generally. Among the unaccompanied numbers to be given are "Seadrift," by Coleridge Taylor, the young Anglo-African composer, one of his last and most effective compositions. It is written for eight part double chorus and its dramatic intensity gives the chorus a great opportunity for displaying its power of interpretation. Another important number is a short cantata by Sir Hubert Parry, "Blest Pair of Sirens," acknowledged to be one of the finest pieces of choral writing extant. Among the shorter works will be given "Love is the Rainbow of Our Stormy Years," by Granville Bantock, a charming love-song for ladies' voices only, which has an accompaniment for violin and violoncello. This should prove an exquisite number as the accompaniments will be performed by A. Saslavsky, (violin); P. Kefer, (violincello), and V. Tanelli, (harp), all artists of the first rank with the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The centenary of the birth of Richard Wagner will be recognized by the adoption of a Wagnerian program for the orchestra numbers on the first evening. Walter Damrosch stands in a class by himself as an interpreter of Wagner as to him is given the credit for popularizing the work of the great composer in this country. The orchestral program on the first night will include the overture, "Rienzi"; prelude, Act III., "Lohengrin"; Sounds of the Forest, from "Siegfried," and prelude and finale from "Tristan and Isolde." On the second evening "Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony" will be performed along with two shorter numbers.

Maude Debussy has just completed two tone poems for interpretative dancing, the one "Khamma" being destined for production in England while the other, "Jeux," is for the Russian ballet headed by Nijinsky.

Miss Edith May Yates, a gifted young pianiste, and pupil of W. O. Forsyth, will make her first professional appearance as solo artiste in a recital to be given next February.

On this occasion Miss Yates will be heard in a program of varied compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, Scharwenka, Raff, Henslet, Liszt and others.

Busoni's opera, "Die Brautwahl," is to be given at the Costanzi in Rome in February.

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Madame Edvina A Graceful Louise

Lovely Personality and Exquisite Voice—Canadian Creates Furore With Montreal Opera Co.

At the opening of the Montreal opera season the house presented a dazzling picture of brilliant fashion. Enthusiasm prevailed everywhere and all the performers were recalled again and again before the footlights to acknowledge the plaudits of the people. Great interest centered in Madame Louise Edvina, the young Canadian prima donna, who made her debut in this country in "Louise" the second night. The audience rivalled that of the former evening. Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia of Connaught, with several friends, formed an enthusiastic party who joined vigorously in the applause that was showered upon the singer and presented her with a magnificent bouquet. Of her performance The Musical Courier says: "A better Louise than Madame Edvina can hardly be imagined. Hers is no characterization. It is a living, breathing reality, from which it is impossible to divorce such matters as voice, action, pose, interpretation or the hundred and one considerations which make for the perfect artistic whole. Gifted with a lovely personality, and imbued with a sympathetic womanliness that sends its message beyond the footlights, Madame Edvina made evident at the outset her artistic sincerity and authoritativeness. Her voice, of exquisite lyric quality and wide range, she colors with rare sensitiveness, revealing a deep musical nature guided by keen intelligence. Always her tones were the instrument for the mood of the moment, and thus she was enabled to give a kaleidoscopic vari-colored interpretation which made Louise, the type, a creation faultlessly conceived and faultlessly executed. Of a necessity tremendous enthusiasm was aroused." Every effort is being made to retain Madame Edvina for the Toronto season.

Increasing Interest in Hambourg Concerts

Prize Competition Fantasia Receives Approval of Local Musicians.

Foresters' Hall was crowded again last Monday evening with an audience representative of the fashion and musical culture of the city. The players, Miss Grace Smith, Messrs. Jan and Boris Hambourg, Zusman Caplan, Broadus Farmer and Joseph Sheard, were at their best and the program was of surpassing interest. The beautifully melodious C minor trio of Brahms was the first offering, and it was given with effective grace, virility and charming fluency. Miss Grace Smith at the piano supported the strings with her usual artistry, while the performance of Messrs. Jan and Boris Hambourg was marked by a degree of perfection only possible in those who have reached the highest plane of technical skill and scholarly musicianship. The string quintet, for two violins, viola and two 'cellos, by Schubert, and played by the five musicians above mentioned, who are all members of the Hambourg Conservatory staff, was also admirably rendered. Messrs. Caplan, Farmer and Sheard playing a splendid second to the senior and more widely known executants. Miss Edith M. Fitch, a lyric soprano, and a pupil of the great Marchesi, also a teacher at the Hambourg Conservatory, sang with felicity and finesse the aria "Adieu, forets, adieu," from Tschaikowsky's "Joan of Arc." Her voice has a very pleasing quality and her treatment of the difficult aria was much enjoyed, an encore being heartily demanded. Mr. Jan Hambourg gave as a solo the "Havanaise" by Saint-Saens, and Mr. Boris Hambourg played "The Fountain," by Davidoff, and the prize-competition Fantasia by Mr. Ernest J. Farmer. The concert was thoroly enjoyed by the large audience and standing room only was the order of the evening.

Pasquale Amato Ardent Advocate of Matrimony

Married Singer Will Sing Ten Years Longer Than Single, Says Baritone.

In an interview reproduced in The Musician recently, Pasquale Amato is quoted as having made the assertion that "it is far wiser that the artist marry, for the married will sing ten years longer than the unmarried one who enjoys life too freely without family responsibility and restriction, nor is the latter apt to be so provident, lacking that best of inspirations, a family whose future is in his keeping. The average married singer lasts until the age of fifty or fifty-five, not in the fulness of his vocal powers perhaps, but singing always with undiminished skill."

Mr. Franklin Riker, the well-known tenor, made his first semi-public appearance in Munich recently at an afternoon tea given by two resident American hostesses. He gave songs by Barthelmy, Tosti, Debussy, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, MacDowell, Lidgey, Schubert, Wolf, Strauss, and three of his own compositions. In speaking of his singing the Munich correspondent of The Musical Courier, says: "Mr. Riker has not only a good voice, but he also knows how to sing, which is something very few tenors now appearing in Germany can be accused of. He will remain here, in all probability, for the next two years."

Madame de Pasquali With Schubert Choir

Will Sing Title Role of Mendelssohn's Superb Opera "Loreley."

Madame Bernice de Pasquali, who has been engaged by the committee of the Schubert Choir to sing the title roll in Mendelssohn's superb opera "Loreley," is one of the greatest coloratura prima donnas of the age, whom the managers have secured of the Metropolitan Opera House, to revive the florid operas of Bellini and Donizetti. Mme. de Pasquali's voice is of wonderful sweetness, but it is the range of the voice and its amazing flexibility that have united to place the American prima donna in the ranks with the most eminent exponents of bel canto. Mme. de Pasquali's singing of a coloratura aria is an exhibition of vocalization that every student of singing needs; professional singers often need it too, because genuine coloratura singers are rare. There are some lyric sopranos who make an attempt, to reach such notes as "d," "e" and "f" in alt, but as a rule, their efforts fail, because singers of such versatile talents; the well as extraordinary range, which mark the wonderful voice of Bernice de Pasquali.

This season Madame de Pasquali will again sing at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, but she will fill more than the usual number of concert engagements. The past season for her was one of the longest ever undertaken by an artist in this country. She has sung from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and she was especially engaged to go to Cuba to the great patriotic concert at Havana on the fourth of July. There are few singers of such versatile talents; the fact that Mme. de Pasquali is always ready is another reason why managers and musical directors are glad to engage her. While she has become famous as a singer of old music, she is equally at home in the modern school, and above all, one must remember that she sings English songs in a style that is convincing and in the highest degree educational.

Mr. Barnaby Nelson, the Canadian tenor, has been compelled to postpone his recital tour until January, owing to the illness of the harpist who is engaged as soloist and accompanist.

Mr. James Quarrington, baritone soloist and musical director of Avenue Road Presbyterian Church will sing at both services today. In the morning his solo will be "The Ninety and Nine" and in the evening "Teach Me to Pray."

Miss Laura Adel Homuth, the Canadian soprano, will sing the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," at the concert of the Hambourg Society on December 14. Miss Homuth also contemplates giving a recital after the new year.

Miss Ruby Long, the young vocalist, was heard in the leading solos in the Thanksgiving cantata rendered by the choir of The Epiphany last Friday evening. Miss Long's voice is a rich dramatic soprano and her selections were given in a most capable and pleasing manner.

Miss Margaret George, formerly a pupil of Mr. E. W. Schuch, who has spent the last year abroad, has returned to Toronto. Miss George is at present coaching in Italian repertoire with Signor Morando, and expects to give a series of recitals after the new year.

The recital given by primary pupils in the conservatory lecture hall on Saturday afternoon last was a very interesting one, many of the children playing with a skill and intelligence most encouraging to those interested in educational work. The program was as follows: Spindler, Hunting Song, Miss Dorothy Knowland; Merkel: "In the Blooming Fields," Miss Hilda M. Buckingham; Brown, "Loch Lomond," Miss Winnie Seale; Clarke, "My Garden Full of Roses," Miss L. Wright; Ellenberg, "Reverie," Miss Kathleen Monk; Dovernoy, Bluette Waltz, Miss Kathleen Nash; Ambroise, "Danse Characteristique," Miss Margaret Lynd; (a) Marie Rich, "My Rose of Yestere'en," (b) "Oley Speaks, to You," Miss Constance Ashley; "Bohm, the Fountain," Miss Marjorie Dean; Dovaux, "Telling Secrets," Master Edward Johnson; Meyer-Helmund, "J'y Pense," Miss Margaret McDonald; Lichner, "The Return March," Miss Florence Cooch.

The teachers represented were: Miss Edith M. Breckenridge, Miss Madeline Schiff, Miss Evelyn Pamphylon, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Ida G. Holmes; Miss Annie Johnson, Miss Mona Bates.

Mr. C. M. Passmore, organist of Dovercourt Presbyterian Church is preparing to give a public performance of the "Rose Maiden" cantata by Frederick Cowan, early in December.

New York Judge: "Pat, I didn't think you would hit a little man like that!"

Pat: "Suppose he called you an Irish slob."

Judge: "But I'm not an Irishman."

"Pat: "Suppose he called you a Dutch slob."

Judge: "I'm not a Dutchman."

Pat: "Well, suppose he called you the kind of a slob that you are?"—Tit-Bits.

"Luck never manages things just right," said the irritable man, who dislikes music. "It might just as well have been the other way round, but it wasn't." "What is the trouble now?" "My daughter, who plays the piano, has a sore throat and the one who sings has a sore finger."

"Do you love me, Charles?" enquired the beautiful girl. "Of course I do. "Do you think only of me by day and night?" "Well, I'll be frank with you. Now and then I think of baseball."—Washington Herald.

"Are you feeling perfectly well now, Mr. Johnson?" "Yes; I'm well enough." "I thought Dr. Bright would be able to cure you. You must feel awfully happy." "I really can't say that I do. Somehow I can't make it seem just right not to have any medicine in the house to take."

MADAME EDVINA
The Canadian prima donna who is singing important French roles with the Montreal Opera Company.

Dr. Augustus S. Vogt Interviewed by 'Canada'

Distinguished Conductor Discusses Work of Mendelssohn Choir and Other Musical Matters.

A very interesting interview with Dr. A. S. Vogt appears in the November 2nd issue of Canada. In it he discusses many important matters, which, in view of his acknowledged position as a leader of music, is of equal interest to Canadian and English readers. In speaking of the Mendelssohn Choir he says in part: "I should like to make clear how much we owe to the active sympathy and support of such men as Sir Edmund Walker, our honorary president. The interest which has been taken in our work by the important public men of Canada, added to the enthusiasm which has always been so conspicuous amongst the members of the choir, has made our artistic development possible. The practical support of the public has always come up to our most sanguine expectations." As to the possibility of the choir paying a visit to the United Kingdom, he further says: "There is a strong feeling that this should be arranged, and it seems a logical sequence to the choir's cordial reception in such critical centres as Boston and New York. We, however, regard the matter as a most serious proposition, and one only to be entertained if it is possible for practically the whole membership of the choir to come over. The choir must be thoroly representative of its best Toronto standard. On this side I have found that Earl Grey, Lord Strathcona and many other prominent persons in the social and musical world are anxious that such a trip should be arranged."

Speaking generally of music in Toronto, Dr. Vogt says: "It is difficult for people over here to realize to what extent music is establishing itself in so new a country as Canada. The cultivation of music, in the Dominion is not one-sided as in some older countries. There is a most marked cosmopolitan influence. From an educative point of view the art is being rapidly developed. In Toronto alone we have an unusually large number of good music schools. There is the strongly equipped Toronto Conservatory of Music, under Dr. Edward Fisher, with an annual registration of over 2000 pupils. Other large schools are the long established College of Music, under the well-known Englishman, Dr. Torrington; the Hambourg Conservatory of Music, under Professor Michael Hambourg, and the newly-founded Columbian Conservatory of Music, with Mr. Peter Kennedy as musical director. Toronto has also a fully equipped professional symphony orchestra, with Mr. Frank Welsman as conductor, and the extent of public sympathy in the work is shown by the fact that last season's deficit of $23,000 was promptly paid by a public spirited group of guarantors."

The Musical Times, in its November 1st issue, devoted two pages to Dr. Vogt's impressions abroad.

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CROTCHETS and QUAVERS
A WEEKLY COLUMN OF MUSIC GOSSIP

Mr. Ernest G. Gray, the young Canadian pianist and composer, and Mr. Boris Hambourg, the celebrated 'cellist, gave a recital of more than passing interest at Foresters' Hall last Wednesday evening. The program included seven of Mr. Gray's own compositions for the piano and two for 'cello. They possessed decided charm and individuality and in the piano numbers Mr. Gray proved himself to be a pianist of artistic attainments and his playing called forth much applause. Mr. Boris Hambourg, as always, played with distinction, his numbers being the Beethoven Sonata No. 3, Op. 69; Nocturne, Trowell; Rondo, Boccherini, and a minuet and serenade by Mr. Gray.

The wide popularity attained by Mme. Gadski is shown by the fact that during November she is singing in concert as frequently as train connections between cities will allow, which means almost every evening in the month, not excepting Sundays in the United States, where the ideal night for a concert is the Sabbath. On the evening preceding her Toronto date, November 29, Gadski is giving a joint recital with Fritz Kreisler in Buffalo, which is an event of much importance, as Kreisler is not making a regular tour of this continent during the present season.

Mr. and Mrs. Curwen, of London, recently gave an at-home in honor of Dr. A. S. Vogt and Mrs. Vogt, who have been spending some weeks in the world's metropolis.

The Hasselmans' concerts at the Trocadero, Paris, are being continued during the absence of the great conductor in Canada, under the direction of Mr. Rabaud. Mr. Hasselmans is with the Montreal Opera Company again this season.

The Hambourg Conservatory of Music announce another pupils recital for junior and intermediate piano and violin. The dramatic art and dancing classes will also be represented. Pupils of Miss Aileen Barr will give a scene from "The School of Scandal," and three young ladies, pupils of Miss Marguerite Bertram, will give solos in dancing, the numbers being a Russian ballet, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, Handel's Gavotte, and a Fantasia. The date is December 7 and invitations may now be obtained at the Hambourg Conservatory.

Mr. Luigi von Kunits, violinist, and Mr. Walther Kirschbaum, pianist, will give a recital at Foresters' Hall early in January. The program will be made up of Mozart's Sonata in B flat major, for violin and piano; Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53, (Waldstein); Paganini's Concert Allegro, in D major, arrangement and cadenza by Arthur Hartmann; Schubert's Impromptu, Op. 142, No. 3, Hynais' Spanish Serenade; Liszt's Ninth Rhapsody; Paganini's Witches' Dance, and Carnival of Venice. This concert promises to be one of the notable events of the season. Both artists have already appeared in public here and have more than sustained the European reputation that preceded them. The date will be announced next week.

Recitals at the Toronto Conservatory of Music are of a very high order this season and the present month will witness some of the very best. On Thursday evening, November 21, Mme. Benita Le Mar will give her song recital, at which she will present a Debussy program. Mr. H. J. Lautz will officiate as accompanist, and several of his songs will be included in the program. Pupils of Dr. Fisher, Dr. Ham, Mr. M. M. Stevenson and Mr. David Dick Slater are announced for recitals, and on December 11 a senior pupils' recital will be given in conjunction with the Conservatory String Orchestra. The president and governors will be at-home to the members of the faculty on December 14, in the afternoon.

During Mme. Nordica's visit to this city she was on several occasions the guest of Signor Morando, the Italian teacher of singing at the Columbian Conservatory of Music. Opportunity was given her to hear a number of his pupils and she expressed great enthusiasm over his method of training the voice.

Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, arrived in New York on the Steamer Lorraine on Saturday, November 9, after an absence from this country of eight years. He is accompanied by his young son, Gabriel, who will appear with him in concert. A sold-out house is already promised for the great violinist in Montreal on December 2, and no doubt like enthusiasm will prevail at Massey Hall later in the season when he has promised to give one of his very biggest programs in association with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Mabel Beddoe, the Canadian contralto, has been engaged by the Harlem Philharmonic Society for Thursday morning, December 19. This organization is formed of important musical and society women, and only artists of high rank appear under its auspices.

In a letter received by Mr. W. O. Forsyth from the eminent composer-pianist and pedagog, Prof. Xavier Scharwenka of Berlin, Germany, who is now making a tour of Canada and the United States, and who spent a few days in Toronto last week, he says: "I must not forget to mention to you again that the piano-playing of your gifted pupil, Miss Valborg Marine Zollner, pleased me exceedingly. Clean, reliable technique, artistically cultivated taste, and a style remarkable for its refined musicianly character distinguished the playing of this talented girl in the highest degree, and I shall be very pleased to hear her again. I congratulate you sincerely on the high character of your excellent teaching and the beautiful result attained, as shown me by this splendid example of fine piano-playing."

The first service ever given in Montreal under the auspices of the American Guild of Organists was held recently when W. Lynwood Farnam of the Cathedral and F. H. Blair of St. Paul's Church, brought their two choirs together and arranged a program of rare and novel interest. The prelude and final chorus from Granville Bantock's "Gethsemane" occupied the most prominent place in the scheme. The music was sung with enthusiasm and fine effect, Mr. Blair conducting and Mr. Farnam playing the organ accompaniments. Mendelssohn's "Judge Me, O God," and Caesar Franck's "Hallelujah" Psalm were also on the program. Mr. G. Harold Brown and Mr. George H. Brewer played the prelude and postlude to the service.

Messrs. Jan and Boris Hambourg have recently concluded arrangements with Mr. John Warner, the well-known American pianist, to give a series of five subscription concerts in Rochester. The Rochester concert series will be similar to the one now being given with such emphatic success in this city. Musical and society people of Rochester and surrounding districts are greatly interested in the series. The concerts will take place in the ball-room of the Genesee Club.

Leopold Godowsky, the distinguished Russian pianist and composer, and editor-in-chief of the Columbian Conservatory Publications arrived in New York a few days ago. He will tour the United States and Canada in concert.

Dr. Torrington's pupils gave their first matinee recital of the season in the College Hall last Saturday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven Sonata Pathetique, Mary Hooker; Beethoven Sonata Op. 31, "Allegro Vivace," Gertrude Gagnon; Paradies "Toccata," Prudent "Le Peve d'Ariel," Liszt-Verdi "Rigoletto," Grace McNeil; Chopin "Impromptu," C minor, Mendelssohn "Andante and Rondo Capriccio," Rachmaninoff "Prelude" in C sharp minor, Dora Stutchbury; (vocal) Campion, "The Ninety and Nine," Ada Lemon; Bailey, "Life's Merry Morn," Dorothy McGam; Handel, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," Evelyn Hall; Liddle, "O, Farewell," Meyerbeer, "Robert Toy que J'aime," Beatrice Johnstone; Mendelssohn, "Hear Ye, Israel," Bernice Cunnings.

Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, director of the Columbian Conservatory of Music, went down to Montreal on Tuesday night last and spent a few days at the local Conservatory. They have already over three hundred pupils in attendance there. Laliberte is meeting with great success in the piano department. Issaurel has a large vocal class, among whom is Miss Ursula Lawrence, daughter of Mrs. Ellen G. Lawrence, the impresaria, for whom Mmes. Sembrich and Calve predict a brilliant operatic career; and the string department under DeSeve and Dubois is also making rapid progress.

Miss Irene Weaver, A. T. C. M., who has been studying for some time with Miss Eugene Quehen, has been appointed to the staff of St. Margaret's College as junior piano teacher.

Miss Anora Trounce of Buffalo is staying in the city for the purpose of having her voice trained by Mr. Atherton Furlong.

Owing to the overcrowding of the Hambourg Conservatory, Professor Hambourg has found it necessary to increase the number of rooms used exclusively for teaching purposes. In order to facilitate the extension, Messrs. Jan and Boris Hambourg have taken a comfortably furnished suite at the Wellsboro.

The Lute Mixed Quartet, Miss Rheta Brodie, soprano; Miss Flora Finlayson, contralto; Mr. Albert Downing, tenor; Mr. Frank Oldfield, Bass, assisted by Mr. Wallace A. Sault, entertainer, and Mr. Frederick Shuttleworth, accompanist, are giving a concert under the auspices of the Overseas Club, on Dec. 3, in the Association Hall, when they will present a program of exceptional merit. There is already a great demand for tickets.

Master Willie Norris, the boy soprano, a pupil of Mr. Barnaby Nelson, is receiving considerable attention just now by reason of his artistic singing and the fine quality of his voice. At the Trafalgar concert in Massey Hall recently he quite carried the honors of the evening. Last Sunday he sang at Dundalk and was immediately engaged for the church concert on Monday night and also for the Christmas entertainment. He also sings with the Peterboro Orchestra at an early date.

Miss Angela Edwards, who is the possessor of an excellent soprano voice, is coaching in grand opera with Miss Edith M. Fitch, of the Hambourg Conservatory. Miss Edwards has an appointment to sing for Mr. Arthur Hammerstein, which no doubt will lead to an opening being found for her in one of his companies.

Miss Jean Mitchell Hunter, the clever Scotch violinist who has recently become associated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, gave a very successful recital last week, when the hall was crowded to the doors. Her program included Handel's sonata in D major for violin and piano, the Rasse Andante and Scherzo, and the Francoeur-Kreisler Sicilienne and Rigaudon, and the Sjogren E Minor Sonata. Thruout the program Miss Hunter gave evidence of matured technic, ability of style and expression that at once won the admiration of the audience. Miss Mary Morley assisted at the piano with her well-known skill and Mr. J. Burlington Rigg, the English baritone, sang four numbers in splendid voice and style.

Mr. Albert Downing, the Toronto tenor, has opened a studio for vocal teaching, in response to many requests from persons wishing to study with him. As a professional pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight Mr. Downing has made rapid progress and his singing both in church and concert is highly spoken of.

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A PAGE of the BEST HUMOR OF THE WEEK

GIVING IT TO HIM.

Hiram (trying to get at the question): I-I-I think as how you oughter give me a little encouragement, Sary!

Sarah (slyly): Are you sure it ain't courage you need, Hiram?

—Puck.

Only Murdering His Music.

"Excuse me," said the detective, as he presented himself at the door of the music academy, "but I hope you'll give me what information you have and not make any fuss."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry.

"Why, that little affair, you know."

"I don't understand."

"Why, you see, we got a tip from the house next door that somebody here was murdering Richard Strauss, and the chief sent me down to work up the case."—Pearson's.

Asking For It.

Intrepid Widow: "Speaking of conundrums, Mr. Slocum, here's a good one. Why is the letter 'd' like a wedding ring?"

Procastinating Bachelor: "Oh, I'm no good at conundrums."

Intrepid Widow: "You give it up? Why, because 'we' can't be 'wed' without it."—Pearson's.

Mrs. De Style: "Marie, I shall take one of the children to church with me."

The Maid: "Yes'm."

Mrs. de Style: "Which one will go best with my new purple gown?"—Answers.

Improving a Proverb.

Platitudinous Person: "I suppose, my dear Mr. Gotrox, that you have used 'Make hay while the sun shines' as your life's motto?"

Mr. Gotrox: "Certainly, sir, certainly! But that's only half of it. You should add that I made the hay from the grass other people let grow under their feet."—Judge.

"Father, is it true that two can live as cheaply as one?"

"That's the old saying, my dear."

"Do you believe it?"

"I think it can be done."

"But if I marry George do you think you can manage to support him with the sum you now spend on me every year?"—Detroit Free Press.

Road Hog (after mishap in which puppy has been run over): "Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant Owner: "Sir, you flatter yourself!"

—London Opinion.

WIDOW AND THE TOMBSTONE.

Judge Parry, in his book of Reminiscences, tells of a widow who wished to draw out money to erect a tombstone to her late husband.

"I remember one widow who grieved very much that I could not allow her a considerable sum for a 'stone.' I told her we would discuss it again in about twelve months. When she returned after this period I happened to remember her trouble, and said:

"'I do hope, Mrs. X——, you have thought over all I said to you last time about the tombstone.'

"She looked down on the ground, and I feared we were going to have tears.

"'I think there are so many better ways of showing respect,' I ventured.

"'Yes, sir,' she began, falteringly; 'so do I, sir.'

"'I'm very glad,' I said, heartily.

"'So am I,' she said, blushing. 'You see, I'm going to be married again.'"—Tit-Bits.

Saw Him Too.

"Is Miss Browne in?"

"No, Professor," said the maid-servant.

"But I just saw her at the window."

"Yes, and she saw you."—Fliegende Blatter.

Unhappy Henry.

Mrs. Peck: "Henry, why did you feign sleep last night when I was talking to you?"

Henry: "My dear, I did not feign sleep, tho I feign would have slept."—Judge.

Bright Idea.

Townsman: "Yessir, we're aiming to have the best fire department in these parts, I reckon."

Stranger: "What's the latest?"

Townsman: "We're goin' to make 'em practice two days before each fire, by heck!"—Judge.

REVENGE BY PROXY.

Celtic Stranger: "Tim Hinnessy has just bin arristed; what will yez charge to defind him?"

Very Young Lawyer: "Ten dollars is my fee in police-court cases."

Celtic Stranger: "Well, here ut is. I've had it in for Tim this long toime, an' 't is worth tin darlars to git even wid him!"

—Puck.

"Can you describe a caterpillar, Tommy?"

"I can," said Tommy.

"Well, what is it?"

"An upholstered worm."—London Mail.

What's the Use?

Willis: "I am proud to say that my son is not a professional football player. His college has never paid him a cent for playing."

Gillis: "How is he working his way thru then?"

Willis: "Two of the wealthy alumni gave him a job soliciting for their laundry, and they pay him $150 for every shirt he brings in.—Puck.

Blessed Are The Peace-Makers.

The Village Grocer: "What are you running for, sonny?"

The Boy: "I'm trying to keep two fellers from fightin'."

The Village Grocer: "Who are the fellows?"

The Boy: "Bill Perkins and me!"—Puck.

Two merchants met at the London docks.

"Why don't you go home to lunch?" asked one.

"Because," replied the other, "I never reach my office soon enough to be able to return sufficiently early to get back again in time to return to my dinner."—Tit-Bits.

"Confound it, sir! I've just been stung by one of your beastly bees! I demand reparation!"

"Certainly, sir. You just show me which bee it was, and I'll punish the horrid thing severely."

The Wisdom of Years.

"How much a year does it cost to support a wife nowadays?" the young man asked.

"Oh," replied the elder, "anything from five hundred to five thousand pounds or so!"

"Bit vague that, isn't it?"

"No. It always costs a man all he has, and about ten times as much as well."—Answers.

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JEALOUSY.

"You're flirting with that man at the other table."

"Why, I'm sitting with my back to him."

"Yes, but you're feeding his dog!"

—London Opinion.

Going One Better.

"Bang!" went the rifles at the manoeuvres. "Oo-oo!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorus, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young man.

"Oh!" said she, blushing, "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

THE DEAD CENTRE.

"Lend me a dollar, old chap; I get paid tomorrow."

"Haven't got it, old scout; I got paid yesterday."

—Puck.

Where the Medals Go.

It was dinner-time, and the conversation turned to sport.

"Did I ever tell you about me Brother Tom winning the cup in the Marathon race?" said Terence to his mate.

"One cup—why, that's nothin'!" said Mike. "My uncle Dennis has cups for swimming and running, medals for wrestling, and watches for football."

"He dead, and he must be a great athlete!" said Terence.

"Begorra, and ye're wrong," replied Mike. "He's a pawnbroker."—Tit-Bits.

When the Band Played.

Little Mrs. Newlywed gave a convulsive sniff, and gazed with streaming eyes at the top of her irate hubby's head, the only bit which showed of him above his morning paper.

"Oh," she cried, and stamped her small and dainty foot, "how I wish I'd never, never married you, you brute! Why, it's only a year ago you vowed my smile was the brightest sunshine, and my voice the divinest music; and n-now every t-time I open my m-mouth, you t-tell me to s-shut up!"

"Yes, I know I did," thundered the exasperated man, as he bounded from his chair and stamped on his defenceless paper, "poor idiot that I must have been! But"—clutching his head with both hands—"how was I to know the band would play all day and all the year round?"—Answers.

Soon Found Out.

Gladys: "Mamma, when people get married are they made into one?"

Mamma: "Yes, dear."

Gladys: "Which one?"

Mamma: "Oh, they find that out afterwards, darling."—Tit-Bits.

Innocent Indignation.

Mrs. Smith prided herself not a little on her skill as an amateur detective; but, despite all her cunning, she failed to fathom the mystery of the sixpences and shillings which disappeared daily from the housekeeping purse.

She was inclined to suspect one of her two maids, a sullen, morose girl, but had not sufficient evidence to accuse her openly. One day, therefore, after some thought, she wrote on a slip of paper, "Neither Bridget nor Mary must take any money from this purse." This slip she put into the purse with some silver, and awaited developments.

Two days later Bridget came to her and gave "notice."

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Smith asked, innocently.

"I'll be going to another place," said Bridget vindictively, "and it's yourself that knows the rayson. I'll not stay in a house where I'm accused of stealing money out of a little ould purse that's nivver had more than half-a-suvrin in it since I took service here!"

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

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"Look here, sir, I'll give you five guineas on condition that you don't come into my office again unless I invite you."

The offer was promptly accepted. Next morning the unabashed collector was on the scent again. He knocked at the merchant's door, and was told to "Come in!" Then, "What's the meaning of this?" demanded the merchant. "Didn't I give you a subscription yesterday on the express condition that you would not come here unless invited?"

"True," was the answer; "but you asked me to come in when I knocked, and here I am. If you would like to help our cause further——" etc.

And the merchant did.—Tit-Bits.

The Blow That Killed Father.

"No, sir," said the Kansas editor, "your services are no longer required."

"May I venture to ask why I am discharged?"

"You're too blamed funny. That style may do in the blase and heartless east, but when you refer to a death in a cyclone as a 'terrible blow' to the family, you overdo it out here."—Tit-Bits.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

Diana (after aiming for two minutes): "Oh, I just can't shoot the pretty creature. Here, you take it—and hurry up, he'll be off in a minute!"

—Judge.

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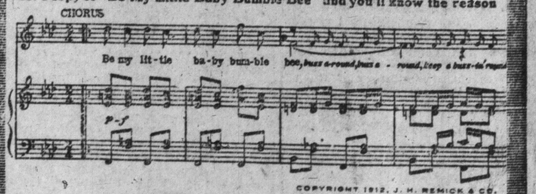

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Religion and Social Service

EDITED BY KENNETH DOUGLAS, B. A., Ph. B.

This department has been inaugurated with the hope of materially aiding in the task of bettering social conditions in Toronto. It will gladly furnish publicity for any worthy cause having a similar aim, irrespective of creed or denomination. There are also very many young men and women in the city who are face to face with vital problems. To any such—to all who are lonesome and desirous of making the acquaintance of those who may be helpful to them—the Editor will be happy to extend whatever advice or assistance he may.

THE EDITOR.—Telephone North 6047.

The Sanatorium

There seems a probability, as I write this, that the people of Toronto will have an opportunity to vote as to the grant to the National Sanatorium. Personally, I would oppose the measure—the grant of $200,000, I mean—unless there were some strings to it.

By strings I mean, of course, conditions. The first of these would be that the sanatorium authorities should be forced by virtue of the grant, to co-operate with the city's health authorities. Under present conditions they refuse to do so.

Our health department, with the single exception of that of Commissioner Harris, is the most efficient in Toronto. It is certainly the most vital to the city's welfare. One of the great features of the health department's work is its fight against tuberculosis.

One of the great set-backs that this department receives is the dumping upon the city again of incurable patients without notice. In this manner the work of the department is often seriously set back for the reason that the visiting nurses frequently do not discover these things for some considerable time during which much harm may be wrought. If a man or woman are too bad to be allowed to remain with their families they are certainly too bad to be allowed to return to them in an advanced stage of their disease.

If the city gives a grant to the sanatorium and pays for the patients it sends there, it should certainly be allowed some voice inits management. Especially should this be the case in view of the fact that it also pays for each patient for whom it signs an order. If it were not for Toronto, indeed, the sanatorium would have very few patients. It certainly cannot be called National when a large majority of its patients come from this city. It is from Toronto also that it has received a large majority of its support. Its refusal, hitherto to co-operate with our authorities is the more hard to understand.

I am for the sanatorium as much as I can be realizing that the treatment of tuberculosis should be a strictly local proposition. In every county in the country there should be one or two of them. Ideally, they should be municipally controlled. I am sometimes accused of talking thru my hat. I seldom do, however, without having facts and stories at my command. In this instance, I have—many of them. And so I insist that there should be strings to the money that the city is to give. And do not forget that the term Free may apply in the direct case of the people who are admitted without means, but always someone is paying for them. Very often these so-called free patients are being paid for by the tax payers. You try to get a patient into the sanatorium who has no money or friends and see what succes you will have unless you are able to get a city order.

Women's Need

I have in my hand a little pamphlet entitled Women's Work for Women's Need. It is that of the Women's dispensary on Seaton street. One of the great features of this work is that it is for women alone—it is invaluable to the timid and shrinking women who regard disease, for which they are often irresponsible, as a sort of stigma. In the dispensary are treated diseases of women and also of the eye, ear, nose and throat. I understand that there is a debt on the building. It should be a good place to drop a little money. Since its inception there have been 41,032 consultations.

About Toronto

Last week I had something to say about spitting on the sidewalks of the city. A great many people have said that what I wrote was timely. It has been suggested to me that I say something about grouping on corners. It is worth while. In Toronto we get splendid service in the middle of the street, but what about the sidewalks? In nearly all well-managed cities people are not allowed to congregate on street corners thus blocking the traffic of pedestrians. They do so at will here and the objectionable feature of this is that most of those who do assembic in this way are the kind of men that I don't like to have even look at a decent girl. Particularly is this the case where there is a saloon in the vicinity. It would help a great deal if the spitting ordinance was enforced and some means taken to prevent people from assembling in the manner of which I have spoken.

The Feeble-Minded.

I have said, over and over again, that evils exist only as long as the great public conscience allows them to. In the clippings that I get from all over the country I see that the people of Canada are awakening to the necessity of the consideration of child welfare. And there is much agitation concerning the feeble-minded. It is one of the good signs of the time, but it will not avail unless you get busy and interest yourself in the matter too. It doesn't affect the question that you have no feeble-mindedness in your family. If you have children you ought to be thinking of the kind of world they are going to have to live in. It may be a sign of feeble-mindedness on your own part if you cannot see that it is up to you to take an interest in this matter. If you will commence to think of it and talk of it with your friends you will be doing your share to arouse the public conscience. We have got to have separate provision made for the care of the feeble and inefficient, mentally. I wrote of the Kallikak family last week, showing the horrible results of procreation on the part of a feeble-minded woman. If the feeble-minded are properly cared for many of these can be averted in the future.

A Study in Contrasts.

Nearly every day, on Yonge street, I meet a tall, portly, very important looking individual dressed in the height of fashion. I have often wondered who he might be. I found out a day or two ago.

On a street running off Yonge street there is living a fellow whom I believe that I must dub a donkey. Either that or he has some disease which neither some medical friends or myself can diagnose.

This fellow has a little wife and three youngsters of whom I myself would be proud if I could only keep them clean. He has this little family of his housed in two wretched rooms. I believe that they are often suffering for want of food, or enough of the right kind.

The man is earning about fifty dollars a month. Do you know that he is spending just about four dollars a week of this for booze? He spends all his evenings in one saloon. It is owned by the individual I have referred to in the first paragraph.

The thing hit my mind very hard, just yesterday, because I happened to meet both men in the same block. I wish that both of them could realize that one does not have to give up anything worth the keeping to be decent. Really, too, I am more concerned about the future of the prosperous-looking person than I am about the other. When we go aloft I believe that God will have a great deal to say about our responsibility for others. Just fancy the plight of the publican who enters into judgment day with a host of witnesses against him of the men who have hung, flabby-mouthed and bleary-eyed, across his bar? I believe that if a good many of those who peddle whiskey could let their imaginations get busy with that final scene it would have a more disturbing effect upon them even than the delirium tremens they often give to others has upon those afflicted.

Personal Service.

I notice that a number of the churches are going to make canvasses of the rooming-houses in their neighborhoods in order to ascertain what churches the homeless young men and women in them attend, with a view to getting them to go to their own.

I am glad to hear of this. It is a worthy effort, but I hope that some of the kind-hearted visitors will also invite some of the lonesome into their own homes. An invitation to church backed by an invitation to dinner rings doubly true. And, after all, it is the heart interest that counts.

Many churches are getting too highly graded. A very proper lady recently resented the fact that the young woman who had on a number of occasions sat in her pew was "only a stenographer." A Sunday-school worker, just the other day, said, in discussing the advisability of getting in touch with a family living near to his church: "We couldn't have those people in the Sunday-school." I am quoting these things, not because they are uncommon, bue because they are very common. We have with us very much condescension that is too condescending and very much charity that is too brittle.

Some of the people of our churches are crying out against social settlements that do not preach Jesus Christ continually. They say that the churches should be the social centres. True—they should be. Jesus intended that they should be. But the trouble is that so many of us who are professing His creeds slip up when it comes to practice. And we most of us forget that if we want to make people believe in our Saviour we must make them believe in us first. If the Christian life does not look good to them as reflected in us, then we are in a large measure responsible for their defection.

We are apt to laugh at the people across the line because they are getting away from their democracy and apeing the social methods of older countries. We are up against the same danger in Canada, particularly in the churches. Canada's success is being builded upon its democracy, not its aristocracy. If the church is to take its true place in this great country it will have to be democratic too. There's going to be a tremendous change in all the churches of Canada before very long. And one of the things that would help this along very much more quickly would be the rolling in the gutter of a large number of the proud in them. What happened to Job would be fine treatment for people of the type who made the remarks I have quoted.

Just so surely as a church forgets that the working man is a valuable asset, just as surely will it dry up and wither.

Many Thanks.

I want to thank many friends for help for other friends. In every case in which this column has been used in an appeal for aid it has been given except in some few instances where help was found to be practically impossible.

We still, however, need sewing. And we have a position for a woman who can cook. She will get twenty dollars a month with room and board. I believe the work is quite light. The home will be a good one.

If there are individuals who would like to do real personal work, or groups of individuals such as Bible classes and so forth, I can, thru some friends, put them in touch with families or individuals. There are a plentitude of people who need not only practical help but love and sympathy.

I have a sheaf of letters, some of which I have not as yet been able to answer. I hope to get to them within a day or so. You who have not heard from me will be patient for a day or two longer, will you not?

Regret.

We must all regret to have heard Controller McCarthy's decision to retire from public life. He has been one of the shining lights for good in this administration. One of his great, good points, from the social viewpoint has been his disposition to get down to the roots of things. The trouble with most of our administrative affairs is the tendency to just "get-by." Especially is this true with regard to our charities It is just a case of helping people out of one ditch seemingly caring little whether they drop into another or not. Verily, a municipal conscience is a funny, thing.

Monsieur Raymond Poincare, prime minister of France, who, it is popularly believed, can be the nation's next president if he desires. He has not yet made it known, however, whether he will be a candidate at next February's election.

She: "I had no idea that you were in love with me."

He: "No more had I until I proposed and you refused me."

—London Mail.

"What is the principal plank in the suffragettes' platform?"

"Downward revision of women's ages."—Judge

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A No. 1, the World's Most Famous Wanderer, Tramps Half a Million Miles in His Lifetime

"Horrible Example" of the Victims of the Wander-lust Calls on The Sunday World and Talks About His Great Work of Rescuing Boys Who Have Been Gripped By the Germ—Exhibits Autographs of Taft, Roosevelt, Wilson and Jack London

Into The World Office the other day, there walked a brisk-looking little man, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and an air of prosperity, which, coupled with a ruddy glow of health made him a very pleasant little fellow to have around.

Few would regard him as a "horrible example," and yet that is just what he is—of the wanderlust. When A No. 1., arrived in Toronto, over the Grand Trunk, he had just completed his 505, 765th mile of railroad traveling. And he has never paid a cent in money for his transportation. All his journeying has been done on brake-beam and rod.

A No. 1 can speak French, German and Italian besides English and has scorned many flattering offers from lecture bureaus because he can not endure any sort of management. He usually stays at a good hotel when in any city but puts fictitious names upon the hotel register. But he cannot be induced to remain longer than twenty-four hours in any one city.

At Cambridge Springs, Pa., there is already erected over a lot he has bought in the cemetery, a grave-stone bearing this inscription.

A No.1.

"At Rest At Last."

A No. 1's Profession.

The most famous tramp has taken up a profession. This man, who has lived for 30 years under no other name than "A. No. 1," and who has never stolen a nickel or anything other than railroad fare, and who has seen every foot of territory in America, has taken up a profession. It is the oldest profession imaginable. No other person in history ever gave his life to the same work. "A No. 1" is saving boys from themselves. He is dissuading them from "going on the road" and is sending them back to heal up broken motherly hearts. He doesn't want the public to know about himself, but he is anxious to have people know of the great work which he is now doing. For years he has sent boys home, and for years railroad corporations and great men have recognized him in a way in which no other man has ever been recognized.

He once had another "profession"—this man who reigns as king of trampdom—and even now he can always make enough money to keep body and soul together by reverting to it. He formerly sat on street corners and carved comical faces out of raw potatoes. It always made him a meal. It never failed. He never wanted to make money at this strange occupation, however; for he never wanted to earn more than a dollar at a time. Also, he could never sit on one street corner long enough to accumulate more than a dollar. The call of the road possessed him too strongly. His jerking words and his restless body show his nervous condition. The wanderlust is his only master. No living person has so much as a finger on his life. Nothing binds him. The mad scramble of overworked populace around him feases him not at all. He flits at will wherever he lists, yet he is the most long-suffering slave imaginable. The wanderlust, the indefinable "thing," has gripped him for 30 years, and its hold can never be broken until death, and the little man is not sure that it will be broken even then. Long has he realized the error of his wasted life, but it is too late now to retrace. He saves others. Himself he cannot save.

He "rides the rods" because his whole being yearns for that sort of travel and because of this uncontrolable yearning he expects to ride the rods until the time comes for the clods to rattle on his coffin. He knows death will come. He expects it, and has been expecting it for years. In fact he cheerfully admits that he is surprised that he has escaped the wheels of trains for so long. Since he has become a "prosperous tramp" he has made full preparations for the time when he, too, will "grease the rails," as 90 per cent. of hobodom has done. Once he won a prize of $1000 for "bumming" from New York to San Francisco in six days and four hours. Of this sum, $750 was invested in a monument which now stands waiting in a tiny cemetery in Pennsylvania. The remainder of the sum has long been spent in sending boys home from the road."

His Wonderful Book.

Everything in the make-up of this man is different from other men. His eyes have a different luster, his prematurely-grayed hair conveys a different impression to any chance acquaintance, and his philosophical ideas are wonderfully unlike those of the common herd of educated and cultured people. The fat leather notebook which is always in his inside coat pocket is a unique possession. It is filled with cards of famous men. Each card bears a brief note which attests to the character of this strange individual. Most of them read, "I know 'A No. 1' to be O. K.," with a famed signature penned at the bottom. In this notebook appear the names of Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Thomas A. Edison, Luther Burbank and Jack London, together with the signatures of the chiefs of the secret service of almost every railroad in America, and some elsewhere.

The book is a veritable open sesame for "A No. 1." It admits the man to almost any nook and cranny of America. An irate brakeman who comes upon the little man on the "rods" beneath a fast passenger train, immediately loses his fit of anger and turns away. Secret service officers who perceive the man crawling stiffly from beneath a freight car in some city yard, are satisfied with a single glance at the little book. Police handcuffs and dirty cells were once the portion of this strange traveler when he was young and of less fame, but those days have passed. His reputation is made, and the railroads, strange to say, appreciate his encroachments on their property. They know of his work, and they know of the good he is doing for both railroads and trampdom. They let him go his way.

A No. 1, World Famous Tramp.

Sending Boys Home.

But his "profession" is now the chief factor in his life. He is delighted, now that he has stumbled upon a great work for someone other than himself, and for the last few years he has thrown himself heart and soul into the "profession" of saving boys from themselves. He meets a youth who has just started out to "hit the grit." "Ho, bo! Which way?" The typical tramp greeting begins at once to win the friendship of the youth who longs to be a real "bo." "A No. 1" gets into the confidence of the boy. He learns his name and where his home is. Then he finds out that the boy is homesick. If he is not homesick, then "A No. 1" proceeds to make him so, with pathetic stories and words about mothers and homes. Then he leads the youth to a resturant, and starts him at eating a big, satisfying meal. In that moment "A No. 1" hurries to the nearest telegraph office and wires the boy's parents, saying, "You son wants to come home. Wire answer." In 98 case out of 100 the answer comes: "Hold boy. Am coming on first train," or "Have wired railroad fare. Ticket for boy at depot." Then "A No. 1" returns to the wayward youth and breaks the news to him! The homesick one invariably is delighted, and goes home as fast as the trains will carry him.

Of course there are cases in which there is no answer, but the percentage is small, and few are the railroad fares which 'A No 1" must pay from his own pocket. With the wayward boy "on the plush," with a legitimate ticket in his pocket taking him back home, "A No. 1" has accomplished his purpose, and rambles on and on, repeating the process in a variety of ways. Boys must be reclaimed before they have been in the road more than two or three weeks, however, for after that time the lust will have gripped them irretrievably. After their first month of trampdom, "A No. 1" can only teach them his motto, which is the highest motto among hobos. It is, "Never keep company with anyone with whom you would be ashamed to pass your mother's house in broad daylight."

United States Government statistics show that 350,000 boys run away from home each year, and a large percentage of these take to the tramp's hard life. Into these thousands, "A No. 1" reaches out a restraining hand. The hand has directed scores homeward each year, and therein is the secret of the man's privileges on railroads. In legitimate fares of rescued boys he pays the companies for his own stolen rides. There is another important reason why the railroads allow "A No. 1" complete freedom of their rods, brake beams, blind baggages and "side-door Pullmans." He lessens the number of tramps, thereby lowering the likelihood of wrecks and smash-ups, which often occur thru sinful hobo hands. Thus, "A No. 1" is the strangest employe of American railroads as well as a minister to sadly troubled homes.

He labors in more ways than one to save youths from the suffering hobo life and to lessen the trampdevil in the nation. He writes books. These simply wrought and cheaply bound books have already been produced. They are absorbingly interesting. They contain the true pictures of real tramp life and the small proceeds from them go to pay railroad fares of unfinanced boys back to their homes. They are written in short sketches while the author sits in the shade of a water trank or freight car anywhere on the face of the earth. They are illustrated by a newspaper artist friend in the west. They appear for sale in railroad trains and sometimes on newstands, and they would no be out of place in the handsomest library, for they are of the same type as their writer—unique, keen, full of philosophy and "diamonds in the trough." "A No. 1" confessed that he did not think they would sell well in the east, which region he characterizes as "classical," because the classical east does not like the looks of anything cheap. Wayward boys, do, however, and wayward boys are the class to which " A No. 1" tries to appeal.

A Hobo Author.

The only equipment which the man has had for authorship, has been self-acquired since he left school and "hit the grit" at the age of 11. Since then he has acquired a certain learned vocabulary thru the medium of magazines read in his "author's workshop"—the empty box car or open prairie. He thinks he has mastered the use of 43,000 words in this way, which, if true, is about 3000 words above the vocabulary of the ordinary college graduate. The word "classical" was added to the collection on 'A No. 1's' present trip to Canada.

This king of tramps who sat nervously in the second-floor office, looks not at all like the popular idea of a greasy, whiskered, ragged "bo" with a red nose and a tin can as a capital adornment. He has lived the life of trampdom thoroly for 30 years, but in spite of his past condition he now looks more like a banker than a hobo. There are good reasons for this. In the first place, there are various kinds of tramps. The yegg is one type. He never begs. He always carries a gun and does not hesitate to shoot. He would black-jack a man on the street rather than ask for a quarter. Then, there is the "jungle-buzzard." This type fulfills in every respect the popular vaudeville idea. He is grimy. He never washes. He consumes little else than "booze," and his life is as close to that of a brute as it is possible for man to be. The third class of hobo is the "scenery tramp," "A No. 1" is a scenery tramp and proud of it. His ilk have conscientious scruples. They sometimes wash. They commit no dastardly deeds. They respect all law except that which prohibits a man from stealing a ride from the railroads. They travel because they constantly yearn to see the country, and because the wanderlust has them in its awful clutch. Each of these three classes shuns the other.

The young boy just starting out on a tramp becomes one or the other of these. Likely enough he will at first be a yegg for the reason that every yegg wants one or more "kids" traveling with him whom he calls his own. The kids are eminently useful to the rapscallion. While the yegg is cracking a safe, a black thread runs from his finger to the boy who stands carelessly outside. If there seems to be any danger approaching, a jerk of the string, and the yegg is gone. The "cops' do not arrest the boy, for it is impossible to prove anything against him.

The Yeggman and His Kid.

There is another way in which kids are invaluable to the yegg. They are expert beggars. It is a well-known fact among tramps that a kid can get something to eat for his pal at every house, whereas the disreputable "jungle buzzard" would win a hand-out at only one in 25 houses, and would continually run the risk of being "nabbed" by a policeman. The "scenery tramp," with his somewhat better appearance, can usually collect a decent lunch out of each 10 houses. The success of the kid is due entirely to the appeal which his tender years makes to the housewife. The very tender-heartedness of housewives, however, is the greatest impediment in the rescue work of "A No. 1." If he could only make women see that every time they give something to a "kid tramp" they are helping to make him a more confirmed hobo, he believes the tramp problem would be settled right there and then. The soft hearts of housewives towards kids, manufacture more real tramps than any other one element.

This rescuing of boys from the clutches of the yegg is ticklish business. The yegg needs the kid and he never lets loose of him until he has to. The usual method of keeping the boy from deserting his elder "pal" is intimidation. The yegg first scares his kid almost to death, and then by brutal treatment and terrible threats keeps the youth bound close to him. Good kids are so valuable that yeggs constantly try to snare them from each other, often with disastrous results, such as cracked heads and other trifles. The hold of the yegg upon the kid is so strong that it is almost unbreakable. Even the reform school seldom has a dissolving effect. The yegg keeps in almost constant touch with the imprisoned youth, sends him money when he is released, and almost invariably regains him again when the end of the term arrives. Kids have been known to be taken away from their homes by intimidating methods, even after they have been rescued from the road. This strange attachment between the yegg and the boy, which is sometimes mutual, is one of the great problems which "A No. 1" confronts. His own experience as a "good kid" for a yegg has taught him the intricacies of the system, and he is as well fitted for combating it as any living person.

"A No. 1" started out as a "kid tramp." He was 11, and as he drifted away from his California home and French parents for the first time, a yegg approached him with "Ho, ho. Which way?" He at once fell into the snare of the man, and within a week was the thief's accomplice and unfailing meal ticket. He was so good an aid that his master called him "A No. 1 kid." He learned all the wiles of the professional thief. Then, as he grew older, he broke away from the yegg, who then picked up another kid. With the coming of his whiskers he could no longer travel under the name of "A No. 1 Kid," and the "Kid" was dropped. Since then he has carved his "monicker" on almost every water tank and railroad outhouse in the United States. He has never been known by any other name and never expects to be. Whatever his civilized name was before he was 11, nobody knows. When inquisitive persons inquire, he merely says "Sh-h-h," and that is all. He is "A No. 1" and nothing else.

Traveling Equipment.

He claims but one man as his real friend. That unknown person resides in Cambridge Springs, Pa., which is "home" to "A No. 1" in lieu of any other place which he may call by that name. His total household possessions are packed in one trunk which is stored in Cambridge Springs. The contents of the trunk are mostly clippings from newspapers about himself. All of his other possessions are on his back, with the exception of a small package of his books and some other newspaper clippings which he mails from point to point during his travels. His total "domestic" equipment is carried in his pockets. The wonderful notebook, a diminutive tooth brush, a can of shoe blacking, a tiny polishing brush and a pocket edition of Webster's dictionary fill the pockets of his brown suit. It was with the aid of these that he changed himself from an "eggineer" to a gentleman of business in the union station, when he struck town last Saturday afternoon.

The suit of overalls which protects the suit en route, is very carefully handled. At each stopping-place the jacket and trousers are slipped off and rolled around the bandanna and big leather gloves. The roll, like everything else about A No. 1 is unique. No other person ever rolled up a suit of overalls like this. After an intricate system of folding and rolling, exactly 18 inches of the bottom end of one trouser leg is left protruding from the end of the roll. Then the leg is drawn back over the bundle so as to envelope it like the skin of a stick of bologna, and the package is made. It is in the smallest possible shape and will not fly to pieces with rough handling and makes a neat appearance when being carried down street.

Probably the most important thing in the man's pockets is a stick of black graphite with which he inscribes most of the monickers which adorn the bridges and railroad property of the United States. In the west especially is "A No. 1" noticeable. It may be carved, it may be painted, if paint is handy, but usually it is made with the stick of black graphite. In the man's 30 years of wandering, the "A No. 1" has appeared at every stop he has made, and for so many years have they been noticeable that men of mature years can remember seeing them in their youthful days. "A No. 1" has been in this city, but last week's visit was the first since 1907.

Customs of the Road.

Every hobo must have his monicker, whether it be "Ohio Jim," "Peg-leg No. 2," "Pennsylvania Dad" or whatnot. The code of the road prescribes that beneath each monicker shall be the date and an arrow, in the middle of which is a letter indicating the direction the "bo" is traveling. Thus the "tribe" can follow the movements of their comrades without the aid of police news. A glance at a switch shanty or water tank as a "hobo" flits by, clinging to the rods beneath a freight train, is enough to keep him posted on the goings and comings of his brethren.

The famous monicker of "A No. 1" bears an arrow head at either end, pointing inward. These arrow heads are placed there for two reasons. They prevent disreputable "bo's" from appending "Jule" or some other ignorant comment, and also there is a psychological reason. Students of the structure of the eye know that these two arrows, pointing inward as they do, make the main part of the legend much more easily read. Thus it is that the most famous "monicker" of all came to be this:

→A-No1←

ROAD CODE OF TRAMPS.

1. Typical "monicker," 2-5. Arrows beneath "monicker," indicating direction of travel. 6. Indicating hobo is tramping "cross lots," between railroads. 7. "I, am here." 8. Police are "easy." 9. Police are wide awake. 10. Railroad secret service men are "easy." 11. Railroad secret service men are awake. 12. This sign on fence post means "good people." 13. "Hand-outs" come hard. 14. Cranky woman or bad dog. 15. Cross husband or bad bull dog. 16. Jail food is "O. K." 17. Jail food is no good. 18. The jail here is vermin infested. 19. The jail here is unsanitary, and from it contagious diseases are spread all over the United States. 20. This town has a rock pile. 21. This town has a workhouse. 22. This town has saloons. 23. This is a "prohibition" town. 24. This is a "church" town. 25. This is a tough place; look out for the hoodlums. 26. This town's main street is all right for soliciting. 27. This town's main street is no account for collecting alms. 28. This town is "strictly hostile." Get out as quickly as possible. 29. These "diamonds" used in connection with any of the other signs means next town east, west, north or south. 30. There is a city detective here. 31. The city jail here is all right for a warm night's lodging. 32. Hostile police just in this town. Look out.

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EASE YOUR FEET

Tired, aching feet and limbs, weak instep and rheumatic pains permanently cured by wearing BULLARD'S PERFECTION ARCH CUSHION. Light, soft, flexible and comfortable. They remove all muscular strain from the arch, and enable you to stand or walk all day, without fatigue or pain. Price, 50c per pair. Sent by mail. Give size of shoe.

23 Ninth St., N.E., Washington, D.C.

Chas E. Bell, Sole Agent. 7tf

CARPET CLEANING.
ANY METHOD
VACUUM CLEANING.
Vacuum Machines to Rent
AUTO RENOVATING CO.
Phone Hillcrest 1884

137

HE SAID—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter and cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

SHE SAID—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby" 52

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

Needleworkers can easily transfer this beautiful and attractive design by the new process explained below without resorting to the obsolete and tedious tracing paper method.

WAIST DECORATIONS IN ROMAN CUTWORK AND PUNCH-WORK

BY THE WAY

BY "THE WAIF"

IN SLIPPERY PLACES.

When fresh is the air, and biting,
Sparking, the Winter's quick breezes—
'Tis then with impatience exciting
We wait for the hour when it freezes.

The ring o' the skates o'er the ice is
As music to boy and girl gliders,
The rush down the snow-slide entices—
There is joy in the jubilant sliders.

'Tis a clean sport, heart-stirring and bright,
Even sanctioned by old Mother Grundy,
From Monday to Saturday night,
But—'tis wicked to slide on a Sunday.

Yet—it may be—the way things are planned,
Notwithstanding our clerical guides;
There are many on Sundays who stand
On more slippery places than slides.

* * *

The committee of the Toronto Board of Trade has presented its Report on the High Cost of Living. Principally this interesting little document concerns itself with making quite clear the already strongly suspected fact that it costs more to live now than it did aforetime, but it is not suggested with any very great clearness how this unpleasant condition may be alleviated. Possibly there be some harassed persons having to provide for growing families who would have preferred the outline of any sort of a remedy rather than an official confirmation of the belief they had such good reason to hold, that their household expenses had greatly increased. Neither was there any particular glow of satisfaction kindled by the tracking down and exposure of the "WHY" of this increment. Its removal was the one desired thing.

* * *

There was a period, perhaps, a little more than fifty years agone, in London, Eng., when prices for food, groceries, and the ordinary family needs, soared away up in the same way as just now in Toronto, only more so, and one fairly large body of workers, to wit, the civil servants—men drawing anything from $10 a week to $50,000 a year—held a little meeting, NOT, be it noted, to discover WHY prices were too high, but with the more practical intent of discovering some method of inducing them downwards. The proposition of a Committee of distinctly practical men was that they should form a Co-operative Society and become their own shopkeepers. This proposition was adopted and the Civil Service Supply Association came into being. Followed, very quickly the Civil Service Co-operative Stores, the Army and Navy Stores, and, I believe there was even a separate Co-operative market place for sky-pilots—and they are all running to-this day—with others on similar lines—enabling members, who annually subscribe some $10 for a ticket of membership, to purchase practically anything they need at considerably less cost than at private stores, and they pay reasonably good dividends to the shareholders forbye. In most of the staple lines, such as groceries, provisions, oilmen's stores, etc., these huge distributing centres are themselves wholesale buyers—that is to say they dispense in every case in which they are large enough distributors with the unnecessary middleman and deal directly with the producers.

* * *

There are similar stores in many of the larger British towns, and some on the Continent of Europe, and it is found that in all cases the consumer gets excellent goods and excellent service at a lower cost than is possible from the smaller private traders, and that it is possible for him even to transfer the net profit on his trading to himself by becoming a shareholder. It is not unlikely that the establishment of a similar Co-operative Supply Association, run on something of the same lines of membership and division of profits might result in something more practical in the way of reducing the cost of living than the Report of the Board of Trade Committee, which, while being mildly interesting to the student of abstract political economy, does not disclose how such necessities of life as caviare and curry-powder are to be acquired at prices within the reach of the humblest wage-earner.

* * *

Thru the proposed new channel also it would very probably be possible to do something to prevent or at least lessen, the almost criminal wastage of fruit which is allowed to rot on the ground, rather than that it should come into the city markets and cut retailers' artificially high prices. The Co-operative Societies in Britain were all originally planned and set a-going by a few earnest men, without an hour's previous experience in wholesale, or, except as buyers, any other kind of marketing, but the wholesalers and producers, were quick to see the possibilities in the scheme, and the amateur promoters were not long in getting it established on a very sound business footing. In practice it amounts to this: that the consumer is cutting out not only one middleman, but several—is getting generally better service for less outlay, and is pocketing a fair percentage of the profit which he makes by selling cheaper and better necessaries of Life, to the one person in the world in whom he is most peculiarly interested—himself.

* * *

The Co-operative scheme is almost uniformly successful. The Balkan States have just used it against the tyranny of the Turk, and it can be used with equal certainty of success against the tyranny of high prices.

* * *

Gustav Dalen, a Swiss engineer in charge of the Stockholm Gas Co., has been awarded the Nobel prize for physics. He has achieved some notable improvements in the manufacture of illuminating gas. A good many Toronto people thought that Ald. Sam McBride stood a good chance in this direction, and, indeed, so far as the quantity of Samuel's output is concerned, it compares favorably with the largest known producers—but it is very noticeably deficient in ILLUMINATING PROPERTIES.

* * *

That hopelessly irreclaimable animal, Jack Johnson, who was jailed to wait trial for sundry fractures of the law, succeeded after considerable effort in getting free on bail, tho the American Solicitor-General opposed his application on the ground that if he were set free he would flee the country. That, indeed, one might think should have been one of the very strongest reasons for allowing him bail—to get quit of the brute, but it certainly was thoughtful and considerate of the Sol Gen. toward the public generally to try and keep him in restraint. He was no sooner out of jail than he was arrested again for hammering seven bells out of an unfortunate photographer who had snapshotted him. It would be a convenient and quite praiseworthy act to keep him behind the bars until he is about sixty or at least old enough to be no longer an insult and a menace to decent humans.

* * *

The Revd. Dr. Renison, speaking recently at the Canadian Club, said, "I seldom refer to poets, for I believe the poets are dead or should be dead." Quite clearly such an expression of opinion argues, to the apex of proof, several mental characteristics which are not generally to be observed in reverend gentlemen, principally, one may take it, because men who show any evidence of such an attitude toward poetry, and the ideals which true poetry stands for, either intuitively feel their natural inaptitude for preaching a gospel which is largely spiritually poetic, or by reason of having that natural inaptitude early pointed out to them by older and broader-minded clerics who understand the grave disabilities which "a man who has no music in his soul" must inevitably rest under when endeavoring to instil some of the meaning of the great and musical numbers of the Psalmist—some of the gentler poesy in which the Redeemer clothed His message. Even passing over the many poets of the Bible, among whom one might think a clergyman would find some worthy, there are many responsible for verses in the Ancient and Modern Hymns who have not a little to do with keeping the Churches filled. Shakspere is generally accounted a man whose work did not altogether perish when he did—and that work has certainly uplifted more men than many sermons. If it were not that Dr. Renison, by his ridiculous generality, proved himself so utterly incapable of judgment as to show himself not worth bothering about on this point, it could easily be explained to him that many quite minor poets have achieved more of good result by their work than he is likely to do by his, if anything significant of his general disposition is disclosed in the captiousness which informs his wholly unworthy snarl.

* * *

It is reported that the British Colonial Secretary has "accepted with deep gratitude on behalf of the United Kingdom" an offer of twelve million dollars, to be paid in five years by the Federated Malay States as a contribution to the Empire's Navy. **Bis dat qui cito dat!** Now, the Federated Malay States are not even Crown Colonies but a little bunch of small British Protected Sultanates on the Malay Peninsula, between Burmah and Siam, with a collective revenue of about $25,000,000 per annum. There are less than 1000 British, all told, on the whole Peninsula, but it is a very hard working little collection of men, practically half English, half Scotch. They have a way of combining to take serious things seriously. Also when they conceive that it is up to them to attend to a certain matter, either for the advancement of the Empire, the Colony or themselves personally, they have a clear and direct way of setting about the particular job at once. It is the absolute working out of the anti to the thesis that in the multitude of Councillors wisdom lieth. The present scribe lived with them for three sweating but very happy decades, and knows them well. It is good to read of old pals bucking with such a goodly contribution. Tabek, sahyah kirim, bunyak bunyak, suma Singapura.

* * *

This half-strangled Balkan-Turkey ensute which is still dragging along keeps the earnest student of the war-game busy at the map tracing places with unpronounceable names. Many of these spots do not seem to be shewn on the ordinary maps. Probably the names frightened the printers. The latest fighting at Monastir appears to have resulted in the usual fizzle-out for the Turks. They had all the best of the hill positions, 4000 feet up—a vast superiority in numbers and artillery (and artillery fire from a commanding high position should be always at least doubly effective) but notwithstanding every apparent advantage the Servians chased them out. So Monastir is now another strong position occupied by the Allies. There was considerable rejoicing over its capture locally. When the Servian flag was hoisted, bells rang and "the Monks fired a fusilade to express their joy." It seems a little unusual to find Monks taking part in warlike scenes such as these, and it is not clear exactly where they came from—unless, possibly, from the Monastir-y.

* * *

No longer are the interesting war despatches of Lieut Wegener (or Wagner) absorbing the attention of our trusting contemporary, The Globule. That distinguished officer, probably, will not again be employed as a war-correspondent for quite a little time. He may be, possibly is, a very distinguished warrior, but, in handling war news, he is perhaps a little impetuous. Then, too, he is evidently accustomed to original lines of thought in the conduct of campaigns, so that when the manoevers were, for the time being, halted, he hit up one or two little dashing, but purely imaginary schemes, for the benefit of his papers, and reported them as having actually gone thru, giving laborious and careful attention to the details of numbers killed and wounded and the bag of captives. The enterprising London Daily Mail had secured the English "rights" in these despatches, and the Editors of the other London papers naturally wondered what in Himmel their men on the spot were playing about at not to observe the dreadful happenings so vividly pen-pictured by the imaginative Wagner. Then when the wires got busy conveying short, sharp, jerky enquiries, the family tree of Lieut. Wagner was traced back, with equal celerity and certainty, as far as the late Baron Munchausen, and the inventive Lieut. is probably by now recounting, fearsome, lies in an obscure Berlin bierhaus. Still the Globule had some gory and exciting "news" while the game lasted.

TRADE MARK

It would be hard to fool you on the *movement* because you buy by the name. Insist on the *"Winged Wheel"* mark on the *watch case* you select and you can be equally certain of receiving the same standard of value.

"Winged Wheel" Watch Cases have been standard among reputable Canadian jewelers for 25 years.

THE AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED

Our Embroidery Contest

A certain amount of openness will enhance the beauty of a waist design, which is the reason of this introduction of Roman cutwork. It is generally understood that you prefer the simple punch work stitch which is done with a short, blunt needle, or better still, the three-cornered carpet needle. The best results are obtained with linen thread. The common cut work should be solid effect with over and over stitch to form strong foundation support for holding the ladder-like stitch between. Use floss double thread, work the design solidly, then cut the material out between the standards with a pair of sharp scissors. Draw the hooks sharply over the hoops and weave in the cross stitch or ladder. Solid material can be used in all floral effects but it is best to taper tendrils, branches, etc., with eyelet when this is possible. Proportion all open work to balance your solid designs. Make the punch work first, press out before commencing other parts.

To transfer. Put a cake of soap in a pint of hot water, stir vigorously and remove the soap. Saturate the design with the mixture, then remove the excess moisture. Place the fabric to which the design is to be transferred on a hard, flat surface and lay the design face down on the material. Cover with a dry sheet of thick paper and with the bowl of a tablespoon rub hard till the design is transferred, being careful to rub from rather than towards you. Do not wet the material or rub the face of the design with damp fingers. To remove the design after the article is completed wash in warm water with soap.

FREE This 150 PIECE Complete Scholar's Outfit FREE

BOYS AND GIRLS, NEVER BEFORE IN CANADA HAS SUCH A GRAND PREMIUM BEEN OFFERED AND SO EASY TO GET.

READ WHAT THIS GRAND SCHOLAR'S OUTFIT CONTAINS.

1 large leather bound school bag, 1 dozen fine quality H. B. pencils, 6 steel tip pen holders, 1 paints with brushes and pots, 10 beautiful drawing crayons of different colors, 1 fine quality steel ink, tweezers and stamping pad, 1 twelve inch ruler, 1 large memorandum book, 1 complete drier good for five years, 1 large rubber eraser, 1 steel blade pencil sharpener, and last but not least, 1 Swiss warbler the greatest invention for imitating birds and animals.

Think of it this scholar's complete outfit is FREE. We are determined to sell a million packages of Marvel Bluing this year and are sparing no expense to reach this mark.

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We will give you one of these grand scholar's outfits IF YOU WILL AT ONCE TO SELL ONLY 25 PACKAGES OF MARVEL BLUING AT ONLY 10c. PER PACKAGE.

Any boy or girl can sell 25 packages easy. No trouble at all.

We send you the Marvel Bluing free and trust you with it until sold. Simply send us your name and address to-day. Every girl and boy should win one of these grand scholar's outfits.

Try. If you can't sell the Marvel Bluing send it back to us.

Address to-day THE MARVEL BLUING CO., Dept. 8. 123, Toronto, Ont.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL IS ALWAYS PLEASED WITH OUR PREMIUMS

COMIC SECTION OF THE TORONTO WORLD

November 24, 1912

Their Only Child!

(P. S. It Was a Red-Hot Entertainment!)

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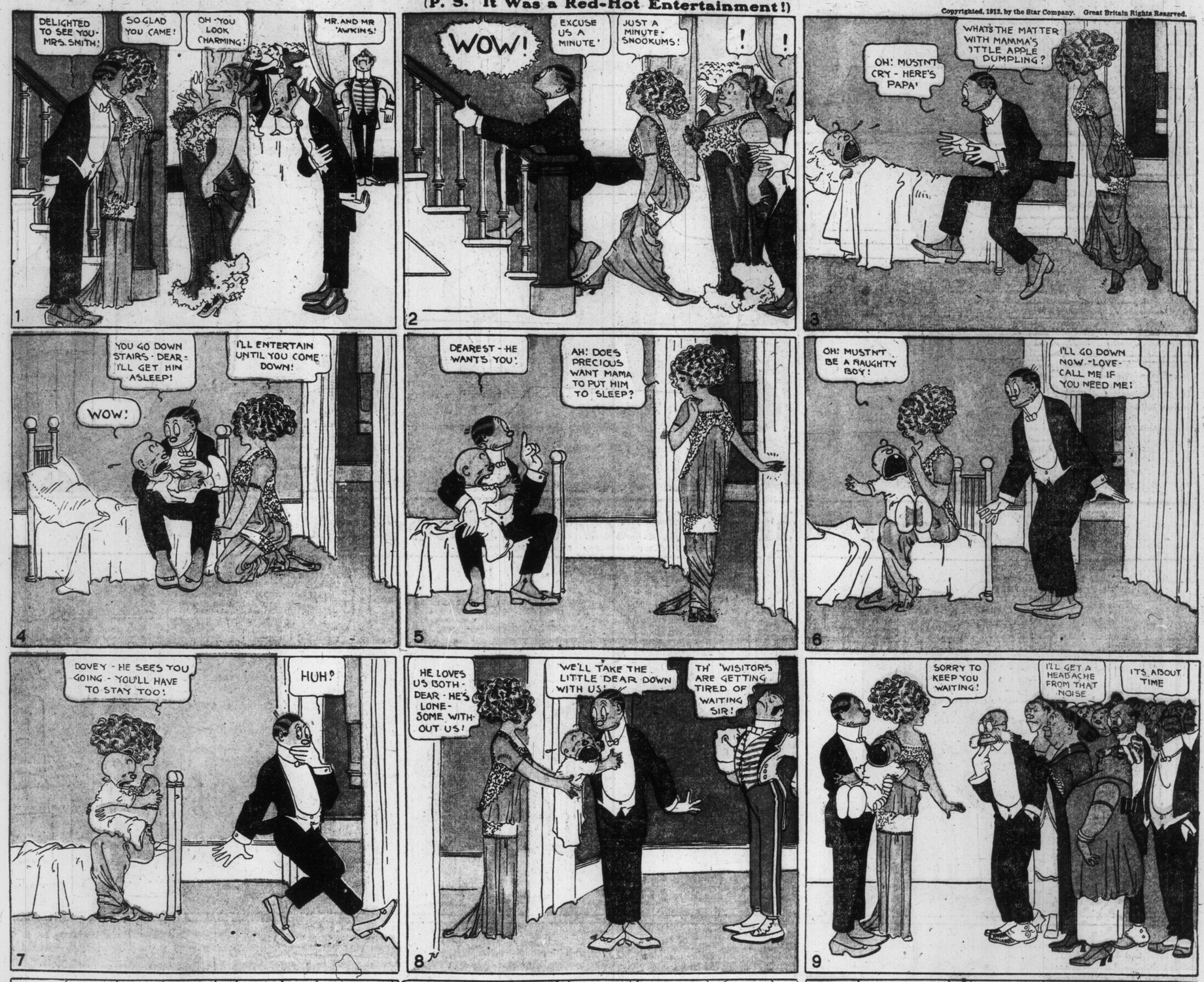

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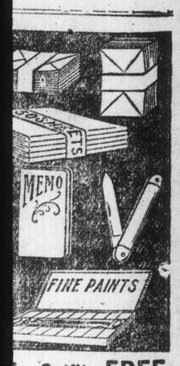

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FIT CONTAINS.
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h, 1 box (15 water color
colored fine quality steel
ng outfit containing type,
um brok, 1 complete deter
r, and last but not least, 1

ned to sell a million pack-
s mark.
goes twice as far. Every-
package.
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10c. PER PACKAGE.

Simply send us your name
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33, Toronto, Ont.
H OUR PREMIUMS.

Women Scare Mr. Batch and His Friend!

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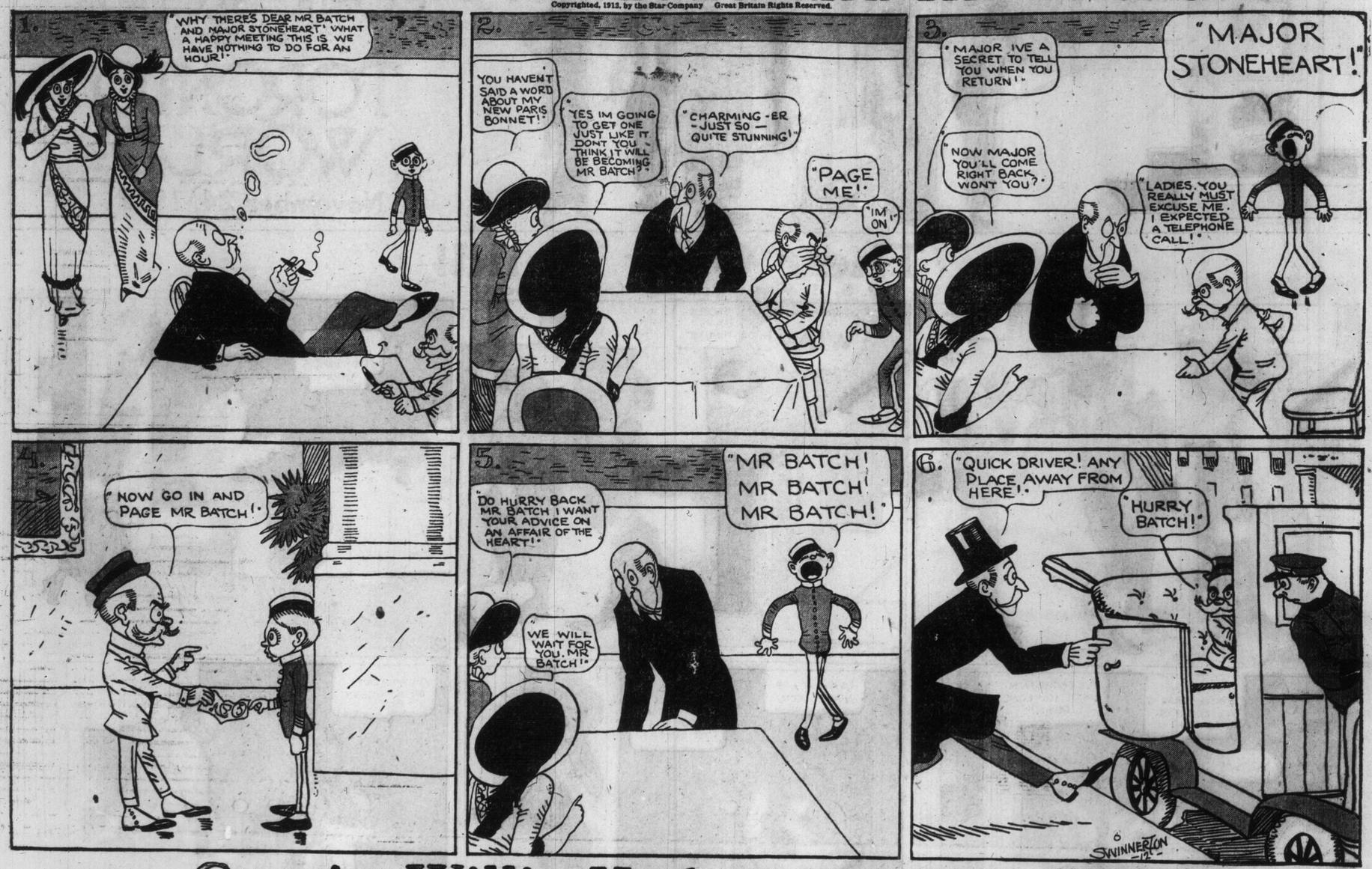

Cousin Willie Had to Keep in Trim!

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Happy Hooligan May Win Suzanne Yet!

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Jimmy--He's the Same as a Soldier!

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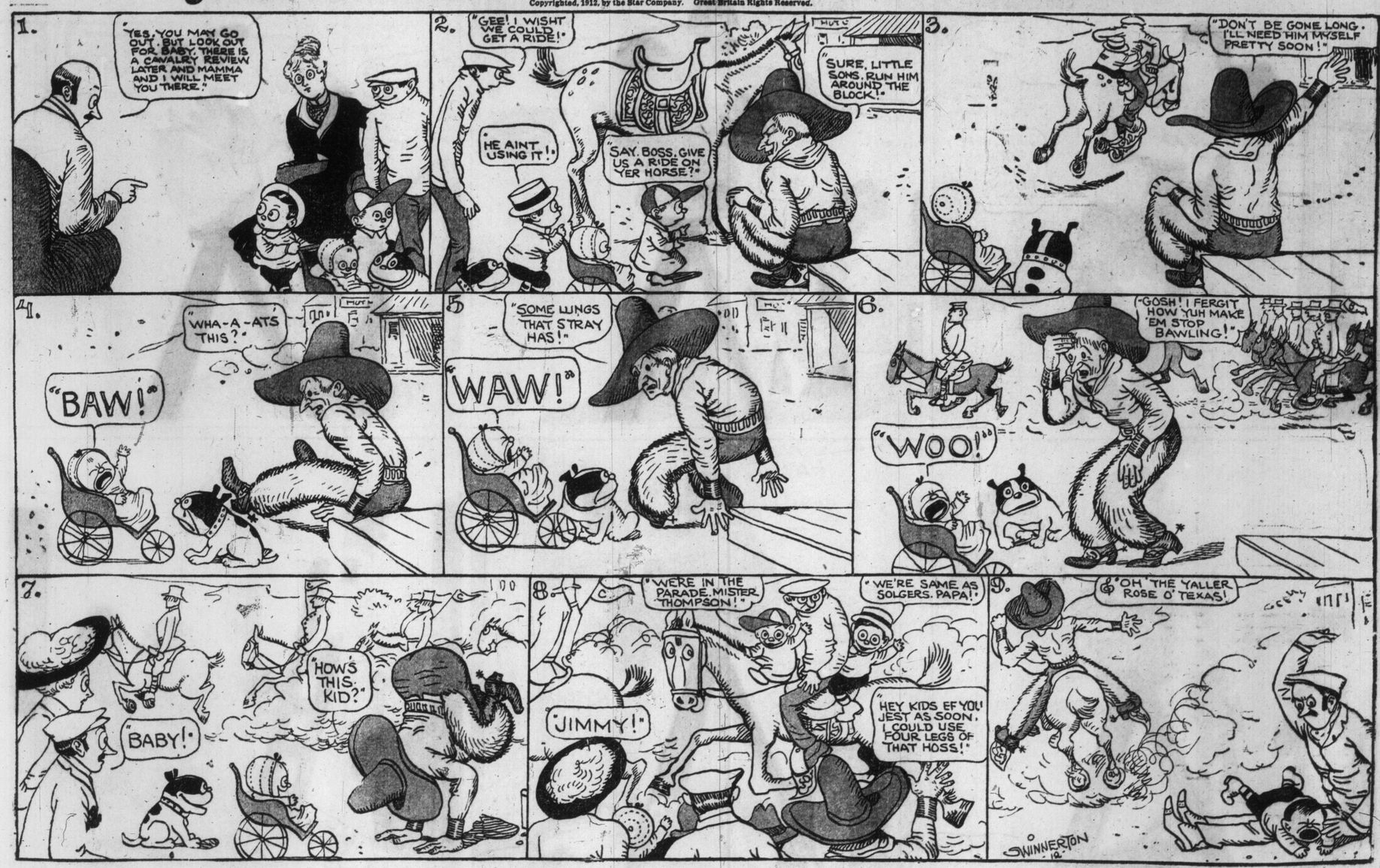

It Is Suspicious!

It Almost Looks as if the Katzenjammer Kids Were Up to Mischief!

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1
COME ON INSPECTOR UND HELP TO PUT UP DER STOVE PIPES UND DON'T BE SO LAZY!
CHUST A MINUTE- VEN I GET FINISHED MIT DISS NOVEL STORY!

2
COME ON, COME ON! STOVE PIPES FOIST UND BOOKS AFTER!
BAH- IF YOU READ SOME BOOKS CAPTAIN, MAYBE YOU GET SOME SENSE- MAYBE!

3
HEY! VOT ISS! STOP IT! STOP IT!
VARE VENT MY HAT?

4
MAYBE YOU LEARN NOW DOT STOVE PIPES ISS NOT FOR MONKEY-SHINERS!
LIFFING IN DER SAME HOUSE MIT SUCH KIDS ISS NIX- UND I SHOULD KNOW IT LONG AGO!

5
DOT'S NO VAY TO DISAPPOINT A MAN'S HAT!
-UND NOW GET OUT OF MY EYE SIGHT! FOR VUN DAY DOT'S PLENTY UND REMEMBER MY WOIDS!

6
MY! DID YOU EFFER SEE SUCH TOUCHY FELLERS!
A CHOKE ISS A CHOKE BUT NOT MY HAT!
SURE, SURE, SURE! ONLY GET A WIGGLE ON- I CAN'T HOLD DESE BOYS ALL DAY!

7
IN, MISTER KITTY UND GOOD LUCK TO YOU - TEE HEE!
QUICK, HERE'S DER OTHER VUN UND DEN IT'S TIME VE SCOOT!

8
GOLLY! VOT NOW?
SS-S-ST!
MOWWOWRR
R-R-R
HUH?

9
WHOA! STOP!
YERROWWR R-R-R!
WOOF!
WOOF!

10
LOOK INSPECTOR, VOT ISS IT? VOT ISS IT?
?
MEERRR-ROW!

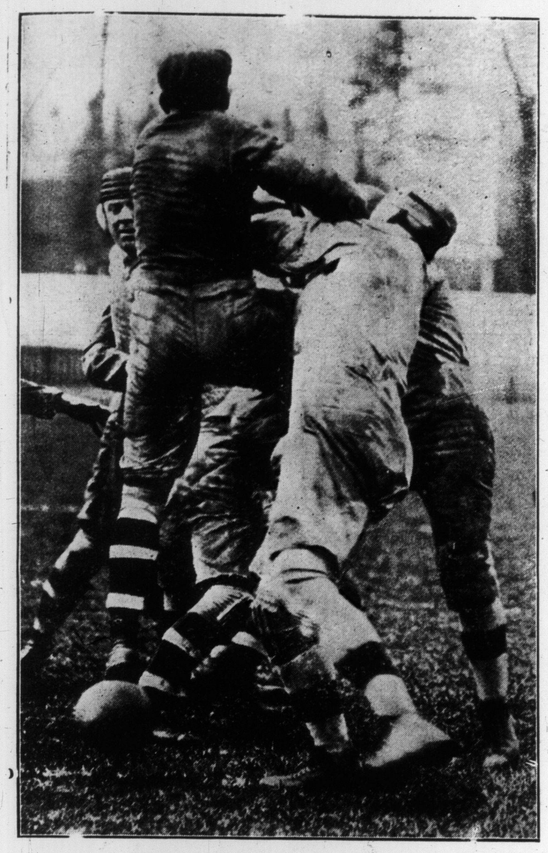
11
HA! HA!
HAW! HAW!
HA!
HA! HA
ACH HIMMEL SUCH A BUSINESS!
UM - SO DOT'S VOT ISS, ISS IT! HANS UND FRITZ- VELL VELL!
WOOF WOOF

12
SUSPICION BAH! GET A CLUB UND FOLLOW ME! I SHOW YOU A SUSPICION!
CAPTAIN, IN DER WALL ISS A HOLE! DOT LOOKS LIKE A SUSPICION!

ILLUSTRATED SECTION OF THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

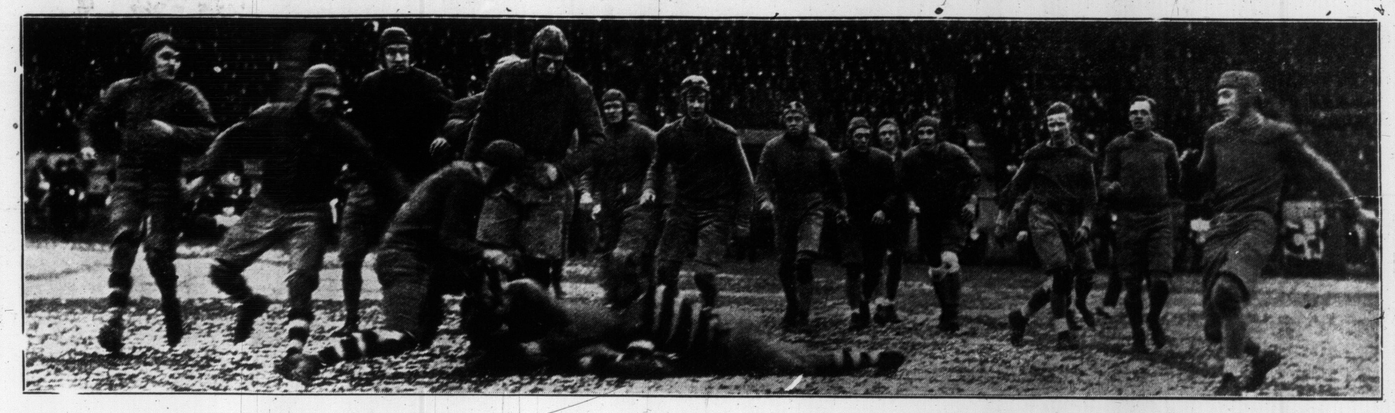
32ND YEAR—PAGES 1 TO 8 TORONTO SUNDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 24 1912 —PRICE FIVE CENTS

Championship Inter-Collegiate and O. R. F. U. Rugby Finals

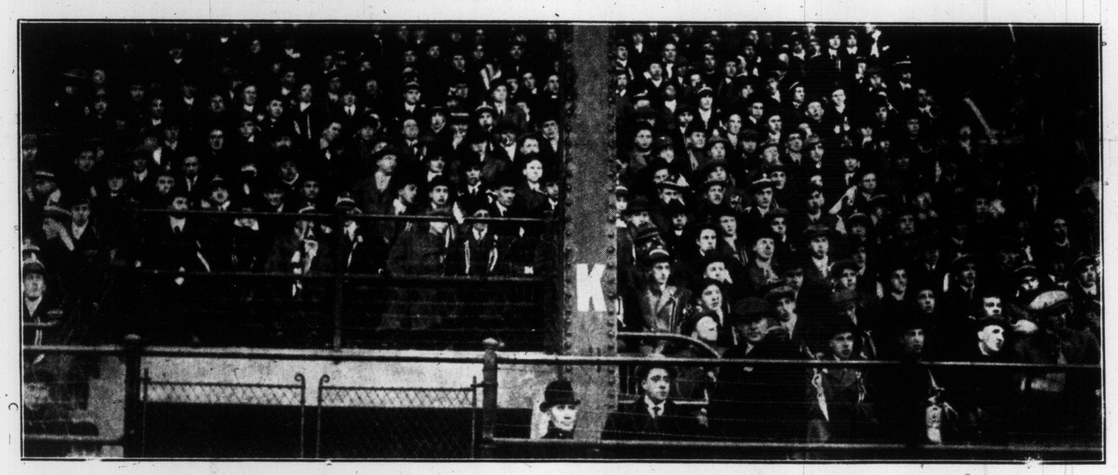


AN INCIDENT OF THE TORONTO-ALERTS GAME.

McGILL RUGBY TEAM, WINNERS INTER-COLLEGIATE HONORS.



CAPT. PETE CAMPBELL, TACKLED AFTER A CROSS-FIELD RUN IN INTER-COLLEGIATE FINAL GAME AT OTTAWA.



McGILL ROOTERS AT THE VARSITY-McGILL GAME AT OTTAWA.

PROMINENT TORONTO MEN AT VARSITY-McGILL GAME.

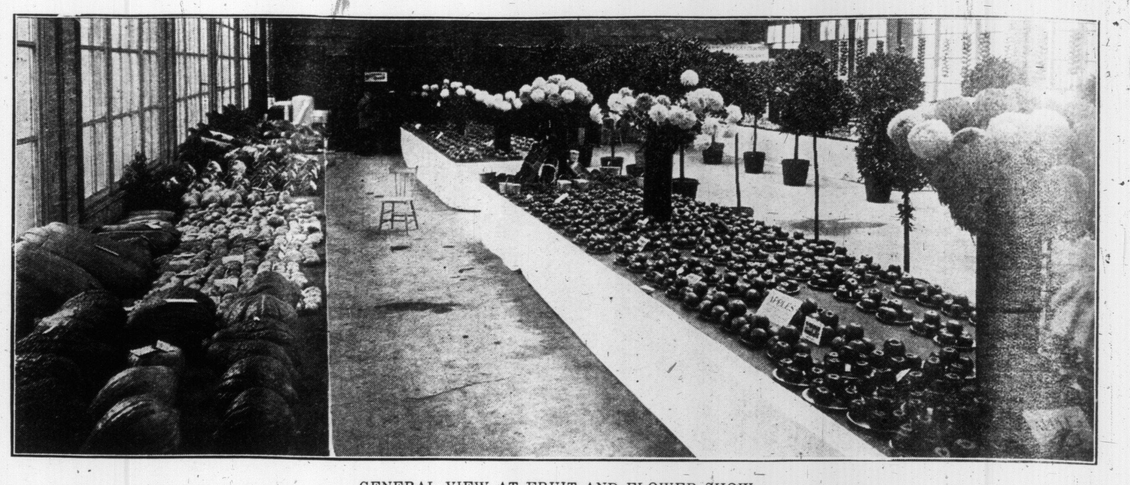
VARSITY AND McGILL PLAYERS ON THE FIELD BEFORE THE GAME.

TORONTO-ALERTS PLAYERS ON THE FIELD BEFORE THE GAME.

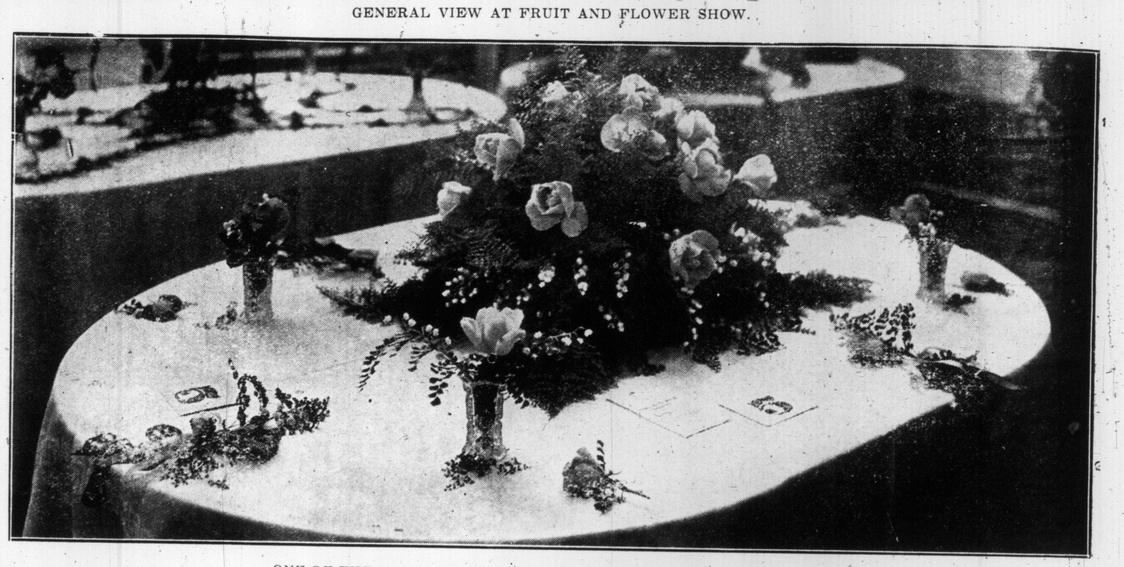
JACK MAYNARD, DOWNED IN THE VARSITY-McGILL GAME AT OTTAWA.

Ontario Fruit, Flower and Honey Exhibition

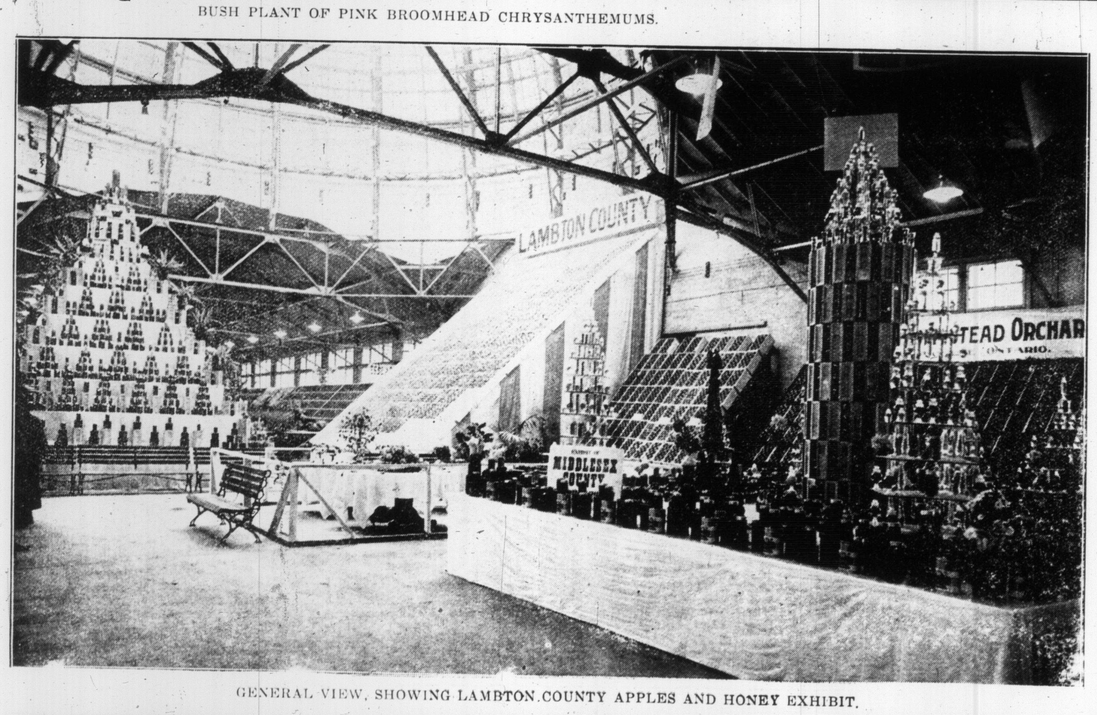
BUSH PLANT OF PINK BROOMHEAD CHRYSANTHEMUMS.



GENERAL VIEW AT FRUIT AND FLOWER SHOW.



ONE OF THE BEST TABLE DISPLAYS AT FRUIT AND FLOWER SHOW.



GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING LAMBTON COUNTY APPLES AND HONEY EXHIBIT.

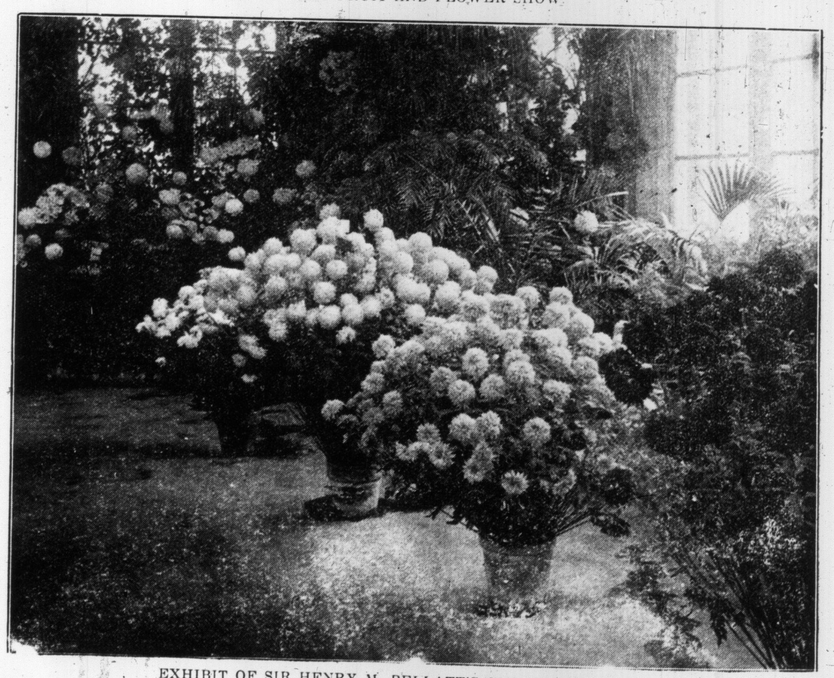


EXHIBIT OF SIR HENRY M. PELLATT'S CHOICEST BLOOMS. Dominion Photo Co.

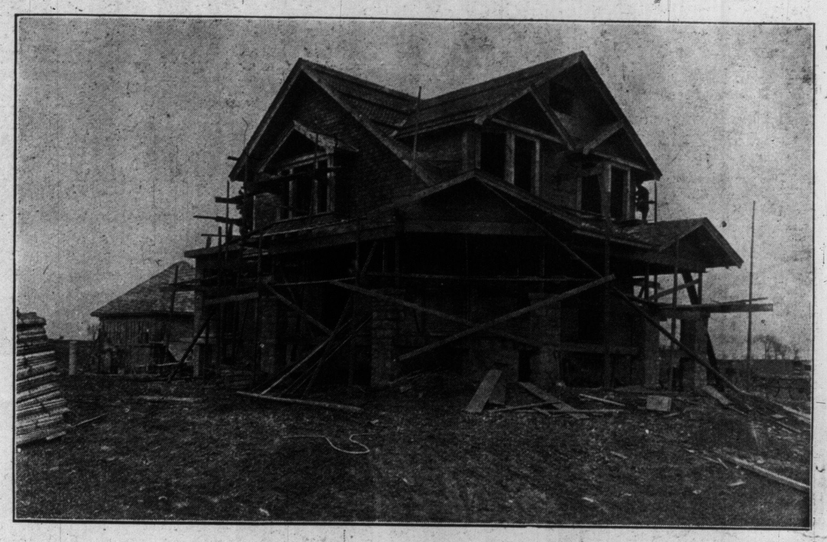
ROBINSON-PENTECOST WEDDING. LEFT TO RIGHT: ETHELWYN GIBSON AND WYNONO CARROLL, BRIDESMAIDS; THE BRIDE, AND HER SISTER ROBERTA, MAID OF HONOR.

THE HAUNTED HALL, IN SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION OF "[illegible]ES OF NORMANDY," COMING TO THE ROYAL ALEXANDRA WEEK OF NOVEMBER 25.

INTERESTING VIEWS of KINGSDALE

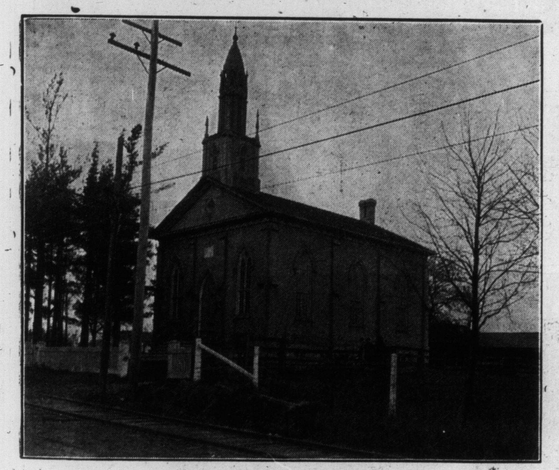
THE MODEL SUBURB OF NORTH YONGE STREET

Empress Boulevard Gateways, Showing Sidewalk Builders.



Mr. R. C. Nelles' Beautiful Kingsdale Residence.

Kingsdale School.



Kingsdale Church.

HOMESITE THAT IS DIFFERENT

Kingsdale is located on Yonge St., the main artery of Toronto, just north of the new city limits which go into effect on Dec. 15. It lies, so to speak, at the back door of Toronto on the fringe of the city and will benefit materially by its advantageous location and the one great fact that while the city officials are solving the problems of the necessary improvements for the newly annexed territory, Kingsdale residents will be served almost immediately with all improvements, including sewer system, water, sidewalks, macadam roadways, shade trees, etc.

KINGSDALE HAS THESE IMPROVEMENTS.

It will take time to give North Toronto all these conveniences, but thanks to the foresight of the owners, Wrights Limited, the model city builders, Kingsdale will have these conveniences under construction on all its Boulevards, Avenues and Streets by the early Spring. So far as we know, Kingsdale is the only community in or around Toronto that has been furnished by the original owners with these conveniences before offering their lands for sale to homeseekers.

THESE MEN HAD THE BIG IDEA.

Messrs. C. F. Wright, Jas. Barr, J. G. Wright, W. B. Chamberlain and R. C. Nelles are the men who first conceived the idea of securing a tract of land within easy access of the city, furnishing all the city improvements at their own expense without any cost to the homeseeker before offering the lots for sale. They secured the services of one of Toronto's leading engineers and these improvements have now been arranged for. The Wrights Limited have solved the secret of subdivision success and Kingsdale with its artistic beauty, high elevation, and natural topography of the land rivals all adjacent properties.

HOUSES BEING ERECTED IN KINGSDALE.

The building activity has already commenced in Kingsdale. Plans are being prepared for homes of architectural beauty on the better streets and for the more modern priced house on the less expensive property. All are contiguous to Yonge St. and within thirty-five minutes of the City Hall. Kingsdale is the ideal spot for the man who must work in the city, but prefers the quiet, invigorating advantages of the suburban home free from noise, bustle, smoke and dirt.

FIRST COST IS ONLY COST.

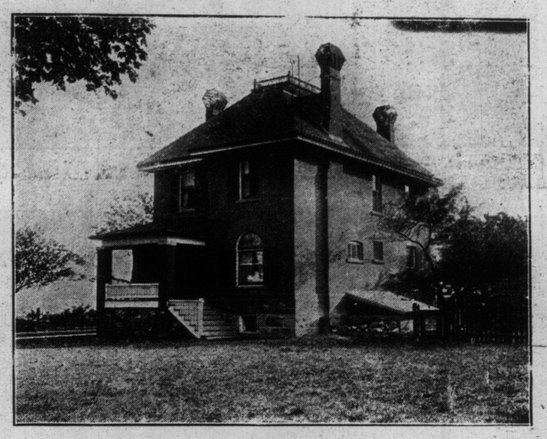
These improvements are being installed at the expense of the company, the purchaser of a lot will have no local improvement taxes to pay, no special assessments will be levied and when he buys a lot at $16 per foot or so, he can figure that the local improvement taxation alone on the same lot in North Toronto would pretty nearly equal the price he pays for a Kingsdale lot.

KINGSDALE LOTS ARE GOOD BUY.

There is no safer or more profitable investment today than Toronto real estate. In a few years we will have exceeded our widest expectations. Downtown real estate will increase with enormous rapidity. The future of Toronto is undoubted. It is to be one of the greatest cities of America. Kingsdale will increase in value many thousands of dollars. The present prices surely cannot prevail much longer.

THE WORLD AND NORTH TORONTO.

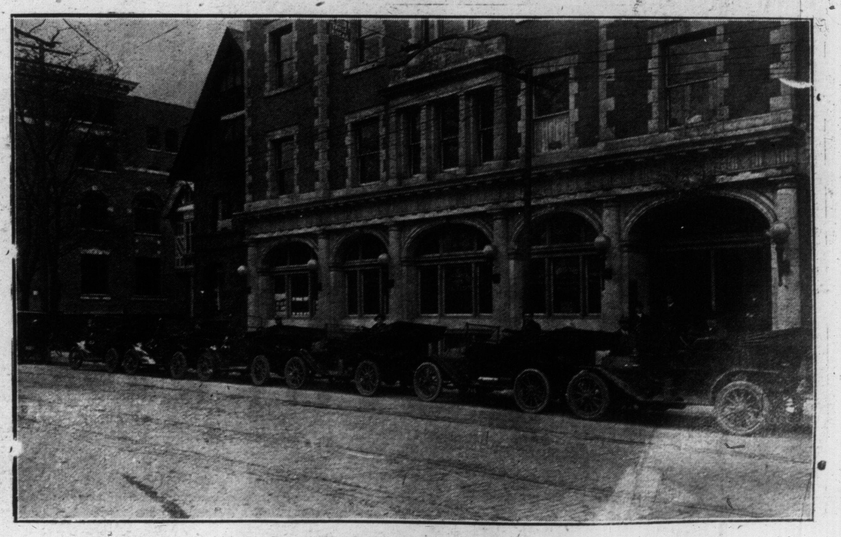
The Toronto World has always maintained that North Toronto would make millionaires of those who had the money and the faith to invest and hold on. We cannot all be millionaires, but we have all a right to a share of the good things that are around us. Kingsdale is good buying today. Wrights Limited have their office at 22 College St., North 6383 and they will be pleased to accompany all interested parties to their model suburb for an inspection.



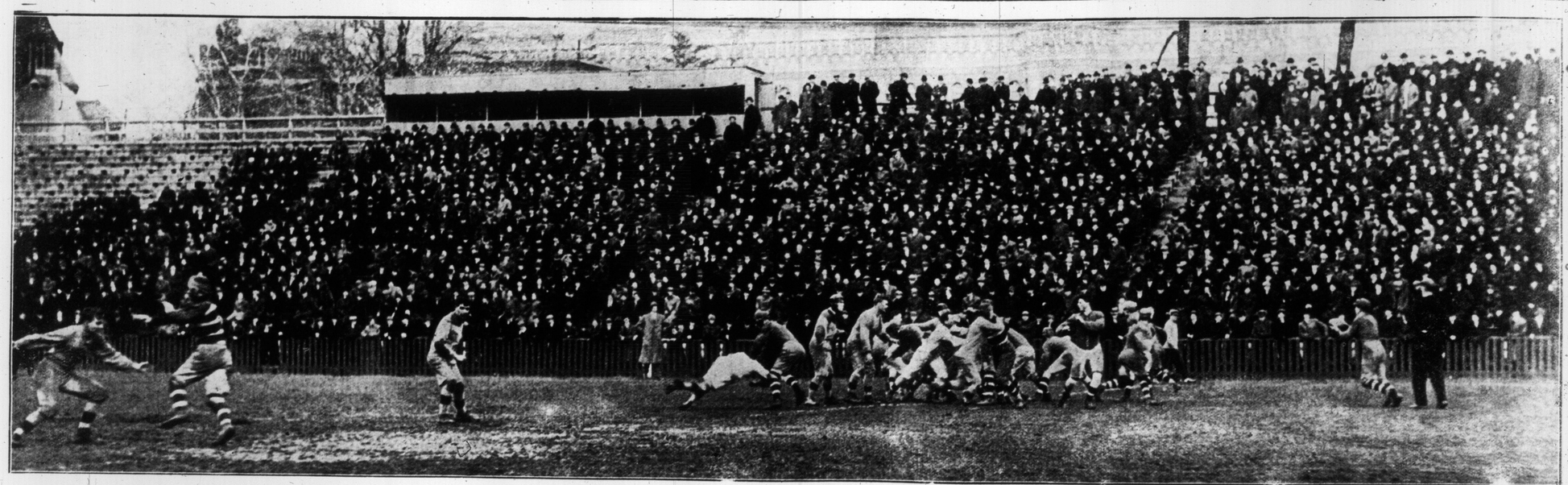
Mr. P. S. Gibson's Home.

Mr. Wm. Stong's Residence (Adjoining Kingsdale).

Wrights Limited Energetic Salesmen.



Wrights Limited Fleet of Automobiles.



BLEACHER CROWD AT RUGBY GAME BETWEEN TORONTO AND ...ERTS, AT VARSITY STADIUM.

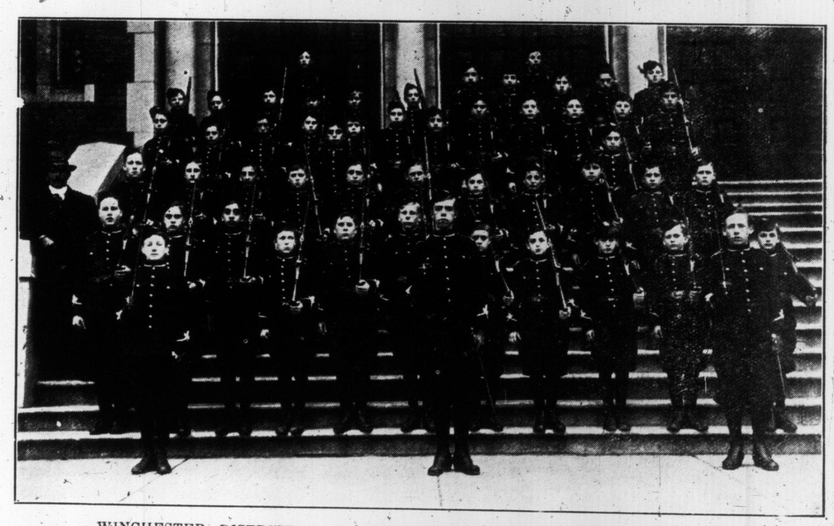
BARACAS' SOCCER TEAM, WINNERS OF BRIGDEN CUP.

DON VALLEY SOCCER TEAM, DEFEATED BY BARACAS, 2 TO 0.

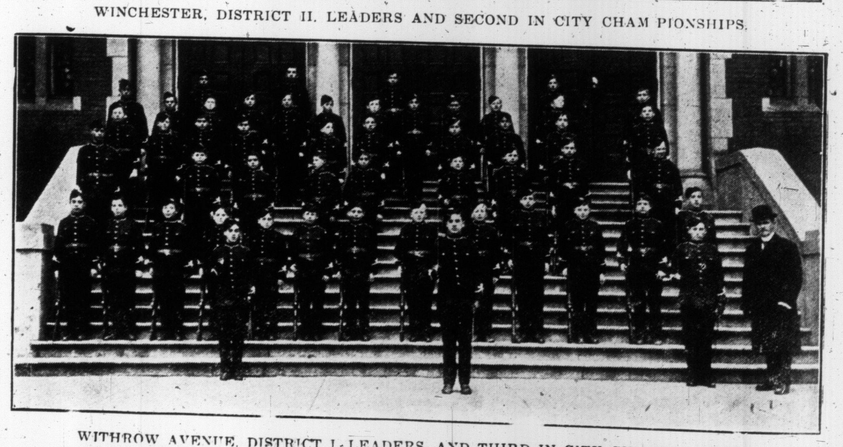
PHIL BRANSON AND CHORUS, IN "GYPSY LOVE," AT PRINCESS THEATRE THIS WEEK.

FAMILY OF MR. AND MRS. FRANK SHEPHERD, 246 BROADVIEW AVE.

SCHOOL CADET CORPS IN STRATHCONA TRUST COMPETITION



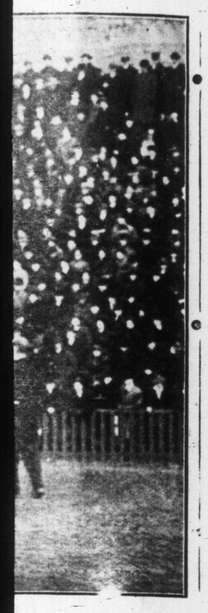
WINCHESTER, DISTRICT II. LEADERS AND SECOND IN CITY CHAMPIONSHIPS.



WITHROW AVENUE, DISTRICT I. LEADERS AND THIRD IN CITY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

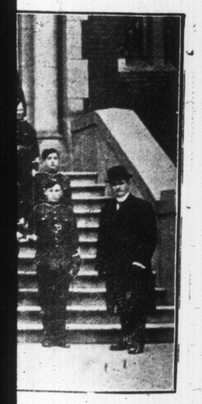
A SNAPSHOT OF THE XMAS STOCK OF VICTROLAS AT THE BELL PIANO AND MUSIC WAREROOMS.

LANSDOWNE, DISTRICT III. LEADERS.



PETITION

PIONSHIPS.



PIONSHIPS.

Never any failure or disappointment when

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

is used

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS

MADE IN CANADA

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.

TORONTO, ONT.

SIGNORA JOSEFINAM FERRADA, SAID TO BE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN SPAIN.

MRS. HELEN J. SCOTT OF TACOMA, WASH., THE FIRST WOMAN EVER NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTOR IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

What to Give

A picture of yourself in one of our dainty folders.

Prices to suit everyone and styles that will please the most fastidious.

SIT NOW DON'T WORRY

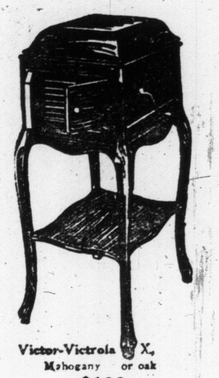
Our finishing department is independent of daylight.

Appointments by Phone, Main 5034.

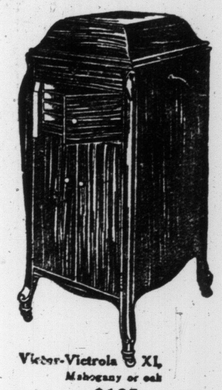
WALT. DICKSON, Photographer

238 Queen East, Near Sherbourne.

THREE NEW VICTOR-VICTROLAS



Victor-Victrola X, Mahogany or oak $100



Victor-Victrola XI, Mahogany or oak $135

Victor-Victrola XIV, Mahogany or oak $200

THERE'S no end to the pleasure awaiting you if you own a GENUINE VICTROLA This wonderful instrument is always at your service ready to entertain you with the best music and fun. At whatever price you care to pay there's a VICTROLA for YOU. Easy payments (as low as $1.00 a week) if desired.

When thinking of

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

remember the VICTROLA and "HIS MASTER'S VOICE." Call at the nearest "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" Dealer for FREE demonstration. Double sided records are 90 cents for the two. Write us for FREE copy of our 300 page MUSICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, listing over 5,000 Records and our beautifully illustrated novel.

BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE COMPANY, LIMITED

39 LENOIR STREET - - - MONTREAL

His Master's Voice TRADE MARK

THE BEST KNOWN TRADE MARK IN THE WORLD

Bell Piano Co, Home of the Victor, 146 Yonge Street

Mason & Risch, Limited, Victor Parlors, 230 Yonge Street

The Nordheimer Co., Complete Victor Line, 15 King Street East

R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Victor Service Parlors, 143 Yonge St.

Heintzman & Co., 193 Yonge St., New Victrola Parlors

Dealers

His Master's Voice

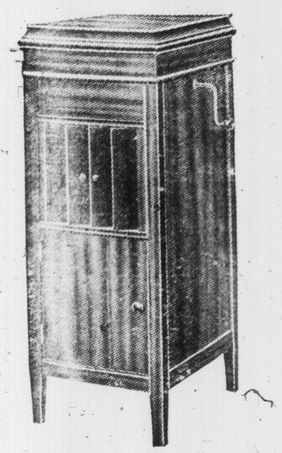
BURNETT PIANO CO., 276 Yonge St.

PHONE M. 3147 PHONE M. 3147

Hear the New December Bulletin

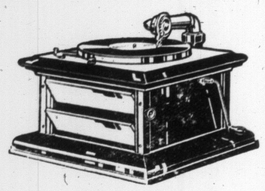
COLUMBIA DOUBLE DISC RECORDS

Two Records at a Single Price, 85c. Fit Any Disc Machine



$125.00

Cabinets Records

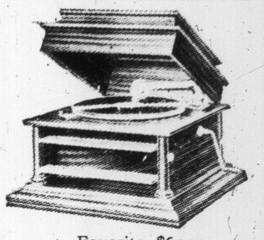


Oak, $26.00
Mahogany, $32.50

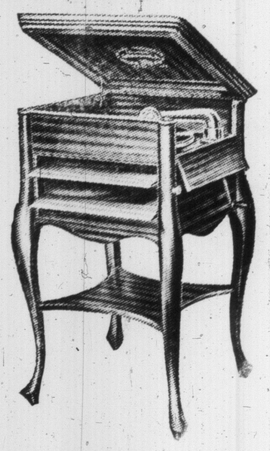
A Few of Our Prominent Singers

Orville Harrold
Paul Default
Arthur Friedheim
Josie Mardones
Celestina Boninsegna
Georgette Leblanc
Alice Nielsen
Ellison Van Hoose
Bettina Freeman
Alexander Heinemann
Giuseppe Campanari
Lydia Lipkowska
Maeterlinck
Bernice de Pasquali
Florencio Constantino
Grace Kerns
Claude Cunningham
Josef Hofmann
David Bispham
Maria Gay
Lina Cavalieri

Needles Grafonolas



Favorite, $65.00.



Princess, $97.50

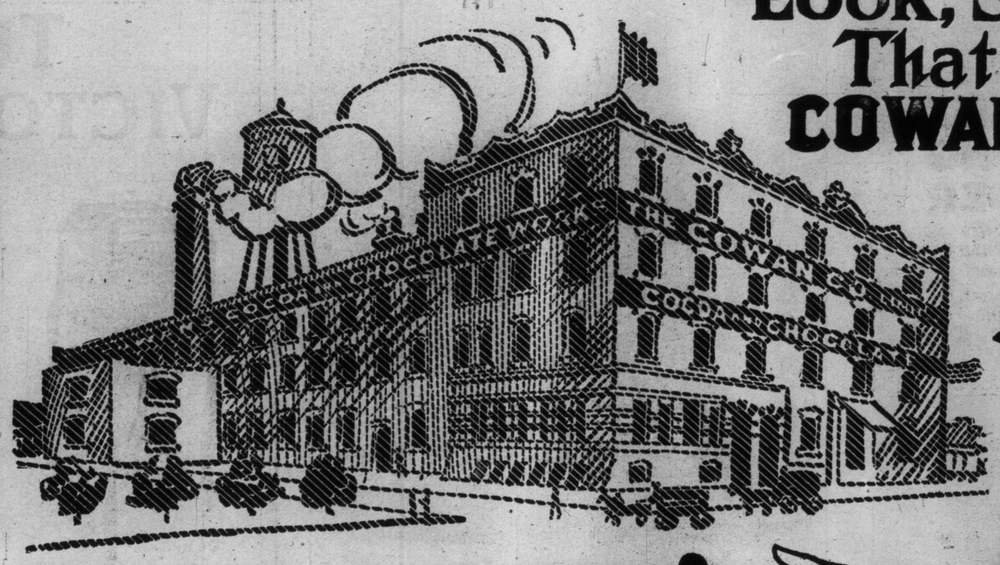
Will There Be a Columbia Grafonola In Your Home This Christmas?

GUILLAUME, SON AND HEIR OF COUNT AND COUNTESS DE LESSEPS, NINE MONTHS' OLD.

COUNT DE LESSEPS, PHOTOGRAPHED AT SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE'S SUMMER HOME.

PEARL REID, WITH THE NEW CENTURY GIRLS, AT THE STAR THIS WEEK.

"Look, Sonny — That's where COWAN'S is made"



COWAN'S

Here is a factory where none but high-quality goods are produced. Here are men trained in the skillful blending and scientific preparation of Cocoa and Chocolate. Not a bag of inferior Cocoa Beans enters the doors. Only the most modern chocolate-making machinery is used. Nowhere, not even in the older European countries where cocoa has been used for centuries, will a more efficient plant be found. Everything is modern, everything is calculated to make the very finest grade of chocolate that can be produced —and everything is clean, spotlessly clean.

PERFECTION COCOA

AT YOUR GROCER'S

The COWAN COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO, Ont.

212

BROADWAY SCHOOL OF DANCING
QUEEN AND SPADINA
High-class academy for Ball Room, Stage, or fancy dancing. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. T. Smith, Principal. Open day and evening. Phone Adel. 1611. 7tf

X XMAS PHOTOGRAPHS X
IF one of your gifts at Christmas is to be a photograph, we suggest you have your sitting NOW "and from us." It gives time to finish up properly, before the rush prior to the holiday. We have new and attractive styles. Come early while light is good, the morning preferable. Make your appointment today.
CHAS. L. ROSEVEAR QUEEN AND BATHURST
X PHONE—COLL. 22 ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES X

HARRY R. RANKS
Funeral Director and Embalmer
Private Ambulance Service
455-57 Queen St. West.
'Phone Adelaide 2024.

LADIES' Beaver, Felt and Velour Hats
Cleaned, Dyed and Remodeled to Latest Styles.
NEW YORK HAT WORKS
566 Yonge St. Phone North 5166.

"Every Little Tablet has a Flavor all it's own" It Always Tastes like more

LIPTON'S JELLY TABLETS
Pint Package 10¢ 9 Different Flavors

SAMUELS' DUSTLESS ASH SIFTER
SAVES WORK
SAVES COAL
Patented Jan., 1912.

is a saving in time, trouble and fuel. It soon pays for itself. No more need to carry ashes to the back yard or lane, standing in cold and dampness, getting your nose and throat filled with dust and your clothes ruined as with the old style sifter. The new sifter is absolutely dustless—it may be kept inside the house as the dust cannot leave the barrel, or if kept outside will not rust, as it is made of the very best galvanized iron.
Sold at One Price - - - $8.00
For sale by all leading hardware dealers.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. SAMUELS, 279 QUEEN ST. WEST
PHONE ADEL. 1330. TORONTO, ONT.

WORK THIS PUZZLE! SEND NO MONEY!!

$50 CASH PRIZE

ALSO A PRIZE OF $10 for NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us WHAT TWO CITIES ARE REPRESENTED by the above Two Sketches, will receive a $50 GOLD WATCH or .. .. .. $50 IN GOLD MONEY! Try it at once. It may be you. Write the names of the Cities in a letter or postcard, giving your Name and Address plainly.
DEPT. 3 DOMINION WATCH CO., MONTREAL, CANADA

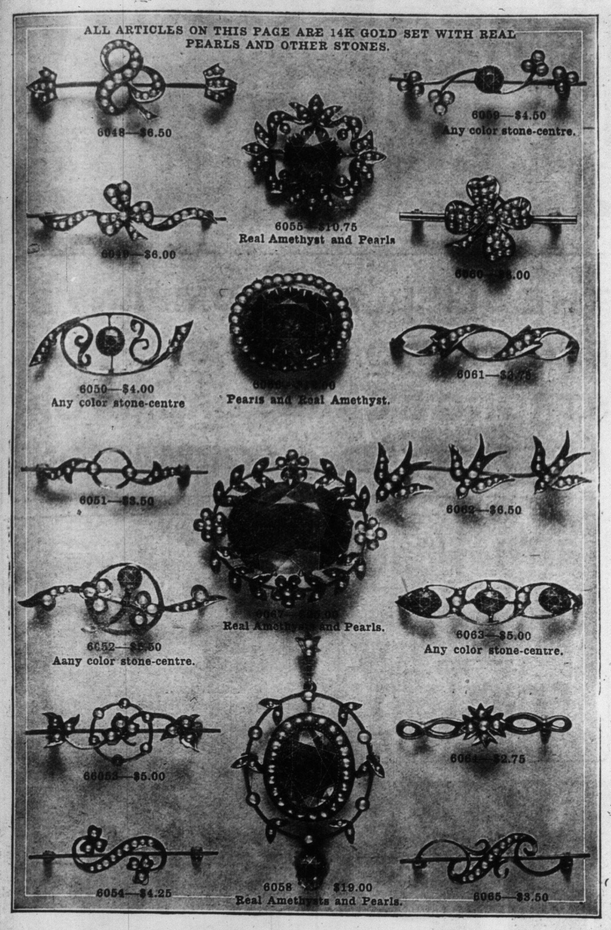
ere
made"

212

ES' Beaver, Felt and Velour Hats
d, Dyed and Remodeled to Latest Styles.
YORK HAT WORKS
e St. Phone North 5166.

SEND NO MONEY!!
$50 CASH PRIZE
OLUTION. Somebody articulars of this Puzzle ESENTED by the WATCH or .. .. ance. It may be your- the names of the Cities address plainly.
MONTREAL, CANADA

A WORD TO THE WISE



GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR

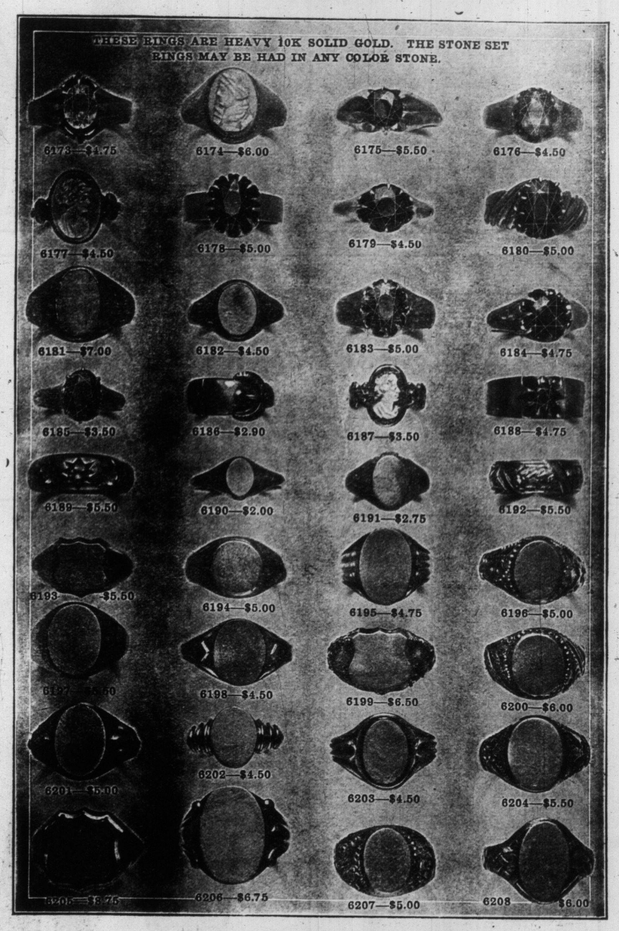
With your Xmas purchases. Our immense stock of Xmas Jewelery is at its very best. All the choicest designs fresh from our Factory are here to select from.

Pick out what you want now, it is not necessary to pay for it; just leave us a deposit and any article will be put away for you, till you wish it for Xmas, then you are sure to have just what you want, when you want it. With our tremendous business it would be impossible to keep every line complete till the last moment, so when you see what you want, secure it with a deposit, then you will not be disappointed.

Before making your Xmas purchases, come and see us anyway. Our Factory-to-Pocket method of selling enables you to make your Gift money go doubly far, and we will be pleased to see you whether you become a customer or not.

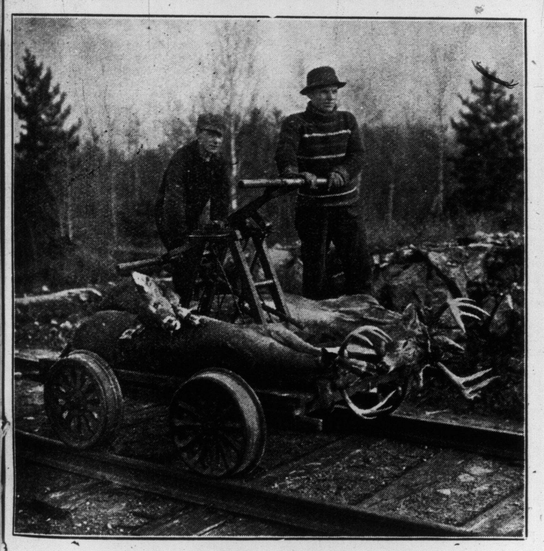
WE KEEP OPEN EVERY EVENING

Send for our new Catalogue. Mail orders promptly filled.



TISDALL'S FACTORY-TO-POCKET JEWELERY STORE

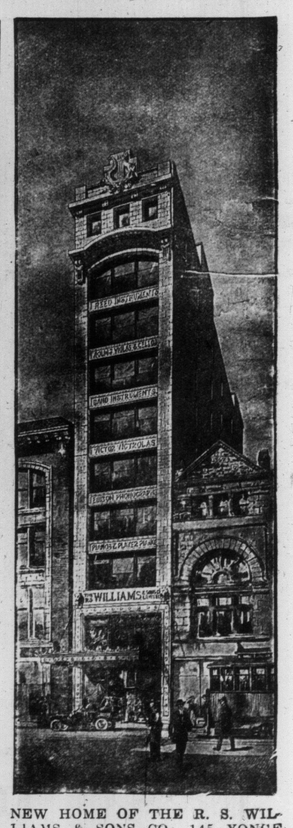
150 YONGE STREET, TORONTO



BRINGING IN THE DEER ON A HAND CAR ON THE C. N. R. RAILWAY.

THE MOTOR BUS OF THE NEW WELLINGTON, GUELPH, IS THE ONLY MOTOR BUS IN CANADA. MR. E. B. CLANCY, FORMERLY OF TORONTO, IS THE PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW WELLINGTON AND THE MOTOR BUS IS BUT ONE OF THE MANY MODERN FEATURES OF THIS UP-TO-DATE HOST ELRY.

HARRY D. WARD, WITH THE GIRLS FROM THE GAY WHITE WAY, AT THE GAYETY THIS WEEK.



NEW HOME OF THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., 145 YONGE ST., INTO WHICH THEY WILL MOVE DEC. 1, 1912. THEIR PRE-REMOVAL SALE OF ALL KINDS OF INSTRUMENTS IS THE BIGGEST EVENT IN MUSICAL HISTORY.

"EZE"
(PRONOUNCED EASY)
SUSPENDERS
GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR

Strong, durable brace, simply constructed, guaranteed absolutely for 365 days. Adjusts to every move of body. No strain—buttons safe. Name "EZE" stamped on buckles. Refuse imitations. At your Dealer's or postpaid for 50c. THE KING SUSPENDER CO., TORONTO, CAN.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE LONDON CADETS, AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION

Is absolutely necessary to determine the proper kind of glasses to use. Selecting them by any other method may result in permanent injury to your sight. When we prescribe glasses it is with absolute certainty that they are the best and only kind suited to your eyes. If you have eye trouble it will pay you to consult G. Saporito, our skilled Optometrist and Optician and have the best.

Optical Department of
H. W. TISDALL'S FACTORY-TO-POCKET JEWELERY STORE
150 Yonge Street, Toronto

GRAY HAIR

Dr. Tremain's Natural Hair Restorative will positively restore gray hair to natural color and keep it so. IT IS NOT A DYE and will not injure the scalp. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price one dollar. On sale at Bond Bros.' Drug Store, 453 Yonge Street or sent postpaid. Address Tremain Supply Co. Dept W, Toronto, Ont.

72 ADELAIDE STREET EAST FIRST-CLASS PRINTING

Artificial Rubber From Sea Fish.

According to the British consul at Amsterdam, a factory is being built at the fishing harbor of Ymuiden for the manufacture of artificial rubber from sea fish. The process was invented by an Amsterdam physician, and he claims that the product has the same qualities as real rubber and is not affected by benzine of heat. Estimates show that the fish rubber can be produced at a cost representing only about one-sixth of that required for the manufacture of real rubber, due in part to the manufacture of a valuable by-product in the shape of a concentrated tonic food containing phosphor albumen.

MATINEES WED & SAT BEST SEATS 25c & 50c

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

PRICES NEVER CHANGE

MATINEES WED & SAT BEST SEATS 25c & 50c

ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY OFFERING FOR THE FIRST AND ONLY TIME IN THIS CITY AND AT OUR PRICES

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

THE LIEBLER COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF PAUL ARMSTRONG'S GREAT DRAMA OF A RETRIEVED REFORMATION

CLEVER AND ORIGINAL

SITUATIONS ARE EXCELLENT

"JIMMY" and "DOYLE"

"BOBBY"

NEXT WEEK—THE TALENTED LITTLE ACTRESS ELEANOR MONTELL IN HER NEW AND LATEST SUCCESS A WOMAN'S NAME

SCENE FROM "Alias JIMMY VALENTINE"

THE FAMOUS LIEBLER CO.'S PRODUCTION WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE ALL THIS WEEK.

MARGARET STRONG, PORT HOPE.

ELSIE BRILL, 145½ QUEEN W.

QUALITY

DIAMONDS

Just another reminder of the proximity of Christmas. We're prepared with a specially choice assortment of Diamonds, selected for the holiday trade, direct from Amsterdam, which offers a splendid selection. Secure your choice now, and on small deposit we'll lay it aside till required. We have more time to serve you now, and you have more time to buy. We guarantee our Diamonds to be as represented, and the very best value in Canada. Mountings made in all the newest styles.

R. A. GLEDHILL
21 Yonge St. Arcade
Marriage Licenses Issued.

PREPARE FOR COLD WEATHER

And Buy Early, When Our Stock is Most Complete.

Warm Underwear, "Britannia," unshrinkable, soft finish, garment	2.50
Heavy Wool, double-breasted, English make. Extra value, garment	1.00
Jaeger Underwear, medium weight, from, suit	3.75
Scotch Knit Warm Fleecy Knit Vests, from	3.50
"Ditto" with Knitted Sleeves, extra	1.00
English Sweater Coats, 4-ply, all-wool	4.00
"Ditto" with high collar	4.50
Shaker Knit Coats with high collar, very heavy and warm	6.50

These are specially made for us in England and are undoubtedly the very best value in the city.
—Mail orders receive prompt attention.—

WREYFORD & CO.
85 King St. West.

SHUT IN A VAULT.

Theatrical interest centres deeply in the forthcoming engagement of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," at the Grand, for it comes here for the first time—one of the surest hits in a decade. In this remarkable play, which has been running two years in New York, the leading character is a professional safe-breaker, who has trained his fingertips to such a degree of sensitiveness that he can detect the fall of the levers in a safe or vault by his sense of touch, thus being able to open it regardless of his ignorance of the combinations. The first act finds this trained criminal in Sing-Sing Prison, where a fortunate train of circumstances wins for him the gubernatorial pardon, and also puts him on the straight road to reform. Thru the kindness of influential friends whom he has been able to benefit, this former bank-looter is given a responsible position in a National Bank. There, by honest and efficient service, he soon works his way near the top of the ladder, when a child, having accidentally been shut in a new vault, the combination of which has not yet been determined, he is forced to choose between a life and his secret. The play is founded on a short story by the late O. Henry, called "A Retrieved Reformation." It is written in the straightforward manner of all Paul Armstrong's plays, and in the most successful manner that prolific author ever wrote, which, considering that the "Heir to the Hoorah," and "Salomy Jane," and the "Deep Purple," came from his pen, is a statement to which much weight is to be attached.

FOR SALE

This fine suburban residence, solid brick, contains 17 rooms, grand libraries, fireplaces, two bathrooms, servants' quarters, laundry, hot water heating, electric light. Beautiful lawns, trees and shrubs, outbuildings easily converted into garage.

$18,500

Situate at Stop 17, Lake Shore Road. Good road already constructed past property. This is a highly restricted locality.

This is a gentleman's residence, or could be used for Club purposes, High-class Boarding House or Private Hospital. Frontage, 100 feet by depth of 300 feet.

McKELVIE & CO., Owners
607 KENT BUILDING, 156 YONGE STREET
ADELAIDE 1688

FREE PRIZE TO GIRLS

Beautiful French Dressed Doll

18 inches tall, eyes open and shut, real eyelashes, completely dressed in satin, with lace and ribbon trimming. Beautifully trimmed hat and real shoes and stockings.

Send us your name and address and we will send you 30 sets of Christmas post-cards to sell at 10 cents a set (six beautiful cards in each set). When sold send us the money, and we will send you the doll, all charges prepaid. Write today and earn your doll now. Address

Homer-Warren Co.
DEPT. 152, TORONTO.

Newest Model Corset

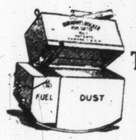
SINCE showing the model illustrated here at the Exhibition we have had quite heavy selling of this unique, yet practical **Combination Bust and Corset.**

The bust form is embodied in the perfectly tailored Woolnough Corset—giving the desired shapeliness, and will not shove up with any body movement.

Let us demonstrate these stylish corsets. Priced

3.00

Woolnough-Corsetiers
286 Yonge Street Opposite Wilton Ave.



Price $4.50
and $5.50
This is the only Dustless Ash Sifter on the Market

Attached Scuttle and Double Rims will not permit dust to escape.

Easy to work—rocks like a cradle. Large space for ashes to spread. A finer screen below the coarse one saves all good fuel. If your dealer does not keep this sifter, send or write for circular, prices, etc. **THE BURROWES MFG. CO., 611 King Street West, Toronto.** Phone Adelaide 1039.

TIGHT BINDING