4 P.M. EDITION

London Advertiser

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RUSS MUTINEERS SURRENDER TO ROUMANIAN AUTHORITIES

The Kniaz Potemkine Puts Into Kustenji—Crew Taken Ashore and Scattered Throughout Country.

THE MEN DEMAND THEY BE NOT EXTRADITED

KUSTENJI, JULY 8.—THE MUTINOUS CREWS OF THE KNIAZ POTEMKINE AND HER CONSORT, THE REBEL TORPEDO BOAT, HAVE SURRENDERED TO THE ROUMANIAN AUTHORITIES. THEY HAVE BEEN LANDED AND ARE NOW BEING DISPATCHED IN SMALL PARTIES TO DIFFERENT PLACES IN ROUMANIA.

Kustenji, Roumania, July 8. — The Kniaz Potemkine arrived here today accompanied by a torpedo-boat, and now lies in the outer harbor, near the Russian guardship Pszouape, the Roumanian cruiser Elisebata, and the training-ship Mircea, are in close proximity. Gen. Angelesco, commanding Dobruja division, and the port commander proceeded to the mutineers' battleship to demand an explanation of the reasons for her reappearance in Roumanian waters.

Kustenji, Roumania, July 8. — The mutineers on the Kniaz Potemkine have offered to surrender as deserters, and the Roumanian authorities have demanded the breech-locks of the battleship's guns as a pledge of good faith.

Kustenji, Roumania, July 8. — The formal announcement of the surrender of the mutineers of the Kniaz Potemkine is expected shortly. The mutineers have offered to present the battleship to the Roumanian Government, as they declare they are anxious that she should not be handed over to Russia.

Turks Will Sink Her.

Constantinople, July 8. — The Russian embassy has authorized Turkey to sink the Russian battleship Kniaz Potemkine if she appears at the entrance of the Bosphorus. The Porte called the attention of the embassy to the possibility of the battleship attempting to force a passage of the Bosphorus, and asked what ought to be done under such circumstances. "Sink her without hesitation" was the reply. The Turkish dispatch boat Izzedin consequently was sent to try to communicate with the Kniaz Potemkine and warn her not to go to Anadoli-Kavak (at the entrance of the Bosphorus, twelve miles north-northeast of Constantinople), as she will be sunk if she appears.

Anarchy Aboard Potemkine.

St. Petersburg, July 7.—Official reports received at the ministry of the interior from the Governor of Simferopol, who is in command at Theodosia, Crimea, furnish some interesting particulars of recent events there. According to these reports the Kniaz Potemkine did not succeed in procuring coal at Theodosia, and she left that port short of coal and water. But she had on board salt meat and flour sufficient for three weeks. The governor says he supplied the mutineers with provisions because the populace pleaded that only in that way could he save the city from destruction. Continuing the governor says that when the torpedo boat in the hands of the mutineers and a cutter tried to come in shore yesterday morning for parley, the troops fired on them, thirty sailors being killed or wounded. Upon the return of the boats to the battleship, the latter, instead of exacting vengeance by shelling the city, weighed anchor and steamed away.

The governor expressed the opinion that the career of the Kniaz Potemkine will soon be ended. He says that a sailor who jumped overboard and swam ashore during the night reports that a condition bordering on anarchy exists on board the battleship. There is much drunkenness, the men reeling about the decks, and there are many wounded men in the sick bay. Typhus has broken out in the Kniaz Potemkine. Over half the crew together with eighty petty officers are in favor of surrendering, and throwing themselves on the mercies of the authorities. But they are powerless against the mutineers who have all the arms. The ringleaders consist of sixty-five sailors and two civilians who came aboard at Odessa. The chief boatswain occupies the admiral's cabin and is virtually in command of the ship with "Ensign and Quarter-master" Alexieff, the only man on board who is capable of navigating the vessel. Alexieff, according to the sailor's story, is under duress. It should be noted that the governor's story conflicts entirely with the report of the Associated Press correspondent, who visited the Kniaz Potemkine, and said everything on board was in ship-shape.

Interned Sailors Roused.

Manila, July 7.—The sailors of the interned Russian squadron are reported to be in a sullen mood and to be expressing sympathy for the Black Sea mutineers. A rumor that they contemplated murdering their officers caused the American authorities to place the monitor Monadock in close proximity to the Russian warships.

Peaceful Pacification.

St. Petersburg, July 7.—The government is seriously trying to calm the country by distributing everywhere copies of Prince Troubetskoy's zemstvo address, with the Emperor's response. A million copies have been printed and systematically spread by the provincial governors to the cities and country. Besides this, the Emperor has personally commissioned Count Ignatieff, who is head of the religious toleration commission, to tour the country, address the people, and pacify them in his name.

Elizabeth, Russia, July 7.—Count Ignatieff, president of the religious toleration commission, made a speech here today to a large assemblage consisting of provincial functionaries, zemstvoists, land owners, and merchants. He urged the people to have confidence and in the coming reforms to co-operate with the authorities and not make the task of his majesty more difficult.

TROUBLE ON THE CANADA

A Dispatch From Halifax Says Some of Crew Have Mutinied.

Halifax, N. S., July 8. — The Dominion Government is making arrangements for a test transfer of the Canadian mails from the Allan Line turbiner Virginian to Sydney, and thence to Montreal by rail, but if the crew of the Government cruiser Canada have their way about it, no such test will be made. The crew are all in open insubordination, and say they will not go to sea for the purpose with Capt. Knowlton, who is in command of the cruiser.

They allege bad treatment, that the decks leak, making the use of the hammocks impossible, and that the bedding has not been changed for months.

LIBERALS POURING TO QUEEN'S PARK

The Big Picnic Is On, and a Great Day for Mr. Hyman's Friends Is Promised.

The big Liberal picnic is on. Since noon the people have been pouring into Queen's Park, and despite the threatening day, it looks as though not less than 15,000 people will be on the grounds before the afternoon is well advanced. How many more will arrive can only be conjectured. An idea as to the number may, however, be secured from the fact that the committees have given out about 22,000 tickets for luncheon. Every effort has been made by the entertainment committee to provide luncheon for everybody, and they have been at work nearly the entire night making the necessary arrangements.

The games started promptly on time, the number of contestants in each being large. There is music galore on the grounds. At 1 o'clock the Seventh Regiment Band left the city for the park. At 5 o'clock the Seventh Trumpeters will go to the grounds; at 6 o'clock the pipers will go out, and at 8 o'clock the music will be furnished by the Twenty-sixth Regiment Band.

Hon. Mr. Hyman, accompanied by a number of M. Ps. from Ottawa, is on the grounds with nearly all the Liberals of London. Unless rain should spoil the picnic, the festivities will be kept up until 10 o'clock tonight.

PREFERS EXPENSE TO CONTRIBUTION

A Million Asked for to Manage Esquimalt and Halifax Defenses.

Ottawa, Ont., July 8. — That Canada's policy of assuming the burden of maintaining the fortifications at Halifax and Esquimalt was an alternative to a direct contribution to imperial defense was made plain by a return tabled in the House of Commons by Sir Frederick Borden. This return, which contains the correspondence between the Imperial and Dominion Governments upon the subject of these garrisons, begins with a report of the Minister of Militia, dated Jan. 20, and adopted by council, setting forth that instead of contributing to the cost of maintaining the imperial army and navy, as was suggested at the colonial conference of 1902, Canada preferred to relieve the mother country of the burden of maintaining the Halifax and Esquimalt fortifications.

Moreover, the Government suggested that if this offer were accepted, the services of the British officers would be availed of so far as possible. To this the imperial authorities replied that inasmuch as it would take some time to make the change from imperial to Canadian garrisons, the Dominion should contribute in the meantime the sum of one million dollars to imperial defense.

To this the Canadian Government interposed the same objection of direct contribution and promised to defray the costs of the imperial garrisons until the change could be effected.

On May 13 Sir Frederick Borden cabled to the war office asking that officers of the imperial garrison be seconded for service in Canada for two or three years, and also asking for the following officers from the British army, viz.: Three staff officers, eight Royal Artillerly officers, six officers of Royal Engineers, two infantry officers, eight officers of the Army Service Corps.

RAISED THE SUBMARINE

Men Inside Are Still Alive but Craft Now Stands on Its Head.

Paris, July 7. — The ministry of marine issued a communication this evening saying that the combined efforts of French and German salvage tugs succeeded this afternon in bringing to the surface the submarine boat Farfadet, which sank Thursday morning at the entrance to the port of Sidiaballah, Tunis.

Water, provisions and fresh air were supplied to the members of the encased craft, who are alive.

The submarine was being slowly towed into shallow water when some of the cables snapped. the boat remaining suspended in a perpendicular position held by a cable from a French tug.

Efforts are being made to fix grappling irons.

An Italian tug has arrived to aid in the rescue.

U. Thomson, the Minister of Marine, left Paris today for Bizerta, Tunis, to investigate the cause of the sinking of the submarine.

A SUIT FOR $25,000 DAMAGES INSTITUTED AGAINST DR. ENGLISH

Port Stanley Village the Plaintiff—Another Action Probable.

The trouble between the village of Port Stanley and Dr. English, chairman of the London Board of Health, has at last come to a head. Yesterday Mr. W. K. Cameron, of St. Thomas, solicitor for the village, began proceedings against Dr. English for $25,000 damages.

It is claimed that the alleged statements of Dr. English regarding Port Stanley water have done the village great harm, and especially the alleged statement of the doctor that the people of the village have done nothing since last summer to improve the water supply.

Dr. Mothersill, medical health officer of Port Stanley, who feels injured through these alleged statements, also has brought action against the London doctor for $5,000 damages.

It is further alleged that Inspector Farr, of the village, feels hurt, and he is now deliberating as to the amount of Dr. English's money which will soothe his wounded feelings.

Dr. English was seen by an Advertiser reporter today.

"I have heard writs have been issued against me," he said "but none have been served on me. I have nothing further to say on the matter."

AUDITOR-GENERAL M'DOUGALL OUT

Resigns Because the Proposed Amendments to Audit Act Were Not Accepted.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Ottawa, July 8. — Auditor-General McDougall resigned this afternoon. Mr. McDougall has several times threatened to step out unless his proposed amendments to the audit act were accepted by the Government. The climax was reached yesterday, when Mr. Fielding informed him that his amendments were not acceptable, the Auditor-General then declaring that he would quit office, whether he would be superannuated or not.

TRADING STAMP BILL

Calls for Heavy Penalties Upon the Dealer, Merchant and Customer.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Ottawa, July 8. — The trading stamp bill which has just been prepared makes dealers liable to one year's imprisonment or $500 penalty, the merchant liable to $200, and the customer to $200 penalty.

LAWSON OUTLINES WAY OF REVENGE

Sell All Your Stocks and Bonds Back to Frenzied Finance.

Ottawa, Kansas, July 8. — Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, addressed a great crowd at the Chautauqua assembly here today. He spoke of the "system." Mr. Lawson arrived at noon from Kansas City, where he and ... m T. Jerome, district attorney of New York city, were the guests of honor last night at the monthly dinner of the Knife and Fork Club.

Mr. Lawson said in part: "I have come to Kansas on a simple mission—to point out to you that the American people are being robbed, by whom, how, and what the consequences will be if the robbery is not stayed, and an example made of the robbers."

Mr. Lawson discussed at length the evils of the "system," and continued: "What are you going to do about it? You know that the economic condition which allows the few to possess all, and the many to be left with nothing, must be ended. If it is not, slavery is the alternative. How shall it be ended? By your ballots. What are ballots against dollars? And the 'system' has unlimited dollars. With $5,000,000 I saw Rogers rob the able, fearless, honest, but all wrong on the money question, William Jennings Bryan, out of the presidency of the United States in 1896. Do you imagine he would shrink from repeated the operation in 1908 if he

(Continued on page 6.)

THE WEATHER.

Tomorrow—Fine and Cooler.

London, Saturday, July 8.

Sun rises..4:44 a.m. Moon rises..11:18 a.m.
Sun sets...8:01 p.m. Moon sets...11:49 p.m.
Toronto, July 7—8 p.m.

The weather has been showery today in Western Ontario and the western portion of the Northwest Territories. Elsewhere it has been fine. The temperature has ranged from 64° in Manitoba to 74° further west, while from Ontario eastward it has been mostly above 80°, and in parts of Quebec and New Brunswick above 90°.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Victoria, 52—74; Kamloops, 64—84; Edmonton, 52—74; Qu'Appelle, 50—68; Winnipeg, 50—64; Port Arthur, 52—70; Toronto, 62—82; Ottawa, 68—84; Montreal, 68—82; Quebec, 70—90; Halifax, 62—84.

FORECASTS.

Saturday, July 8—8 a.m.

Today—Moderate to fresh winds, shifting to northwest; local thunderstorms, but mostly fair.

Sunday—Fresh northwest winds; fine and cooler.

TEMPERATURES.

Stations.	8 a.m.	Min.	Weather.
Calgary	60	48	Clear
Winnipeg	58	46	Rain
Toronto	70	62	Clear
Ottawa	72	70	Fair
Montreal	74	68	Cloudy
Quebec	76	68	Cloudy
Father Point	64	60	Cloudy

WEATHER NOTES.

The weather is fine and cool throughout Manitoba and the Territories, and very warm from the great lakes to the Maritime Provinces. Thunderstorms have been almost general in Ontario and Quebec.

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest and lowest readings of the thermometer at the local observatory for the 24 hours ended at 8 p.m. Friday were: Highest, 80°; lowest, 66.5° above.

PASSENGERS WERE SCARED, NOT HURT

Entire G. T. R. Train Left Rails at St. Marys—Tender Overturned.

The passengers on No. 8 express, which leaves here on the G. T. R. every morning at 6:20 for Toronto via Stratford, got a scare at St. Marys today.

As the train was pulling into what is known as the town station at that place, shortly before 7 o'clock, a part of the forward truck on the tender, broke, causing the tender to leave the track and turn completely over on its side. The locomotive itself remained on the rails. Before the train was at a standstill ever car had jumped the track, and had gone along the ties for some distance. Two of the coaches were partly on their sides, but the remainder were in an upright position, although the trucks were badly twisted.

The train had its usual number of passengers, and, strange to say, not one of them received the slightest injury.

It was particularly fortunate that at the time of the run-off the express was a short distance from the station and its speed had been greatly reduced.

The auxiliaries from London and Stratford were sent to the scene, and succeeded after several hours' work in getting the track clear. In the meantime trains between Stratford and London had to be sent around via Woodstock.

PROTEST AGAINST FLAG OUTRAGE

Papers Prepared To Be Laid Before the Minister of Marine.

Kingston, July 8.—Kingstonians have been considerably stirred up by the flag outrage, reported by Capt. Simmons on July 4, when the custom officer ordered him to pull down the Union Jack on his Canadian vessel, which he had raised as a compliment to the United States and her national holiday. People here, if the facts are as stated, think an investigation should be held, and if the officer did as alleged, then summary dismissal should occur, for men of that stamp should not hold office. Their ignorance might prove disastrous in weightier issues. The captain says he has floated the Union Jack on July 4 in Milwaukee and Chicago, but nothing was ever said of his exceeding his rights. He had a perfect right to do so.

Hon. William Harty, M. P., will, on behalf of Capt. William Simmons, lay the matter of the schooner Acacia flag outrage at Charlotte before the Minister of Marine. Papers were prepared yesterday and will be in the minister's hands on Monday. Capt. Simmons was born in Wexford, Ireland, and came to Canada when he was eight years old. For the past 33 years he has sailed on vessels all over the great lakes. He is a member of Cooke's Presbyterian Church and of a quiet type, but full of ardor for the flag. A member of the Acacia's crew says it was a grand sight to see Captain Simmons hold at bay the crowd that clamored for the lowering of the Union Jack. They talked loudly, but not one of them dared board the schooner, fearing the dogged determination of Capt. Simmons and the cold lead he threatened them with.

PEACE AGENTS SAIL, BANZAI!

Mikado's Peace Plenipotentiaries Given Great Send-Off.

Yokohama, July 8. — The steamer Minnesota, having on board the Japanese peace plenipotentiaries, sailed from this port for Seattle at 4:30 this afternoon. The governor of Yokohama and the civic bodies escorted the plenipotentiaries to the pier, where they were received by a military guard. At the pier the plenipotentiaries and their suites entered launches and were conveyed to the Minnesota, which was dressed with flags, as were all the other ships in the harbor. The Marquis Ito, Premier Katsura, the other members of the cabinet and the American minister were among those who accompanied Baron Komura and his party to the Minnesota. An enormous crowd of Japanese and foreigners with bands of music assembled at the water front, and general enthusiasm was manifested, the bands playing patriotic airs and the crowds discharging fireworks. On arriving on board the Minnesota, Baron Komura and those who accompanied him partook of the collation, after which the ship sailed amidst a storm of benzais. The Japanese guardship Takao fired a salute of 13 guns as the Minnesota put to sea escorted by a torpedo-boat and a naval steamer, specially detailed to convey her out of Tokio Bay.

TROLLEYS COME TOGETHER; ONE MAN LOSES HIS LIFE

Fatal Accident at Stanley Street and Wortley Road Results Fatally to Pte. Wood, of No. 1 Co., R.C.R.

A NUMBER OF OTHER PASSENGERS WERE INJURED

THE DEAD.

Private Harry M. Wood, of No. 1 Company, R. C. R., formerly of Chatham.

THE INJURED.

Mr. N. Shearer, Hill street, bruised.

Mrs. N. Shearer, Hill street, bruised about body, though not seriously.

Mrs. Wm. Durkin, Hill street, bruised.

Mrs. (Dr.) Cowen, shaken up, suffering from nervous prostration.

John Stevely, Queen's avenue, injured about the face; nose believed to have been broken.

Fred C. Robins, of Hamilton, badly bruised on arm and shoulder.

James Smith, Carfrae street, arm and leg slightly bruised.

H. J. Judd, No. 1 Carfrae street, injured about head; also body bruised.

Claude Jarvis, 18 Stanley street, bruised about back and shoulder.

In a collision between two Springbank cars at the junction of the Wortley road and Stanley street, South London, shortly after 9 o'clock last evening, Private Wood, a member of No. 1 Company, Royal Canadian Regiment, stationed at Wolseley Barracks, received injuries that resulted in his death at Victoria Hospital four hours later, and almost a dozen other passengers, including a Hamilton man, were more or less seriously injured.

The accident is said to have been caused by the snapping of a brake rod on one of the cars, such as is used on the South London belt, which was returning to the city with a trailer.

Fortunately, the cars were moving very slowly at the time of the collision, otherwise, the number of injured would have been much greater.

Car No. 102, in charge of Motorman John Benstead and Conductor John Ashton, was the one on which the brake rod snapped. It had come under the Grand Trunk bridge on the Wortley road, and was turning the corner on Stanley street, as another car bound for Springbank, and pulling a heavily-laden trailer, crossed York street bridge on its way westward. Both cars were moving slowly, the rules of the company stipulating that trolleys approaching Stanley street on the Wortley road should be completely under control, owing to the possibility of meeting westbound cars at that point. Trolleys going west necessarily move slowly there, because of the presence of the bridge and also the switch, where the Wortley road and Stanley street lines join.

The leading car, as well as the trailer, going to Springbank last night, was loaded to its utmost capacity, the passengers on both including men, women and children. As the city-bound car reached Stanley street, the west-bound car was leaving the York street bridge, and Motorman Benstead applied the brakes, intending to wait until the west-bound car passed.

However, when he attempted to stop, the brake is said to have refused to work, and the heavy car crashed into the front corner of the other trailer, which had just at that time reached the switch.

Among the passengers on the front seat of the trailer were Wood, who was on the end of the seat struck by the other car; a party, including Mrs. Shearer and Mrs. Durkin, and several others. It was on these that the greatest injury was inflicted.

Although the car was moving slowly, the weight of the trolley in charge of Benstead caused it to break in the front end of the trailer. Wood, by some means or other, was thrown over the end, and was picked up a moment later under the trailer. He was then in a dazed condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Shearer were pinned in the trailer, but were soon extricated. They preferred to be taken to their home rather than go to Victoria Hospital, where Wood was taken in the ambulance. The injured man was operated on about midnight, but he died at 1 a.m. His skull was badly fractured, the injury being caused, it is supposed, either by striking the iron bar that connected the trailer and motor car, or else the rail.

It was at first reported that the injured man was a resident of Thames street, named Wood, but later it was supposed that his name was Calhoun, an insurance policy on such a person being found in his pocket. However, he was identified this morning by some of his comrades from No 1 Company. Wood came from Chatham about three months ago, and enlisted at Wolseley Barracks. He was 22 years of age and had been employed as assistant cook in the officers' mess. His mother is supposed to live at Chatham. The insurance policy which he carried was on Pte. Calhoun, also a member of No. 1 Company.

Conductor Rae, of the trailer (No. 13), stated that he did not see the accident, being busy collecting fares. He was thrown violently to the road, and stunned. He remembered nothing until he saw people picking themselves up on the sidewalk. He supposed they were thrown there.

Motorman Benstead was interviewed, but was very reticent as to the cause of the accident. He said the brakes were working when the car came down the Wortley road hill, until he struck the drop just south of the bridge, when they gave way with a snap. The trolley pole jumps the wire under the bridge, so any control of the car is out of the question. He claims to have done everything possible to avoid the collision. He is a motorman of experience, and has a reputation for careful driving. He feels his position keenly.

Superintendent Break, when interviewed, would not commit himself as to the cause, merely saying that the speed of the car, No. 102, was very slow, as a great deal worse accident would have resulted. He claimed the company had been very fortunate that in handling such a number of people so few accidents had resulted.

Dr. MacLaren, coroner, was informed of the death of Wood, and on making inquiries he decided to hold an inquest. The following jury was empanelled: Charles Taylor (foreman), Chas. Lancaster, Charles Cowan, Ed Platt, David Tripp, Chas. Maker, A. E. Ladell, Norman E. Peel, Stewart Harris, F. E. Hatch, Luke Tucker, E. J. Whale, Thos. C. Wilkins, Wm. E. Sadler and Harry Stewart.

The jury met at the undertaking parlors of Smith, Son & Clark, and after viewing the remains, adjourned to meet on Monday evening at the police station at 7:30.

MAY BUILD PLANT AT SYDNEY, N. S.

Millions of English Capital Ready for Shipbuilding Concern.

Halifax, N. S., July 7. — Another shipbuilding project has been broached in Sydney. A proposition has been submitted to the city council by Messrs. Horace, Mahew, Gladstone and other members of the Cape Breton Coal, Iron and Railway Company, who represent millions of English capital, to the effect that if Sydney should assist in various ways, a shipbuilding plant and other works involving an expenditure of twenty millions of dollars would be established within the limits of the city.

The company which proposes to establish the shipbuilding plant is one of the largest in England, and has extensive yards in India. Some of the concessions they want from the city are Victoria Park as a free site for the works, exemption from taxation for twenty years, assistance in securing a free right-of-way over the Intercolonial Railway from Coxheath to the terminal wharf, free water and the payment of 3 per cent for twenty years on the cost of constructing a coal shipping pier at Barracks Point.

The council agreed to grant the company exemptions for twenty years and water at usual rates charged to such industries, but was not prepared to vote on the other concessions which were asked. These will be considered by the council during the next week. The Cape Breton Coal, Iron and Railway Company are reported to be negotiating for the purchase of the Cape Breton Railway, which they will extend from St. Peter's to their plant at Broughton, and also to Louisburg.

The Dohertys Win

London, July 7.—In the tennis double championship, the Doherty brothers beat S. H. Smith and Frank Risely, 6-2, 6-2, 6-8,6-3.

Endeavorers on Jaunt.

Baltimore, Md., July 8. — Today is excursion day to the 30,000 Christian Endeavorers now here attending the national convention of the society. The visitors and delegates are off today on three different excursions to Washington, where District Commisioner McFarland will deliver an address from the capitol steps, one to the battlefield of Gettysburg, where an address will be made by Rev. Dr. James L. Hill, and one down the Chesapeake Bay for officials, trustees, speakers, pastors, and invited guests. All will return in time to attend a camp fire which will be held in Armory Hall tonight.

PIGS FATALLY INJURE A BABY

Eight of the Creatures Were Discovered Attempting to Devour a Child.

Galt, July 7.—It was not until some young pigs had eaten the toe off a 3-months-old infant of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wagstaff, of Glen Morris, that the baby was rescued by the mother from the awful death it would have suffered.

The parents of the child are English people, employed on the farm of George McCormick, near Glen Morris, about seven miles below Galt.

Mr. Wagstaff was cutting hay yesterday morning, and his wife was assisting him. She carried the baby about with her for some time, but growing tired, she placed the child on a pile of hay on the ground and then continued her work.

Some little time later she started towards the place where the infant lay, and after she was beyond the noise of the mower she heard the baby crying. Hurrying to the spot she was astonished to see a number of young pigs scampering away. Reaching the baby's side a most shocking spectacle presented itself.

Eight pigs, none of which was over a month old, had attacked the child and gnawed at one foot, eating off one of the toes. The clothing was torn away on the baby's side and the pigs had bitten into the flesh. The child was at once taken to the nearest doctor, at Ayr, but little hope is held out for its recovery.

Russians Driven Northward.

Takio, July 8. — The following official dispatch has been received from the Japanese headquarters in Manchuria:

"Occasional collisions take place between scouts on both sides of the railroad along the Fenghwa, Kai Yuen and Kwangping roads.

"The enemy is being driven gradually northward."

The Waterways Commission.

Montreal, July 8. The members of the International Waterways Commission have arrived in the city for the purpose of attending a conference next week to consider the proposed dam at the outlet of Lake Erie. The members are being entertained with a number of prominent Montrealers to a trip on the river today on the steamer Montreal. The members of the commission are O. H. Ernest, Washington; George Clinton, Buffalo; Prof. Wisner, Detroit; James P. Maybee, Toronto; W. F. King, Ottawa, and Louis Coste, Port Colborne.

SWEDEN KEEPS EYE ON FRONTIER

Attitude of Norway Causes Oscar to Take Extra Precautions.

Stockholm, July 7. — The Associated Press has high military authority for the statement that Sweden is taking precautionary measures on the frontier to offset the reported threatening attitude of Norway.

The Swedish treasury today borrowed $6,500,000 to pay extraordinary expenditures.

It is rumored that two high Norwegian officers have been arrested at Christiania because they refused to forswear allegiance to King Oscar. The rumor, however, has not been confirmed.

Prominent merchants confirm a report that capitalists are withdrawing their funds from Norwegian banks.

Lloyd To Be Tried.

Belleville, July 8. — This morning Police Magistrate Flint gave judgment in the case of Adam Lloyd, who had a preliminary trial on the charge of causing the death of his wife Hannah Lloyd. His worship did not discuss the evidence owing to the request of the deputy attorney-general not to do so. The finding of the magistrate was that the evidence was sufficient to commit the accused for trial, which he did. Lloyd will be tried at the assizes which open here in October next.

LAMA DRAWS ON THE CZAR'S FUNDS

Chinese Refuses Russian Agent Escort of Troops to Thibet.

Pekin, July 8. — M. Pokotiloff, the Russian minister at Pekin, has left for Washington. Prior to his departure, he requested the board of foreign affairs to sanction the dispatch of a small body of Russian soldiers as an escort to the Dalai Lama to the borders of Thibet. The Chinese replied that an escort was superfluous, and refused their consent. Russia is apparently desirous to emphasize the fact that the Lama is under their protection, and it is reported that the Lama is drawing funds from a Russian bank at Kiachta. Minister Pokotiloff recently privately interviewed the Lama at Urga, and gave him presents. The Lama is still at Urga.

Holds Two Championships.

London, July 8. — Miss May Sutton, of Pasadena, California, today beat the British champion, Miss K. Douglass, by 2—0, and thus becomes British, as well as American, tennis lady champion. The scores were 6—3, 6—4.

New Russian Loan.

St. Petersburg, July 8.—The Novosti says that arrangements are being made to float a loan of 100,000,000 marks ($50,000,000) in Berlin.

Revolution in Palace May End Czar's Reign

London, Saturday, July 8. — The Vienna correspondent of the Chronicle claims to have excellent authority for saying that a conspiracy is afoot among the Russian reactionaries to dethrone the Czar. They reproach the Emperor for his excessive weakness and incompetence, as shown by his projected reforms, which are calculated to undermine the power of the bureaucracy. They demand a stronger ruler, who will be able to hold the reformers in check. A revolution in the palace is likely to precede a revolution by the people. The reactionaries desire as Nicholas' successor Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch or Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch.

The correspondent adds that it is rumored that the Czar and his family are about to take up their residence at Ilyinskoe, the beautiful estate near Moscow of the late Grand Duke Sergius, where the palace is being prepared for the reception of the imperial family.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

CHELSEA GREEN.—THESE LOTS ARE SELLING FAST. IF YOU WANT A CHEAP BUILDING LOT YOU SHOULD CALL OR WRITE ME AT ONCE. REMEMBER THAT THERE ARE SEWERS, A WATERWORKS SYSTEM AND SIDEWALKS ARE ABOUT TO BE LAID. THE TAXES ARE VERY LOW, AS THE SURVEY IS OUTSIDE OF THE CITY LIMITS. IT IS MUCH NEARER THE CENTER OF THE CITY THAN ANY OTHER SURVEY THAT IS OUTSIDE THE CITY, AND IT IS NEAR THE INDUSTRIAL PART OF THE CITY. LOTS ARE SOLD ON EASY TERMS.

ALEXANDRA HEIGHTS—THE POPULAR EAST END SURVEY. LOTS FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS.

PALL MALL STREET—Frame cottage, brick foundation, good cellar, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, summer kitchen; lot 45x132 feet. Only $1,000.

PALL MALL STREET—Semi-detached story and half frame, brick foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen; Lot 100x120 feet.

PHILIP STREET—Frame cottage, on brick foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, hall, kitchen, summer kitchen, pantry; lot 35x115 feet.

PEGLER STREET—Brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen; lot 50x104 feet. Only $1,050.

THORNTON AVENUE—Frame cottage, on brick foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, stable; lot 50x150 feet, to a lane.

FACTORY SITES—I have a number of factory sites. Call for particulars.

TWENTY ACRES—Only a short distance from city limits; this is one of the best suburban properties; first-class buildings. Call for particulars.

WORTLEY ROAD, near Askin street—Two-story brick, 6 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, pantry, electric light, veranda, fruit and ornamental trees. Call for particulars.

PEGLER STREET—Brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, cellar, pump; lot 50x104 feet. $1,050.

TALBOT STREET—SPLENDID VACANT LOTS, 36x700 feet. Only $500 each.

PICCADILLY STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, bathroom (with bath), double parlors, library, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, good cellar; lot 51x110 feet. Only $1,750.

SIMCOE STREET—Semi-detached one-story and basement; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, gas, veranda, all in good repair; splendid carpenter shop; lot 58x198 feet. A good investment.

LORNE AVENUE—Brick-veneer story and half; 3 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room and kitchen, modern conveniences, cement walks; lot 30x100 feet. Only $2,250.

BURWELL STREET—1¾-story brick, stone foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, veranda, modern conveniences; lot 38x110 feet. Call for particulars.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Story and half brick-veneer, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, gas and fixtures, sink, veranda; lot 35x120 feet. Only $2,150.

ELMWOOD AVENUE — SPLENDID VACANT LOTS, CHEAP.

KING STREET—Semi-detached two-story; one house contains 5 bedrooms, drawing-room, library, dining-room, pantry, large clothes closets, 3 splendid mantels, den, storeroom, sewing-room, cellar under all of house, all modern conveniences, good brick barn, good veranda; this is one of the most comfortable houses in the city. The other house contains 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, china closet, 4 clothes closets, pantry, den, all modern conveniences, sewing-room; lot 125x198 feet, and right of way at rear and side. Call for particulars.

KITCHENER AVENUE—New story and half brick-veneer; 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and pantry; lot 35x117 feet.

WELLINGTON STREET—Brick two-story and attic, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, sewing-room, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, all modern conveniences, veranda, fruit; lot 48x144 feet. Call for particulars.

BECHER STREET — TWO-STORY BRICK, 6 BEDROOMS, PARLOR, DINING-ROOM, LIBRARY, KITCHEN AND SUMMER KITCHEN; FOUR SPLENDID MANTELS; CONSERVATORY HEATED BY HOT WATER; ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES; LOT 132x132 FEET. A SPLENDID CHANCE TO OBTAIN A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE AT A MODERATE PRICE.

YORK STREET, adjoining G. T. R.—Two brick houses, with lot 51x160 feet. A splendid place for a factory.

ELMWOOD AVENUE—Brick two-story, 4 bedrooms, parlor, reception hall, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, bath and washbasin, gas and electric light and fixtures, cellar under all of house; chicken coop, fruit trees; lot 40x256 feet.

DUCHESS AVENUE—Story and quarter brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen; lot 35x96 feet. Price, $1,050.

COLBORNE STREET — Two-story frame, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, sewing-room, good cellar, electric light and fixtures, sink, hard and soft water in house, bathroom complete, cement cistern, in first-class repair; lot 30x148 feet.

COLBORNE STREET, CENTRAL—VACANT LOTS, CHEAP.

WOLFE STREET—The only vacant lot on the street. Call at once if you want it.

LORNE AVENUE—New story and half brick-veneer, on cement block foundation; 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry. Will sell cheap. Call for particulars.

STANLEY STREET—Two-story and attic brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen; all modern conveniences; lot 33x150 feet.

PRINCESS AVENUE—New story and quarter brick-veneer, 5 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, cement cistern; lot 33x136 feet. Only $1,550.

WATERLOO STREET—New story and three-quarters brick-veneer, cement block foundation, 3 bedrooms and dressing-room, dining-room, library, kitchen, veranda, cement walks, all modern conveniences.

HILL STREET—Brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen; lot 30x175 feet. $1,100.

MARMORA STREET—NEW BRICK-VENEER STORY AND HALF; THREE BEDROOMS, BATH, PARLOR, DINING-ROOM, KITCHEN, PANTRY, SUMMER KITCHEN, CELLAR, CEMENT SOFT WATER CISTERN. EASY TERMS. ONLY $1,800.

DUFFERIN AVENUE—Brick two-story and attic, 5 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, summer kitchen, all modern conveniences. This is one of the best properties on the avenue. Can be bought right. Call for particulars.

LOUISA STREET—Some fine building lots, which I can sell cheap. Call and get price.

SIMCOE STREET, CENTRAL—Frame story and half, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen. Only $1,200.

WORTLEY ROAD—Brick story and half, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, breakfast-room, sewing-room, kitchen, woodshed, all modern conveniences; lot 75x129 feet. Will be sold cheap, as owner is leaving the city.

GRAND AVENUE—VACANT LOT, 140x350 FEET. THIS IS A SPLENDID LOT, AND RUNS THROUGH TO FERGUSON AVENUE. LOTS CAN BE LAID OUT ON BOTH STREETS. WILL BE SOLD CHEAP. CALL AND SEE ME.

MUIR STREET—Brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, hall, pantry, shed; lot 50x150 feet. Price, $950.

DREANEY AVENUE—New frame story and half, cement foundation, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, woodshed; lot 33x132 feet. Only $1,400.

DREANEY AVENUE—New story and half brick-veneer, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, woodshed; lot 33x132 feet. Only $1,550.

DREANEY AVENUE—New frame cottage, on cement block foundation; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, sink, porch; lot 33x132 feet.

VAN STREET—Brick-veneer cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen and woodshed; lot 40x122.6. Price, $1,400.

MAITLAND STREET—Frame cottage, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, coal and wood shed, small barn, 12x14; lot 36x123 feet. Price, $1,250.

For further list of properties see Free Press.

CENTRAL AVENUE—Two-story brick, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, hall, library, 3 bedrooms, bathroom complete, gas and fixtures, veranda, barn. $2,500.

ADELAIDE STREET—New brick-veneer story and half, cement block foundation, 4 bedrooms, sewing-room, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, modern conveniences, veranda; finished in Georgia pine; cement sidewalks; lot 35x90 feet. Only $2,650.

HIGH STREET—Vacant lots and about two acres of splendid garden land. Will sell cheap. Call for particulars. Will sell quick.

EDWARD STREET—Frame story and half, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, storeroom, kitchen, 4 clothes closets, bath, furnace, electric light and fixtures, front and back stairs, double cellar. Only $2,200.

OAK STREET—Brick-veneer cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, 2 clothes closets and pantry, sink in house, cement cistern; lot 32x220 feet. Must be sold at once; only $1,250.

COLBORNE STREET—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, pantry, clothes closets, good cellar, gas, sewer connection, good barn; lot 43x125 feet. Price, $1,400.

RICHMOND STREET—Brick, two-story and attic, slate roof, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, modern conveniences; lot 43x150 feet to a lane.

BYRON AVENUE—Frame cottage, on cement block foundation; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, good barn and driveshed; first-class place for wood and coal yard; lot 60x160 feet.

PRINCESS AVENUE, CENTRAL—The best vacant lot on the street, 55x150 feet. Call at once for particulars.

ASKIN STREET—Semi-detached two-story brick, 3 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room and pitchen, pantry, modern conveniences. Will sell on easy terms.

NEAR C. P. R. ROUNDHOUSE—Fine lots, $200 to $400 each. Will build you a house to suit you when the lot is paid for. Call at once if you want one of these lots.

COAL OR LUMBER YARD—The best site in the city; adjoins railroads.

PICCADILLY STREET—Frame cottage, on brick foundation; 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen; lot 75x66 feet. $800.

WANTED—PROPERTIES FOR SALE. NO CHARGE IF NOT SOLD BY OR THROUGH ME, AND THEN ONLY THE REGULAR REAL ESTATE AGENT'S COMMISSION. LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH ME, AND YOU WILL BE SURE OF HAVING IT WELL ADVERTISED.

VACANT LOTS on Sackville, Grafton, Dame, Hackett and Egerton streets. Large lots at a low price.

SACKVILLE STREET—Brick cottage; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen; lot 41x127 feet.

LOTS ON CORNER OF PINE AND EGERTON STREETS—$150 PER LOT.

MONEY TO LOAN.

BRUCE STREET—Two-story and attic brick-veneer, stone foundation, 5 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, all modern conveniences, barn. Only $2,550.

SEVEN ACRES, NEAR CITY LIMITS—Brick two-story house, 3 bedrooms, bathroom complete, storeroom, double parlors, 2 mantels and grates, dining-room, kitchen, good barn and driveshed. Call for particulars.

THREE ACRES, near Lambeth—Frame house, on brick foundation, 2 bedrooms, dining-room and kitchen, barn, good well; all kinds of fruit. Only $700.

FIVE ACRES, NEAR CITY LIMITS—brick, two-story, 4 bedrooms, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, good cellar, 2 mantels, streets on all sides; can be cut up into building lots. Will sell cheap.

FIVE ACRES, just outside city limits; brick two-story barn, hogpen, chicken house; soil clay and sandy loam; good spring; a large number of fruit and ornamental trees. $3,500.

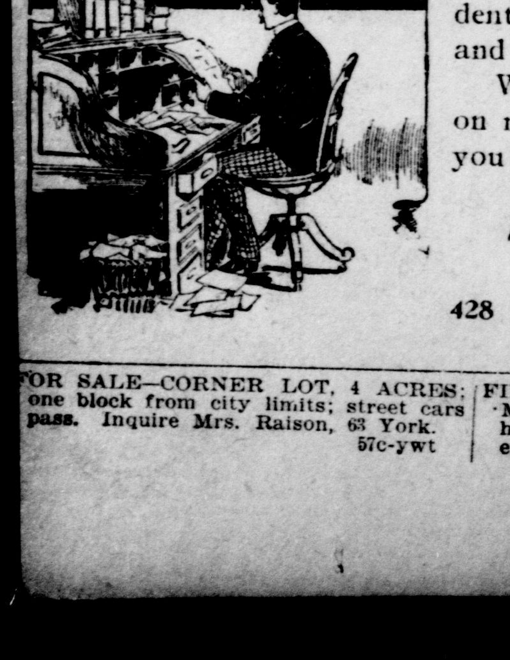
TWENTY ACRES, near Lambeth—Frame cottage, on stone and cement foundation; cellar under all of house; parlor, dining-room, 3 bedrooms and kitchen; 1 barn, about 160 fruit trees and a large quantity of small fruits; hogpen; soil rich clay loam. Call for particulars.

WANTED—FARMS OF FROM 2 TO 25 ACRES.

EUCLID AVENUE—Frame cottage, 3 bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, pantry; lot 60x120 feet. Price, $1,100.

THOS. C. KNOTT, 'PHONE 650.

ROOM 101, MASONIC TEMPLE.



PROPERTY bought, sold, exchanged, leased and estates managed, taxes paid for non-residents, superintend improvements and betterments.

Will be pleased to talk with you on real estate matters any time you call.

A. A. CAMPBELL,
THE REALTY DEALER,
428 Richmond St., London, Ont.
61tf-t

FOR SALE—CORNER LOT, 4 ACRES; one block from city limits; street cars pass. Inquire Mrs. Raison, 63 York. 57c-ywt

FIFTY ACRES. LOT 17, CON. 2, EUPHEMIA Township—Will sell cheap; land highly cultivated. G. E. Smith, Florence. 1m-t

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE GREAT SALE OF CHOICE BUILDING LOTS



In a new survey now going on. Lots front on Lovett, Kitchener and Roberts streets. Right in the center of Industrial London and close to all large factories. All lots high and dry; city water in each lot. Eight beautiful houses built; near Rectory Street Belt Line.

Opportunity—Only once in a life-time is such an opportunity offered. Accept it now.

Prices—$147 to $280 either cash, or $5 down and balance on monthly payments without interest; 5% off for all cash.

See the property at once. Select your lot. Get your choice. Don't delay. Prices will soon be advanced.

LOOK! THINK! ACT!

Plans, terms, etc., on application.

A. A. CAMPBELL THE REALTY DEALER,

428 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

Office Open Saturday Evenings from 7:30 to 8:30 o'Clock. 61k ty

The Western Real Estate Exchange, Limited,

Have the following property on their Lists for sale or exchange. If you do not see what suits you in this list, write and tell us about it.

No. 92—1¾-story brick house, situated on BATHURST STREET (central); contains hall, double parlors, with sliding doors between, mantel and grate, dining-room, kitchen and pantry on first floor, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, furnished complete, 4 clothes closets and hall upstairs; front and side verandas, double brick cellar, stone foundation, furnace, electric light, gas, city and soft water; lot is 30x200 feet.

No. 94—One-story brick-veneer house, situated on MARSHALL STREET; contains 2 bedrooms, sewing-room and 5 other rooms; garret is floored for storeroom; cellar, city water. Price, $1,050. This is a bargain.

No. 95—1½-story solid brick house (new), situated on GROSVENOR STREET; contains hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 3 bedrooms; also bathroom; piped for furnace, wired for electric light, cellar, city and soft water, veranda on front; lot is 35x150. Price, $2,050.

No. 90—Brick cottage, situated on BRUCE STREET; contains 5 bedrooms and 5 other rooms, electric light, city and soft water, cellar, veranda at side; lot 42x269. Price, $1,800.

No. 91—1½-story brick-veneer house; contains hall, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, library, 1 bedroom and pantry downstairs, 4 bedrooms and bathroom, furnished complete, upstairs; heated by steam furnace; cellar; this house is modern and up-to-date in every way; lot is 40x240. Price, $2,600.

No. 266—VACANT LOT, situated on TECUMSEH AVENUE, being composed of half an acre; lot is level, and room for two houses. Price, $500.

No. 84—Two-story and attic, frame house, situated on RIDOUT STREET; contains porch, hall, double parlors, with mantels, dining-room, china closet, kitchen and pantry, 4 bedrooms, bath-room and sewing-room, stone foundation, brick cellar, furnace; loth is 86x200 feet; private waterworks through house and barn; frame stable, 25x35, newly painted; this is a fine place. Price, $2,700.

No. 75 — GROCERY STORE AND DWELLING, situated on WATERLOO STREET; two-story brick building, in good repair; the store is doing a fine business, and is a good chance for anyone wanting to start in the business.

No. 64—One-story red brick house, situated on NAPIER STREET; contains parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 2 large bedrooms; city and soft water; frame barn, nice lot. Price, $1,100.

No. 242—FOUR VACANT LOTS, situated on SOUTH STREET, between Wellington and Waterloo; will sell one or more lots of 33 feet each. Price, $11 per foot.

No. 69—Two-story frame house, situated on the WORTLEY ROAD (central); contains hall, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 4 bedrooms, veranda, city water. Price, $1,450.

No. 59—One-story frame house, situated on COLBORNE STREET; contains hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 3 bedrooms, city and soft water; lot is 35x145 feet. Price, $1,400.

No. 59—One-story frame house, situated on CARTWRIGHT STREET; contains parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry and 3 bedrooms, summer kitchen, cellar, woodshed; lot is 35x145. Price, $900.

No. 252—TWO VACANT LOTS, situated on CAMBRIDGE STREET; each lot has a frontage of 25 feet and is 125 feet deep. Price, $150 each.

WANTED—Properties for sale or exchange. NO CHARGE UNLESS THE PROPERTY IS SOLD.

A FEW FARM PROPERTIES WHICH WE HAVE FOR SALE:

No. 1798—100 acres in the Township of ADELAIDE, in the County of Middlesex; 8 acres of hardwood timber; soil clay loam; 1½-story frame house, "L" shaped, contans 10 rooms, frame barn, on 10-foot stone foundation; other outbuildings; farm is well fenced. Price, $5,500; will exchange for 150 or 200 acres.

No. 3,190—100 acres in the Township of BAYHAM, in the County of Elgin; 25 acres cleared; 75 ACRES OF TIMBER, COMPOSED OF BEECH, HARD AND SOFT MAPLE, BIRCH, ELM, BLACK AND WHITE ASH, RED OAK, BASSWOOD, CHESTNUT, AND ABOUT 30,000 FEET OF GOOD PINE. On the farm there is a two-story good brick house, frame barn, on stone wall, other outbuildings; there is also a sawmill, chopping mill, corn sheller and shingle mill, which can be purchased with the farm if so desired.

No. 2068—100 acres in the Township of CARADOC, in the County of Middlesex; all cleared; 1½-story frame house, frame barn, 35x55, other outbuildings; half mile to railroad station. Price, $4,000; will exchange for 50 acres within 10 miles of London.

No. 2043—50 acres in the Township of EKFRID, all cleared; 1½-story frame house, frame barn, 35x55, on brick blocks; other outbuildings. Price, $3,100.

No. 2070—100 acres in the Township of LOBO, all cleared; the soil is a strong clay loam; 1½-story frame house, contains 12 rooms; two frame barns. Price, $5,200.

No. 2407—50 acres in the Township of LOBO, in the County of Middlesex; 20 acres of all kinds of timber; 1½-story frame house, frame barn, 14x40, mill building; 1½ miles to railroad station. Price, $950.

No. 2120—15 acres in the Township of LONDON, all cleared; soil part sand and part clay loam; 1¾-story brick house, 12 rooms; frame barn, 22x30, on stones; cow stable, horse stable and feed barn, other outbuildings; situated 5 miles from London market. Will exchange for one acre, with small house, near London.

No. 2555—25 acres in the Township of METCALFE, all cleared; soil sandy loam; frame house, 14x24; stable, pigpen, henhouse and corncrib. Will exchange for larger farm; price, $1,000.

No. 3189—44 acres in the Township of BAYHAM, county of Elgin, all cleared; soil is a clay and sand loam; 1½-story solid brick house, contains 12 rooms; frame barn, 30x50, with stone basement under; other outbuildings. Price, $3,000.

No. 1785—50 acres in the Township of WESTMINSTER, in the County of Middlesex; 10 acres of hardwood timber; soil is a light clay loam; 1½-story frame house; contains 10 rooms; frame barn, 30x50, on stone wall, with stabling under; these buildings are new and in good repair; located 7 miles from London. Price, $3,000.

FOR FURTHER LIST SEE FREE PRESS OF THIS DATE.

THE WESTERN REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE

Limited,

HEAD OFFICE — 78 Dundas St., London, Ont. Telephone 696.
b

FARM FOR SALE—GOOD 100 ACRES in Adelaide Township, Middlesex; cheap and on very easy terms. Apply G. N. Weekes, solicitor, Bank of Toronto Chambers, London, Ont. 59tf-t 47tf

FOR SALE—100-ACRE FARM, LOT 6, con. 14, Township of Metcalfe; Strathroy, 8 miles, gravel road; near church, school, cheese factory and creamery; brick house, bank barn, plenty water; good grain or stock farm; cheap to immediate purchaser. Apply to A. M. Hunt, auctioneer, 21 Edward street. 'Phone 1,559. 57c-ywt

FOR SALE—1½-STORY BRICK HOUSE, new; all conveniences. Apply No. 2 Kenneth avenue. 59c

FOR SALE—TWO-STORY COTTAGE, Orchard Beach, Port Stanley. Dr. C. S. Moore, 376 Wellington street. 24tf

COLBORNE STREET, CENTRAL — Two-story frame, brick foundation, 4 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, sewing-room, good cellar, electric light and fixtures, sink, hard and soft water in house, bathroom complete, cement cistern; in first-class repair; lot 30x148 feet. Will sell cheap. Thomas C. Knott, Room 101, Masonic Temple. 67tf

BECHER STREET — TWO-STORY BRICK, 6 BEDROOMS, PARLOR, DINING-ROOM, LIBRARY, KITCHEN AND SUMMER KITCHEN, CONSERVATORY HEATED BY HOT WATER; ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES; LOT 132x132 FEET. A SPLENDID CHANCE TO OBTAIN A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE AT A MODERATE PRICE. THOMAS C. KNOTT, ROOM 101, MASONIC TEMPLE. 34tf

DERMATOLOGY.

MISS BEATTIE, GRADUATE GRAHAM Dermatological School, Chicago. Superfluous hair, moles, warts, permanently removed. Chiropody and manicuring Room 35, Bank of Toronto. tzx

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, facial blemishes, removed by electrolysis. Manicuring, shampooing, scalp treatment. Butler's Dermatological Parlors. 235½ Dundas.

STENCILS AND STAMPS.

STENCIL AND STAMP MAKING OUR specialty. London Stencil and Stamp Works, Masonic Temple.

TOILET ARTICLES.

DR. CHRISTIAN'S FRENCH TOILET articles for sale. 200 Colborne street after 7, evenings, Monday excepted. zxv

J. F. SANGSTER'S LIST.

TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING and butcher shop, on prominent corner, in central part of the city. Call for price and particulars.

TWO-STORY BRICK—Central, and all modern improvements. $3,500.

TWO-STORY BRICK—With 7 acres of fine garden land; all kinds of fruit; fine location, near car. $3,500.

320 ACRES, 5 miles from Carnduff; good wheat land; $12 per acre. 160 acres near above, $10 per acre.

ALBERTA FARM LANDS

Southeast of Edmonton. New railway will be completed by the 1st of September next, which runs through the center of our lands. Move quick and get near the railway. For maps, etc., call or write

J. F. SANGSTER,
112 Masonic Temple.

INSURANCE.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE
ED. TOWE & CO.—Office, No. 216 (second floor), Masonic Temple. Fire, Life, Accident, Employers' Liability Insurance and Fidelity Bonds. Real Estate Loans. Telephone No. 245. Residence 'phone, No. 1,107.

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Insurance Agency, to No. 432 Richmond street, first door north of the Free Press. ywt

E. J. MACROBERT,

General and District Agent for Western Ontario. Fire, Life, Accident and Plate Glass Insurance effected. English, American and Canadian companies represented. Room 107, Masonic Temple, corner Richmond and King streets, London, Ont. Telephone 449. ywt

QUEEN INSURANCE CO.

Funds available for security of Queen policyholders, $64,000,000.
J. A. NELLES, Agent.
'Phone 343. 428 Richmond St. ywt

HOUSE MOVING.

W. WATSON, HOUSE-MOVER—WORK promptly attended to. 194 Hamilton road.



THE WEATHER TODAY—Unsettled.

Free Sample Swiss Milk Chocolate.

On Monday, at Notion Counter, we will distribute free samples and demonstrate the use of Peters' Original Swiss Milk Chocolate. Everybody invited.

Ribbon Remnants.

There should be a great gathering of ladies at our Ribbon Counter Saturday and Monday. Bargains so seldom seen will be offered. Large quantities of Ribbon Remnants in all widths will be placed on sale at very low prices. These Ribbons consist principally of Colored Bebe and Black Cord. It will be worth your while to make it convenient to come either Saturday or Monday.

Two Silk Specials You Should Buy.

We give you a choice of our 50c White and Black Wash Silk for 39c yard. This beautiful Silk for Ladies' Wash Waists and Children's Wash Dresses is 27 inches wide, and we will dispose of three pieces of white and three of black at only, per yard **39c**

Another great bargain is one piece of Japanese Hand-drawn Silk to match above, or for trimming waists and dresses. The regular price of this silk is $2.00 yard. On sale now at only **$1.25**

YOU SAVE THE DIFFERENCE—WE GET THE ADVERTISING.

Saturday and Monday Linen Specials.

This greatest of all our Midsummer Linen Sales is offering wonderful opportunities to Linen buyers. We know our efforts are being appreciated. The people are coming—that's the test. Bargains were never picked up with more eagerness than during this sale. To make sure of securing the following come early Saturday or Monday.

TOWELINGS.

7 pieces 23-inch Plain Tea Toweling, 11c value. Midsummer Linen Sale Price, yard 8½c
1 piece 18-inch Fancy Striped Bordered Huck Toweling; regular 15c. Midsummer Sale Price, yard 11c
5 pieces 20-inch Plain Crash Toweling; regular 12½c. Midsummer Sale Price, yard 10c
2 other specials in Roller Towelings, at yard ...... 7½c and 8½c

TABLINGS.

Seconds in Cloths and Napkins, suitable for boarding house, hotel or private use; limited quantity; at almost maker's prices.

Unbleached Table Linens.

35c qualities at	29c
40c qualities at	34c
50c qualities at	42c
65c qualities at	56c
75c qualities at	63c
85c qualities at	74c
95c qualities at	82c

36-inch Hemstitched Linen Tea Cloths, $1.00 Value, at 79c Each

Bleached Table Linens.

50c qualities at	44c
65c qualities at	56c
75c qualities at	63c
85c qualities at	74c
$1 00 qualities at	86c
$1 25 qualities at	$1 10
$1 85 Plain Satin Damask, at	$1 50
$1 25 90-inch Bleached, at	97c

Don't miss this sale if you require Linens. Such dependable goods are not often sold at such striking reductions. Out-of-town customers can order by mail with satisfactory results. Many buy all their linens this way. Sent express or post-paid.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149, 151 and 153 Dundas Street. London.

P. Walsh's Bulletin.

PALL MALL STREET—A large frame cottage, on brick foundation, 7 rooms; lot 40x132 feet. Price, $1,000.

PALL MALL STREET—Frame store and dwelling; also 1½-story frame house, next door; a good investment. Call and see us.

HIGHLAND PARK LOTS ARE THE CHEAPEST IN SOUTH LONDON. WE ARE SELLING THESE LOTS ON EASY TERMS. CALL AT ONCE AND SECURE ONE BEFORE PRICES ADVANCE. THIS SURVEY IS CLOSE TO THE BELT LINE CARS, ON THE WHARNCLIFFE ROAD, AND VICTORIA SCHOOL.

WATERLOO STREET, south of Horton street—A nice grocery store, with a splendid dwelling, for $2,000. Satisfactory reasons for selling.

THORNTON AVENUE—A large frame cottage, on brick foundation, almost new, 7 rooms, in good order; frame barn; lot 50x150 feet. Price, $1,450.

RICHMOND STREET, near the G. T. R. station—A large 1½-story frame house, on a brick foundation, 11 rooms; in good order; suitable for a boarding house. Price, $2,400.

CHEAPSIDE STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 6 rooms; lot 44x150 feet. Price, $1,100. Cheap.

ONTARIO AND ELIAS STREETS—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements; nice lot. Price, $2,600.

PRINCESS AVENUE—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, large cellar; lot 33x137 feet. Price, $1,850. Inspect at once.

WATERLOO STREET—A splendid frame cottage, on brick foundation, 6 rooms, in good order; lot 33x330 feet. Price, $1,100; cheap.

WATERLOO STREET, near Oxford street—Brick store and dwelling; frame barn; lot 60x160 feet. Price, $1,400.

ONTARIO STREET—1½-story frame house, 7 rooms, in good order; lot 49x200 feet. Price, $1,300.

WATERLOO STREET—Frame cottage, on stone foundation, 6 rooms, with 1¼ acres. Price, $1,000.

HURON STREET—1½-story frame house, 6 rooms; frame barn, with 5 acres of garden land. Price, $2,000.

KING STREET—An up-to-date 1½-story brick house, 8 rooms, finished in style; nice lot. Price, $3,100.

879 WILLIAM STREET — Two-story frame house, 8 rooms, in good order; corner lot, 121x186 feet. Price, $1,800.

WANTED AT ONCE—150-acre farm, within 5 miles of this city.

ANN STREET—A pair of splendid frame cottages, nice location. Will close for $1,000 each.

VICTOR STREET—A splendid frame house, 8 rooms, with one acre, which can be subdivided into lots. At a reasonable price.

ADELAIDE STREET—A new two-story brick house, 8 rooms; lot 40x120 feet. Price, $2,300.

MABEL STREET—A neat frame cottage, on brick foundation, 5 rooms; frame barn; lot 40x132 feet. Price, $750.

ST. JAMES STREET—A splendid brick cottage, 7 rooms; lot 35x120 feet. Price, $1,400.

EGERTON STREET, one block from the new roundhouse—Two new 1½-story brick houses, 7 rooms each; lots 30x100 feet. Price, $1,300 each. Inspect at once.

WORTLEY ROAD—A splendid two-story brick residence, 12 rooms, in perfect order, all modern improvements; large grounds, fruit and shade trees. Price on application.

OXFORD STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 8 rooms; lot 38x110 feet. Price, $2,250.

TWO AND A HALF ACRES, with a two-story brick house, suitable for a manufacturer; interswitching line cuts through this property, and is close to Dundas. Call for price.

DUNDAS STREET, East End—Two-story brick house, 8 rooms, finished in style, all modern improvements; lot 40x220 feet. Price, $3,450. Inspection invited.

DUFFERIN AVENUE, East End—A neat brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen; lot 33x150 feet. Price, $1,050.

FOUR SPLENDID BUILDING LOTS on Richmond street, north of Oxford street; desirable location. Inspect at once.

QUEBEC STREET, near Dundas street—Brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen; lot 33x100 feet. Price, $1,200.

OXFORD STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 8 rooms, all modern improvements; good lot. Price, $2,500.

PRINCESS AVENUE—Brick cottage, 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room and kitchen; lot 66x130 feet. Price, $1,400.

A GRAND OFFER—WE AGREE TO GIVE YOU 40 PER CENT OFF COST PRICE OF ANY LOT ON ALEXANDRA HEIGHTS TO THOSE WHO WILL IMMEDIATELY BUILD A HOUSE. PLAN OF LOTS AT THIS OFFICE.

ST. JAMES STREET—A new 1½-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, two cellars; lot 46.8x100 feet. A handsome home for $2,100.

CENTRAL AVENUE, near Colborne street—A new two-story brick house, 10 rooms, all modern improvements. A splendid home for $3,800.

ADELAIDE STREET, near Central avenue—1½-story frame house, almost new, brick foundation, large cellar; 7 rooms; in perfect order; lot 33x150 feet. Price, $1,500.

HILL STREET—A splendid frame cottage, on brick foundation; 3 bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, cellar, sewer connections; lot 40x165 feet. Price, $1,700. Inspection invited.

CLARENCE STREET—A splendid brick cottage, 6 rooms, in good order; nice lot. At a reasonable figure.

TWO LOTS on Chesley avenue, at $250 each.

THREE LOTS on Ridout street, opposite Albert street.

CORNER OF THE WHARNCLIFFE and Hyde Park road, three acres; large frame barn and foundation of the Queen's Own Hotel. Price for the whole, $850.

LOTS on Redan and Mamelon streets, south of the Hamilton road, at $4 50 per foot. If you want a cheap lot, inspect at once. Desirable lots on the Becher block, north of Mount Hope. Waterloo and Grosvenor streets, two lots, cheap. A few lots yet unsold in the Duffield block, Hamilton road.

FOUR LOTS on Elizabeth and Central avenue, at $150 each.

P. WALSH,
Phone 1,021. - 110 Dundas St.

TO KEEP IT CIRCULATING

Mr. Fielding's Object in Shipping U. S. Coin Back Home.

Toronto, July 7. — "We want all the United States money spent in Canada possible. We want to encourage Americans to spend money here, but we want also some method of making this money circulate.'

This was the statement of Mr. Byron E. Walker, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, this morning in reference to the statement of Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, that the Dominion of Canada had decided to pay the banks for collecting United States silver and sending it out of the country.

"What loss," Mr. Walker was asked, "does Canada suffer by reason of the circulation of United States silver here?"

"She does not suffer any loss. It is simply a question of inconvenience. We want to encourage in every way the people of the United States to trade with us; we want to make it possible for them to spend their money without discount whenever they like. In the case of notes, there is no difficulty, because Canada is always paying money in New York, and the United States banks take the notes at par, but silver is a bulky, inconvenient thing to handle; consequently when it is brought to Canada, as it costs money to send it out of the country, it simply circulates around and around, without any chance of its being presented to United States institutions in payment of debts. In Western Canada it is estimated that from 25 to 40 per cent of the coin circulation is in United States coin, and in all Canada about 15 per cent. It is now proposed that the Dominion Government shall pay the banks three-eighths of one per cent to collect this silver, and will pay the express charges on the silver going back to the United States. This will not wholly recoup the banks, but the gain in making silver circulate like paper causes the banks to gladly co-operate."

TIME HAS TESTED IT.—Time tests all things; that which is worthy lives, that which is inimical to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. From a few thousand bottles in the early days of its manufacture, the demand has risen so that now the production is running into the hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.

SUEZ CANAL PROFITS

Lower Rates to Keep Dividends Below Twenty-Five Per Cent.

London, July 8. — "'Tis 40 years since," and what a difference between then and now! At that time men were saying the Suez Canal never would or could pay operating expenses. At the present time its profits are so enormous that the company is compelled again and again to reduce the tolls in order to keep the dividends within legal bounds. Of a truth, Mr. Greenwood was prescient when 30 years ago he persuaded the British Government to buy the Khedive's shares. Lord Derby, the foreign minister, did not like the scheme. Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, distinctly disapproved it. Disraeli himself, Prime Minister, was doubtful.

It did not seem a tempting thing to pay $20,000,000 for shares, the interest in which had been mortgaged for 19 years. But Mr. Greenwood was persistent. He pointed out that most of the shares, apart from the Khedive's, were held in France, while 86 per cent of the traffic through the canal was British. So British commerce must pay tolls into French pockets. The tolls were high, and when England asked that they be reduced France answered that if England did not like the canal she might send her commerce by the old route around the cape. In the end Mr. Greenwood's pleas prevailed, and the British Government paid $20,000,000 for shares that are now worth $140,000,000.

A curious error was made in a dispatch the other day, which said this year's dividend was only 14.1 per cent. Not for a long time has it been so low. The dispatch should have said it was 141 francs a share, a far different thing. As the shares are of 500 francs each, the dividend is at the rate of 28.2 per cent, or just twice what was at first stated. Last year's dividend was 130 francs a share, or 26 per cent. Now the London agreement binds the company not to appropriate profits of more than 25 per cent, but to reduce the tolls as much and as often as may be necessary to keep them down to that figure. That is why the company proposes another reduction.

It did reduce tolls two years ago from nine to eight and one-half francs a ton, but still the profits kept on increasing and pushing the dividend above the 25 per cent limit. There are those who reckon that if tolls were now reduced to six francs the company would still be able to declare a yearly dividend of 25 per cent, and that a few years hence a still further reduction can be made without impairment of the legal dividend.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

After Mr. Bump.

Kingston, Ont., July 7. — Captain Simmons, of the schooner Acacia, reached port this morning and at once proceeded to have his protest filed with the Government against Deputy Collector Bump, of Charlotte, N. Y., for ordering him to lower the British flag floating at his vessel in honor of the United States national holiday. Capt. Simmons regards the action as an insult and demands explanation. He says he raised the flag at an American's solicitation and it was displayed with no ill-feeling, but as a mark of respect for the holiday, which at Charlotte Beach was being lustily honored.

The English admiralty intends to send a deep-sea exploring expedition to the Indian Ocean. One of the members will be Stanley Gardiner, the well-known coral expert.

TRANSIENT CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS — NO ADVERTISEMENT LESS THAN 10 CENTS

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.—Two cents per word each insertion.

MEETINGS.—When no admission is charged, one cent per word each insertion.

ARTICLES FOR SALE, TO LET, HELP WANTED, SITUATIONS WANTED, BOARD AND LODGINGS, LOST AND FOUND, ROOMS TO LET, REAL ESTATE FOR SALE, ETC.—First insertion, one cent per word; each subsequent insertion, one-half cent per word. No advertisements less than ten words.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS

MARRIAGES.

DENBY—NELSON—United in marriage, Monday, July 3, 1905, by the Rev. Father McKeon, Alice, youngest daughter of William and Sarah Nelson, to Alfred Denby, both of this city.

DEATHS.

WARD—On July 6, 1905, at the residence of her son, John Ward, 30 Craig street, Dora Ward, aged 78.

Funeral from the above residence, on Saturday, at 2:30; service at 2 p.m. Kindly omit flowers.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST Church—Rev. E. E. Shields, at church in morning; subject, "Justification." At Jubilee Rink in evening; subject, "The Rise and Fall of a Great Power."

ASKIN STREET METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Alfred Brown, pastor. Services tomorrow as usual.

BISHOP CRONYN MEMORIAL Church—Rev. Dyson Hague, rector; Rev. Arthur Carlisle, assistant rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

CATHEDRAL, ST. PAUL'S — HOLY Communion, 8:30 a.m. Morning service, 11 o'clock; preacher, Rev. John Bushell, M.A. Evening service, 7 o'clock; preacher, Rev. Canon Dann, M.A.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. W. George H. McAlister, B.A., minister. 11 a.m., "Christ's Academy"; 7 p.m., "Karma," Romans xiv.

CHALMERS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Walter Moffat, pastor. 11 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sabbath School, 10 a.m.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS, KING STREET—Paster Mackenzie at 11 and 7. School and Bible Class at 3.

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

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

DUNDAS CENTER METHODIST Church—Rev. E. B. Lanceley, pastor. Pastor will preach at both services. Sacrament will be administered at the close of the evening service. Mr. D. Miller, late of Australia, will sing in the evening. Bible school at 2:45.

EMPRESS AVENUE METHODIST Church—Rev. I. B. Wallwin, B.A., pastor. Morning, Rev. W. C. Beer. Evening, Mr. C. B. Keenleyside.

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

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., pastor. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Everybody welcome.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH—REV. J. W. Graham, B.A., pastor. Morning, Rev. Hugh Johnson, Baltimore, at 11; pastor in evening, at 7; Sabbath School, 2:45; midweek prayer and praise services, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. J. Clark, pastor. 11 a.m., Rev. J. A. McSporran, M.A., of Philadelphia; 7 p.m., the pastor; text, Matthew vii., 7 to 14. Sabbath School will meet at 10 a.m.

HAMILTON ROAD METHODIST Church—Rev. D. E. Martin, pastor. Services, 11 and 7. Evening, "Some Faces, and What They Teach."

KING STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church—The pastor, Rev. Jas. Rollins, B.A., will preach. Evening subject, "A Famous Driver."

NEW ST. JAMES' PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, M.A., pastor. Services as usual.

SALVATION ARMY TENT, PARKE'S Flats, Ridout street—Farewell meetings, Col. and Mrs. Jacobs, of Toronto, at 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. b

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—REV. JAS. Ross, D.D., pastor. Morning, "Memorial Service for Our Dead"; evening, "The Benefits of a Holiday."

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON—Dean Davis, rector. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, West London—Service, 7 p.m. Pastor, Rev. Thomas Nixon. Visitors welcome.

TALBOT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. C. M. Carew will preach. 11 a.m., "Human Temples"; 7 p.m., "Rocks and Anchors." A cordial welcome extended to all.

UNITARIAN CHURCH, CHANNING Hall, 276 Dundas street—Services will resume (after vacation), Sept. 3.

WELLINGTON STREET METHODIST Church—Rev. James Livingstone, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Bible Class at 2:30 p.m.

MEETINGS.

COURT BYRON, 683, I. O. F., MEETS next Monday evening, Foresters' Hall, South London. Members requested to attend. Visiting brothers welcome. W. Cole, recording secretary. b

SITUATIONS WANTED.

AN EXPERIENCED CONFINEMENT nurse. Apply 631 King street east. 57n-ywt

EXPERIENCED LADY STENOGRAPHER—Best of references. Apply Box 61, Advertiser. 57c-ywt

SUITABLE POSITION FOR EITHER young lady or gentleman; salary and commission. Apply to A. S. Moyer, 8 Duffield block, Tuesday, July 11, 1:30 to 4 p.m. 58c-xtz

WANTED BY LADY—POSITION AS housekeeper; good references; country preferred. Apply Box 5, this office. 61u

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE MAPLES," PRIVATE HOSPITAL—136 Grey street. Mrs. A. M. Toohey, graduate Victoria Hospital. Telephone 1,795. Nurse's Directory. ywt

ADVERTISING WORLD, COLUMBUS, O.—A monthly journal of information, plans, suggestions and ideas for advertising. Send today for free sample, or 10c for four months' trial. t

SPRINGS, MATTRESSES AND IRON beds. Special low prices this week at Keene Bros., 125 and 127 King street.

MILLER'S HAIR STORE—TRY OUR Pompadours for the hot weather. Solid comfort guaranteed. 223 Dundas street.

PERSONAL.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD BY THE most reliable clairvoyants; send birth date, dime and stamp. Profs. Carl & Rollin, 490 North Clark street, Chicago. b

A WEATHY AMERICAN GIRL WANTS immediately a kind husband to relieve her of business cares; no objections to poor man of good reputation. Address Clay, 62 South Ada, Chicago. b

AMUSEMENTS, LECTURES, ETC.

EVERY NIGHT. SPRINGBANK PARK SAT. MAT.

Three nights, beginning July 6. STODDART STOCK CO., Presenting "THE PRINCE OF LIARS." Vaudeville between acts. Change of play twice weekly.

NEXT WEEK, "LOST PARADISE." 59u-wt

Allan Line.

F. B. Clarke, agent, Richmond street, old stand. Low Old Country rates.

$1 10—SARNIA AND RETURN, CHOSEN Friends' excursion, Wednesday, July 19. Good for two days. 57k-ywvt

MONTREAL, TORONTO, KINGSTON, Prescott, Brockville—Boat from Windsor or Sarnia. Two weeks' trip. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, old stand. 1

PORT STANLEY, RONDEAU AND Cleveland—Steamer City of Grand Rapids sails tri-weekly. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, old stand. 5

$2 65—LONDON TO DETROIT AND RETURN, Saturday and Sunday. Excursions, daily, via boat. F. B. Clarke, Richmond street, old stand. 3

PRIVATE DANCING PARTIES—Springbank Pavilion. Arrangements made re dates, music, special cars. W. Lowry, or 'phone 1,774. Dayton & McCormick.

EXCURSIONS AT LOWER RATES than other lines, via the St. Lawrence, to Montreal. New steamer City of Montreal. Get rates at F. B. Clarke's, Richmond street, old stand. 2

BALLOON ASCENSIONS AND PARACHUTE drops by Prof. Casselle, New Dundee, Ont. 52bh

LONDON MINERAL BATHS—REOPENING of the new baths, June 3. Everything new.

DANCING, SPRINGBANK PAVILION—Arrangements made for hall, music and cars. 'Phone 1,050. Gruber & Dawe.

CHOICEST MUSIC FURNISHED FOR private parties, balls, banquets, etc. Telephone 1,265. Tony Vita's Italian Harpers, 122 Queen's avenue.

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

TONY CORTESE — THE ORIGINAL London Harpers. Music furnished for all occasions. 161 Maple street. Telephone 1,570.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED AT ONCE—FIRST-CLASS skirtmakers. Apply Miss Lashbrook, 581 Richmond. 61c

GIRLS WANTED. PARISIAN STEAM Laundry Company of Ontario, Limited. 61c

FANCY IRONERS WANTED. PARISIAN Steam Laundry Company of Ontario, Limited. 61c

COMPETENT GIRL FOR GENERAL housework; small family. Mrs. A. Screaton, 232 Queen's avenue. 61c

WANTED—FEMALE HELP, AT ONCE; machine operators, pad makers and hand sewers. Reid Featherbone Manufacturing Company, Limited, Clarence street. b

WANTED—GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL housework; family of four. Apply to Mrs. Smyth, 621 Richmond. 61c

WANTED—GOOD COOK. APPLY MRS. Leonard, 602 Queen's avenue. 60tf

KITCHEN GIRL WANTED. APPLY Grigg House. 60c

WANTED—TO GO TO KINGSVILLE for summer, and Detroit for winter, a maid for general work; family of two; washing and ironing done outside. Address Box 2, London Advertiser. 59n

WANTED—FIFTY EXPERIENCED BISCUIT packers, and girl to learn packing; wages to start, $4 50 per week; with little experience can make $6 to $7 weekly. Apply at once to The McCormick Manufacturing Company. 58tf

GIRLS WANTED FOR PAPER BOX department. H. T. Reason & Co., 182 York street. 57n

WANTED — GOOD GENERAL SERVANT; no washing. Apply at 334 Princess avenue. 92tf-xt

WANTED — GOOD GENERAL SERVANT; small family. Apply 304 King street. 56tf

EXPERIENCED GENERAL SERVANT in small family; no washing or ironing. Mrs. J. H. A. Beattie, 90 Ridout south. 51tf

WANTED—EXPERIENCED GENERAL servant; no washing or ironing. Apply to Mrs. A. G. Chisholm, 202 St. James street. 52tf

COOK WANTED—HIGHEST WAGES. Wellington House. 46tf

WANTED — DINING-ROOM GIRLS, housemaids and laundresses. Apply Victoria Hospital. 43tf

GENERAL SERVANT — HIGHEST wages; four in family. Apply 516 Ridout. 34tf

GIRLS WANTED IMMEDIATELY TO work in factory. D. S. Perrin & Co. 28tf

HELP WANTED.

WANTED AT ONCE—AN ORDERLY for Home for Incurables; also a cook. Apply Mrs. Groshaw, 708 Dundas street. 60c

WANTED—GENTLEMEN OR LADIES; $800 per year and expenses; permanent position; experience unnecessary. M. A. O'Keefe, 157 Bay street, Toronto. tx

WANTED—MARRIED COUPLE, WITHOUT incumbrances; man as groom and gardener; wife as cook. Apply, with references to P. O. Box 535. 60c

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—GROCERY; LOW RENT, good trade; stock and fixtures, $1,300; good reasons for selling. Address "Opportunity," this office. 61c

FOR SALE—GOOD GROCERY BUSINESS; one of the best stands in the city. Apply Box 4, Advertiser. 58n

TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING AND butcher shop, on prominent corner in center of the city. Good opening for grocery. Call for price, etc. J. F. Sangster, 112 Masonic Temple.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST, FRIDAY — LADY'S BROWN parasol on belt line car. Reward, this office. b

FOUND—A PURSE. OWNER MAY have same by calling at 38 Argyll street. b

TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 4, Zone, for balance of year; state qualifications, experience and salary wanted. Fred Huston, secretary-treasurer, Florence, Ont. 59n

TEACHER WANTED, MALE OR female, for S. S. No. 12, Brooke, Lambton County, for balance of year. Apply to P. A. Campbell, secretary, giving qualifications and salary. P. A. Campbell, Aberfeldy, Ont. 59bh

PATENT NOTICES.

THE "FLUID PRESSURE ENGINE," described in Canada Letters Patent, No. 81,987, can be obtained at a reasonable price by anyone desiring to use the same, in accordance with section 37 of the Canada Patent Act and amendments thereto, by applying to P. J. Edmunds, registered attorney and solicitor of patents, London, Canada, resident attorney for Sir William Edward Joseph Vavasour, Hazelwood Castle, Yorkshire, England, owner of said patent. b

MALE HELP WANTED.

WANTED—FIREMAN FOR 20-H. P. boiler. London Soap Company. 61tf

ENERGETIC WORKERS EVERYWHERE to distribute circulars, samples and advertising matter; good pay; no canvassing. Co-operative Advertising Company, New York. b

GOOD CARPENTERS WANTED—MEN that can put on trimmings. Tamblyn & Jones. 61c

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN WANTED TO prepare for positions on Canadian railways; salary, forty to sixty dollars per month. Write for free book, giving Morse alphabet. Dominion School of Telegraph, Toronto. ywt

AGENTS—OPERATE AND SELL ICE Cream Cone Ovens and make a small fortune this summer. Ask for Sayso, No. 4. Address A. T. Dietz, 235 Tenth street, Toledo, Ohio. b

WANTED—MONITOR HANDS. APPLY Empire Manufacturing Company, 443 Talbot street. 60c

CARPENTER WANTED. APPLY W. T. Brown, 867 Wellington. 60c

WAGONMAKER WANTED AT ONCE—One who would work some at carpenter work preferred. J. A. Turnbull, Lawrence Station. 60k

BIG PROFITS SELLING "AUTO-SPRAY," best compressed air hand sprayer made. Absolute necessity for every farm and garden. Splendid seller. Spraying season here. Secure territory immediately. Write for particulars and sample machine. Cavers Bros., Galt, Ont. 91tf-ywt

EXPERIENCED FARM HAND WANTED—Good wages; must be good man. Apply T. Maiorana, 553 Richmond street. 59c

MAN WANTED—GREEN & CO., COAL and wood dealers, 495 York street. 60c

ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON MAY earn a good income corresponding for newspapers; no canvassing; experience unnecessary. Send for particulars. Northern Press Syndicate, Lockport, N. Y.

MOST MEN WEAR OUR TROUSERS—Why not you? Prices, 3¾, 4½. English Woolen Mills Company, Trouser Kings, Carling street.

CANVASSERS WANTED. APPLY 355-357 Clarence street, London.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

LICENSES ISSUED BY THOMAS GILLEAN, jeweler, 402 Richmond street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY W. H. Bartram, 99 Dundas street.

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

PRIVATE SALE OF CONTENTS OF two-story house, for one week, Monday, July 8, to 15, inclusive. J. McKinley, 12 The Ridgeway. 61n

FOR SALE—FINE PIANO AND MUSIC cabinet, $90 cash. Apply Box 3, Advertiser. b

CHICK RICE—HERBAGEUM PAN-A-CE-A, perfection chick feed. A. M. Hamilton & Son, 373 Talbot street. b

BUGGY CUSHIONS FOR SALE CHEAP. Apply mornings, 145 King. 54k-vzxv

HAMMOCKS, WITH PILLOW, DRAPED edges—Reduced prices, from $1 25 up. Horton's, 179 Dundas.

SHINGLES! SHINGLES!

British Columbia Red Cedar Shingles are advancing in price. We now have a fresh stock of our celebrated XXXX Ontario Cedar Shingles, strictly clear, well manufactured and wide. Our price to the farmers is $2 85 per thousand. Call and see them. BELTON'S MAMMOTH LUMBER YARDS, corner Clarence and Bathurst streets, London, Ont.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER — LARGE colored pictures of the Premier, in tubes ready for mailing, only 5c. For sale at the business office of The Advertiser.

OUR $5 COUCHES ARE GOOD VALUE. Patten, the Upholsterer, 247 Dundas street.

PARROTS, BIRD CAGES, DOG SUPPLIES—A dog book free with every dog muzzle. Morgan's Poultry and Pet Stock Supply House, 264 Dundas. yt

$125 WILL BUY A NEW 3-HORSE power Eclipse gasoline engine. D. McKenzie & Co., 298 Richmond street. 44tf

IS YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT? HAVE you dandruff? Call at 205 Dundas, and try a bottle of Sunglee. James T. Gleason.

PREPARE FOR HOT WEATHER—Awnings on your residence. Raymond Bros., 172 King. 'Phone 1,748.

D. H. GILLIES & CO., COAL AND wood dealers. Wood our specialty. Try load $2 wood. Corner Adelaide and Bathurst. 'Phone 1,312.

Account Books

Travelers' Order Books, Order Sheets, Letter Books, etc., made to order at lowest rates.

The Chas. Chapman Co.,

'PHONE 370. 91 DUNDAS ST.

FOR SALE — DAYTON COMPUTING scale, also Stimpson Computing Scale; cheap. Address Box 469, St. Thomas. 41bu-wty

SOUTHCOTT & KETTLE—THE NEW coal and wood yard, corner Maitland and G. T. R. 'Phone 299. ywt

FIRST-CLASS SECOND-HAND WAGONS and buggies for sale, cheap. J. W. Smith, corner Maple and Richmond streets.

GOOD SECOND-HAND AND NEW bicycles, on very easy teams. Large stock of tires, cheap. J. H. Cunningham, East London.

TENTS, REFRIGERATORS—F. KEENE, stove and furniture store, 141 King. Ranges and second-hand cook stoves.

BARGAIN — HANDSOME ROSEWOOD piano, 7 1-3 octaves, guaranteed 5 years, $100; payable $3 per month. Heintzman & Co., 217 Dundas, corner Clarence.

PHOTO SUPPLIES, KODAKS AND Films. W. A. McKenzie, opposite City Hall, upstairs.

RUBBER TIRES—HAVE THE BEST, Kelly's Springfield. J. E. Vanderburg, sole agent, 689 Queen's avenue. 'Phone 598.

SLABS! SLABS! SLABS!—FOR SUMMER firewood, at $1 50 and $2 per load. Waide's Sawmill and Wood Yard. 'Phone 269. 1tf

FRESH FISH NOW ON SALE—SEE what we have. F. S. Onn, Fish Market, 'Phone 1,296.

HOTEL CARDS.

DOMINION HOUSE, ADJOINING Grand Trunk Railway station, London. J. J. Cox, proprietor.

OFFICE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT—Choice wines, liquors. Meals, all hours. 378 Richmond St. W. J. Wright, prop.

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TENDERS FOR SEWERS.

Tenders for the construction of the following sewers will be received up to 5 o'clock on Thursday, the 13th, viz.:

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59c-wty

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Papers inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid therefor.

J. M. PLATT, Warden.

Kingston, July 3, 1905. 61c-t

SOME PERSONS have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed, no further trouble will be experienced.

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Part I. to Part II.—Gordon Donohue, Jack Wilkinson, Hugh McGinnis, Marjorie Boon, Gertrude Lyons.

Part II. to Junior II.—Hilda Collins, A. J. Sell, Dorothy O'Hara, Kathleen Burke, Jack Donohue, James Insell, Marion Wilkinson, George Moffatt.

Junior II. to Senior II.—Alma Johnston, Frank Wiley, Wilhelmina Skellett, Alice Burke, Edward Brennan, Joseph O'Connell, Fred Self, Kathleen McCarthy, Harold O'Rourke, Nellie Fitzpatrick, Lulu Insell, Charles Walter, Gerald O'Hara.

Senior II. to Junior III.—Jento Tierney, John McCarthy, Daniel Burns, John Clark, John Quinn, Benedict Quinn, Jennie Cushing, Clara Pook, Jack Fairbairn.

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Senior III. to Junior IV.—Ethel Walter, Gertrude Brennan, Geraldine McGinnis, Kathleen Dudley, Pearl Cushing, Kathleen Cushing, Lillian Brennan, William Brennan, James Self, Louis Bricklin.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.

To Senior III.—Arthur Lenahan, John Unger, Joseph Navin, Clara Kenny, Irene Nesbitt, Irene Wilson, Pauline Long, Mary Hooper, Mary Halpin, Lizzie Ouemette.

To Senior II.—Joseph Long, James McCourt, Edwin McCourt, John Addison, Frank Fitzmaurice, John Halpin, Kathleen Navin, Teresa Muckler, Mamie Wilson, Pearl McAulliffe.

To Junior II.—Fred Sheehy, John Hyland, Joseph Ward.

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Junior Part I. to Senior Part I.—Wilbert Moran, Will Petrie, Geo. Bindner, Josie Mascheri, Mary Cappadonia, Leo Le Clear, Joe Licciardo, Mary Catalano, Josie McCarthy, Lulu Alfred, Evelyn Mullins, Myrtle White, Evelyn Dewan, Ada Sweeney.

Part II. to Second Class — Joseph Miles, Geraldine Bindner, Thomas Mascheri, Paul Mascheri, Joseph Catalano, Helen Meaden, Dora Dwyer, Arthur Waud, Ambrose O'Donnell, Fred Mullins, Joseph Tamularo, Kathleen Moran, Angela Cafarella, May Cochrane, Gertie McHugh, Harold Doyle, Andrew Bradish, Peter McIntyre, Joseph Reidy, Will Harper, Clara Cavanaugh, Rebecca Marlow, Josephine Cortese, Earl Gruber, Elmore Pocock.

Senior II. to Junior III.—John McCann, Owen Dwyer, William O'Rourke, Mariano Catalano, Anthony Ledote, Mathew Flannery, John O'Neill, Martin Morkin, Thomas Cavanaugh, Geo. Regan, Bernard Murphy, Kathleen Cooney, Jessie Delaney, Irene Doucett, Ella Gleason, Pearl Dwyer, Francis Mahoney, Irene Clare, William Insell, James Cusolito, Roy Pask, Justin Collins, Joseph Cox, Bert Fenech, Darcey McGuire, Nellie Flannery, Edith Moran, Jane Dwyer, Veronica McCarthy, Harold Butler.

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To Senior IV. Class—Joseph McLarnan, Olive White, Gertrude Loughlin, Gertrude Pelton, Justin Hoy, Charles McGregor, Joseph Flynn, Willie Ayres.

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Senior Second—Mary McGrinere, Rita Burns, Rose Burns, Clara Elliott, James McMullen, Gladys Macfie, Joseph Moisse, Raymond Evans, Madeline McLellan.

Part II. to Second—Mary Murphy, Frank Moisse, Annie McAuley.

Senior Part II.—Florence Macfie, Ernest Cooper, Loretta Stokes, Madonna McMullen.

Junior Part II.—Henry Collins, Gordon Moisse, Peter Clark, Georgina Elliott, Thomas Burns.

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The French Government is about to issue five new postage stamps for Tunis, representing all the great epochs of the country's history — the Punic, Roman, Arab and French. Besides this, following Italy's example, every corps of the French army is to have its own distinctive postage stamp.

A Psalter which belonged to Boswell, was sold at Sotheby's in London recently for $75. It contained the inscription: "James Boswell, 1763. I bought this for 2d at Greenwich, when I was working there with Mr. Samuel Johnson."

London Advertiser.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 8.

The Cattle Embargo.

The House of Commons yesterday adopted the report of the agricultural committee, demanding that the British authorities remove the embargo upon Canadian cattle, or publish to the world the fact that Canadian cattle are free from contagious diseases.

The House of Commons in this matter has been hammering at the Imperial Government for a dozen years, but reports no progress. Canadian cattle were admitted to the British market until 1892, when a suspected case of contagious pleuro-pneumonia, the case of one animal which formed part of a Canadian cargo, was reported by the veterinary authorities of the British Board of Agriculture. The animal was bought by a Scotch farmer, and all his cattle were slaughtered, but no trace of pleuro-pneumonia was found in the herd which had been exposed to the so-called contagion. Neither was any disease found in the cattle which were shipped on the same vessel as the suspected animal, though all were killed and examined. Some eminent British veterinaries claimed that the case was one of ordinary catarrhal pneumonia, which was not contagious or dangerous, and this view was pressed upon the British authorities by the Canadian Government, without avail. Canadian cattle were ordered to be slaughtered at the port of entry within ten days from their arrival, and the ports to which they were admitted were limited to six. These restrictions have been maintained in spite of the persistent appeals of the Canadian Government, joined to those of the Scotch graziers, who made a practice of buying Canadian cattle and feeding them for the home market.

There are some who claim that the embargo has been a benefit to this country, by compelling Canadians to send over cattle in a more fully matured condition, instead of permitting British graziers to intercept profits upon these cattle. This is not the view of the great majority of those who are interested in the Canadian cattle trade. Cattle crossing the Atlantic are liable to rough usage from bad weather and are apt to arrive in the mother country in poor condition. These must be placed upon the market in such a state that it is impossible to realize for them the value they would possess if British farmers were permitted to buy them and feed them for a month or two, during which they could recover. It is estimated that the embargo entails a loss of $10 upon every head of Canadian cattle shipped to the mother country. The number of head shipped in 1904 was 148,301, which will convey some idea of the serious loss the Canadian farmers have suffered by restrictions which they believe were unjust in the first place, and which are certainly unjust now.

The pretense that contagious disease exists among Canadian herds was long ago dropped by the British Board of Agriculture. The president, Mr. Hanbury, replying in 1892 to a deputation, which waited upon him and asked for the removal of the embargo, said:

"Although Canada may be free (from disease) at the present moment—and I honestly admit that I think it is, and I told the Canadian minister so myself—there is another reason in addition to disease, though connected with it, which I am bound to say weighs with me, and it is this. Given the fact that, although a country may be free from disease, you can never guarantee the continuance of that freedom from disease, what would happen if the importation of store cattle, say from the two countries free from disease at the present time—Canada and the United States—were to be allowed? The first thing would be that the price of English stores would naturally fall to the price of the stores sent over from Canada and the United States."

In this Mr. Hanbury dropped the mask and showed that the real object of the embargo was to protect English and Scotch farmers against competition, not against disease. If the British Government would candidly admit this, the people of Canada, who impose protective duties upon British imports, would have no right to complain. But the British authorities, while admitting that Canadian cattle are free from contagious disease, conceal their real motive, the protection of British graziers, by pretending that the embargo is a guarantee against future infection. Since 1892 about a million Canadian cattle have been slaughtered in British ports and in no single case has any case of a contagious disease been found. This is a sufficient reply to the pretext of the imperial authorities. The Canadian Parliament has a right to demand that the stigma upon Canadian cattle be removed by the lifting of the embargo, or, if the embargo is continued that the British Government shall give an honest reason. Canada is asking for no favors upon sentimental grounds, and rests her case upon simple justice.

The Cruise of the Potemkine.

According to the few official reports that are permitted to leave the country, the mutiny aboard the battleship Kniaz Potemkine in the Black Sea has proved a failure, and were it not for the somber background of revolt and bloodshed, the entire incident would savor of farce. Nevertheless the mutineers are still at large, having helped themselves to fuel and provisions from a British collier and as long as there are men aboard to operate the guns, they constitute more or less of a menace to the Russian Government. The Caucasus and a large section of the Crimean peninsula are reported to be on the verge of rebellion. Should the mutineers enter a port in either of these districts, their presence might touch off the inflammable conditions, bringing on a widespread revolt that would not easily down.

The withdrawal from Odessa to Sevastopol, by Admiral Kruger, of the Black Sea fleet, after permitting the Potemkine to sail away under his nose, is significant. It can be put down to timidity or lack of confidence in his men to fire upon their brother-bluejackets when ordered. Subsequently the Black Sea fleet, under sharp orders from the Government, once more sailed for Odessa, and later a section of the squadron was sent in pursuit of the Potemkine, but she appears to have had little difficulty in eluding her pursuers, who seem to have gone about their task in half-hearted fashion. There is strong evidence to show that the movements of the Potemkine are directed by revolutionary agent or agents. Entering the Roumanian port of Kustendje, the mutineers were careful to proclaim to the world that it was against the Russian autocracy they had declared war. Again at Theodosia they demanded a national assembly, and although a number of the crew were killed while attempting a landing, the mutineers sailed away without revenging themselves by a bombardment of the town.

On the other hand, the holding up of a British ship savors of piracy, and would indicate that the revolutionary agents had lost control of the situation, as the offending of a foreign power would be carefully avoided.

The massacre at Odessa appears to have been even more sanguinary than those at Warsaw, Lodz and St. Petersburg. According to a reliable source, 7,000 perished in the two days' fighting. Millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed by a great conflagration. It is charged that the bloody affair was plotted and engineered by the Russian secret police, who desired to crush the revolutionary party beyond any chance of recovery. The slums of Odessa are filled with a dangerous class of foreigners to whom a state of anarchy would appeal because of the opportunity for loot and pillage. Stirred up and led by the police agents disguised as revolutionists, the starting of the riots would be a simple matter, the police meanwhile taking good care that the genuine revolutionists be disposed of.

The lurid happenings in the Black Sea have drawn attention from Manchuria, but despite the fact that the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries have started for the peace conference at Washington, both armies are engaged in active hostilities. Little that is official gets out from either St. Petersburg or Tokio. General Linevitch reports wiping out an entire battalion of the enemy in a sharp fight, while during the past week Oyama has repeated his oft-told tale of the enemy's repulse.

LATER.

Since the above was written a dispatch says the crew of the Potemkine have surrendered to the Roumanian authorities at Kustenji.

The Black Sea fleet heaves a sigh of relief.

The Russians can't even get up a first-class mutiny.

This is a dull afternoon uptown. The east end has the population.

This is not Mr. Gray's picnic, but no offense to King Edward.

The Whitney Government will never redeem its pledge to take the license administration out of politics so long as it leaves 15 Grit inspectors in the service.

The cattle embargo is a protective measure, but protection is so unpopular in the old country that the British Government has had to give it an assumed name.

She Grabbed at Her Skirts Behind.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

I saw her today, she was crossing the street
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.
She walked on the heels of her dear little feet,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.
She took little steps of four inches or so,
She was careful her new patent leathers would show—
And just so they wouldn't get muddy, you know,
She grabbed
At her skirts behind.

I saw her again, later on, from afar,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.
She was running like mad, for she wanted a car,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.
She waved her free hand in a wild, frantic way,
And she tried her best efforts the street car to stay,
But she wouldn't let loose of the other, nay, nay!
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.

I saw her one Sunday—she stood in the aisle,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.
The church aisle was crowded, she stood quite a while,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind.
She was gowned in a fashion becoming and new—
I watched her while the usher showed her to a pew,
And the last thing I saw as she vanished from view,
She grabbed
At her skirts behind.

Exceptions the Rule.

[Judge.]

"It's much easier," said the scientist, "to support a weight than it is to lift it." "I haven't found it so," said Bilk. "I can lift my wife quite easily."

Conject. ral.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"How big was the fish you caught?" "I don't know. The only thing we could find in the neighborhood to weigh it on was a butcher's scales."

Tom's Fright.

[Puck.]

Mrs. Crabshaw—Tom was awfully scared when he saw those four figures on the tag on my new gown.

Mrs. Crawford—Didn't he know they represented the number?

Mrs. Crabshaw—No. The poor boy thought it was the price.

Something Worth Knowing.

[Louisville Courier Journal.]

Mr. Carnegie has presented a diplodocus to King Edward. You may not know what a diplodocus is, but you may know that it is not a library. And is it not something to know that Mr. Carnegie's gifts are not confined to libraries?

One Right Left.

[London Punch.]

The Czar has conceded religious freedom to all his subjects except the Jews. Still the Jews must be thankful for small mercies. They retain the right to die for their Czar in Manchuria.

The "Green Peril" in France.

[Paris Letter to London Telegraph.]

According to one of the anti-absinthe writers, 123,000 hectolitres, or 2,926,000 gallons, in round numbers, of the stuff, are annually absorbed by French people, men and women, for the women have also learned to like the green peril. Fifty years ago only 735 hectolitres of absinthe were consumed in France. The increase of lunacy is attributed to the deleterious drink. Sixty years ago there were only 10,000 registered lunatics; now there are 80,000. The increase in crime is also traced to the love of absinthe among the masses.

No More Jingoes.

[Philadelphia Press.]

A Canadian cruiser sinks an American fishing boat on Lake Erie, but neither nation is going to lose its head over the incident. Both parties to the unfortunate affair will see that justice is done, and meantime lawbreakers will learn that no flag protects the evil-doer in his misdeeds.

Origin of the Derby.

[London Chronicle.]

The twelfth Earl of Derby is unknown to the reader of the ordinary history book. Lovers of art know him vaguely as the peer who married the pretty and popular actress Eliza Farren, whom the young Lawrence painted so brilliantly. But the Earl had his revenge yesterday, when all the world and his wife flocked to Epsom to see the race for the Derby stakes. For that race, in its institution in 1780, was named after the jovial young peer who was one of the leading patrons of the Georgian turf.

A History-Making Epoch.

[Baltimore American.]

It is hard for the average student of contemporary affairs to attend properly to the sensations of the hour, so fast they tread upon one another's heels. At the present rate there will be a great change when the next histories and geographies are written.

Clever Mr. Pommery.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

"I like you, Mr Pommery, but before I consent to marry you I want to ask you a few questions. Does the lodestone of ambition draw you? Do you seek the unattainable?"

"I seek you, Miss Mugler. Do not—do not allude to yourself as the unattainable."

And she did not.

Why Those Tears?

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

He—"You women are queer. For instance, a girl cries when she's getting married, as if she were losing a husband instead of getting one."

She—"Yes; but she's losing a lover."

Luster.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Paw, is it true that death loves a shining mark?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

"Nothing. Only I should think you'd feel a good deal safer if you wore a wig."

An Ungracious Double.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

"How do you do, sir? My name is Pufferly. I've been wanting to meet you for some time, sir. They tell me you have been taken for me on several occasions."

"Probably that explains why I was arrested on suspicion last night."

To'd of Tom Lawson.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, whose articles on "Frenzied Finance" have attracted so much attention during the last year or more, figured prominently the other day in a diverting incident.

A reporter for an afternoon paper called upon him to ask what he thought about Mr. Rockefeller's latest display of munificence.

"That's my business," said Mr. Lawson, shortly.

"I know it," retorted the reporter, "but it will be Everybody's business soon."

This allusion to the magazine in which Mr. Lawson's effusions make their appearance so amused the financial magnate that he laughed heartily.

(Note—Stories of this description furnished to order at reasonable rates. Address "Anecdotes of Eminent Persons Bureau, Washington, D. C.")

France and Germany.

Paris, July 7.—Premier Rouvier today informed the Council of Ministers that the Franco-German negotiations on the subject of Morocco were making satisfactory progress, adding that a definite agreement was expected after a brief delay.

The Hersey Divorce Case.

Ottawa, Ont., July 7.—Mrs. Hersey, Montreal, won out at the private bills committee today. Her husband was granted a divorce by the Senate but the Commons committee threw out the bill today by a vote of 4 to 11.

Missing Girl Turns Up.

Toronto, Ont., July 7.—The Toronto police today received a telephonic communication stating that Besie Hopkins, who disappeared from her home in Caledon Township had been found at Mona. The missing girl was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Speerce some years ago and her disappearance caused the Speerces a good dead of distress. She met Fred Westwood, aged 21 at a barn raising about two weeks ago and the young man is now under arrest on suspicion of having abducted her.

Epworth League Convention.

Denver, Col., July 7. — Thousands of Methodist workers who are attending the seventh international convention of the Epworth League were astir soon after sunrise today, and the morning watch-meeting in Trinity Church at 6:30 o'clock was large and spiritied. Departmental conferences and summer assemblies and schools occupied the remainder of the forenoon, and were followed by numerous noonday meetings for prayer and exhortation, some of them being held in the streets. This afternoon there were mass meetings at each of which noted preachers discussed subjects.

ENGLISH LADY'S ASSASSIN CAUGHT

Murderer of Miss Cary in Paris Confesses Guilt.

CLEVERLY TRAPPED BY POLICE

Arrested in Public Cafe and Crow of Parisians Threaten to Lynch Him.

Paris, July 7.—At 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the Paris police arrested the murderer of Miss Henrietta Charlotte Cary, the English governess who was found strangled in a lane near Nanterre.

The murderer is an ironworker named Auguste Gailhard, and he has made a full confession of his guilt.

His arrest was effected in a singularly dramatic manner, and the details leading up to it and the subsequent confession are characteristic of French police methods.

A few days ago seven men, one of whom was Gailhard, were arrested on suspicion, but the usual interrogations failed to elicit their connection with the crime, and they were all discharged.

Gailhard's replies, however, were anything but satisfactory to M. Hamard, the chief of the police, who decided to keep the man under constant surveillance.

"If he's guilty," said the astute chief, "he will betray himself."

Two clever members of the detective force were instructed to strike up a friendly acquaintance with the suspected man. This they had no difficulty in doing, and then a secret plan was formed to entrap him.

On Saturday morning one of the detectives, both of whom had throughout the inquiry been disguised as workmen, invited Gailhard into a cafe near the ironworks at Puteaux, where he was employed. Here they sat at a table with other workmen and consumed two or three drinks—at the expense of the detective.

While Gailhard was being thus hospitably treated, the other detective was making a thorough search of the man's apartments in the Rue Vieille de Paris at Suresnes.

In the house he found indisputable proof of Gailhard's guilt.

A pearl necklace, an Indian keepsake, an English penny, and one or two other trifles, all of which Miss Cary had worn on the morning of her death, were found in Gailhard's room.

Among his clothes was a pair of trousers. The knees were muddy, showing that he had worn them when he committed the deed, and that he had kneit down when he fixed his fatal grip on the poor woman's throat.

Without the loss of a moment the detective, carrying the murdered woman's property in his pocket, went to the cafe at Puteaux.

Gailhard was delighted to see him again. He rose to give a cordial greeting. The other detective rose, too, and Gailhard was astounded to hear his supposed friends quietly assert that he was their prisoner.

As the words "In the name of the law" were spoken Gailhard turned pale and made a pitiful attempt to laugh the matter off.

Without removing him from the gaze of the other occupants of the cafe, the detectives deftly searched his pockets, and brought out first an English sovereign and then Miss Cary's watch.

The man, overcome with anguish, burst into tears.

He was taken into the street, followed by an angry crowd of men, who made desperate attempts to drag him from the clutches of the police for the purpose of lynching him.

They cried, "Death to the robber and assassin!" and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was eventually conveyed to the police station, where, knowing now that escape was impossible, he confessed.

"I acted in a moment of madness," he declared.

"I was walking near Mont Valerien, when I saw her there alone. Up to that moment I had no idea of crime in my head.

"But I saw her gold chain on her breast. I saw her other jewels, and as there was nobody about I decided to strangle her.

"I went up to her and asked her for money. She replied in English, and then tried to run away.

"I seized her and carried her into a field. I threw her down and strangled her. I could not help it. I was mad.

"I searched her clothing for valuables. While I was doing this two men passed. They did not know what I was doing, and they went on.

"I took away her jewels and then went home, leaving her dead body in the field."

At 9 o'clock this morning Gailhard was examined by a magistrate, to whom he repeated his confession.

"The rays of the sun and alcohol," he added, "were responsible for the crime. If my old mother hears about it she will die."

Here he completely broke down, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "To think that drink should have made me so mad as to committ such a horrible crime!"

He had the reputation of being a very efficient workman, but he squandered his earnings in gambling and drink.

A curious sidelight on the character of the murderer was thrown by the discovery, in an inner pocket of his waistcoat, of a picture postcard addressed to a girl to whom he is engaged. The picture on the card is that of a hand holding a flower with the motto, "Hope is a loan I get from happiness."

Underneath this Gailhard had written: "May this gift my timidity to thy simplicity be precious to thee. May the motto above be thine, as it is mine."

Two hours before her murderer's arrest, the remains of Miss Cary had been taken from the morgue to Christ Church, in the Boulevard Bineau, and thence to the cemetery, where they were buried.

The sad little procession in the rain consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Shuffrey (the sister and brother-in-law of the victim), M. Rondest (from whose house in Nanterre, Miss Cary went to meet her death), Mrs. Leigh and several friends from the home in the Avenue Wagram.

The coffin was covered with wreaths from friends and sympathizers.

Sent Free



(Trade Mark Registered)
THOUSANDS KNOW THAT
MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
Gray Hair Restorer
is the only one that will restore the original color to gray and faded hair without dye; that it is pure as water, not sticky or greasy, and cannot wash or wear off. If you have a friend who knows and can tell you its worth, get a full sized bottle ($1.00). If not send your name and address and 10 cents for postage, and we will send, in plain wrapper, enough for a good trial on one spot. Be sure and mention original color of hair (send sample if possible.) Address Mary T. Goldman, 768 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. For sale by
W. T. STRONG, 184 Dundas Street, and all leading stores.
YOU WILL HAVE NO DUTY TO PAY.

VERY MUCH MARRIED

Young Preacher With Third Wife Finds Second Is Still Alive.

Denver, Col., July 7. — Three wives have borne the name of the Rev. Henry H. Warner, of this city, who is still under 40 years old. His first wife secured a divorce, but his second and third wives are still living. Neither is divorced and both have children by him. For three years he has been living with wife No. 3, trying to keep the secret of his second marriage from her. Now he says he will leave wife No. 3, live in a distant part of the country and try to earn enough money to support both families.

Warner's story is that he married his first wife in 1885, while he was a student in Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.; that she proved unfaithful and deserted him, obtaining a divorce in Denver, of which he had no official notice; that in 1893, at Lowell, Mass., he married an English girl, by whom he had a daughter; that his health failed him and that he came west, arriving at Denver in 1902. He had written to his wife, asking her to join him, but she went to England. In 1901 he received a letter purporting to come from her sister and saying his wife had died from heart disease, and that they would keep the child, then 4 years old, in England. Mr. Warner said:

"I supposed from this that I was legally free, and had the death notice published in papers in Boston, Chicago and Columbus, O., months before I saw Denver or my present wife. In June, 1902, I was married, legally, as I believed, to the present wife.

"After we had been married same time the announcement was made to me in the shape of letters that left no room for doubt that the wife supposed to have died in England was not dead, but very much alive, and where I made the mistake was in trying to suppress it and have it settled by a legal divorce in Massachusetts."

PROTECTION NOT PLEURO-PNEUMONIA

Why John Bull Refuses to Lift the Cattle Embargo Against Canada.

Ottawa, July 7. — The cattle embargo question was up in the House today, the agricultural committee's report on the matter having been tabled. It was presented by Mr. Mackenzie, of Bruce.

The report said that the imposition of this restriction was not warranted so far as Canada is concerned, for there was not a single case of contagious pleuro-pneumonia in Canada, or ever had existed. Therefore, as the report set forth, it was demanded that the British authorities either remove the embargo or publish to the world the fact that Canadian cattle are free from contagious diseases.

Mr. McKenzie did not favor the exportation of unfinished cattle, but cases would arise when it would benefit the Canadian farmer to be able to ship such cattle and have them finished in England, instead of their being slaughtered within ten days after landing. It would also be an advantage in the case of animals injured on shipboard, as they could be kept until fully recovered and the good name of Canadian beef thus maintained. Recently, Mr. McKenzie said he had had a conversation with Earl Grey, one of the best authorities in Great Britain upon the subject, and his excellency declared there was no beef in the world to beat the Canadian steer.

Speaking for himself, he would strongly approve of the removal of the embargo. There was nothing to be gained by letting this matter drop, said Mr. McKenzie, and he would favor urging again upon the British Government to remove the embargo in the interests of their own people as well as ours.

Mr. Bickerdike said that the real reason for the embargo was a desire to protect the British farmer. It was protection, and not pleuro-pneumonia that maintained the embargo. He had letter from the president of the British board of agriculture, in which that gentleman said he was satisfied that there was no cattle disease in England, but he could not very well remove the embargo against the country without also removing it against the United States.

Mr. Fisher reviewed the whole of the embargo question and said the action of the British ministry constituted an unfriendly act which showed a lack of consideration towards those bonds of imperial unity which should be just as dear to the mother country as to Canada.

The report was then adopted.

MINING ROWS AT COBALT

Government Appoints a St. Thomas Man to Adjudicate Troubles.

Toronto, July 7.—Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Mines and Lands, has appointed Sam Price, the well-known St. Thomas barrister, as commissioner to adjudicate all mining disputes in the new mining district springing up around Cobalt.

Hitherto, whenever a dispute has occurred regarding applications, titles, etc., of mining lands, the parties to the dispute have been compelled to come to Toronto and state their case to the department. Not only was this a costly and inconvenient method, it also was anything but expeditious.

Now, however, when a dispute arises the Government will have a man on the spot who will be able to settle their claims and render it unnecessary for them to journey to the Parliament buildings.

Already there are many matters awaiting attention.

John Bell Buried.

Belleville, July 7.—The remains of the late John Bell, K.C., senior counsel of the Grand Trunk Railway, were interred this afternoon. Many dignitaries were present at the obsequies, including representatives from the bench and bar at Toronto, the Grand Trunk Railway offices in Montreal, and the Hastings County Law Society. Justices Moss and Osler, of Toronto, represented the benchers, while Messrs. Drayton, McCarthy, Rose and Barwick, of Toronto, represented the bar of that city.

A "SQUARE DEAL."

One of President Roosevelt's favorite mottoes is, "A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERYBODY." We believe this principle should be lived up to in business as well as in politics, and we always endeavor to do our part. But if you want the squarest kind of a "square deal," here is your opportunity. We offer this week fourteen choice Square Pianos at real BARGAIN PRICES, and on terms to suit purchaser—a "Square" proposition all around.

Here are the "Squares" and the Bargain Prices. Please note that each instrument has been put in best possible condition at our Piano Factory, and is GUARANTEED exactly as represented.

3 STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS — Standard of the world, cost when new $600 to $700. Sale prices, $100, $150 and $200
2 WEBER PIANOS — Unusually good square pianos. Sale prices only, $89 and $125
EMERSON PIANO — Square Grand, 7⅓ octaves, good clear tone, very desirable, for, only $110
D. L. FRY & CO. PIANO—One of the old reliable makers, an astounding bargain $85
EVANS BROS. PIANO—Square Grand, very sweet, sympathetic tone, original excellence still retained, only $95
NITSCHKE PIANO—A beautiful instrument, cost $500, now only $100
CHICKERING PIANOS—Full 7 octaves, splendid practice piano.. $60
Other Pianos at $29, $39 and $49

This is undoubtedly the very best lot of Square Pianos we have ever seen, and we are sincere in our belief that equal bargains were never before offered. If you have room for a square, by all means secure one of these beautiful-toned instruments. Uprights at double the money would not be better in tone, action or service. In fact, these squares are so good that we have no hesitancy in making this proposition: Within a year from date of purchase we will exchange for new Upright, and allow full price paid. Is not this a "Square Deal"?

The above bargains will be sold on easy terms anywhere in Ontario. Call or write for full particulars, and "do it today," before someone else gets the Piano you wish.

NORDHEIMER'S,
LIMITED,
188 DUNDAS STREET, - - LONDON.



A Full Line of HAMMOCKS
In Their Latest Colors and Designs.
$1.00 to $5.00 Each.
REFRIGERATORS,
Good Value—$7.00 to $14.00 Each.
PEERLESS ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
Makes ice cream in three minutes.
2-quart, $2.50; 3-quart, $2.75; 4-quart, $3.00.
SCREEN WINDOWS, Extension,
15c to 25c Each.
SCREEN WINDOWS, Permanent to Nail Up.
25c to 60c Each.
The 50c size fits plate glass win dow 54 inches wide.
LAWN HOSE, Best Grades,
10c to 15c per foot.
Store closed on Wednesday afternoons during July and August.
Geo. Taylor & Son
HARDWARE, 236 DUNDAS ST.

Stops itching of the scalp instantly.



NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE
The Original Remedy that "kills the Dandruff Germ."
QUITE HOMELY---QUITE ATTRACTIVE
The woman with homely features will not lack attractiveness if her head is crowned with an abundance of beautiful hair. But, on the other hand, the finest contour of female face loses much of its attractiveness if the hair is scanty or looks diseased. The dandruff microbe causes dull, brittle or lusterless hair, with later dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. Newbro's Herpicide destroys this enemy of beauty and permits the hair to grow as nature intended. A delightful hair dressing. Gives wonderful results. No oil or dye.
Drug Stores, $1. Send 10c. stamps, to HERPICIDE CO., Dept. H, Detroit, Mich., for a sample
C. McCALLUM & CO., Special Agents. | Applications at Prominent Barber Shops.

THE EMPIRE ACCIDENT AND SURETY COMPANY
Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament of Canada.
Authorized Capital, - - - - - - - - $1,000,000.00
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Deposited as Security With Dominion Government - 80,000.00
Licensed by Governments of Dominion, of Ontario and of Manitoba.
Transacts accident and sickness insurance.
Issues guarantee or surety bonds for fidelity of officers and employes of all kinds.
By order of Lieutenant-Governor in Council, judges are authorized to accept its bonds as security for administrators of estates and guardians of infants.
HEAD OFFICE—215 Masonic Temple, London, Canada.

New Night Service to Muskoka.

The fast "Eastern Flyer," leaving London at 6:50 p.m. daily, via Grand Trunk, connects at Toronto with Pullman sleeper for Muskoka Wharf, arriving there at 6:45 a.m., and making direct connection for all principal points on lakes. Passengers may occupy sleeper immediately on arrival in Toronto.

Returning, new express will leave Muskoka Wharf at 8:15 p.m., connection being made from all principal lake points, and will connect at Toronto with through Pullman Sleeper to London, arriving at 3:44 a.m.

For tickets, illustrated literature, and full information call on E. De la Hooke, C. P. and T. A., or E. Ruse, ticket agent. 59c

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. Hunt & Sons, 663 Richmond street. 'Phone 397

If the camphor bottle becomes roily it is going to storm. When it clears settled weather may be expected. This idea has seemingly been utilized in the manufacture of some of our cheap barometers. The main trouble is they seldom foretell the change until near its arrival.

ITS POWER GROWS WITH AGE.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was first put upon the market? Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted, and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

The fraternity of bellringers is known in Britain as "the exercise," as the dramatic profession is known as "the" profession. A bellringer is a "member of the exercise."

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.

A woman who was plaintiff in an action in a London court the other day said she earned her living by lending out silk skirts, hats and feathers to working girls for holidays.

Plain Cotton Hose, 2 pairs For 25c.

WOODS' FAIR

Ladies' Summer Vests, 2 for 25c.

Children's White Enamel Chairs, sale price, each 25c
Children's White Enamel Tables, sale price, each 75c
Children's White Enamel Rockers, sale price, each 25c
Child's Nursery Chairs, sale price, each 35c
A full line of Child's Rattan Rockers, ranging from 75c to $3 00
Also a full line of High Chairs at special prices. A large assortment of flags. All at special prices this week.

New line of Children's Books and Games, "The Hand of Fate," "Nosey," etc. All specially reduced this week.

We have a complete line of Baseballs and Bats, also rubber balls at 5c, 10c, 15c and 25c

Sea Shore Toys, such as Sand Pails, Garden Sets, etc. Specially reduced this week.

Special line of 50c Corsets.

Woods' Fair

See our line of 25c Belts.

MARKET PRICES

Other quotations on page 6.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool, July 8.—Wheat—Spot nominal. Futures quiet; July, 6s 11½d; September, 6s 10¾d; December, 6s 10⅜d.
Corn—Spot firm; American mixed, 5s 2¾d. Futures quiet; July, 5s 1⅜d; September, 4s 11½d.
Flour—St. Louis fancy winter steady, 9s 6d.
Hops (in London)—Pacific coast quiet, £5 5s to £6.
Peas—Canadian firm, 6s 2¾d.
Beef—Quiet; extra India mess, 82s 6d.
Pork—Dull; prime mess western, 62s 6d.
Hams—Short cut, 14 ot 1 6lbs, steady, 46s.
Bacon—Quiet and steady; Cumberland cut, 26 to 30 lbs, 43s; short ribs, 16 to 24 lbs, 44s; long clear middles, light, 28 to 34 lbs, 44s; long clear middles, heavy, 35 to 40 lbs, 43s 6d; short clear backs, 16 to 20 lbs, 41s 6d; clear bellies, 14 to 16 lbs, 43s; shoulders, square, 11 to 13 lbs, quiet, 31s 6d.
Lard—Prime western, in tierces, quiet, 35s 3d; American refined, in pails, quiet, 35s 9d.
Butter—Nominal.
Cheese—American finest white steady, 47s 6d; American finest colored firm, 48s 6d.
Tallow—Prime city quiet, 22s 9d; Australian (in London) easy, 25s.
Turpentine Spirits—Steady, 44s 3d.
Rosin—Common strong, 9s 6d.
Petroleum—Refined quiet, 6d.
Linseed Oil—Firm, 21s 6d.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO.

Toronto, July 7.—Receipts today were 3 loads, comprising 26 cattle and 19 sheep and lambs. Quotations were unchanged from yesterday. Receipts for the week have been 201 cars, containing 3,328 cattle, 4,164 sheep and lambs, 1,802 hogs and 367 calves.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, July 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 250 head; light demand; prime steers, $5 60 to $5 85; shipping steers, $5 to $5 50; butchers, $4 50 to $5 25; heifers, $3 50 to $5; cows, $2 to $4 50; bulls, $2 75 to $4 50. Veals—Receipts, 300 head; steady, $5 to $7 50.
Hogs—Receipts, 3,500 head; active and steady; heavy, $5 90 to $5 95; mixed, $5 95 to $6; Yorkers and pigs, $6 to $6 10; roughs, $4 90 to $5 15; stags, $3 25 to $3 75; dairies, $5 60 to $7 90.
Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 600 head; active; wethers 10c higher; lambs, $6 50 to $8 75; yearlings, $7 to $7 50; wethers, $6 to $6 25; ewes, $4 50 to $5 25; sheep, mixed, $2 50 to $5 75.

OIL MARKETS.

LONDON.

London, July 7.—Petroleum, American refined, 5 7-16d; spirits, 5¼d.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp, July 7.—Petroleum, 17 francs 50 centimes.

BREMEN.

Bremen, July 7.—Petroleum, 6 marks 35 pfennigs.

PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 7.—Oil opened and closed at $1 27.

OIL CITY.

Oil City, Pa., July 7.—Credit balances, $1 27; certificates, no bid; shipments, 93,116 barrels.

DAIRY MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, July 7.—Butter—Steady; creameries, 16c to 19¾c; dairies, 15c to 18c. Cheese—Easy, 9¾c to 10½c.

SUGAR MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

New York, July 7.—Sugar—Raw unsettled; fair refining, 3½c; centrifugal, 96° test, 4¼c; molasses sugar, 3¼c; refined quiet. Molasses—Firm.

LONDON.

London, July 7.—Raw sugar—Centrifugal, 13s, nominal; Muscovado, 11s 3d, nominal; beet sugar, July, 10s 5¼d.

TORONTO.

Toronto, July 7.—Sugar—Prices here are unchanged; granulated, $5 10; domestic, $4 98; yellow, $4 58; bags are quoted 5c less.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Toronto, July 8.—Wheat—Market dull and easy, at 96c to 98c for No. 2 red and white, and 78c to 80c for goose; offerings of Manitoba wheat are limited; prices steady; No. 1 northern is quoted at $1 10; No. 2 northern, $1 07, and No. 3 at 91c, at lake ports.
Flour—Quiet and easy; 90 per cent patents are quoted at $4 20 to $4 30, in buyers' sacks, west, and 15c to 20c more for choice; Manitoba unchanged; first patents are quoted at $5 30 to $5 60; second patents at $5 to $5 30, and bakers at $4 30 to $5 10.
Millfeed—Bran, $12; shorts scarce, at $14 50 to $18; Manitoba bran, $17; shorts, $19, at Toronto and equal points.
Oats—Firm, at 45c to 46c for No. 2, outside.
Barley—Active, at 46c to 48c.
Rye—Nominal, at 60c, outside.
Corn—Canadian nominal, at 54c to 55c, Chatham freights; American firmer, at 64½c for No. 2 yellow and 64c for No. 3 yellow, lake and rail freights.
Peas—Wanted, at 71c to 72c for No. 2, west, and 75c for milling.
Rolled Oats—Unchanged, at $5 for cars of barrels, on track here, and $4 75 for cars of bags; 25c more for broken lots here and 40c more outside.
Butter—Market firm; prices steady; creamery prints, 19c to 21c; solids, 18c to 19c; dairy rolls, good to choice, 15c to 17c; large rolls, 14c to 15c; medium, 13c to 14c; good to choice, 14½c to 15½c; inferior, 12c to 13c.
Eggs—Firm, at 17c.
Hogs—Live hogs easy, at $6 15 to $6 40; dressed hogs unchanged, at $8 75 to $9 25.

HAY MARKET.

TORONTO.

Toronto, July 7.—Baled Hay—Farmers are still endeavoring to get rid of the heavy stocks on hand, and receipts are large and the market dull; anything but No. 1 timothy is almost unsaleable; it is quoted at $7 50 to $7 75 per ton, on track here; No. 2 sells at $6.
Baled Straw—The market is dull, with plenty offering; quotations unchanged, at $5 75 to $6 per ton for car lots on track here.

BEAN MARKET.

DETROIT.

Detroit, July 8.—Beans—July, $1 67; October, $1 80.

THE FAMILY ALE.

The only GOLD MEDAL awarded at the St. Louis Exposition for ale and stout was won by JOHN LABATT. Purchasers can always get Labatt's Ale and Porter in prime condition from P. J. WATT, Market Square, Molsons Bank Building.

RESULT OF EXAMS AT CONSERVATORY

Students Who Were Successful in the Various Departments —Many in Honor List.

Following are the results of the recent examinations of the L. C. M., arranged alphabetically:

PIANO.

Post Graduates—G. Huntley, St. Thomas; I. McLennan, Laurier.
Senior (Artists' Course).—S. Courtice, Clinton; A. Gemmell, Sarnia; I. Matheson, Armow; K. O'Meara, London, B. Weir, London.
Senior (Normal Course).—N. Gilbank, Birr; A. McKenzie, Laurier; M. Stewart, Forest.
Intermediate (Piano).—First honors—I. Campbell, Belmont; I. Gray, London.
Honors—C. Harding, St. Marys; E. Quick, London; P. Wise, Brucefield.
Pass—J. Collins, Woodstock; C. Fyle, Brantford; M. Lyons, London; F. Tolton, Thorndale; N. Tytler, London; Mrs. Trussler, Camlachie.
Junior Piano—First honors—N. Clendenning, Woodstock; C. Cathro, Lieury; B. Doan, Watford; M. Elcoatt, Brucefield; M. Hicks, Barnholm; E. Hudson, London; A. Hillis, Watford; I. Jamieson, St. Marys; S. Murray, Tavistock; M. Purdue, Clinton, L. Sharp, Camlachie; I. Wilson, London.
Honors — E. Adams, London; M. Bragg, London; P. Coles, London; M. Draper, London; A. Hamilton, Goderich; A. McIntosh, Stratford; A. Weitzel, Tavistock.
Pass—E. Hobbs, Birr; M. King, London; O. Laird, London; M. Langford, London; M. McKenzie, Thornton; M. Nairn, Motherwell; W. Nye, Sarnia; A. Ryan, London; R. Smith, London; H. Stuart, London; M. Shields, Rexburg, Idaho; G. Vandermade, London.
Primary Piano—First Honors—F. Crawford, London; B. Cline, London; A. Dempsey, London; R. Dodds, Kertch; H. Gibson, London; G. Gibson, Sarnia; R. Hill, Mitchell; V. Harrison, St. Marys; M. Hamilton, Watford; E. Kalbfleisch, Tavistock; L. Luson, Kingarf; L. Lyons, Mitchell; M. Manning, Clinton; H. Maguire, London, A. Morrow, London; Y. Penhall, London; V. Patterson, St. Marys; S. Randall, Wanstead; A. Rawson, Copleston; M. Rainy, Carlingford; M. Sheppard, Ingersoll; G. Shier, Kirkton; A. Sippel, Tavistock; C. Smith, Birnam; P. Sanders, Watford; J. Vicary, Sarnia Tunnel; A. Victor, Bornholm; E. Wood, Mitchell; H. Weigand, Brodhagen; M. Wood, Mitchell; Mrs. S. Wood, Mitchell.
Honors—E. Allen, St. Marys; I. Cameron, Duncrieff; A. Cowan, Sarnia; M. Colville, Byron; M. Innes, Mount Brydges; O. Laird, London; P. Morris, Petrolea; E. Manzer, Ingersoll; O. Oliver, Kilworth Bridge; M. Steele, London, L. Webber, Tavistock.
Pass—A. Ballah, Harrietsville; T. Crawford, Coldstream; E. Campbell, Ivan; M. Robinson, London; P. Victory, London; S. Wright Sarnia Tunnel.

ELOCUTION.

Senior Oratory—First Honors—G. Anthistle, London; T. Elliott, Appin.
Honors—E. Kirk, London; E. Mason, London.
Senior Voice—First Honors—G. Anthistle, T. Elliott, E. Kirk, E. Mason.
Senior Gesture—First Honors — G. Anthistle, T. Elliott.
Honors—E. Kirk, E. Mason.
Senior Physical Culture — First Honors — G. Anthistle, T. Elliott, E. Kirk, E. Mason.
Senior Oratory and Elocution—First Honors—G. Anthistle, T. Elliott.
Honors—E. Kirk.
Pass—E. Mason.

SIGHT SINGING.

Intermediate — First Honors — K. Rutherford, London; B. Weir, London.
Honors — E. Wood, Stratford; M. Mooney, London.

VIOLIN.

Primary—First Honors—D. Hobbs, Strathroy.
Honors—M. Green, London; O. Luney, London.

VOCAL.

Senior Vocal—A. Brown, London.
Intermediate Vocal—First Honors—Mrs. Brown, Camlachie; E. Coghill, Wyoming; E. French, Sarnia; Emma King, Wyoming; M. Travis, Wyoming.
Honors—Ethel King, Wyoming.
Pass—J. Bell, Ossian; A. Dewar, Petrolea.
Junior Vocal—First Honors—O. Baker, Stratford; O. Gelinas, Woodstock; M. McDonald, Tavistock; T. Mason, Stratford; E. Smith, Warwick; W. Trussler, Camlachie; R. Whiddon, Bayfield.
Honors—M. Cairns, Camlachie; W. Dawe, Stratford; H. Dowd, Camlachie; I. Dudley, London; B. Hampshere, Clinton; H. Lawrence, Watford; L. McClure, Watford; L. Potts, Clinton; E. Hayne, Sarnia.

THEORY, HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT

Senior Harmony—First Honors—G. Maxwell, St. Marys; E. Wood, Stratford.
Senior Counterpoint—First Honors—G. Maxwell, E. Wood.
Senior Canon and Fugue — First Honors—G. Maxwell.
Honors—E. Wood.
Senior History—First Honors — M. Hicks, Bornholm; G. Maxwell, E. Wood.
Senior Orchestration and Acoustics—Honors—G. Maxwell, E. Wood.
Intermediate Harmony—First Honors—M. Stewart, Forest.
Intermediate Form—First Honors — M. Stewart, Forest.
Intermediate Counterpoint — First Honors—N. Gilbank, Birr; A. McKenzie, Laurier; K. O'Meara, London; K. Rutherford, London; M. Stewart, Forest.
Junior (Practical) Harmony — First Honors—I. Campbell, Belmont; M. Lyons, London; E. McCrimmon, London; E. Ross, London; G. Shortell, London.
Honors—N. Tytler, London; E. Taylor, London.
Junior (Theoretical) Harmony—First Honors—C. Blum, Brocksden; I. Campbell, Belmont; M. Gibb, Stratford; I. Germaine, Petrolea; M. Lyons, London; E. McCrimmon, London; R. Phillips, London; E. Ross, London; G. Shortell, London; N. Tytler, London; E. Taylor, London.
Honors—A. Brown, London; J. Dewar, Kertch.

JUNIOR HISTORY.

First Honors—C. Blum, Brocksden.
Honors—A. Brown, London; C. Harding, St. Marys.
Pass—M. Gibb, Stratford.

JUNIOR RUDIMENTS.

First Honors — C. Blum, Brocksden; J. Campbell, Belmont; J. Dewar, Kertch; J. Farrell, London; J. Germaine, Petrolea; M. Gibb, Stratford; L. Luns, Mitchell; M. Lyons, London; E. McCrimmon, London; R. Phillips, London; E. Ross, London; N. Tytler, London.
Honors—A. Brown, London; J. Duiguid, London; M. Glass, London; M. Hodder, London; S. McDonald, London; P. Perrin, London; E. Quick, London; F. Robinson, London.
Pass—M. Langford, London; D. Austin, London; F. Land, London; V. M. McCracken, London.
Primary Harmony — Honors — O. Baker, Stratford; D. Austin, London; M. Gordon, London; E. Hobbs, Birr; M. Hodder, London; M. Langford, London; S. Murry, Tavistock; T. Neal, Stratford; M. Phillips, Cassel; S. McDonald, London; E. Quick, London; E. Tyrie, Sarnia; A. Weitzel, Tavistock.
Pass—A. Dewar, Petrolea; J. Duiguid, London; J. Farrell, London; M. Glass, London; B. Gordon, Stratford; E. Hayne, Sarnia; F. Land, London; A. McIntosh, Stratford; V. McCracken, London; J. Perrin, London; F. Robinson, London.
Primary Rudiments—First Honors—P. Coles, London; M. Dobbyn, Shetland; L. Elliott, Varna; L. Grant, Clinton; E. Hudson, London. E. Hayne Sarnia; I. Jackson, London; K. Leslie St. Marys; L. Leeson, Kingarf; K. McDougall, Kertch; B. McMillan, London; R. Smith, London; G. Vandermade London; R. Whiddon, Bayfield; A Weitzel, Tavistock; I. Wilson, London; L. Yeates, St. Marys.
Honors—O. Baker, Stratford; R Dodds, Watford; C. Fyle, Brantford L. Grant, Watford; M. Humphries, Adelaide; M. Hamilton, Watford; R. Hill Mitchell; O. Laird, London; A. McIntosh, Stratford; S. Murray, Tavistock; M. Phillips, Cassel; E. Plumsteel, Clinton; H. Stuart, London; J. Thompson Brucefield; B. Watson Belgrave; E Wilson, Arkona.
Pass—B. Doar, Watford; B. Gordon Stratford; E. Lavis, Clinton; W. Moffatt, Brucefield; N. Nicholson, London; C. Smith, Watford; K. Thompson, Brucefield; A. Victor, Bornholm; M Wood, Mitchell; M. Walker, Brucefield; E. Whitmore, Brucefield.

RECEIVER FOR STANDARD OIL

Tom Lawson Already Looking for a Man Suitable to the Position.

Chicago, July 7. — Thomas W. Lawson, en route to Kansas and neighboring states to advise the people to sell their stocks, stopped off in Chicago long enough last night to say a few words about "The System." Mr. Lawson arrived in a private car attached to a Grand Trunk train, and left shortly after 2 o'clock this morning for Kansas City over the Santa Fe.
"It is entirely possible to lay John D. Rockefeller low," said the Boston man. "No matter if it is worth $500,000,000, we can put him through the hopper just as nicely as he does the men who is worth only $5,000.
"How can it be done? Easiest thing in the world. Let the people unload their Rockefeller stocks at the proper time. And, by the way, now is the proper time. Stocks are at a top notch, and it would embarrass Standard Oil just as much if all the people owning its stock rushed to the market to sell it as it would affect a railroad stock if it was pounded simultaneously the country over in one day."
Mr. Lawson lighted a fresh cigar, threw back the lapel of his coat, laughed, and continued:
"The people can down any system, no matter how many billions it possesses. I am so sure Standard Oil is to be downed that I am already looking for the right sort of man for receiver."
"What do you think of Mr. Rockefeller giving $10,000,000 recently for educational purposes?"
"Mr. Rockefeller let go of $10,000,000," was the financier's correction. "Well," and he looked toward the ceiling of his private car, Haslemere, "$10,000,000 is twenty-two tons of gold—we figured it out today between stations."
Do you regard Rockefeller as a menace?"
"I regard his $500,000,000 as a menace," responded the apostle of financial reform.
"Is Rockefeller, in your opinion, a good citizen?"
"That depends on your standard of citizenship out this way."
"Do you believe a printed report that he once committed perjury on the witness stand?"
"That is part of 'The System's' policy; take my word for it."
"Do you advise a young man to go into the stock speculating business?"
"Never, never, never. I would not permit my own son to. I made $5,200,000 in twenty-eight days one time not so terribly long ago, and I could hardly look a friend in the face. I have been in the game now thirty-six years, and my advice is 'keep out.'"
Mr. Lawson asserted that speculation was not so "dead sure" as following the horses. The trouble is, he said, speculators never hold on to their money. He explained how H. H. Rogers and his friends make money, however, by saying:
"They buy two roads for $10,000,000 each—force the owners to sell—and combine the two, issue bonds for $200,000,000, and sell out everything to the great American people."

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

THOMAS SABIN, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A GLIMPSE AT REIGN OF TERROR

Awful Slaughter of the French Revolution May Be Duplicated in Russia.

A short time ago glancing at the catalogue of the public library, I found that it had on its shelves the bound volumes of "Le Moniteur Universel," the leading newspaper of Paris during the stirring and tragic times of the French revolution.
These are indeed precious volumes, for they are the contemporary record of the most thrilling drama known to history, a drama wherein are crowded in the space of four or five years the excesses of a mob despotism, the fortitude of its victims and the heroism of the soldiers of France battling against the invading armies of Europe.
As no history, however adequate, can portray an epoch as graphically as the daily matter-of-fact reports of a contemporary newspaper, I offer some significant items from Le Moniteur Universel, which in their eye-witness way expose in full light the terrible ordeal the French nation went through under the regime of Marat, Danton, Robespierre, Saint Juste, etc., a regime known in history as the reign of terror.
A tribunal called the "Committee of Public Safety" was constituted and given a drastic jurisdiction over all real, fanciful or manufactured criminal offenses. That so-called tribunal consisted of a public accuser chosen because of his utter lack of conscience, his ferociay and his servility to Robespierre, and that public accuser commanded over fifty alleged jurymen picked up among that class of people who in normal times fill the penitentiaries.
Before that semblance of a court he accused was denied the right to call witnesses in his behalf; it was in the discretion of the public accuser to declare at any stage of the trial that the jury had sufficient evidence, and, of course, 95 out of 100 tried by that crocodile-like tribunal were forthwith convicted and dispatched to the guillotine.
That such a legalized system of slaughtering human beings would open the door to the loosest denunciations and persecutions is appallingly illustrated in the daily town topics of "Le Monitor Universel."
First—In the ghastly farcical charges brought against the accused.
Second—In the multitude of such charges and the wholesale slaughtering of men and women of all ages, professions, trades and conditions.
During the two dismal years that Robespierre exercised a virtual dictatorship in Paris, "Le Moniteur Universel," in its daily reports between March, 1793, and July, 1794, shows with all the significance of a contemporary chronicler that like the net of a fisherman, the meshes of which have been contrived to catch muskalonges down to minnows, the French criminal tribunal of the day of Robespierre had in its power to trap in the meshes of its jurisdiction the highest down to the humblest among men. The capital crimes triable before that travesty of a court were of six classes.
First—For being connected by ancestry or otherwise with the nobility, or for having been in the employ, or having been or remaining friendly to any member of the nobility.
Second—For having expressed opinions that could be construed to be incompatible with the unity and indivisibility of the French Republic.
Third—For having uttered by words of mouth or in print, expressions that might tend to belittle the chosen representatives of the French nation, or that might directly or indirectly tend to restore monarchy in France.
Fourth—For uttering words or expressions that might be construed as attempts to shake the confidence of the French people in a Republican form of government.
Fifth—For attempting to depreciate "assignats—" (a wild paper money which had depreciated itself at the start.)
Sixth—For selling provisions or goods of inferior make or quality, or at a price above the maximum price fixed by the then rulers of France on almost everything salable.
That with such sweeping and incoherent criminal statues the French revolution would outdo the bloody persecutions of the Roman Empire, the Middle Ages, the times of Catherine of Medici and Phillipe of Spain, is fully proved by the following telling items, which I translate from "Le Moniteur Universel" among hundreds of the same kind:
A partial list of the accused tried and sentenced to the guillotine on May 5, 1793:
Miss F. M. Henouf, age 21, milliner.
Miss J. Jarny, age 21, cook.
Miss M. Virolles, age 25, hairdresser.
J. C. Therry, age 29, barber.
J. V. Plos, age 36, lawyer.
V. Ferrier, age 23, surgeon.
Miss J. Sulplan, age 23, waitress.
Widow G. B. Boryon, age 77, seamstress.
J. F. Magnier, age 40, schoolteacher.
F. Pascal, age 30, wagonmaker.
All the above persons were convicted for having uttered words and expressions that might tend to belittle republican institutions, and forthwith put under the axe of the guillotine.
On the same day, the tribunal condemned priests, noblemen, a fish dealer and his wife, four shoemakers and six clothiers. The priests, noblemen, the fish dealer and his wife, for having held conversations deemed of a nature to cool patriotism and weaken public confidence in free institutions. The shoemakers and clothiers for having furnished shoes and uniforms to the French army which did not fit or were of inferior quality.
On the 5th and 6th day of May, 1793, I counted in Le Moniteur Universel no less than 95 accused persons, tried before that murderous tribunal, all on cruelly farcical charges; and yet, no less than 90 of them were dispatched to the guillotine.
Note that this slaughtering of men and women went on regularly and with increasing activity till the fall of Robespierre in July, 1794, and the reader will form an idea of the French revolution when personified by Marat, Robespierre, Saint Juste, Couthon, and others.
As an accusation before the tribunal of the French revolution meant as a rule a sentence to the guillotine, one may judge of the appalling number of the victims in Paris alone, when day after day Le Moniteur Universel gives items like the following:
June 1, 1793—Number of persons in prison, 8,150. June 16, 1793—Number of persons in prison, 9,325.
Now, as the tribunal would frequently try and sentence seventy to eighty of those persons on a single day, and that in addition to the fearful work of the guillotine, the scum of Paris would occasionally form a body, march on the prisons, drag out the prisoners and massacre them, the picture of the French revolution under the leadership of Marat, Robespierre and their confreres becomes still truer. Yet, there have been found fanciful, not even be excused or explained by defend and praise those enemies of mankind, though their crimes could not to say unscrupulous, historians to the cruelty of the age in which they had been brought up.
Danton, Robespierre, Saint Juste, Couthon, Collot, Frenchmen of the latter part of the eighteenth century, lived and were educated at a time when France was the pioneer in softening the severity of penal laws, in encouraging projected reforms calculated to benefit the masses—and all that, with the unqualified support of Queen Marie Antoinette and King Louis XVI. whose pride it was that he had never signed a death warrant.
But in spite of those French, German and English authors who have written the history of the sinister personages called "the terrorists" as an advocate would defend a criminal against whom the evidence is overwhelming, the cold, unvarnished reports of Le Moniteur Universel show that the final course of the French revolution was abandoned to the control of homicidal maniacs, cynical villains, vagabond litterateurs and dogmatical college statesmen.

Do Not Neglect the Children.

At this season of the year the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention. The best thing that can be given is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy, followed by castor oil as directed with each bottle of the remedy. For sale by all druggists.

$10. Atlantic City Excursion $10.

Cape May and Ocean City excursion, via Lehigh Valley Railroad, July 11, Aug. 4 and 11. Tickets only $10, round trip, from Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls. Tickets good 15 days. Stop-over allowed at Philadelphia returning. For tickets and further information call on or address Robert S. Lewis, passenger agent L. V. R., 10 King street east, Toronto. 57n

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought



Retiring from Business.

No Sentiment in Business. Buy the Goods, Not the Man

Still Further Reductions in Waltham Watches

Gents' Waltham Watch, in a 20-year guaranteed filled case, was $12, is now $6 65
Waltham Watch, 20-year case, 15-jeweled movement; was $12, for $8 65
Ladies' Waltham Watch, 25-year case, 15-jeweled, was $15, now $9 50
Eight-Day School and Office Clock, 32 inches high, was $6, is now $3 60
Eight-Day Cottage Clock, 22 inches high, was $3 50, is now $2 00
Repeating Alarm Clock, was $1 50, now $1 00
Souvenir Spoon, enameled, was $1 00, now 65c

LEMAIRE'S OPERA GLASSES IN ALL STYLES.

1847 Rogers Bros.' Teaspoons, were $2 75, now $2 25
1847 Rogers Bros.' Dessert Spoons and Forks reduced in same proportion.
Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes and all kinds of Plated Ware at greatly reduced prices.
Gold Pearl Brooches, Crescent, Wish Bone and all other shapes.
Tea Set of 6 pieces, including waiter $18 00
Brass Kettles and Fashionable Gilt Clocks, suitable for wedding presents; in all styles.
STERLING SILVER GOODS IN ALL LINES OF THE TRADE.
SPECIAL PRICES FOR GOODS FOR PRESENTATIONS.
All goods pertaining to a jewelry store are kept on hand, and all goods are sold at cost or less, and all regular goods.
No chance that goods will be sold at such low prices for years, and may last but a few days.

To Railroad Men---A Grand Opportunity.

Waltham Watch, Vanguard Movement, in a 25-year case $27 00
Appleton, Tracey & Co., new model, in a 25-year case $19 50
Waltham Watch, 17-jeweled, nickel movement, in a 20-year case $10 00

We have not purchased any diamonds for nearly two years, and we are now selling them at less than any jeweler can buy them, on account of the great advance in price.
Will sell at these prices till a cash customer appears.
Large stock of Purses and Handbags, Ladies' Umbrellas, Gold-Headed Canes.
All grades of English Rodgers' Cutlery, Gold Pens and Pencils.
All customers having ordered goods will now find them on hand.
All goods guaranteed as sold or money returned.
All repairs punctually and neatly done at reduced prices.
Orders taken for goods at cost.
Hotels and boarding houses specially invited to give orders for tableware.

P. BIRTWISTLE

116 DUNDAS STREET.



PRETTY TOILET TABLES

Make dressing a pleasure—they add to the beauty of the apartment in which they are placed.
Golden Oak, Birdseye Maple, Mahoganized Birch and Solid Mahogany are the woods.
There's plenty of scope for choosing here.

THE ONTARIO FURNITURE CO.

228-230 Dundas street.

Quieries Answered.

OAKDALE—A man buys goods f.o.b. and said goods are damaged in shipping, who is the loser? The shipper or the buyer?
Answer.—The buyer, who can claim damages from the carrier for injuries sustained during transportation.

John Pearce, who now employs 1,500 persons in his $1 London restaurants, all labeled "Pearce and Plenty," began life on a capital of 62 cents and started his first restaurant with a pushcart, a tin urn and a little crockery.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Northern Life Assurance Co

Closed the half year showing over 25 per cent more insurance issued than the same period last year.
Its policies just meet the wants of the people and are easily sold.
A few good producing agents can secure liberal contracts in desirable territory.
HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

JOHN MILNE,
Managing Director.

President Roosevelt is said to spe with more deliberation as he gro older.

"A Dollar Saved is a Splendid Cure for Poverty."

Open a Savings Account with a dollar or more—it will earn

3% COMPOUND INTEREST

This Company will help you save—it is always ready to advise or assist you.

Dominion Savings and Investment Society,

NO. 1 MASONIC TEMPLE.

NATHANIEL MILLS, Manager.

Tenderloins,

15c per lb.

No Bones. All Meat.

Canadian Packing Co

Stores—Richmond street and Market Square.

TODAY'S MARKETS

Other quotations on page 5.

LOCAL MARKET.

London, Saturday, July 8.

The market today was well attended by the farmers. The buyers were out in full force, and the result was that business was lively during the continuance of the market. About the only line that sales were at all slow was for a few classes of vegetables. Prices were steady as per quotations.

Grain—The demand for oats continues to be brisk, in fact there is hardly enough offered to meet the demand. Some expect that prices will go to $1 50 per cwt before new oats are on the market. We would advise any of the farmers who have oats to sell to do so, as the prices are high. Sales were made today at $1 40 and $1 41 per cwt.

Three loads of hay were weighed, which had been bargained for on the previous day. Two of the loads were old hay, which sold at $7 50 per ton. One load of new hay sold at $6 50 per ton.

Butter and Eggs—Butter was in good demand; all of the offerings sold early in the day. Prices were firm at 16c to 16½c for crocks, and 16½c to 18c for pound rolls. Eggs were in keen demand. All of the lots that were offered were quickly snapped up, and prices were a shade firmer at 16c for crates and 16½c to 17c per dozen for smaller lots. It looks as if the price of eggs will remain firm as quoted above.

Fruits—Strawberries are near the end for this season. Some of the growers had their last picking in today, while others say they might have one or two more pickings in next week. Prices ruled today at 7½c to 8c per box wholesale; most of the fruit was small. Raspberries were scarce at 13c to 17c per box; the crop, it is said, will be large if weather continues to be favorable. Cherries were scarce at 8c to 10c per box. Gooseberries dull at 5c to 8c per quart. Black currents scarce at 1¼c per box.

Poultry—There was a large supply offered. The demand was fairly brisk. The prices paid were as follows: Spring chickens, dressed, 50c to 80c per pair; about the same figures were paid alive; old hens sold fairly well at 70c to 90c per pair, dressed, most at 80c per pair; live 60c to 80c per pair for the general run of fowl. Ducks sold at 80c to $1 per pair.

Dressed Hogs—Only a few offered; sales were made at $8 and $8 25 per cwt.

Live Hogs—The figures for Monday will be $6 and $6 10 per cwt., according to conditions of the hogs. Small pigs sold all the way from $6 to $10 per pair, the latter price being paid for a couple of pens, which contained some nice hogs, about 3 months old.

Butchers' Meat—The supply of beef was about equal to the demand; prices as a rule were lower, at $5 to $7 per cwt., for beef, only the choicest carcasses going at the last-named figures. Veal was firm at $6 50 to $7 50 per cwt. Lambs, firm, $4 50 to $5 50 each. Mutton, $6 to $7 50 per cwt.; light yearlings, 9c per pound.

Wool—Only a couple of small lots offered; sales were made at 24½c per pound, for washed wool.

Honey—There was considerable offered. The demand was slow, as it generally is at this time of the year. The output is expected to be large. Prices rule at 8½c to 9c per pound, for strained, and $1 25 per dozen for that in the comb.

GRAIN, PER CENTAL.			
Wheat	$1 65	@	$1 65
Oats, new	1 40	@	1 42
Corn	99	@	1 00
Barley	1 05	@	1 05
Pea	90	@	1 00
Buckwheat	1 00	@	1 00
Peas	1 00	@	1 50
GRAIN, PER BUSHEL.			
Wheat	1 00	@	1 00
Oats, new	47⅝	@	47⅝
Corn	51	@	56
Barley	43½	@	44
Pea	54	@	55
Buckwheat	52	@	53
Peas	80	@	90
HAY AND STRAW.			
Hay, per ton	7 00	@	7 50
Straw, per ton	5 75	@	6 00
Straw, per load	6 00	@	6 00
SEEDS, PER BUSHEL.			
Red clover seed, red	8 50	@	8 75
Red clover seed, alsike	7 50	@	8 00
Timothy seed	1 25	@	1 50
POULTRY, ALIVE.			
Spring chickens, alive	50	@	80
Old hens, per	70	@	90
Ducks, per pair	80	@	1 00
Turkeys, per lb	10	@	10
Chickens, per lb	9	@	10
Hens, per lb	10	@	10
Ducks, per lb	8	@	8
POULTRY, DRESSED.			
Old hens, per	70	@	90
Spring chickens, pair	50	@	75
Ducks, per pair	80	@	1 00
Turkeys, per lb	12	@	12
Geese, each	80	@	1 25
Hens, per lb	7	@	8
Chickens, per lb	10½	@	11
Ducks, per lb	10	@	12
Geese, per lb	10	@	11
LIVE STOCK.			
Hogs, selects, cwt	6 00	@	6 10
Pigs, per pair	6 00	@	9 00
Sows, per cwt	3 50	@	4 00
Stags, per cwt	1 50	@	2 00
Grass cattle, cwt	4 50	@	4 90
Export cattle, cwt	4 50	@	4 70
BUTCHERS' MEATS.			
Dressed hogs, cwt	8 00	@	8 50
Beef, per cwt	6 00	@	8 00
Lambs, yearlings, cwt	11 00	@	11 00
Lambs, each	5 00	@	6 00
Veal, cwt	5 00	@	7 00
FRUITS.			
Apples, per bag	75	@	1 00
Strawberries, box, wholesale	8	@	9
Strawberries, retail	10	@	10
Cherries, per box	8	@	10
Red currants, per box	6	@	7
Black currants, per box	13	@	13
Red raspberries, per box	13	@	17
Gooseberries, per quart	5	@	5
VEGETABLES.			
Potatoes, per bag	75	@	85
Potatoes, new, per bu	1 50	@	1 60
Potatoes, new per quart	5	@	6
Beans, per quart	10	@	10
Tomatoes, per lb	12	@	15
Cauliflowers, per doz	75	@	90
Green onions, per doz	20	@	25
Lettuce, per doz	30	@	30
Radishes, per doz	20	@	25
Rhubarb, per doz	20	@	30
Asparagus, per doz	40	@	40
Sage, per doz	25	@	25
Savory, per doz	25	@	25
Spinach, per bu	20	@	30
Beets, per doz	20	@	20
Carrots, per doz	30	@	25
New cabbages, per doz	50	@	60
Cucumbers, per doz	60	@	75
Onions, per bu	90	@	1 00
Beets, per bu	30	@	25
Parsnips, per bu	30	@	25
Cabbages, per doz	40	@	60
Celery, per doz	30	@	40
DAIRY PRODUCE.			
Butter, store lots, lb	15	@	15½
Butter, crocks	16	@	16½
Butter, rolls	16	@	18
Butter, creamery	20	@	20
Eggs, doz., wholesale	16	@	16½
Eggs, doz., retail	17	@	18
Honey, strained, lb	8½	@	9
Honey, comb	11	@	11
WOOL, HIDES, TALLOW.			
Wool, washed, lb	24	@	25
Wool, unwashed, lb	15	@	16
Hides, No. 1, per lb	8½	@	8½
Hides, No. 2, per lb	7½	@	7½
Hides, No. 3, per lb	6½	@	6½
Tallow, rendered, lb	4	@	4½
Tallow, rough, lb	2½	@	3
Sheepskins, each	60	@	65

FLAVELLES, LIMITED.

WHOLESALE PRODUCE.

Specialties—Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Poultry.

564 BATHURST STREET. 'PHONES 982 and 1318.

STOCK MARKETS.

H. C. Becher, stock broker, next Free Press building, received the following by private wire from Bartlett, Frazier & Carrington today:

New York, July 8. — Close — An unexpectedly poor bank statement was a depressing influence in the stock market today, and in the last half-hour caused a substantial setback. Surplus reserves decreased $3,501,000, despite a decrease in loans of $4,410,000. The loss in cash was very much heavier than had been expected, amounting to $5,634,000. This reflects the various changes incident to last week's disbursements. We pointed out this morning the possibility of this complication, which will be rectified in the bank statement of next week. The market opened with a fair degree of strength, which was not so much in evidence in the actual transactions as in the tone of the trading. The trading during the first hour was fairly heavy, and there was some good buying from time to time. There was considerable uncertainty before the bank statement came out, which resolved itself into a selling movement when the actual figures were made public. There was nothing in the news that could influence prices, and the surrender of the Russian rebel ship was taken as a matter of course. We know that the big interests in the street are conservatively bullish, and we do not hesitate to repeat this fact, because we believe it to be of paramount importance. The earnings of railroads are good, and all the factors in the situation are excellent. The situation in Copper and Steel circles was never better, and these stocks acted very strong today. Money rates were nominal.

NEW JAP LOAN

Pays 4½ per cent interest. Subscriptions received at 87⅝ for the New York allotment. Telephone or call

H. C. BECHER.

Next Free Press. Stock and Bond Broker.

NEW YORK.

Reported by F. H. Butler, stock broker for The Advertiser.

New York, July 8.

	Open	High	Low	2 p.m.
Amal. Copper	83¼	83⅝	82¾	83⅛
American Sugar	140	140¼	140	140
Amer. Locomotive	48⅝	48⅞	48⅝	48½
American Foundry	35¾	..	..	..
American Refining	118⅝	118½	117	117
Atchison, com	85¼	85½	85	85⅜
Baltimore & Ohio	114	114⅞	113⅝	114
Brooklyn Transit	71⅞	71⅞	71	71⅝
C. P. R.	152	152	151¾	151⅞
Chesapeake & Ohio	53⅞	53⅞	53¾	53¾
Chicago G. Western	20¼	20¼	20	20⅛
Col. Fuel & Iron	47	47¼	46½	46¾
Del. and Hudson	191¼	191½	191	191
Erie	47⅜	47½	46⅞	47½
Erie, pfd	83¼	83⅝	83	83⅜
Illinois Central	168⅜	168⅜	167⅞	167⅝
Kan. & Tex., pfd	64¼	..	..	..
Louisville & Nash	149⅜	149¾	149	149½
Metropolitan St. Ry.	130	130	128⅞	128⅞
Met. Securities	83¾	83¾	83½	83½
Mexican Central	21⅞	..	..	..
Missouri Pacific	100⅛	100⅜	100¼	100¼
N. Y. Central	148¼	148⅜	148	148½
Norfolk & Western	85⅞	85⅞	85½	85⅝
Ontario & Western	53	..	..	..
Pennsylvania	142⅝	143¼	142¾	143
People's Gas	105⅞	106	105½	105⅝
Reading	108⅛	108½	107⅜	107⅝
Republic I. & S.	81	81½	81	81
Rock Island	31⅜	31⅜	31⅜	31⅜
Southern Railway	34¼	34¼	33⅞	34
Southern Pacific	65	65¼	64¾	65⅛
Southern Pac., pfd	117¼	..	..	..
St. Paul	179⅜	180¼	179¼	180¼
Soo Railway	123	..	..	..
Texas	34	..	..	..
Tenn. Coal & Iron	92⅛	92½	91½	92
Union Pacific	130¼	130½	129¾	130½
U. S. Rubber	44	44	43⅞	44
U. S. Steel	33¾	34⅜	33¾	34⅜
U. S. Steel, pfd	101½	102	101	102
Wabash, pfd	40	..	..	..
Western Union Tel.	93½	..	..	..

N. S. WILLIAMS, Broker

113 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Correspondent W. F. DEVER & CO. (established 1890). Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Cotton bought and sold for cash or on margin. 'Phone 1,113.

CHICAGO EXCHANGE.

Reported by F. H. Butler, stock broker, for The Advertiser.

Chicago, July 8.

	Open.	High.	Low.	2 p.m.
Wheat				
July	$ 91⅜	91½	89½	89⅞
September	88½	88⅝	87⅛	87¼
Corn—				
July	57⅜	57¾	57	57¼
September	56¾	56⅞	56¼	56½
Oats—				
July	33⅜	33⅜	33	33⅛
September	33¾	33¾	33¼	33⅜
Pork—				
July	12 75	....	....	....
September	12 82	13 02	12 82	13 00
Lard—				
July	7 12	....	....	....
September	7 22	7 30	7 22	7 25
Short Ribs—				
September	7 77	7 92	7 77	7 92

The Daintiest Of Lotions - -

Balm Zoin is a lotion without a fault—it is perfection. It heals sunburn as if by magic, removes tan, freckles and pimples, and keeps the skin in that clear, velvety condition that betokens perfect health. Price, 25 cents.

STRONG'S Drug Store,

184 Dundas St.

Some time there may be a better baking powder than Strong's, but there is none now. 25c pound.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, July 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 600; market steady; good to prime steers, $5 50 to $6 15; poor to medium, $3 60 to $5 70; stockers and feeders, $2 50 to $4 35; cows, $3 80 to $4 50; heifers, $2 50 to $5; canners, $1 50 to $2 80; bulls, $2 to $4; calves, $3 to $6 75; Texas-fed steers, $4 35 to $5 15.

Hogs—Receipts, 7,000; market 5c higher; mixed and butchers, $5 45 to $5 75; good to choice heavy, $5 60 to $5 77½; rough heavy, $5 10 to $5 40; light, $5 45 to $5 75; bulk of sales, $5 60 to $5 70.

Sheep—Receipts, 2,000; sheep steady; lambs weak; good to choice wethers, $4 75 to $5 50; fair to choice mixed, $3 50 to $5 10;

LAWSON OUTLINES WAY OF REVENGE

Continued from page 1.

feared that the man you nominated would upset his control?

"Today at the helm of your affairs is an able and fearless American, bold to conceive and strong to execute. To all of you he is a hero, and you are behind him, ready to back up his course wherever he sees fit to go. President Roosevelt knows it, and today no man in the country is more keenly aware of the necessity of curbing the corporate despotism under which we live—but what can President Roosevelt do? I hate to say it, but he is as helpless in the 'system's' net as the bull in a balloon. Like Gulliver in Lilliputia, he is bound by 1,000 threads—Congress, the Senate, partisan interest and gratitude, and all the intangible influences which the great money power can weave around any individual.

"How brave and quick the President is to do. A wrong is called to his attention, a law must needs be passed—the rebate evil must be curbed, and he sends messages to Congress demanding instant action. What happens? Congress temporizes. The Senate snubs him, and the 'system' snickers."

Relief was not to be looked for from the courts, Mr. Lawson said because the great corporations "do not hesitate to suborn perjury, bribe juries and pay judges" for favorable decisions.

Municipal ownership Mr. Lawson dismissed as a will-o'-the-wisp, and he then said: "In the surest, safest and most natural process of restitution is the application of the 'system's' own method to the 'system.' The first step is for the American people to divorce themselves from the 'system,' and sell every share of stock and every bond they hold back to the frenzied financiers at inflated prices. Take the money thus realized and place it in banks and trust companies, or, better still, in Government, state and municipal bonds."

This, Mr. Lawson said, would cause a collapse of the "system," which would be obliged to throw over the stocks and bonds its carried. These stocks and bonds the people could purchase, and, having only to pay interest on their real values, could reduce rates of farm and freight and prices generally, and the revolution would then be complete.

MOVING TRIBUTE TO HAY

President in Forest With Cabinet Prays for the Dead.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 9. — Ten miles from any human habitation, amid the silent, towering trees of the great forest, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, on his bended knees prayed for the spiritual welfare of John Hay.

Around him were grouped the members of his cabinet, who had known best the dead man's services to the nation and had loved him as a man. As the full, rounded tones of the nation's chief rang in their low intensity through the wood members of the distinguished party bowed their heads and each in silence gave assent to the words of the President.

Above, in a tree, the shrill call of the wood bird to his mate, was hushed and it seemed as if the air had ceased to move as one great man prayed for another.

The President spoke simply of the great friendship that existed between himself and John Hay. And then in eloquent but simple words, he asked God's mercy for John Hay, as all men were sinners, though John Hay was the least of these.

The scene of the impressive prayer was Wheelock's switch, a siding on the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad ten miles south of Cleveland. It was on Wednesday, when the party had just returned from Cleveland after the funeral of the late secretary of state.

The presidential train left Cleveland shortly after noon and owing to the great hurry the party had not had time to eat anything at midday. When Wheelock's switch was reached it was announced that the train would have to wait for a few minutes.

The President asked that luncheon be eaten in the dense forest which bordered the siding on the west. A clearing was found amid the woods, and there a cloth was spread on some young, fresh grass, on which the members of the cabinet sat grouped.

Before beginning the meal the President rose to a kneeling position and began by asking the blessing on the simple repast in accordance with his usual custom. After he had said grace he made his prayer for the repose of John Hay's soul.

The luncheon was eaten in silence and the trip to Pittsburg then resumed.

Armada's Treasure Ship.

Tobermory, Scotland, July 8.—James Gush, a famous West of Scotland diver, yesterday began work at the scene of the wreck of the Florencia, the treasure ship of the Spanish Armada, which was cast away on the cost of Scotland while trying to make its way back to Spain after the Armada's defeat. Within a few hours he had sufficient proof, in the form of sword blades, to show that the divers were in close proximity to the treasure ship.

THE CITY'S SHARE WILL BE HEAVY

People as a Whole Will Have to Pay $10,000 for Richmond Street Pavement.

The letting of the contracts for the Richmond street pavements to the Warren Paving Company at a figure over $10,000 higher than the price named for a pavement which is said to be in every way just as good, has set some of the aldermen thinking hard today.

It is pointed out that the people of the city as a whole will be called to pay for fully one-quarter the cost of the pavement owing to the large number of intersections on Richmond street. From Fullarton to Oxford there are a very large number of streets, and, of course the city pays the full cost of all the intersections, except where the street ends at Richmond street. Then the city will only be called to pay for half the cost of the intersection, the property-owner on the other side being compelled to pay for his frontage just the same as other people. Then the city will have to bear half the cost of the pavement from the "V" to Central avenue.

Ald. Matthews announced at the city hall today that he thinks it is time the municipal act in regard to the putting down of pavements was amended. On Richmond street the city will be called upon to pay out about $10,000 as its share, and yet the city has practically nothing to say in the matter. The property-owners have all to say, and they do not consider the other taxpayers who are paying one-quarter the cost of a pavement for them. It is the alderman's opinion that the city should be given the power to lay any class of pavement it desires on streets which need paving. If the act were amended in accordance with this view the paving agents with their troublesome petitions would be out of a job, and the giving of free frontages as inducements to people to sign contracts would be done away with.

It is the intention of Ald. Matthews to have a resolution framed ready for the next meeting of the council, calling upon Hon. Adam Beck, as member for London, to use his influence to have the municipal act so amended, as to give the city power to deal with and frustrate the efforts of the paving agents who, Ald. Matthews things, now have the city in their grasp.

UNION RECEPTION SERVICE

Rev. E. B. Lanceley and Rev. A. Thomas Welcomed.

The congregations of Dundas Center and Hill Street Methodist Churches united in a reception service last night to Rev. D. B. Lanceley, B.A., and Rev. Amos Thomas, B.A., at the Center Church. Addresses were read to each of the clergymen, welcoming the pastors to the work of the church. They then adjourned to the lecture-room, which was properly decorated with flowers and flags, where refreshments were served. An enjoyable time was then spent in social intercourse. A very large representation from both congregations was present.

GOING AWAY THIS SUMMER?

Subscribers going away for the holidays can have the Daily Advertiser sent to them by mail without extra expense. 'Phone 107.

BRING THE KILTIE

Suggestion Made That Highlanders Come for Field Day at Reunion.

A great many citizens have been suggesting the advisability of bringing the Ninty-First Regiment of Highlanders from Hamilton, during the week of the Old Boys' reunion and having a field day with the Seventh. The Ninety-first, though young in years, is already as much in favor with Hamiltonians as the Thirteenth, of which they boasted for so many years, and should it be brought to London it would certainly prove a drawing card for the reunion.

Again, a field day for the Seventh would give the Old Boys an opportunity of seeing London's regiment in better shape than at any previous period in its history.

BLOOD AND IRON METHODS

German Conservatives Threaten to Use Them to Curb Socialists.

Berlin, July 8. — Although the Socialists profess indignation at Chancellor von Buelow for his action in prohibiting the noted French Socialist, Jean Jaures, from addressing a meeting of Social Democrats here Sunday, and the Vorwaerts is savagely vituperative on the subject, it is recognized that the chancellor's action has given the party a big advertisement, and is likely to swell the demonstration Sunday. The meeting will now take the form of a protest. The Conservatives are wholly pleased by the ban placed on M. Jaures, but are contemptuously indignant over what they term Prince von Buelow's polite apology. They would stop the nonsense straightaway with blood and iron methods. The progressive Vossische Zeitung and Berliner Tageblatt, while not sympathizing with the Socialists, regret the suppression or free speech.

Want Bondsmen to Pay

Tilbury, July 8.—The township council of Tilbury East has instructed the solicitor of the township to proceed against the bondsmen of Treasurer Robertson for the full amount of Robertson's shortage. The bondsmen are all relatives of the defaulting treasurer, and are well-to-do farmers. They have not yet announced whether they will fight the proceedings.

Big Hamilton Fire.

Hamilton, July 7. — All that remains of the Hoepfner Refining Company's factory, east of Sherman avenue, is the walls. Fire tonight destroyed the roof and the two floors of the building. The building cost about $20,000 to erect. The Hoepfner concern has been in liquidation for years, and it is still in the court. The loss by the fire is roughly estimated at about $12,000.

An Old Time Hold-Up.

Meadows, Idaho, July 8. — The stage from Warren to Meadows has been held up by a lone highwayman near Resort Station. The bandit covered the driver with two automatic revolvers and compelled him to cut open the mail sacks and throw them down. He then removed all the registered letters. Two passengers and the driver were lined up and relieved of their valuables. The robber then coolly walked away with his plunder, amounting to $1,200 or $1,500. He was unmasked.

$25,000 SUIT CREATED A STIR

Municipal Circles Agog Over Action Against Dr. English—City May Fight Them.

The action of the village of Port Stanley in instituting proceedings for the recovery of $25,000 damages from Dr. English, chairman of the London Board of Health, has caused quite a sensation in local municipal circles.

In a nutshell, it means that the village is suing the city of London, and the city solicitor will likely be instructed to fight the matter. If, however, the village can prove that the utterances of the doctor were made as a private individual, then the village may be able to reach him personally.

No meeting of the board of health has been called, but it is probable the members will be notified to meet some time next week.

It is understood that the city solicitor will be instructed to fight also the suit entered by Dr. Mothersill, of Port Stanley, against Dr. English for $5,000 damages.

WEST IS PROSPERING

Mr. O. B. Fysh Says Prospects Are Bright—No Sign of Revolution.

Mr. O. B. Fysh, of Moosejaw, N. W. T., is visiting his mother in this city. When asked today about the west, Mr. Fysh said the prospects of the country were never brighter. This year there is a greater acreage under cultivation, and every person appears exceptionally cheerful and optimistic. There is no sign of Bennett's revolution over the autonomy bills, the farmers being too busy to fight.

The real representatives of the west, said Mr. Fysh, are the men who are working to make it a great country, and not those who are doing the talking. There is no turmoil whatever over the school question, every person having accepted the autonomy conditions except a few agitators. Nothing more will be heard of the question.

SUIT AGAINST ARCANUM

Mr. Bartram Moves for an Injunction —Matter Enlarged.

In the case of Bartram vs. the Royal Arcanum, motion was made before Mr. Justice R. M. Meredith, in the high court this morning, for an injunction restraining the Arcanum from increasing its assessments.

Judgment was given to the effect that the motion be enlarged to the time of trial at the fall assizes. The plaintiffs must file their statement within ten days, and the defense before Sept. 5.

Mr. Lee (Hamilton) appeared on behalf of the Royal Arcanum and Mr. W. H. Bartram, for the plaintiffs.

CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS

—A building permit has been issued to L. S. Holmes for a two-story brick dwelling on Beaconsfield avenue.

—The Bishop of Huron has appointed Rev. W. T. Cluff, of Strathroy, to be rector of St. James Church, Stratford.

—One drunk was discharged at the police court this morning. Two women —neighbors—were the principles in an abusive language case. They were bound over to keep the peace.

—London now has a direct service across Lake Erie to Cleveland, the steamer, City of Grand Rapids, Captain J. W. Averill, having been placed on the route.

—Hamilton Times: The remains of Mrs. Levy, who died in London yesterday, were brought to this city for interment today. The funeral took place from the G. T. R. station on the arrival of the 11:10 train. Interment was in the Jewish cemetery. The deceased lived in this city about 40 years ago.

COMMITTED FOR INSANITY.

William Diamond, of Lucan, was committed to the county jail yesterday on a charge of insanity by Squire J. R. McComb. Diamond threatened his wife with an axe, and gave other evidence of being dangerously insane.

LOW PRICES ON JEWELRY.

Extraordinary bargains are still offered by Mr. P. Birtwistle, the Dundas street jeweler, who is retiring from business. An announcement in today's issue contains a variety of goods, which are to be sold at extra low figures, to clear out the stock.

ESCORTED TO THE PARSONAGE.

A committee of the officials of Askin Street Methodist Church met their new pastor, Rev. A. Brown, at the depot last night, and escorted him to the parsonage, where the ladies had tea prepared. Arrangements are being made for a reception on Tuesday evening.

OFFICIAL VISIT TO LAMBETH.

Mr. James Armitage, of Central avenue, city, the district deputy grand master of London district of the A. O. U. W., will make his first official visit to Lambeth Lodge on Tuesday evening the 11th. He will be accompanied by prominent Workmen from the city. The officers of Lambeth Lodge are expecting a good turnout of the brethren as a very pleasant and profitable time is anticipated.

DENBY—NELSON.

The marriage took place recently of Miss Alice, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson, to Mr. Alfred Denby, Rev. Father McKeon officiating. The bride, who was attended by her sister, Mona Nelson, looked charming in a dress of champagne crepe de chine, with lace trimmings, and wore a hat of white silk chiffon. The groomsman was Mr. William Pace. After the ceremony the young couple left for their pretty home on Hyatt avenue, where a bountiful spread awaited them and their friends. The numerous beautiful presents showed the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Denby are held by their large circle of friends.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. S. C. Walker, of Chatham, will sing in the Jubilee Rink tomorrow evening.

Miss Hazely Powell, of Tenth avenue, Port Huron, has returned from a ten days' visit with her parents in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Manness and daughter Pearl intend leaving on Monday for a trip up the northern lakes and to Muskoka.

Miss Amy Cogan, of Clifton, Bristol, England, has arrived in the city on a visit to her sister, Mrs. I. R. Veale, of Weston street, South London.

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is guaranteed perfectly pure, genuine, and free from adulteration—all dealers are authorized to return purchase money to anyone finding cause for complaint. Therefore you lose nothing by trying Sunlight Soap and you will agree with millions of other women that the Sunlight way is the only way to wash clothes. 1122

Lever Brothers Limited Toronto



THE FUTURE OF UNITED STATES

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Says Big Navy Must Be Built.

Toronto, July 7. — Mr. Hilary A. Herbert, secretary of the navy of the United States, during the second Cleveland Administration, and for years one of the foremost members of the Democratic party in the Southern States, arrived in the city this morning and is a guest at the King Edward Hotel. He is on his way to Port Carling, Muskoka, in the vicinity of which he will spend his vacation at the summer home of his son-in-law. He is now practicing law at Washington, D. C., but is still closely in touch with southern affairs especially in the State of Alabama.

Mr. Herbert is a fine specimen of the southern gentleman. There is nothing sensational or bombastic about him, and every word that he utters shows evidence of deep thought. At a first glance he impresses one as being of a retiring disposition, but once he has warmed up to his subject there is no mistaking the fact that the ex-secretary of the navy is a man of action. He is of medium height, stoutly built, and speaks with the soft accent of the far south.

In speaking of the outlook for the Democratic party in the next Presidential contest to a reporter of the News, this morning, he said: "Any chance of a win for the Democratic party will largely depend upon the course pursued by the Republicans during the next two or three years, with respect to the radical changes advocated by President Roosevelt.

"Should the Republicans fail to deal efficiently with freight rates and other problems connected with transportation and should they fail to reduce the tariff where it is sheltering the trusts, I consider that the chances for a Democratic success will be excellent. President Roosevelt is the most conspicuous figure in the United States today and the eye of every well-thinking citizen is upon him. If he succeeds in winning over the Republican leaders to his policy, then I fear the outlook for the Democrats is rather gloomy. It is, however, impossible to make any accurate forecast, for no one can tell what change a few years may bring forth.

"There is one thing, however, certain, and that is, that the Democrats must never again have a campaign fought on the lines of free silver if they wish to win. That issue must be buried out of sight. It split our party, and did us infinite harm. We must be united, and have no schism in the ranks."

"Who is likely to be the next Democratic candidate?"

"I am afraid I cannot answer that question. I know of no one today who would be supported by all the party leaders. It is generally considered a mistake in the United States to put forward a man until a short time before the contest, for the simple reason that the other side immediately commences to pull him to pieces, and at the approach of the contest he is shorn of much of his strength. That is, of course, not always the case."

"Do you consider that the United States navy is sufficient to meet the requirements of the nation?"

"The acquisition of such foreign possessions as the Philippine Islands has rendered it necessary for the United States to have a large navy, and the country is now proceeding upon these lines. There is considerable opposition to a further strengthening of the navy, but I believe Mr. Roosevelt will succeed with his proposal to have it increased. Under Grover Cleveland we had a navy sufficient for the needs of the hour. It was practically the navy that destroyed the fleets of Spain on the Atlantic and on the Pacific."

Turning to southern affairs, of which Mr. Herbert delights to speak, he said that the Southern States were enjoying a great era of prosperity. Manufacturing establishments were being started everywhere. The lumbering industry was being greatly developed, and southern pine was finding an extensive market. In Alabama the iron industry had grown to enormous proportions, and they were now commencing to manufacture iron into steel. Previously the ore had all been sent north. Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina and Texas, he said, were showing remarkable signs of growth.

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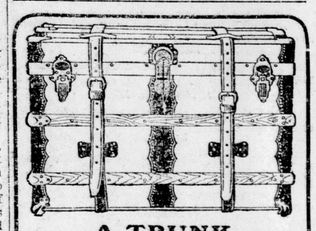
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It's awful queer how you can't recognize a familiar shape when it is in a bathing suit.

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The linens are in a great variety of very handsome designs, ranging from the very quiet dot to the most elaborate designs.

We would like to show you these vests. Won't you call and see them.

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Semi-ready Tailoring

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A PHILOSOPHER IS WHAT MAN WITH THE INDICATOR MUST BE

Umpire Is Much-Abused and Has Many Trials—Silk O'Loughlin's Views.

"If umpires were to take to heart all of the cracks the players make at them during a season they'd all be drawing green tickets for the booby hatch and making bughouse finishes," observed Silk O'Loughlin, one of the most accomplished and respected umpires in the business.

O'Loughlin is attached to the American league staff of arbitrators. He ran for state senator in western New York last fall and came close to nailing the billet. He is a man of strong and quaint personality. His "Ball tuh" and long drawn out "Stri-i-ike" and "Foul-uh" are the delight of the circuit.

"An umpire must have every player with whom he comes in contact sized up," he went on. "They've all got to be handled differently. I don't mean to say that there should be any partiality, but allowances must be made for the dispositions and tempers of different men.

"Some ball players can no more help giving slack to an umpire than they can help their hair growing. They were born aggressive, and they've been pugnacious from the cradle.

"It would be unfair to treat these fellows, most of whom, off the ball field, are all right and the best chaps imaginable, as players are treated who have complete control of themselves and who chuck insults at umpires with utter and wanton deliberation without being sore at all.

"I could name you, offhand, right now forty players who would round upon an umpire and shoot it into him if they were perfectly certain that by so doing they would be debarred from playing professional ball for the remainder of their lives. They just can't help it, any more than a mule can keep from bucking when he thinks he's being imposed upon.

"These natural born kickers have got different kinds of bugs. Some of them will carry their bats to the bench without a word when the umpire announces that they've been whiffed out, but they'll put up a bellow that can be heard a mile when they've been nabbed by a cable's length in trying to pilfer a base.

"These are the ones who have got it into their heads that they are unbeatable base runners, and no matter how obvious it may be to all hands that they've been beat to it by the ball, they'll emit the bull roar every time the umpire announces that they've failed to nab the sack.

"Others of the born buckers will wheel upon an umpire and growl at him out of the corner of their mouths every time they're called out on strikes, while they'll never exude a bleat over the closest decisions in which they figure. There are ball players who have been in the game for nearly two decades and still regard it as a personal reflection upon them and an acute humiliation when they're called out on strikes, no matter how well it may be known to all the fans in the country that they're sagging in their hitting.

"It's all in the game. The boys'll be bucking the umpire as long as the game endures, but the bitterness will slough away in time, and the players and the public will perceive more and more clearly all the time the difficult nature of the arbitrator's job. When they see that perfectly they'll be inclined to give the umpire a bit of a shade, as they now give the players the best of it."

Paving Contracts Let; Some Aldermen Kicked

Barber Company Wanted Work Awarded the Warrens—Offered to Protect City in Event of a Lawsuit—Ald. Matthews' Sensational Statement.

The meeting of the city council last night was remarkable through the development of one of the old-time pavement fights, for which aldermen in the past have been famous. Several of the city fathers who are in favor of competition, put up a stiff battle against accepting the Warren tenders for the Richmond street pavements, and Ald. Matthews in particular, made some grave charges against the Warren Paving Company and its alleged methods of securing names on petitions. In the end the Warren people won out, however, and the firm were awarded both contracts. The Barbers and the Warrens were represented by their agents and by solicitors. The latter were heard, but the agents kept in the background, one in particular applauding vigorously as he heard statements favorable to his company.

The council also awarded the tender for the asphalt pavement on Dundas street, between Lyle and Queen's Park, to the Barber Company.

The other business included the allotting of spaces on the streets and the market for the street shows which are to be put on during Old Boys' week here, and the reconsideration of the request of the Dyment-Baker Lumber Company for remission of a portion of this year's taxes owing to the fire. The reconsideration was carried, and the request of the firm was granted.

When the council struck the clause which recommended that the tenders of the Warren Company for pavements on Richmond street be accepted, a storm at once blew up.

Ald. Forristal somewhat reluctantly moved the adoption of the clause, whereupon Ald. Matthews declared that many people objected to the bitulithic going down, and as some of them were present, he thought they should be heard. Then Mr. J. C. Judd appeared and announced that he was representing the Barber Company, and Mr. George C. Gibbons, K.C., was present in behalf of the Warren Company.

The Barbers' Side.

Mr. Judd addressed the council. He began by saying that on the two pavements the Barbers were $10,576 lower than the Warrens, and if the interest was taken into consideration, there was a difference in favor of the Barber Company tender of $14,806. He also stated that the Warrens are charging the people of Richmond street $2 65 per yard for the bitulithic. The Barbers are ready to put down a pavement in accordance with the specifications for $14,000 less than the Warrens are asking. Going into the price per yard, again, he stated, that on Richmond street north the Barber tender was 73 cents a yard lower than the Warrens. South of the track, there was not such a great difference. On behalf of his clients, Mr. Judd stated that he disputed the right of the Warren people to the patented name of bitulithic, and if the council chose to give the contracts to the Barbers, the latter would agree to indemnify the city against any action of the Warrens. In other words, the Barbers offered to save the people of Richmond street $14,000, and also fight any lawsuits entered by the Warren Company. Mr. Judd declared that the only difference between the Warren and the Barber pavements, is that the Barbers use a different cementing agent, and the Barber cement is the better. The Barbers had laid these pavements in Muskegon and Owosso, Mich., and the Warrens had brought suit, but they had made nothing out of it. In Duluth the Warrens had brought suit against a man named McDonald, who they claimed had infringed upon their patent, but they had dropped the suit. In conclusion he said the Barbar Company was ready to give the city solicitor any guarantee he asked to indemnify the city in case the Warrens brought suit. The ratepayers of Richmond street did not know what they were up against when they signed for the Warren pavement, he said. They were told they would get it for $2 20, whereas the Warrens are charging $2 65 a yard. They cut the price of the pavement and made it up on the curb and gutter. What is the use of the Barbers staying in London, he asked, if they cannot get a contract when they are $15,000 lower than their competitors?

People Know What They Want.

Mr. George C. Gibbons, K.C., then addressed the council. He said that the whole matter was a simple one. The people had asked for a bitulithic pavement, and the only persons who put down bitulithic are the Warren Bros. The city consequently had to either accept the Warren tender or throw out the petition. The people know what they want. They asked for bitulithic—not for something just as good. His learned friend wanted the city to experiment with law suits, and to take his word for it that the Barber pavement is just as good. But surely the people knew what they wanted.

Mr. John Christie also addressed the council. He was in favor of economy, and he thought it might be as well for the council to go slow. When he signed the Warren petition he was under the impression that the board of works had passed upon it. He knew nothing of pavements, but he had heard that the sample of bitulithic shown the people is not the same as that which they are going to get. If he were approached again with a pavement petition he would go very slow.

Ald. Wyatt said that as a business man he would think a long time before he would throw away $14,000. The aldermen knew that in Toronto the Warrens had given a man a free frontage and $75 to sign a pavement petition, and it was only natural for the alderman to view these Richmond street contracts with suspicion. He thought the Barber tender should be accepted.

Bundle Pavements Out of London.

Ald. Greenlees said he had come to the conclusion that it would be a good thing if both paving agents were given tickets and bundled out of London. Since they made their appearance here, they have given the aldermen no end of trouble. He favored, however, the accepting of the Warren tenders, as under the circumstances the city can do nothing else. The council had no power to give the people who asked for bitulithic "something just as good."

Ald. Cooper said that ex-Ald. Judd made no impression on him with his "oratory speech." When Mr. Judd was in the employ of the Warrens, there was no pavement like bitulithic.

Mr. Judd—I never was in the employ of the Warrens.

Mr. Gibbons to Ald. Cooper's mind, had been too mild. Who was it, he asked, who had brought down pavement prices in London? It was the Warrens. The Barbers had robbed the city, and had charged $2 65 a yard for plastering Dundas and Richmond streets. He prophesied that before six months the people of Queen's avenue will be "squealing" about the asphalt pavement. He declared that the asphalt surface was not an inch and a half thick. The pavement today is full of holes, he said.

Ald. Matthews said that despite the fact that a few weeks ago he voted to give the people of Richmond street, a bitulithic pavement, he did not now feel like voting away $14,000 of the people's money simply for a patent. Two pavements are offered to the city almost equal, but at any rate, guaranteed for ten years, and one of them $14,000 cheaper than the other. Consequently he could not see why the council should throw away this much of the people's money.

Here the crowd in the hall applauded the alderman.

Warrens' Giving a Rake-Off?

ALD. MATTHEWS DECLARED THAT A CITIZEN OF LONDON HAD TOLD HIM (ALD. MATTHEWS) THAT HE HAD THE PAPERS IN HIS POCKET WHICH GUARANTEED HIM A RAKE-OFF OF FIVE CENTS A YARD ON THE BITULITHIC PAVEMENT ON RICHMOND STREET.

Then Ald. Matthews read from Toronto papers to show that the Warrens had given a man there a free frontage and $75 for signing for bitulithic pavement.

"It has come to this, gentlemen," he said, "that we can ask ourselves the question, WHO ARE GETTING FREE FRONTAGES IN LONDON?"

He also produced extracts from the Toronto News, Star, Telegram and World, in which charges of crookedness were made against the Warren people, and if the Warren Company does not bring action against these papers, then the aldermen must conclude that the charges are true.

He moved in amendment that the tender of the Barber Company be accepted, being the lowest, provided the company agrees to protect the city against any action instituted against the city by the Warrens or anyone else as the result of the city giving the contract to the Barbers.

Ald. Carson said if it was true that the Warrens had guaranteed the people a pavement at $2 20 a yard, and are now charging more than this amount, he intended to vote against them, and he thought every alderman should do likewise. He quoted figures to show that the Warren Company estimated that there are 13,663 yards of surface on Richmond street, between Fullarton and Oxford, whereas the city engineer says there are only 13,329 yards. At this rate the Warrens were charging the people more than they agreed to charge them.

City Had No Choice.

Ald. Forristal said that the city is badly in need of pavements, and this was why the board of works had agreed to accept high-priced pavements for Richmond street. To his mind, one pavement is as good as another, but under the circumstances, he felt that he would have to vote for the bitulithic. No one had offered a remedy, though all had criticised freely. The city had no power to award the contract to any firm but the Warrens.

Ald. Matthews then arose and stated that he would like to amend his motion to the effect that in case the city solicitor says the aldermen have not the power to give the contract to the Barbers, all tenders be sent back, and the city at once institute initiatory proceedings for a bituminous pavement on Richmond street, the specifications to be of the most wide-open character.

"Let everybody tender," he said.

Ald. Wyatt seconded.

Ex-Ald. O'Meara, a Richmond street property-owner, was called upon, and he said he had signed no petition, but he wanted to let the aldermen know that it was a direct insult to the intelligence of the people of Richmond street for the council to attempt in the face of the largely-signed bitulithic petition to tell the people they do not know what they want. He could tell them that the people of Richmond street are just as intelligent as are the aldermen.

Ex-Ald O'Meara's Humor.

"How affectionate you are growing," he remarked. "I'd like to have a mother-in-law like one of you ducks."

Ald. Matthews' amendment, which was seconded by Ald. Wyatt, was then put, and defeated on the following vote:

Yeas — Alds. Carson, Matthews, Abram and Wyatt—4.

Nays—Alds. Cooper, Greenlees, Saunders, Gillean, Gerry, Garratt and Forristal—7.

Then the motion of Ald. Forristal, seconded by Ald. Garratt, that the Warren tenders be accepted, was carried as follows:

Yeas—Alds. Cooper, Greenlees, Gillean, Gerry, Garratt, and Forristal—6.

Nays — Alds. Carson, Matthews, Abram, Saunders and Wyatt—5.

The next clause of No. 2 committee's report recommended that the tender of the Barber Asphalt Company for the paving of Dundas street, from Lyle street to Queen's Park, at $13,063, be accepted, and it was adopted.

The petition of the ratepayers of King street, from Wellington to Maitland, for an asphalt pavement, will be advertised at once.

Remitted the Taxes.

The council then took up the matter of the remission of taxes asked by the Dyment-Baker Company, owing to the fire.

Ald. Garratt moved, seconded by Ald. Carson, that the request, which had been filed last Monday night, be reconsidered, and that the taxes, to the amount of $195 88, being the proportion which would be due the city for seven months of the year, be remitted.

Ald. Cooper opposed the motion.

Ald Greenlees said that the trend of events of the present day is for men, when they grow rich, to seek to avoid paying their taxes. But he felt that as the city is now trying to help all industries, he would support the motion.

The motion was then put and carried, as follows:

Yeas—Ald. Greenlees, Carson, Abram, Saunders, Gillean, Gerry, Garratt, Wyatt and Forristal—9.

Nays—Ald. Cooper and Matthews—2.

The request of Secretary McCann, of the London Old Boys' Association, for permission to place the Frank Hatch Street Carnival shows on the market and streets during the big reunion, was granted, on a vote of 8 to 3. The licenses of the shows were also remitted.

Mr. McCann's communication read as follows: "We are bringing the great Hatch shows here for the week of the Old Boys' reunion. At the request of many business men and citizens, we are making application to have the shows placed as follows: Three on that portion of the Market Square facing Talbot street, towards King; one between the weigh scales and the Market House; one between the Market House and the butter house; one on King street, facing Richmond, near the Masonic Temple; one on King street, between Thompson's carriage factory and Richmond street; one on the north corner of King and Clarence; one south of King, on Clarence; one on Talbot street, near Carling street; one on Talbot street, below King street. * * * Our contract calls for high-class, moral shows, and we are only anxious to furnish proper amusement for the great crowds expected during the reunion."

Lawsuit Threatened.

E. T. Essery, on behalf of the McCoubrey family, notified the council that if the Dyment-Baker Lumber Company is allowed to construct a switch, and also move out the sidewalk on Bathurst street, between Wellington and Waterloo, the city will be held liable for damages to the McCoubrey property.

Ald. Garrat moved, in view of the fact that the city solicitor told him that the council has no power to grant such a request, that the first part of the letter be filed, and the latter part—that relating to the sidewalk—be referred to the board of works. This motion carried, and the clause of No. 2's report, recommending that the request be granted, was sent back to the committee.

A petition for a cement walk on the east side of Dreaney avenue, from the Hamilton road to Layard street, was referred to the assessment commissioner and the board of works. Another petition for a cement walk on Nelson street, from Adelaide to Dreaney avenue, was similarly dealt with.

The council decided to send Fire Chief Clark to Duluth, Minn., as a delegate to the fire chiefs' convention. It was pointed out that the chief has had no holidays since he came to London, and there was no objection raised to the proposal to send him to the convention.

The Trades and Labor Council were granted the use of Queen's Park on Labor Day for the annual celebration, which promises to be a very fine one this year.

The request of the London Machine Tool Company for fire protection on its new site, just outside the city limits, in the east end, was referred to No. 3 committee.

An invitation from the mayor of Toledo to attend a meeting of the American Municipal Association in that city, was received. It was decided to reply that if any of the city fathers can find it convenient, they will attend the convention.

The London Rolling Mills Company asked for the continuation of its exemption from taxation this year. The request was referred to No. 1 committee, with instructions to consult the city solicitor re the city's powers in the matter.

It was decided to refer back the clause which recommended that $25 worth of bulbs be purchased for Victoria Park. A report as to the amount of money spent on the parks since Commissioner Pearce was appointed, will also be secured.

Ald. Stevely was acting mayor, all the other aldermen being present.

SOME SENSATIONS IN BALL WORLD

Season Has Had Its Share—Unassisted Triple Play and Long Games.

This is a season of sensations in the baseball world. Second Baseman Schlafly, of the Portland club, of the Pacific coast league, completed an unassisted triple play, of which the Seattle team was the victim. Schlafly made a miraculous catch of a line hit around right field, touched second base, retiring its occupant and, by fast footwork, overtook and put the ball on Walters, who was returning to first base.

O'Hagan, Rochester's first baseman, performed the feat in 1902, after catching a bunt that seemed to be safe. It is claimed that Paul Hines, an outfielder of the 1878 Providence team, made a triple play unaided, but some of the players who participated in the game, assert that after retiring two hands, Hines threw to the second baseman, who completed the play.

The Athletics defeated Boston 4 to 2 in twenty innings, equaling the major league record for long games and setting the mark for American league contests. The Chicago and Cincinnati game of July 30, 1892, was called on account of darkness with a score of 7 to 7.

The 21-inning, 4 to 2 game between the Henderson and Princeton teams of the Kentucky - Illinois - Tennessee League, was one of the most remarkable contests in the game's history. The contestants are second-division teams in a class D league. The tabulated score, shows that the standard of play was high. The Hopkinsville team was shut out from the second to the twenty-first inning, making two runs in each of these rounds. Princeton's only runs were made in the seventh inning. The tie was broken by a double, a muff, a sacrifice on which the runner from third advanced but the one at third was held at that bag, and on a single. Princeton failed to score in its half of the twenty-first inning.

SYSONBY MAY MEASURE STRIDES WITH CICERO

Brighton Beach Race Track, N. Y., July 7.—American lovers of the thoroughbred will likely enjoy the satisfaction of having Sysonby, unquestionably the best three-year-old developed in America since the day of Hamburg, measure strides with Lord Rosebery's Cicero, the English Derby winner of this year and the best three-year-old of Great Britain and France, this coming autumn. As a result of the fine, clean-cut victory of Sysonby, in the $42,000 Lawrence Realization yesterday, Foxhall P. Keene announced today the desire of his father and himself to see Sysonby start against the premier English three-year-old in the late autumn.

After the Grand Republic running at Saratoga, Sysonby will have no other important engagements to fill, and if the Keenes can secure a late closing engagement where he will meet Cicero, the greatest of American colts will leave this country about the middle of August for Newmarket Heath.

The Keenes, as well as almost every expert who saw Sysonby win either the Tidal or Realization, believe him to be the very greatest race horse the world has seen and also that he will win handily from Cicero or any of the top-notch English colts of his age.

Sysonby is not eligible for the fall English three-year-old specials, but it is thought that Lord Rosebery would not dodge a chance to send Cicero against Sysonby in one of the September closing events, and might even arrange a match race.

SEAFORTH TOOK FIRST FOR W. F. A. CHAMPIONSHIP.

Seaforth, July 7. — The first of the home and home series between Seaforth and Berlin for the championship of the W. F. A. was played here tonight. A large crowd of Berlin supporters came in by special train. The game was closely contested from start to finish. There was considerable rough play on both sides. The score at half time was 3 to 1 in favor of Seaforth, and during the last half Seaforth added one more to their credit, leaving the final score 4 to 1 for Seaforth. Referee Mr. Ward, of Stratford.

HIGHLANDERS HIT WASHINGTON HARD

Take a Double-Header From Their Old Hoodoos at the Capital.

IN THE EASTERN.

At Rochester— R. H. E.
Rochester ....1 0 1 0 0 2 0 0 0—4 7 3
Buffalo ....0 0 1 0 0 1 1 0 0—3 9 1

Batteries—Walters and Paine; Yerkes and McAllister. Umpire, Egan. Attendance, 550.

At Baltimore—Baltimore-Newark game postponed; wet grounds.

EASTERN STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Baltimore	34	24	.586
Jersey City	34	24	.586
Providence	34	26	.567
Buffalo	31	27	.534
Toronto	29	29	.500
Newark	26	32	.448
Rochester	25	34	.414
Montreal	22	38	.366

IN THE AMERICAN.

At Washington (first game)— R. H. E.
New York..........0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0—3 4 0
Washington ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 3 2

Batteries—Orth and Kleinow and McGuire; Townsend and Heydon.

At Washington (second game)—
New York..........1 0 0 0 0 1 0 3 0—5 11 3
Washington ....0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 4 3

Batteries—Powell and McGuire; Hughes and Kittredge. Umpires, Connor and Kelly. Attendance, 3,740.

At Philadelphia—
Boston ....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 10 0
Philadelphia ....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1 7 1

Batteries—Young and Criger; Waddell, Bender and Schreckengost. Umpires, McCarthy and O'Loughlin. Attendance, 7,905.

At St. Louis—
St. Louis..........5 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 *—12 15 2
Cleveland ....0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1—3 8 5

Batteries—Howell and Sugden; Hess and Clarke and Buelow. Umpire, Connolly. Attendance, 1,850.

At Detroit—
Detroit ....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1 6 1
Chicago ....1 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0—4 3 0

Batteries—Donovan and Drill; White and Sullivan. Umpire, Sheridan. Attendance, 1,500.

AMERICAN STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Chicago	41	23	.641
Cleveland	40	24	.625
Philadelphia	38	25	.603
Detroit	32	34	.482
Boston	28	31	.474
New York	28	34	.451
St. Louis	24	42	.364
Washington	23	42	.354

IN THE NATIONAL.

At New York— R. H. E.
New York..........0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 10 4
Brooklyn ....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 6 0—6 7 3

Batteries — Taylor and Bowerman; Stricklett and Ritter. Umpire, Johnstone. Attendance, 3,100.

At Boston—
Philadelphia ....0 1 0 3 2 0 0 0 1—7 9 3
Boston ....0 2 0 0 0 1 2 0—5 9 3

Batteries—Suthoff, Pittinger and Dooin; Fraser, Harley and Moran. Umpire, Klem. Attendance, 5,130.

At Cincinnati—
Cincinnati ....1 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0—4 8 2
St. Louis..........1 0 3 0 2 0 1 1 1—9 11 4

Batteries—Chech, Hahn and Street; McFarland and Zearfoss. Umpire, Bausewine. Attendance, 1,500.

At Chicago—Chicago-Pittsburg game postponed; rain.

NATIONAL STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	52	21	.712
Pittsburg	44	28	.611
Philadelphia	42	28	.600
Chicago	42	30	.583
Cincinnati	38	33	.535
St. Louis	26	46	.361
Brooklyn	22	51	.314
Boston	21	50	296

TORONTO HAD NO CINCH WITH WOODSTOCK

Woodstock, July 7.—The Toronto Eastern Leaguers defeated Woodstock, leaders in the Western Ontario Baseball League by 5 to 2 in this city today.

Pitcher Bill Crystal, the former Woodstock twirler, was given a warm reception by his admirers here, being presented with a huge bouquet of flowers by a little daughter of Manager Davis, who brought Crystal out in the seasons of 1898 and 1899, and a gold-headed umbrella and an elaborate smokers' outfit.

The teams were even up at five hits each, but Woodstock's errors were very costly, while only one of Toronto's affected the score. Fans were present from London, St. Thomas, Brantford, Stratford and other places, the total attendance being slightly over 2,300. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Woodstock	2	5	5
Toronto	5	5	3

Batteries—Bussey and Sullivan and Roche; Crysal and Sullivan.

New Zealand's scenery is so beautiful and so varied that it has been termed a combination of Switzerland, Southern France, Norway, the Tyrol and North Italy.

THE TURF.

FAVORITES' DAY AT BRIGHTON.

New York, July 7.—Ala Russel, Rose of Dawn, Colonial Girl and Yankee Consul were the winning favorites at Brighton Beach today, the other two events going to well-played second choices. Colonial Girl, after trailing Merry Lark for nearly a mile in the fourth race, moved out and won easily by a length. Hildebrand, who rode Merry Lark, made a claim of foul against the winner, but it was not allowed. Ala Russel, winner of the second race, was bid up to $2,500, but was retained by the customary $5 bid of the stable.

WILL NOT MEET CICERO.

New York, July 7.—Since Sysonby's victory in the Lawrence Realization stakes enthusiastic admirers of the Keene horse, accepted as the greatest 3-year-old of the American turf, have expressed the hope that a meeting might be arranged between the colt and Cicero, winner of the Epsom Derby and star of his age in England. However, racing men assert that there is little likelihood of such a race, as Sysonby undoubtedly will be kept busy in this country this summer and fall.

BIG MATCH RACE.

Philadelphia, July 7.—Next Thursday Philadelphia's big match race will come off. It is a five-cornered match between Dan T., 2:07¼, by Crawford; Marion Wilkes, 2:08½, by Hawthorne Wilkes; Wentworth, 2:08, by Superior; Antezella, 2:10½, by Anteeo, and Frances B., 2:10¼, by Alcamedia. All five horses have been beating 2:15 in their work, and betting on the event promises to be very lively, with Marion Wilkes a slight favorite over the field.

JOCKEYS INJURED.

Cincinnati, July 7.—Yesterday was a bad day for the jockeys at Latonia and, incidentally, a good one for the surgeons. Seemster fell with Master Joyful and broke his collarbone in the third, and in the steeplechase which followed, Schill and Pemberton and their mounts got mixed up at the final obstacle in the infield and the latter suffered a broken collarbone and the former got away with a few painful bruises.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

At Brighton Beach—Don Royal, 3 to 1; Ala Russell, 7 to 5; Rose of Dawn, 1 to 4; Colonial Girl, 8 to 5; The Southerner, 6 to 1; Yankee Consul, 9 to 10.

At Buffalo—Demas, 15 to 1; Ruth's Rattler, 4 to 1; Barbarossa, 7 to 1; Reservation, 7 to 2; Good Cheer, 4 to 1; Gay Lizette, 5 to 1.

At Detroit—My Gem, out; Lotta Gladstone, 3 to 5; Bonnie Rex, 1 to 5; Sonnet, 2 to 1; Highland Fling, 1 to 2; Rabunta, out; Cappamore, 1 to 3.

At Latonia—Blytheness, 6 to 1; Lela Duffy, 7 to 5; Western Belle, 3 to 2; Felix Mozzes, 6 to 1; Poorlands, 3 to 1; Granada, 5 to 1.

SONG AND WINE SOLD.

New York, July 7. — The 3-year-old colt Song and Wine was today sold by M. L. Hayman to agents of the Japanese Government, who are here buying thoroughbred horses to be used in Japan for breeding purposes. The sale was made through John Mackey. The terms were not made public. The colt was sold last year at Saratoga for about $4,100.

BASEBALL.

OPERATION ON LAJOIE.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 7.—Manager Lajoie's left foot became so painful that Dr. M. H. Castle decided to operate upon it, and at noon the patient was placed under the influence of chloroform and the operation performed. Pitchers Donahue and Rhoades assisted Dr. Castle to lance the foot, and the operation resulted in the removal of a large amount of pus. Dr. Castle says that Larry will not be able to get out of bed for a week at least, and may not be able to play for three weeks.

NEW YORK WANTS CALLAHAN.

Chicago, Ill., July 7.—Jimmy Callahan, a member of the Chicago-American League team and one of the best-known ball players in the country, has decided to cut loose from the White Sox. He returned to Chicago from the east, authorized by owner Frank Farrell, of the New York American League team, to negotiate with manager Jones, of the Sox for his release in exchange for outfielder Jack Dougherty and Dave Fultz, and a cash consideration of $5,000.

NEW CATCHER FOR HIGHLANDERS.

A deal has been completed by which the Wheeling W. Va., Club sells the release of catcher Pat Livingstone to the New York American League Club for $800. Livingstone is to be taken on a month's trial.

ALEX HARDY SHOT.

Troy, N. Y., July 7.—Alexander Hardy, of Toronto, Canada, one of the pitchers of the Troy baseball club, was shot and possibly fatally injured, the other night by Charles Thero, of Danbury, Conn., who alleges that Hardy had been paying attentions to Thero's wife. The latter lives in this city. Thero shot Hardy in the back. The bullet lodged near the heart. Hardy denies paying attentions to Mrs Thero.

THE AUTO.

OLDFIELD'S DIVORCE CASE.

Columbus, Ohio, July 7.—The marital troubles of Barney Oldfield, brought about by his wife Beatrice bringing suit for divorce in this and Cuyahoga counties, are at an end, according to the attorney for the latter. He was served with the papers and the secret was guarded closely. However, it was given out today that a compromise had been effected, and Oldfield is released from the embarrassment of the divorce court. The wife has charged him with neglect and infidelity. They were married in Toledo, August 26, 1896, and have no children.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.:

Gents,—I cured a valuble hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT, after several veterinaries had treated him without doing him any permanent good.

Yours, etc.,

WILFRED GAGNE,

Proprietor of Grand Central Hotel.

Drummondville, Aug. 3, 1904.

AN EDUCATED CROW

Talks in Two Languages and Is Very Intelligent.

"London, July 8. — "Tommy," the educated crow, who, as reported yesterday, has arrived at the Zoo, has already astonished the officials and visitors by his remarkable proniciency in speech.

He is a fine specimen of the well-known Indian talking-bird, the larger hill mynah, and he was presented to the Zoological Society by Major J. T. Calvert. The marvel of the officials is that such a treasure was given away. The bird is not only a talker, he is a linguist, for he can speak Hindustani as well as English.

The Zoo authorities would not place him in one of the aviaries. His linguistic talents would have been wasted there. Instead he has a cage to himself in the insect house, and the following list of his favorite English phrases is posted up outside:

TOMMY.

Tommy is so naughty.
The Lord bless you.
What are you talking about?
I'm surprised at you.
What's the matter with you?
Good-morning.
How's your liver?
What's the row, eh?
Really, you don't say so.
Well, Tommy, my boy.
Well, well.
You'll break your bicycle.
Who are you?

At the end of the list are some of his favorite Indian speeches.

The bird has a mannerism of holding his head sideways when he is spoken to, as though listening; and for the greater part of the day his beak is half open, giving one the idea that he is ever ready to turn on his eloquence

It is most curious to hold a conversation with him, for if one of his phrases is repeated he will answer with another.

"How's your liver?" says a visitor, and the bird answers as though shocked, "I'm surprised at you."

If he hears the remark, "The Lord bless you," he is as likely as not to reply, "Really, you don't say so."

He is a member of the crow family, and for a crow is a particularly dainty bird.

His favorite dish is a mash of potatoes, carrots, eggs and boiled rice. He loves mealworms for the entree, however, and takes a plentiful dessert of dried fruits, bananas and grapes to finish. His voracity is as prodigious as his loquacity.

His appearance is rather handsome. Shaped like a crow, his body is of shining black, his legs and feet brownish yellow, his long beak coral-hued, and he has bright yellow bars round his neck.

"I'm surprised at you" is his favorite utterance. He is always saying it, sometimes with curious effect. It is possible that the uncouth manners of a silver-haired mesia, a handsome rainbow-hued little bird from the Himalayas, not much larger than a sparrow, which occupies the next cage, offend him.

This bird is fed on wood ants, and in order that the insects may not sting his throat when he swallows them, he squeezes them in his beak, and deliberately turns his tail round and rubs on it the poisonous fluid the ants exude.

His tail feathers are stained through constant repetition of this process. No wonder Tommy says he is surprised.

Mrs. Elizabeth Malone, whose father was a Life Guardsman and who spent all her 64 years with the British army and died after 40 years' service as assistant matron of the Royal Military College at Sandurst, had a military funeral. Her body was borne to the grave by staff sergeants and detachments of the Life Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots and Irish Guards marched in the funeral cortege.

According to the annual report of the Volunteers of America, of whom Ballington Booth is the leader, the congregations at 35,000 services during the year within the Volunteers' halls and buildings reached 1,060,955 persons.

THE YANKEE WAYS WERE NOT THEIRS

Chicago, July 8.—It is of a pleasure to Boni Marie Ladoc that the steamship La Savoie sails for Havre July 13. It also is of a pleasure to his old college chum, Raul Nodeau. It is immaterial that the boat sails on the 13th; fate has done its worst to Boni and Raoul.

When they reach Havre they will take a quick train for Paris, and when they reach Paris they quickly will hunt up M. Jules Huret. When they find M. Huret they will, in the language of Raoul, "kanock off hees block." Then they may write a book on the American business man which may have to be put in the refrigerator before it can be cooled sufficiently to be handled by the trade.

It will show to what degree and in what manner M. Ladoc and M. Nodeau differ from M. Huret in their estimate of the American business man and why they wish to "kanock off hees block."

M. Ladoc, at the request of his father, a large business man in Paris, came to Chicago last week to study American business methods. His purpose was to secure employment, if necessary as a cash boy, and learn methods from the bottom up. M. Ladoc speaks no English, but he believed himself capable of picking up a rough acquaintance with some of the essentials before he had been a cash boy more than a week. He was convinced that before becoming manager of the ribbon department he would be a master of the English idiom.

He made his way to State street and entered one of the department stores, where in five minutes he convinced one of the floor walkers that he wished to purchase large quantities of lace. Beaming with joy at being able to excavate this desire from the language M. Ladoc used, the floor walker conducted him to the proper counter, and before the young French business man recovered he was standing on the sidewalk helplessly holding a large bundle and bowing automatically to the courteous floor walker who had ushered him out after the purchase had been made.

At the next store it became apparent to the floor walker that M. Ladoc wished to purchase gloves, and several boxes were sold to him. In despair he broke away and escaped to another floor where, in asking for the head of firm, he convinced a salesgirl that he would purchase corsets.

During the several days following it occurred to M. Ladoc that what he needed was an interpreter, but he understood that the cardinal principle of American business methods was to "hoe your own row."

Having just experienced the mortification of persuading a salesgirl that he wanted to buy much lingerie and arrived at the point where he was wearing out his light blonde mustache by pulling at it in despair, M. Ladoc entered a silk store, and there, to his unbounded and unconfined delight, fell upon the neck of his old college chum, Raoul Nodeau, who, with more success than he, was pursuing a course of study in American business methods.

M. Ladoc explained, with much fervent French, how his desires lay and what scurvy tricks fate was playing with him. M. Nodeau in ready friendship went arm in arm with him to "zee boss," to whom M. Ladoc was introduced.

"Eeet ees a cinch" said M. Nodeau, beaming on his employer. "M'sier work for nozzings. M'sier zee boss, he acquire zee clerk, and M'sier zee clerk he acquire zee to learn how. Eet ees a cinch."

M. Nodeau struck an attitude and M. Ladoc gently stroked his blonde mustache. Things were coming his way at last, now that he had the assistance of a friend who could ask for employment without having to buy corsets. M. Nodeau explained volubly for some minutes, but the employer's face instead of lighting up with undiluted joy began to harden.

"What's all this I understand you to say, Raoul?" he queried.

M. Nodeau told it all over again, explaining that his employer now had the opportunity of adding to his clerical force without expense to himself the scion of a great French mercantile house who was desirous of learning American business methods.

The silk merchant looked still more coldly at the two enthusiastic, susceptible and charming young Frenchmen. Finally he spoke.

"Do you two think you can work any 'con' game like that on me?" he asked. "Do you think any man with common sense is going to let two sharps like you into his store to make away with his goods? Nodeau, you're fired — bounced. If you don't get yourself and your young friend here out of sight in 30 seconds I'll call the police."

M. Ladoc and M. Nodeau fled, shrieking, from the store. At 10 o'clock, July 13, they will be standing far forward in La Savoie with their necks outstretched in an effort to keep their heads a foot in advance of the boat on the way back to France. The first question they will ask on landing in Paris is:

"Ou est M. Jules Huret?"

A Determination

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(Forest City Business and Shorthand College, Y. M. C. A., London) teaches its students self-reliance. College reopens Sept. 5, 1905.

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The Fishing Season

is now open, and many a speckled beauty is awaiting the skill of the ambitious angler. But skill and ambition will avail little without good tackle.

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has the most attractive and serviceable line of these goods, comprising everything needed for Trout, Bass, Pickerel, Pike, stream or lake fishing.

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Will fly 200 feet in the air. Buy one for your child.
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LONDON AND DISTRICT

—Miss Doris Liddicoatt, Wellington street, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. (Dr.) Burns, Caledonia.

—Sergt. Beales, formerly of No. 1 Company, R. C. R., is here on leave. He goes to Halifax in a few days.

—Miss Clara Trebilcock, St. James street, is visiting her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) James Ferguson, at York, Ont.

—Mrs. Daniel Carter, of Guelph, has returned home from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Frederick Wanless, of Askin street.

—Lieut. Gibsone, R. C. R., has arrived at Wolseley Barracks, and has taken over the duties of adjutant and quartermaster.

—Sergts. Good and Grace have been transferred from No. 5 depot to Wolseley Barracks, and arrived here on Thursday afternoon.

—For colportage extension in the east (colporteur in China), John Labatt and A. B. Greer have each contributed $5, per Rev. Dr. Beaumont.

—Rev. John Mahan will preach to the Orangemen at Wesley tomorrow at 10:30, and in the afternoon at 2:45 he will address the Orangemen at Birr.

—The lawn socials, tennis and bowling parties at Wolseley Barracks on Wednesday afternoon of each week, are well patronized by the ladies of this city.

—While some shunting was being done at Komoka last evening, three empty Grand Trunk box cars were derailed and damaged. The damage will not be heavy.

—Lieut. Brown Thirty-second (Bruce) Regiment, and Lieut. J. D. Clarke, of the Thirtieth (Wellington) Regiment, are taking in the present special course at Wolseley Barracks.

—Confirmation service was held at Trinity Church, Elma, on Wednesday, by the Bishop of Huron. On Thursday his lordship laid the foundation of a new church, to cost $6,000, at Millbank.

—Rev. E. N. English has resigned the Parish of Southampton, and has gone to the Northwest for the benefit of his health. He will have charge of St. Paul's Church, Carberry, for a time.

—By an order of the court, the London and Western Trusts Company, Limited, has been appointed executor and trustee of the estate of Hannag G. Taylor, late of the city of Windsor, in the place of the original executors.

—The many friends of Mr. Fred C. Guest, of Scranton, Pa., but formerly of London, will regret to hear of his death, which occurred on July 2. He was the third son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Guest, now of Scranton, Pa.

—Mrs. (Rev.) G. B. Sage, president, and Mrs. Gahan, organizing secretary of the W. A. M. A., visited the parish of Trinity Church, Birr, and St. George's Church, London Township, yesterday for the purpose of organizing branches in connection therewith.

—Mr. J. H. Doyle, of Kansas City, was a visitor to London yesterday for the first time in 20 years. Mr. Doyle is a native of London, and notices marvelous improvements in the city since he went west. Mr. Doyle was accompanied by his two children, who had been on their first visit to the Falls.

SCOTT—LIVINGSTONE.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. J. D. Livingstone, of Forest, Ont., cousin of the bride, on Wednesday evening, when Miss Mary Livingstone, daughter of the late Duncan Livingstone, was married to Mr. William Scott, jun., also of Forest. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. S. Hamilton, of the First Congregational Church.

Diseased Teeth.
Ordinary toothache can be cured by killing the nerve and filling. This is painless and permanent.
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would scarcely be missed from your pay, but a dollar a week deposited with this strong company, with interest compounded half-yearly, will soon amount to enough to make the first payment on a home. TRY IT.
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M. H. ROWLAND, Manager.
420, 422 Richmond Street.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

A pleasant surprise awaited Mr. Robert Moule, of 566 York street, on his arrival home Thursday evening, as his daughters had invited a number of friends to celebrate their father's birthday. A dainty tea was served in the garden and an enjoyable time spent in a social way. Before departing the guests extended their united congratulations and expressed their good wishes for Mr. Moule's happiness and welfare.

SAYING FAREWELL.

The meetings at the Salvation Army tent, Park's flats, Ridout street, on Sunday, will be conducted by Col. and Mrs. Jacobs, of Toronto, who are farefelling from the Dominion. A great day is anticipated, as the colonel has always been appreciated in this city. A very hearty welcome is extended to the public in general. The camp meetings are growing in interest, and now that the fine weather has come the crowds are increasing. Commissioner Coombs will pay a visit to the city on Thursday next, and conduct a special meeting on the camp grounds.

Equaled by few, excelled by none. Rajah cigar, 10c. ywt

CAN GO HOME NOW

Quarantine Raised On Companions of Private Wonsch.

Yesterday Medical Health Officer Hutchinson raised the quarantine which had been placed upon the seven tent companions of Pte. Wonsch, the young soldier who was attacked with smallpox while at the camp here.

No traces of smallpox were visible on the men and they were allowed to leave for their homes in Guelph. Wonsch is slowly recovering in the tent down the river.

Taste well, smell well, sell well, smoke well. Try them. Bruce Carruthers, 5c. ywt

FARES FROM THE WEST

Old Boys Secure Fair Rates From the C. P. R.

Secretary McCann, of the Old Boys, has received the following telegram from Mr. C. E. Usher, of Montreal, general passenger agent of the C. P. R.:

"For Manitoba and Northwest Territories, rate for Old Boys' reunion in London is fare and one-third on certificate plan, free return, 300 or more; question of rate from British Columbia and west still in correspondence between our people in Winnipeg and other interested lines."

TORONTO BLAMED FOR IT

Supposed To Be Responsible for Reduction of Hospital Grant.

The hospital trust met in the mayor's office yesterday afternoon, with Messrs. S. Screaton (chairman), R. W. Jackson, James Mattinson, Acting Mayor Stevely, and Superintendent Heard present.

A communication was read from Provincial Inspector Bruce-Smith, asking for a monthly report from the hospital, instead of a yearly one as heretofore. It is the intention of the Government to cut off all refuge rates from the hospitals, and only grant so much for the legitimate hospital patients. Those receiving hospital rates are children under twelve, and patients who spend more than 120 days in the hospital in the year. This will increase a trifle the grant per patient, but nevertheless it will hit hard those institutions who make a specialty of children, as does Victoria Hospital. There is only $110,000 to be divided among all the hospitals in Ontario.

One member of the board suggested that the whole thing was measured by Toronto, which had separate institutions, with separate grants for children. The grant formerly was 30 cents per patient per day, but it now was only 17 cents, with 7 cents per day for refuge rate.

The presentment of the grand jury at the June sessions, in so far as it related to Victoria Hospital, was read. It highly commended the efficient management, and the successful work of the institution.

Accounts to the amount of $3,807 87 were passed.

Superintendent Heard's report for the period ending June 30, was read, and contained the following information: Patients admitted—Males, 49, females 56, children 35; total 140. Discharged—Males 40, females 55, children 34; total 129. There were 4 births and 13 deaths; operations performed 26, private 19; total 45. Total receipts $1,506 79.

SCHOOL PICNIC AT SPRINGBANK

Children of St. Andrew's and Orphans' Home Have Outing —Sports and Baby Show.

St. Andrew's Sabbath school held its annual picnic at Springbank yesterday afternoon, and a great day was spent, every person entering into the spirit of the occasion. The children of the Protestant Orphans' Home were guests at the picnic. They were provided with free transportation, and prizes were given to each. The little ones certainly did enjoy themselves. The following were the prize winners:

Primary girls, Ethel Thompson, Eleanor Ferguson, Berlie Williamson.

Primary boys, Jimmy Robson, Harry Thomas, Fred Ellison.

Girls' race, 10 years and under — Gertrude Payton, Helen Gillespie, Minnie Beaton.

Boys' race, 10 years and under — Johnnie Beech, Jimmie McMillan, Edwin Rowat.

Girls' race, 12 years and under — Lillian Purdom, Lottie Booth, Margaret Tait.

Boys' race, 12 years and under — Howard Leggatt, John Ross, Purdom Love.

Girls, driving the nail—Gertrude Taylor, Hazel Tait, Bertha Tait.

Boot and shoe race, boys, 15 years and under—Stewart Gunn, Hiliard Stevely, Wilson Purdom.

Boys' race, 200 yards—Norman Leggatt, Howard Leggatt, William Thompson.

Girls' sewing contest—Flora Carson, Bertha Tait, Hazel Tait.

Three-legged race—John McGill and Jack Houston, Purdom Love and Thomas Broughton, William Thompson and Wilson Purdom.

Jockey race—Hiliard Stevely and Norman Leggatt, Howard Leggatt and Stuart Gunn, John McGill and Jack Houston.

Chum race, girls—Ruth Tait and Annie Ross, Helen McMillan and Florence McMillan, Maudie Beech and Florence Jackson.

Solomon and his historical baby judging case received a set-back, and a new record for wisdom was established. The three learned judges in this case were Messrs. Frank Love, James Cairncross and M. H. Rowland. When three babies were brought before them, by their proud mammas, the judges looked wise, and decided that the babies were equally deserving of a prize. The feature was Mr. Love's speech on "race suicide." He and Theodore Roosevelt have somewhat the same ideas on the subject. He said there should be 1,000 babies there instead of only three, and that when one can scare up only three babies at a picnic of a Scotch Sunday school, something seemed to be radically wrong. The winners of the baby contest were Robert John Williamson, Margaret Casselman and Helen Rowat.

After a bountiful repast, a great game of ball was played. P. M. Love's team won by a score of 8 to 7. The features were Mr. Love's great backstopping, Mr. Purdom's double play and Casselman's hitting.

The photo contest will not be decided until later, when some fine pictures of the picnic will be shown.

The committee in charge were Messrs. J. Lochead, A. S. Macgregor, McVicar, D. Ross, F. Love, M. Rowland, J. Cairncross, T. Gillean and Dr. H. A. Stevenson.

Quiet driving horses. Hueston's.

PROUD OF SEVENTH

Petrolea Citizens Were Delighted With Visit of London's Regiment.

The Petrolea Advertiser has the following regarding the Dominion Day celebration in that town:

"The compliment of a visit of the Seventh Regiment was one we took occasion to refer to in anticipation, and now that London's crack regiment has come and gone under such agreeable circumstances we wish to take occasion to compliment the officers and regiment upon the smart appearance of the whole corps in their bright new uniforms, and upon their excellent military bearing, and the marked precision of their marching and movements in all the exercises they went through when here. We must also add that we have no knowledge of an instance where a military organization of this kind paid such a visit when the men exhibited such exemplary bearing and conduct in every way. We share the pride of London in her fine regiment."

MEMORIAL SCHOOL PICNIC

Children Have a Very Pleasant Outing at the River Park.

The Memorial Sunday School picnicked at Springbank yesterday afternoon. About 450 of the pupils, teachers and parents had a splendid outing. A large number of sporting events were run off, and a thoroughly good time was spent by all.

A baseball match was played between the Memorial choir and No. 3 Club, a junior Bible class in connection with the church. The score was 11 to 3 in favor of No. 3 Club. They had it all their own way. The "lady rooters" cheered hard for the choir, but the juveniles were not gallant and beat the vocalists easily. The score:

No. 3 Club	Runs.
Jim Stapleton	2
Bob Hague	1
Bert Hayman	2
Dick Fitzgerald	1
Jim Reardon	2
Bob Ashton	0
Ken Henderson	0
Randolph Davidson	2
Harold Farmand	1

Battery—Reardon and Stapleton.

Choir.	Runs.
George Wright	0
Arch Treleaven	0
Ed Smith	0
Henry Whitehead	0
H. E. Armstrong	1
George Armstrong	1
Ab Smith	1
Bernie Ackerman	0

Battery — Whitehead and Albert Smith.

Albert Smith and George Armstrong made two-base hits.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Mary Walker is holidaying at her home in Glencoe.

Mr. D. Taylor has been visiting friends in Petrolea.

Mr. Angus McCormick, city, is at Durham visiting friends.

Mr. Campbell, of Montreal, is visiting his parents in this city.

Mr. Harry Webb is visiting his aunt, Mrs. A. McCurdy, at Rodney.

Miss Zetta Chowen, London, has been spending two weeks at Blythe.

Mrs. and Miss Taylor are the guests of Mrs. Wm. Black, Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Norton have gone to Cardinal for a few weeks.

Mrs. Lennie Smith, city, is visiting for a few days with friends in Petrolea.

Mrs. and Miss Marguerite McNab spent a couple of days in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Allin Burt and daughter have been visiting relatives and friends in Blyth.

Mrs. Shipley, of London, left today for a trip to St. John, New Brunswick, to visit relatives.

The Misses Rose and Pearl Griffin, of London South, are spending the month with friends at Rondeau, Blenheim and Detroit.

Mrs. John Callander, who has been visiting her brothers in Ottawa and Montreal for the past six weeks, has returned home.

Rev. D. S. Hamilton has returned to the city after spending a week with friends at Forest and vicinity, and will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church at both services tomorrow.

Miss Hattie F. Chadwick left today for her home in New York city, after spending a very pleasant vacation with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Taggie, of 775 Colborne street, and other relatives.

Miss Edna R. Lawson, of Bruce street, left this morning for New York and other eastern points, where she will spend a three-weeks' vacation, the guest of her uncle, Mr. John Bundy, formerly of this city.

Train orders promptly attended to. Hueston's liveries.

A STRENUOUS ADVENTURE

How Paterfamilias Got Stuck to the Floor of His Own Dining-Room.

"I am not depressed," said the hardware merchant, replying to an inquiry of a solicitous friend. "I am amused. One of the peculiarities of my face, according to those who feel at liberty to discuss the subject with me, is that my expression when I'm about to cry closely resemble my make-up for a laugh. To tell the truth, I had a weird experience this morning. More than once I've insisted that this hardwood finish that's all the rage isn't what it's cracked up to be. It's expensive, to begin with; it takes more time than it's worth to keep a mirror-like surface on it, and it's in a conspiracy with the rugs to throw you on the slightest provocation. However, I sometimes defer to my wife, and we have it in our house in two or three different shades.

"This morning I discovered a brand new objection to it. I was up before the rest of the family were stirring, and, being thirsty, I pattered down to the dining-room in my pajamas and bare feet, because I remembered there was ice on the sideboard when I went to bed. Now, as it happened, our hardwood border in that dining-room was oiled two days ago, and it was supposed to be dry. Mother, as I sometimes call her, and the girls all agreed it was dry. Maybe it is, I only know that after I had drunk long and deeply, I was anchored in my tracks. I was glued to that floor for fair—and the soles of my feet are very tender. I tried to lift myself and get a start by pulling on my ankles, but it was like pulling on boot-straps, of course, and I wasn't exactly dressed for a rescued. Still, after I'd struggled for awhile I had to shout for help, and in the end the cook and second girl came and pulled me out into the hall a good deal as you'd tear paper from the wall.

"It was a ridiculous performance, and, what was more, it was more painful than getting rid of a porous plaster. The only reason I don't limp is that I'm as sore and lame in one foot as I am in the other. Mother and the girls guessed that the hot weather had made the top dressing sticky and I guess they don't need another guess."
—Providence Journal.

Cracker Proof
Doubt all we've said about MOONEY'S PERFECTION CREAM SODAS. Doubt the crackers all you will. But the first one of them you eat, will prove that we are right and you are wrong. For you can't doubt the fresh, crisp deliciousness of
Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas
The proof of Mooney quality is in the crackers themselves.

OLD STORY
STICK TO
COFFEE
and sick all the time. There's an easy way out. USE
POSTUM
Food Coffee

MARA'S
134 Dundas Street and Carling St. - Phone 1684. Opposite Market Lane. Former Screaton Premises.



Everything New.
Ready-to-Wear Garments
At Almost Cost of Material.

Linen Crash Outing Skirts, wide sweep, regular $1.25, for..... 85c
Black and Blue Duck Outing Skirts with narrow white stripe, adjustable back; regular $2.25, for $1.69
Fancy Pleated and Tucked Voile Wash Skirts, in linen shade, two shades of blue and white; regular $3, for.....$2.39
White Pique Skirts, new, up-to-date $1.69
Light Tweed Outing Skirts, pleated and tucked, exclusive novelties; regular $3.50, for.....$2.45
All pure wool Mottled Homespun Skirts, pleated and tucked, in fawns and grays, all sizes; regular $5, for.....$3.95
Sicilian Shirtwaist Suits, in blue, black and brown, pleated skirts, extra wide sweep, fancy tucked waists.....$5.00
Separated Skirts, regular $5; same as shirtwaist suits.....$3.75
Children's Sailor Suits, made of indigo blue prints, braid trimmed and anchors; regular $1.35 for..... 95c
Children's White Lawn Dresses and Gimps, lace trimmed; regular 85c, for..... 59c
Always desirable for evenings—Golf Jackets, blouse front, in red, brown, black and white; regular $2.50, for.....$1.85
Japan Taffeta Waists, will not cut, in fancy pleated fronts and tucks; regular $3.25, for.....$2.25

THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA
—INVITES THE ACCOUNTS OF—
Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants, Merchants, Societies, Lodges, Executors, Trustees, Ladies, Joint Accounts of Husband and Wife. (with privilege for either to draw.)
On Best Terms.
ONE DOLLAR opens an account.
Why not keep your account where it will be appreciated?
INTEREST CREDITED TO YOUR ACCOUNT FOUR TIMES A YEAR.
LONDON BRANCH—OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
F. E. KARN, Manager.

A Great Combination



for light housekeeping is a gas stove. You can put it away out of sight after each meal. Next to the gas range this outfit is a perfect treasure for those who would cook satisfactorily and economically. Gas for kitchen work of all kinds is the ne plus ultra of fuels with detachable oven.

GAS APPLIANCE CO., 213 Dundas St. Phone 364.
Branch—R. A. LYON'S STORE, 471 Simcoe St. Phone 1859.

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL.
SESSION 1905-1906.

Courses in **ARTS, APPLIED SCIENCE** (Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Mining and Railroad Engineering; Architecture and Practical Chemistry,) **LAW AND MEDICINE.**

MATRICULATION Examinations and Examinations for **EXHIBITIONS** and **SCHOLARSHIPS**, will be held on **SEPTEMBER 11, 1905.**

LECTURES in **ALL FACULTIES** will begin on **SEPTEMBER 20.**

Particulars of examinations and copies of the Calendar containing full information as to entrance, courses of study, scholarships, fees, etc., may be obtained on application to

J. A. NICHOLSON, M. A., Registrar.
6in-t

Five Situations
EVERY GRADUATE OF THE
Western Ontario Shorthand Academy, 74 and 76 Dundas Street,
is placed in a situation. The following have lately been placed: Miss Fortner, with Horton & Co.; Miss Skippon, with C. P. R.; Miss McKettrick, with Fraser & Moore; Miss Henderson, with Sherlock-Manning Company, and Miss Ward, with P. J. Edmunds, Esq.
School open during summer. Pupils may join at any time.
Night school closed until September.
WILLIAM C. COO, C.S.R., Principal.

ART BEVELED GLASS AND RE-SILVERING A SPECIALTY.
The Western Glass Decorative Works
H. E. ST. GEORGE, Proprietor.
74 Fullarton St., London, Ont.
'PHONE 1,466.
Memorial Windows and Glass of All Descriptions.

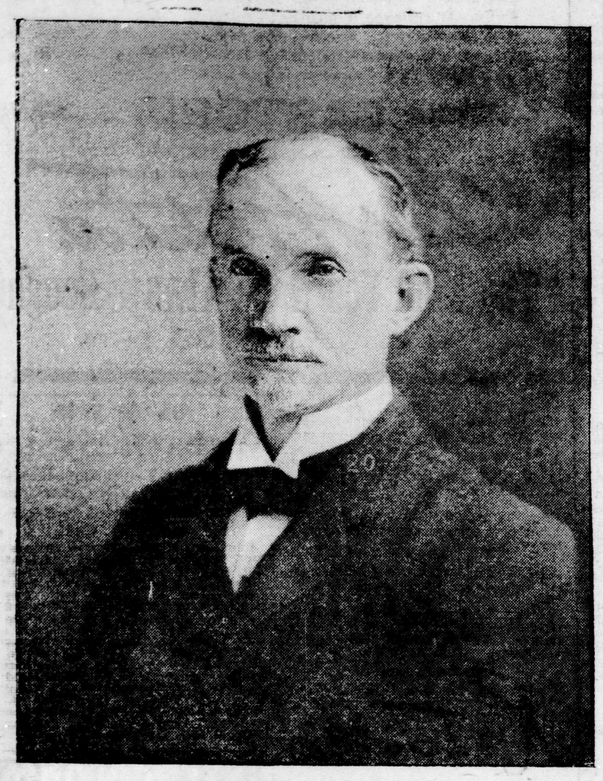
Use "Maple Leaf" The Best CANNED SALMON Packed

The new British ocean-going torpedo-boat destroyers are to be fitted for oil fuel, and they will be sufficiently armed to act as small cruisers.

Former Londoner Describes His Thrilling Hunting Exploits in Fascinating Volume

Mr. Thomas Martindale, the well-known London Old Boy, who has risen to be a merchant prince of Philadelphia, is a keen and accomplished sportsman, and has produced a book, "Sport Indeed," which is evoking very favorable criticism from reviewers and huntsmen.

In the direct style which so characterizes Mr. Martindale's method of sending a rifle ball to a vital spot, he has written his volume of three hundred and forty-six pages in a highly entertaining manner, describing the hunt so minutely and vividly that one can almost see the swaying of the cedar boughs in the brisk winds, and hear the creaking of the antler and hoof, as the moose tears through the forest in answer to the hunter's birch-bark horn. It is the best book of its kind written in many a day. While the moose occupies a large portion of "Sport Indeed," there are charming chapters describing the haunts of the caribou, bear, brant, goose, quail and



THOMAS MARTINDALE, AUTHOR OF "SPORT INDEED."

fish, telling in a breezy way how this game is captured and the trouble and hardships through which the huntsman must pass before he can hope to win success in the exhilarating sport. The gem of the moose hunt is in the chapters devoted to the killing of the "Big Moose of Little Tobique," a giant moose so wily and fleet of foot that he had for years defied the rifles of the best sportsmen of America and England. It was Mr. Martindale's good fortune to capture the monster, one shot bringing the beast to the ground, and ending a moose career well known to hunters in all parts of this country. The killing of this monstrous animal is best told in the words of Mr. Martindale:

"At three o'clock the following morning we were up and ready for our parts in the last act of our moose drama. A light breakfast, and then with our rifles and electrim lamp, we trudged again through the mud, the wet and the pitch-like darkness. 'Twas no wonder that the mile-and-a-half to the lake seemed like a dozen of them. Slowly and silently we trod, for we were certain the moose were in the water, and the noisy breek of a branch or a stumble would have ended our hope of getting a crack at them. As we came nearer the cove, we listened and caught the welcome sound of splashing.

"They were there! But now the most difficult part of our journey lay before us—the entrance to the cedar point and through the cedar swamp. There were two paths; one by way of the cove and the other in which we would follow the footsteps of our moose No. 3. We took the latter, thinking that all three animals would likely be together in the cove. I led the way, pointing the light to the ground. The guide followed, both of us treading carefully and shying away from every dead twig. We could not have trod with more circumspection had the road been paved with dynamite. Three old, dead trees lay in our path. They were without bark, and so slippery with rain that both of us thought it safer to get over them on our hands and knees. Then came the soft strip of gray mud; then a couple of rotten and moss-covered spruce logs, and then the clump of cedars. To get inside of the dense cover of the latter we were again forced to resort to our hands and knees and so crawled into the lair. The day had not yet broke, and the darkness was impenetrable. There was but one thing to do—or rather two things—wait and listen. We felt sure that if the moose would remain till dawn our victory was certain. And thus in the darkness, waiting and listening, we passed the anxious minutes, hoping and praying for dawn. It came at last, yet when it did, and I looked into the cove, my eyes as yet saw nothing they could shape into a moose. My ears, however, were en-garde, telling me plainly that a moose, perhaps the big fellow himself, was at the bottom of all that wading and splashing. And then my eyes began to get their work in. Something, that in the glimmer of the breaking day they took to be the tops of a fallen tree, had changed its shape. 'Twas not a tree now, but a moose, and a monstrous one. Was it a bull or a cow? I couldn't tell, for its back was toward me, and its head in the water. But our doubt was of short duration. A few minutes and the great beast turned around and started on a walk straight toward us. And now luck was at my elbow ready to do her part in the capture of the big fellow. Following the line of the shore he came directly around the cedar point, where we were waiting for him. His appearance as he walked majestically around the point in the light of the hazy morning reminded me of the picture of a "mammoth" that I had seen in my boyhood days, painted upon the side of a building and used by the firm as their trade mark. Some thirty years have passed, yet I haven't forgotten the 'mammoth.'

"To return to the big fellow. He seemed in no hurry, but stopped along as if time were made for slaves and not for a bull of his dignity. He had evidently eaten his fill and was on his

flesh nearly robbed us of our breath. Examination showed us that we were not the only sports that had followed his big heels with murderous intent, for there was a bullet hole in the left blade of his antler and two buck shot holes were in the right."

While the hunt is graphically delineated, "Sport Indeed" contains a chapter of forty-four pages on the Great Northwest, so full of description and instructive reading that it should be perused by every person unacquainted with the vast resources and business of that wonderful territory. This chapter alone is worth the price of the book, giving as it does a glowing account of the enterprise of the men of the north, and describing in Mr. Martindale's best style the wealth and productiveness of the magnificent country beyond our northern border. In paying his tribute to the Canadian Northwest, the author says: "Here the 'star of empire' may well hold its sway, here future provinces and cities will rise from the level table-land of the prairies by the limpid waters of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, to grow rich, prosperous and happy in the lavish and generous returns from the tillage of a fruitful soil. Future colonies will leave their mother country where the dry husks of poverty have been their support and find here a glorious paradise of plenty."

Mr. Martindale is of the belief that the business man, in his fierce chase after money, fails to take sufficient rest and outdoor recreation, and all through his "Sport Indeed" he has endeavored to point out the manifold advantages to brain and body that may be had in sweet communion with nature, far away from the haunts of men and the roar of traffic.

"Sport Indeed" is a gem indeed, resplendent with swaying forest trees, dancing waters and electrified atmosphere, so exquisitely pictured that it possesses a charm exclusively its own. The volume is handsomely bound, superbly printed and contains twenty-four half-tone illustrations. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia).

EXPERIENCE OF A BIRCHTOWN LADY

Tried in Vain to Cure Her Dyspepsia Till She Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Cured Her Completely and Permanently.

Miss Mary Brown, of Birchtown, Shelburne Co., N. S., relates an experience, that is of immediate interest to thousands of people in all parts of Canada. These thousands are the people who face a square meal with mingled feelings of pleasure and dread, in other words the victims of indigestion and dyspepsia.

"I can say I had dyspepsia for some time," says Miss Brown. "I tried many medicines but never met with anything to help me till I used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"After taking three boxes I think they have made a perfect cure. And as it is over a year now since I took them I think I can safely say the cure was a permanent one."

If you want to eat three square meals a day and enjoy them use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

One for the Standard Oil.

Topeka, Kansas, July 7.—The law passed by the legislature last winter appropriating $410,000 to build an independent oil refinery at Peru, was today declared unconstitutional by the State Supreme Court, in an opinion rendered by Associate Justice Greene. The oil refinery law was considered one of the most direct blows struck at the Standard Oil Company by the legislature, which adopted several measures tending to restrict that concern in the

TOGO'S SPLENDID FIGHT DESCRIBED

Details of the Destruction of the Russian Fleet.

HOW ROJY FELL INTO THE TRAP

A Japanese Naval Officer's Account of the Battle of Tsu Shima—A Scene of Grandeur.

Tokio, July 7.—Here is a translation of one of the first and most accurate accounts given in the Japanese press of the great naval battle at Tsu Shima, as seen by an officer who took part in it. The account leaves much to be desired in the way of comprehensiveness, as would necessarily be the case with any report save one prepared by the commanders-in-chief; but at the same time it adds some details to the plain report of Admiral Togo. The account says:

When we received the report that the Russian fleet had arrived off Shanghai we immediately conjectured that they intended to force their way through the Tsu Shima Channel. We accordingly sent a squadron of our fastest ships to reconnoitre and to report to our flagship from time to time the course and doings of the enemy's fleet.

At about 5 o'clock in the morning of May 27, the van of the Russian fleet appeared off Quelpart Island to the southeast and headed eastward. Our flagship thereupon hoisted "" signal to give battle, and we concentrated our forces at a certain point and made preparations for the fight.

At about 6 o'clock we all started from our rendezvous, some hiding behind the island and others taking up their positions in various other quarters.

The enemy appeared not to know where we were stationed and seemed to think he would himself escape detection. His vessels stood on a northeasterly course, with the battleship Alexander III. at the head of the line, followed by the Navarin, the flagship Kniaz Suvaroff and the other battleships, eight in all; by the armored cruisers Admiral Nachimoff, the Dmitri Donskoi and seven others; and by the coast defense ships, gunboats and destroyers, making a fleet of thirty fighting ships.

Besides these there were the Kamchatka and other special service vessels and transports, making a total of thirty-nine. They were divided into two detachments, apparently a main squadron and a flying squadron, with twenty-four vessels in the former and six in the latter.

The Russian squadron first turned northeast by east and then to the west until about 10:30 they came to within about ten miles southeast of Kamizaki, at the southern end of Tsu Shima. Up to that time the formation of the Russian vessels was most regular and orderly, and they presented a magnificent spectacle, quite worthy of the skill of Admiral Rojestvensky.

Our reconnoitering force always kept out of their sight and came northward in constant touch with their movements. When they arrived off Kamizaki, Tsu Shima, the Russians appeared to begin to anticipate danger, and sent five of their comparatively old ships ahead by the eastern channel. The rest of the fleet followed slowly after them.

Their intention seems to have been to sacrifice these vessels in order to discover the whereabouts of our main force. We knew quite well, however, what the Russian plan was, and accordingly held our fire, allowing the detachment of five old ships to pass quietly on their way through the eastern channel.

This was the way the battle begun. The Russian had no idea that our main force was in that direction, but came on rapidly up the channel with their battleships, cruisers and other vessels as before, in fine style.

At this moment one of our squadrons came from the northwest and another squadron came from the south like a flash and took up their positions to the westward of the Russian fleet. A number of destroyers gathered round them, so that at last the enemy was headed off and completely encircled.

I am not at liberty to state how many ships we had, but it would not be far wrong to suppose that we had the whole of our available force there. The Russians now began to realize that they had been entrapped by our strategy.

As soon as our ships made their appearance the Russians changed their formation into a single column and opened fire. We surrounded them as we had planned, and opened fire upon them simultaneously from all the ships in our squadron. It seemed as if heaven and earth were being shaken, and smoke covered the sea until it was as black as night.

The flashes of the guns shone nearly to the bottom of the sea, and the sound of the rushing waves was like the roar of mountain thunder. A mist hung over the sea, and it grew darker and darker. The grandeur of the whole had to be seen to be realized.

It was a few minutes past 2 in the afternoon when the firing began. The enemy's formation became more and more confused, while we succeeded in preserving ours in good order.

We continued the exchange of fire for several hours, the pursuers and the pursued. A cloud of white steam rose from one of the Russian vessels, perhaps caused by one of our shots striking her engine room. At the same time two or three other shots landed on her deck and set her afire.

She soon sank. It was probably the Borodino. Our officers and crew shouted "Banzai!"

A few minutes later we saw another ship go down, and again the cheers rolled over the Japan Sea. Many of the battleships, cruisers and destroyers were injured in succession, until the Russians began to lose courage and started to flee to the northeast.

Our ships had the superiority in speed, so that we were able to head them off in that direction. Most of them tried to escape toward Matsu Shima and the Corean coast, but our victorious squadrons constantly pressed upon them and held them like mice in a bag.

More of the Russian ships were sunk, some caught fire, some were damaged in their engines, and others were floating about helplessly, having lost their rudders. Before sunset less than half of them remained undamaged. Was it by heaven's help, or by human skill alone that our ships came out of the fight safely, with but one or two slight injuries?

So the day ended.

Toward sunset our destroyers and torpedo boats began their work. They were divided into several detachments several flotillas co-operating in each. Flotilla No.— with — at its head made a dash at the enemy's ships.

The boldest attempt of all was made by No.— which received a shot in the engine room and became uncontrollable upon her and poured their fire into her like torrents of rain.

One man was instantly killed and fifteen received serious wounds. All the crew thought that their last hour had come and resigned themselves to their fate.

They turned their faces toward the flagship and folded their hands to pay their last respects to the flag, but notwithstanding the searchlights and the furious fire of the enemy the casualties were unexpectedly small, and the boat was able to escape.

The following day a detachment of our vessels surrounded a number of Russian ships and inflicted great damage upon them. Some were sunk.

The Dmitri Donskoi caught fire twice and appeared to be damaged in her engines. She floated about helplessly, surrounded by our boats, in the neighborhood of Matsu Shima.

We signaled her to surrender, but she refused, and began to land her men upon the island. An order was given to torpedo her, and shortly afterward she was struck by two torpedoes and blown to pieces. We then landed a force to rescue the Russians upon the island, who surrendered themselves without any resistance.

In this way, by the fighting and pursuit of the 27th and 28th, and by the night attack of the 27th the entire Russian squadron was virtually annihilated.

BIGGEST HUMBUG IS PANAMA CANAL

Expert Says the Big Ditch Cannot Be Completed Because of Railroads.

Sioux City, Ia., July 6.—"Wallace was right when he resigned as chief engineer of the Panama Canal commission," said J. D. Yeomans, of this city, in beginning a sensational interview today.

Mr. Yeomans was relieved by Roosevelt six months ago, after having served more than a decade on the Interstate Commerce Commission. Continuing, he said:

"Wallace made a fool of himself trying to tell why. All he should have said was, 'I have had enough of Panama and I resign. It is no place for anyone to want to stay. Before I was moved off the Inter-State Commerce Commission it was intimated to me that I would be a valuable man in Panama. No Panama for me—not for a thousand dollars a minute. I din't come to this world to die; I came to live.

"The Panama Canal is the biggest humbug of the age. I have no hesitancy in saying that in my opinion there will never be a canal built there No important American engineer, who was not paid for it, ever hazarded the opinion that there would be a canal there. The last monthly report of work done shows that it will take 110 years to finish it. The weeds grow in one end faster than they carry the dirt out of the other.

"No engineer has ever found a rock or a clay bed in that celebrated Culebra Cut, where the United States has done the most of its work. There has been a cut of 350 feet there, and 30 inches of rain falls in 30 hours down those banks. Does anyone suppose that the alluvial soil won't wash down in there to make a mud canal too thick for a Goverument dredge boat to keep afloat in?

"The Nicaragua route was feasible and for that reason it was abandoned. I was a member of a syndicate prepared to build a canal there for $120,000,000 which would have carried 27,000,000 tons of merchandise annually. We were prepared to do the work in four years. This looked too much like a canal, and the great influences behind the present transcontinental transportation business suddenly ceased opposing the canal project and pushed the clamor over to Panama. The men who run our big railroads know what Panama is.

"By the Nicaragua route as projected a ship could leave New York harbor and arrive in San Francisco in eighteen days. No freight train is now scheduled to go overland inside of 23 days. That's what struck the Nicaragua project. Red tape, civil service reform and yellow eyes will do the rest.

"Do you suppose Congress will go on putting up money for gravestones and quinine down there? I am glad I am not in it. Everybody down there wants to do what Wallace did or what the boss of the whole works is doing—live in New York and run it by proxy. Why should Shonts or Wallace be chosen to dig a canal anyway? They never did a piece of work in their lives of this sort or anything calculated to equip them for doing it. Every man selected so far to do the work has been picked from a transcontinental railroad. Would you pick a competitor to build a competing business? They may be all right, but none of it looks like a canal to me."

NO BAIL FOR THEM

Montreal Judge Refuses to Liberate Messrs. Gaynor and Greene.

Montreal, Que., July 7.—Judge Ouimet decided today that he had no jurisdiction in the matter of granting their liberty to Messrs. Gaynor and Greene, but he thought it better not to allow the prisoners out on bail owing to the risk of having to find the accused again. He consequently declined to accept bail.

Floods in Iowa.

Sioux City, Iowa, July 7.—The Big Sioux River is higher than it has been in twenty years and general alarm exists along its banks for fifty miles above Sioux City. A second rise reported as being a foot and a half at Hawarden, is coming. Thousands of acres of crops have been ruined by the overflow, the river varying from a half mile to three miles in width. Houses have been seen floating down stream, but no deaths have been reported as yet, though families have been driven out. At Elk Point the stream is above the danger line and a further rise of six inches will submerge the place. A dozen farmers whose homes are under water have retreated to Elk Point.

FITS CURED

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LIEBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

Good tea must be grown under proper conditions

Low, damp or swampy lands in a warm, humid climate produce tea of rank, rapid growth, coarse in texture, woody fibred, rudely flavored—makes a cup heavy, murky in color, rough-tasting—it is poor tea.

But the Indian and Ceylon teas used to make the Red Rose brand are grown on the high lands of India and the mountain sides of Ceylon.

These teas are grown in clear dry sunshine, they mature slowly, the leaves of the Ceylon teas are tender, delicate, finely flavored, but not strong.

The Indian teas thus grown are full bodied, richly flavored, smooth in texture, strong.

Such Indian and Ceylon teas combined in Red Rose Tea produce a cup of a rich rosy brown, strong and smooth—all the richness and strength of Indian, all the delicacy and fragrance of Ceylon teas—that "rich, fruity flavor' which belongs alone to Red Rose Tea—more qualities of tea excellence than any Indian or brand of Ceylon alone can possess.

Red Rose Tea is good Tea

T. H. Estabrooks

St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

HUNTER OF PARASITES

His Mission Is to Find Natural Cures for Insect Pests.

London, July 7.—He had just arrived in London from Brazil, and was off the next day to the Antipodes. I found him in the offices of the Agent-General for Western Australia, says a writer in the London Daily Mail. He was carrying a little box containing a few commonplace looking beetles. Yet to find these beetles he had traveled 15,000 miles and searched far and wide.

For the bronzed and hardy traveler follows the least known profession on earth, that of the parasite hunter. For years he had been traveling, literally from China to Peru, in his search for insects that will aid the farmer in his war against pests.

"I am a tracker down of the natural cures for the insect pests that are doing damage costing hundreds of millions every year," said Mr. Compere, in answer to my questions. Every country has its different plagues. How do these pests come? Here London affords you the simplest illustration. Millions of insects are carried into England every day in the merchandise that arrives from abroad, some in the sackings of eastern cargoes, some in the dried foliage around the tropical produce.

"At any time one of these strange insects, carried here in such fashion, might find that the English climate suited it, and that one of your native products (possibly wheat) supplied it with suitable food. If there were nothing to counteract it, it would in a few years spread all over England, breeding in great numbers several times a year. Before many had quite realized what was the matter, your wheat crop would be ruined.

"For some years my work has taken me to every land. Now I am in Spain, now in China, now in the heart of France, now in Central America. My method is this: When seeking an antidote I first find the native home of the pest I wish to attack. Then I go there, get into the country, and examine. I watch the same pest there (where it is probably doing scarcely any damage), and I am almost sure to find that at some stage of its life another insect attacks and destroys it. Then I have found what I wanted—my parasite—and I take it away with me and breed it to fight the pest.

"Every pest has its parasite, and the right way to fight pests is through their parasites. Western Australia is setting the way here in practical fruit culture and farming, and others will benefit from its work."

800 CARP IN GARDEN

Unexpected Crop Raised by Thomas Rafferty on a Lakeside Farm.

Canandaigua, N. Y., July 7.—Eight hundred carp in a cabbage patch will give a slight idea of the number of these fish in Canandaigua Lake. The connection may not at first be plain, but it must be understood that the lake and the cabbage patch are adjacent.

Thomas Rafferty, who owns a farm on the east shore of Canandaigua Lake about three miles from the village, went out to his cabbage patch the other day and found it covered with dead and dying carp, some of them of 10 or 15 pounds weight. They had invaded the land during the high water of Sunday and had been left stranded by the receding waters.

Rafferty didn't consider this a piece of good luck. He could not get rid of the fish alone, and soon his neighbors were complaining of the nuisance they were maintaining a nuisance. Finally he called on the village board of health for aid. There were more than 800 of the fish.

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ENGLISHMAN LEADS ANARCHIST BAND

Was Captured at Paris in Attempt of King Alfonso's Life.

Paris, July 7.—Not one of the anarchists held in Paris for the attempt to assassinate King Alfonso of Spain looks like a blood-thirsty criminal. Charles Malato and Harvey look especially like mild, intelligent persons. The latter is an Englishman. In the examination before the magistrate he said that he was only a student of anarchy, and that infernal machines formed part of his curriculum.

He states that he was born in Cornwall, and at first intended reading for holy orders, but subsequently began to study natural sciences. He added that he had been a resident in France since 1901, and earned a living by giving English lessons.

He denied that he was an anarchist, and declared that he had never taken part in any anarchist meeting. The magistrate thereupon observed that the prisoner's statements disagreed with the results of the search made in Harvey's house, where the plans of an infernal machine were discovered. It was also proved that Harvey had relations with some Barcelona anarchists who had been arrested at the time of King Alfonso's visit to Paris.

Harvey replied that the plans and certain formulae which had been found at his home were included in his studies. He proved a shrewd witness, and though the authorities believe that he is the leader of the gang, they say it will be difficult to convict him.

Jovial Rabelais himself would have smiled approvingly could he have been present at an old Breton wedding feast which took place the other day at Serignac, a big village on the northern slopes of the Arrhees, France.

Mlle. Guinamant, the mayor's daughter, had wedded M. Blanchard, a lawyer's clerk, and a thousand guests, each with a Pantagruelic appetite, sat down to breakfast in an open field from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m.

The tables were primitive, and consisted of the green turf, scored with deep trenches for the guests' legs.

The menu consisted of 17 oxen, with sheep and calves in proportion; 17 barrels of wine, and innumerable casks of older.

JOHN D.'S LITTLE JOKE

Gives Pastor Basket of Potatoes With $5 in Each Tuber.

Cleveland, O., July 7.—A basket of potatoes, in each one of which was imbedded a five dollar gold piece, was presented here to Rev. Charles A. Eaton, of the Euclid Baptist Church, of which John D. Rockefeller is a member. Mr. Rockefeller attended the presentation and is said to have been the donor.

CZAR MAY CHANGE CAPITAL

St. Petersburg Paper Says It May Be Moved Back to Moscow.

St. Petersburg, July 7.—Emperor Nicholas is going to Moscow. In this connection the Listok prints a rumor that his majesty has decided to transfer the capital back to Moscow. Such a transfer has been seriously agitated time after time on the ground that the true heart of Russia beats under the shadow of the Holy Kremlin, and not at the showy capital on the banks of the Neva. The last general agitation for the transfer was after the assassination of Alexander II.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNARD & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought

Millions of Teapots Are Called into Daily Requisition to Infuse

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea. Its matchless quality is Known and appreciated.

Sold only in sealed lead packets, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per lb. By all Grocers. Highest Award, St. Louis, 1904.

ZELDA DAMERON

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

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"You had better ask the maid to excuse you if any one calls.

She went to the kitchen and spoke to Polly. The telephone was on the second floor, and she pondered a moment as to whether she should not call her uncle. She prolonged her visit to the kitchen, talking to the colored woman to give herself time to think. She had grown fond of Polly and felt a grateful security in the knowledge that the woman was in the house.

Dameron read his wife's will through, and Zelda listened attentively, though few of the terms meant anything to her, and the numbers of lots and the names of additions, divisions and subdivisions were only rigmarole. Her father paused now and then to make some comment on an item, explaining more fully what it meant.

Either her uncle had deceived her or her father was lying; and she knew that her uncle had told the truth. The situation cleared for her slowly. His request for a continuation of the trusteeship veiled his wish to keep her affairs in his own hands, without a break. It was a clever plan and in an impersonal way she admired his audacity.

"You understand," her father continued, "that the personal property—that means stocks, bonds and so on—was to be sold and the proceeds reinvested as I saw fit. It was necessary to change most of it. I had no option in the matter. Your grandfather, Zee, had been one of the early railroad builders in this part of the country, and the original small independent lines have all been merged into great systems. It should be a matter of pride to you that your grandfather was a man so far-seeing and progressive. But now, his children and their children derive the benefit. I recall,"—he dropped his paper and looked at Zelda with a reminiscent air—"I recall that a representative in Congress from our state was defeated for reelection back in the forties for voting an appropriation to aid Morse in his experiments with the telegraph. They charged him with wasting the people's money. But times change, and men change with them!"

He sighed, and the thin leaves of his copy of the will rustled in his fingers as he sought the place where he had dropped his reading. He lingered over the words that described the nature of the trust. They were very sweet to him, because they were at once a justification of himself and a refutation of the slanders of his wife's family. He knew, too, that they gave emphasis to the suggestion that he was now making to Zelda, that she renew the trusteeship. He wished to put this as much as possible in the light of a favor to the girl.

"I am very sorry that my friend and counsel, Mr. Carr, is absent, as I should like to have him prepare the new deed of trust. He is a man of the highest probity. He is the ablest lawyer at the bar. You understand that?"

"Yes; I know he is a very able man."

His joy in the knowledge that Michael Carr was far away in Italy at this moment did not compensate for his anxiety at Zelda's seeming indifference. But he must not falter; he could not afford to lose now. He continued with increasing deliberation.

"In Mr. Carr's absence I have not thought it wise to take another attorney into our confidence. I have prepared a deed of trust myself. I copied from some of the best models. Such deeds are rather common nowadays and I have consulted a number, the work of sound lawyers, that are on record in our county offices. I have enumerated all the properties that are set forth in your mother's will, with the difference that I have proper designations to items that have changed in the natural course of things. Shall I read the deed?"

"Yes, please," said Zelda. "I should like to hear it."

He had, as he said, copied the form of a trust deed that was well-known among local lawyers. As a trust deed it was absolutely above reproach, save only that neither the property as described nor any equivalent for the bulk of it was any longer in existence as a part of the estate of Margaret Merriam Dameron.

Zelda sat inert, listening to the recital, as her father read with deliberation and with due regard for the sonorous legal phrases. He even read through the notarial certificate; and then he drew off his glasses and settled back in his chair with a satisfied air. He hoped that Zelda would not discuss some of the provisions, or ask questions, so that he might be assured that she suspected nothing.

"No doubt it all sounds very tedious to you, Zee, dear. But these things are necessary. I have carefully weighed every word in that deed. Its provisions are wise—very wise, and safeguard the interests of the beneficiary very strongly. Yes; it is an excellent piece of work—but, of course I take no credit for it. I have merely given you the benefit of the work of others,—all very competent men."

Zelda said nothing. He rose and fumbled with the pen and ink that lay on the table by the inkstand, while he waited for her to speak. The silence grew oppressive; the girl had always responded quickly in their talk. He turned, holding the pen in his hand.

"I suggest that you look the paper over before signing, Zee."

He held the paper toward her, but she shook her head.

"Very well. I have read it to you carefully; and you can, of course, have a copy at any time. It is perfectly proper for you to sign tonight—the day before your birthday; you can acknowledge it before a notary tomorrow."

He was smiling, but he held the pen toward her with a hand that shook perceptibly.

Repulsion and pity struggled for the mastery as she pondered, looking away from him into the fire. She felt that she could never meet his eyes again; but she seemed to see them in the flames, the small, gray eyes that were so full of cunning and avarice. It was his deceit, his effort to play upon her credulity, that stung her now into a fierce contempt. She rose and turned toward him.

"I wish you would not lie to me, Ezra Dameron, she said quietly, with even the suggestion of a caress upon the syllables of his name.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Face to Face.

The room was very still after she had spoken. Her father did not start or look directly at her, but, after an interval of silence, he lifted his eyes slowly until they met hers.

"You have lied to me," Zelda repeated in the same passionless voice, speaking as though she were saying some commonplace thing. "I understand perfectly well why you wish to continue the trusteeship. I shall be very glad to do what you ask; only we must understand each other frankly. You must tell me the truth."

He shrank down slowly into his chair, but his eyes did not leave her face. His hands had ceased trembling, and he was quite himself.

"You don't know—you can't know the enormity of what you are saying, Zee. It must be some horrible joke." He drew his hand across his eyes as though to dispel a vision. "I have dealt with you generously, considerately—and this—you can not mean what you say."

He waited as though he expected some word of contrition; but she still stood with her eyes fastened on him, and there was no kindness in them.

"I have sought your own good. I have supposed you would be gratified to continue—the trust—reposed in me—by your mother."

"If you speak to me of my mother again I shall find some way of punishing you," she said, and there was still no passion in her voice.

"I suppose that when you are ready you will tell me wht this means—why you have turned against me in this way," he began with a simulation of anger. And then changing to a conciliatory tone: "Tell me what it is that troubles you, Zee. I had hoped that you were very happy here. I had flattered myself through the summer that ours was a happy home. But if there is any way in which I have erred I am heartily sorry."

He bowed his head as though from the weight of his penitence, but he was glad to escape her eyes. When he looked up again, he found her gaze still bent upon him. He picked up the fallen pen and placed it on the table beside the paper which he had asked her to sign.

"You are a tremendous fraud," she said, with a smile in which there was no mirth or pity. "You are immensely clever, and I suppose that because I have some of your evil blood in me, I am a little bit clever, too."

He rose in real anger and cried hoarsely:

"Zee! You forget yourself; you must be mad!"

"I am growing sane," she answered. "I have been mad for a year, but my reason has come back to me. I do not forget myself or that you are my father; but I remember, too, that you are an evil man and that you drove my mother into her grave. You killed her, with your pettiness and your hypocrisy; you are just as much her murderer as though you had slain her with a knife. But I beg of you, do not think that you can play the same tactics with me. I don't ask for the money that you have squandered. It isn't your being a thief that I hate; it's your failure to be a man! It's the thought that you would betray the trust of the dead—of my dead mother—that's what I hate you for!"

He took a step toward her menacingly.

"You are either a fool or mad. You shall not talk to me so! You have been listening to lies—infamous lies. Rodney Merriam has been poisoning your mind against me. I shall hold him responsible; I shall make him suffer. He has gone too far, too far. I shall have the law upon him."

She had rested her arm on the mantel sheif, and she now leaned upon it, but did not draw away from him as his eyes blazed into hers.

"You had better sit down," she said without flinching. "I suppose you used to talk to my mother this way and that you succeeded in frightening her. But I am not afraid of you, Ezra Dameron. If you think you can browbeat me into signing your deed, you have mistaken me. I was never less scared in my life."

When she spoke his name it slipped from her tongue lingeringly, and fell upon him like a lash. In addressing him so, she cast off the idea of kinship utterly; there was no tie of blood between them; and he was simply a mean old man, despicable and contemptible, standing on the brink of a pit that he had dug for himself, and feeling the earth crumbling beneath his feet.

She went on, with no break in the impersonal tone to which her words had been pitched in the beginning.

"You have so little sense of honor—you are so utterly devoid of anything that approaches honor and decency—the hypocrisy in you is so deep, that you can't imagine that a man like my uncle would never seek to prejudice me against you—my own father. Neither my uncle nor my aunt has ever said a single unkind word to me of you. My aunt asked me to go to live with her when we came home; but I refused to do it. And I'm glad I did. This closer acquaintance has given me an opportunity that was—in one of your hypocritical phrases—quite providential, of learning you as though you were a child's primer. You have been a very bitter lesson, Ezra Dameron! My mother never rebelled, never lifted her voice against you, and you supposed I should prove quite as easy; but you see how mistaken you are!"

"This is a game—a plot to trap me. But it shall fail. My own child shall not mock me."

His old eyes gleamed angrily and his bent shoulders straightened; but his hands were tremulous. He rested one of them on the mantel and drew close to her again; but she went on relentlessly.

"Please sit down. I have something more to say to you. I have gone over it in my heart a thousand times in this year of deceit. I believe I have grown a good deal like you. It has been a positive pleasure for me to act a part—shielding you from the eyes of people who were anxious for a breach between us. I know as I walk the streets and people say, 'There is Ezra Dameron's daughter,' that they all pity me. They have expected me to leave you. They have wondered that I should go on living with you when every child in the community sneers at the sight of you or the mention of your name."

"Shame on you! Shame on you! This is beyond the pardon of God!"

"I suppose it is a shameless thing to be saying to you; but I haven't finished yet. And you had better sit down. You are an old man and I respect your years even though you are Ezra Dameron."

His hand that lay on the mantel was trembling so that it beat the slate sheif uncontrollably. She waited, with the patience of a parent in dealing with an erring child, until he turned and sat down.

"There was some one that told me—that warned me against you. I had hoped that it would never be necessary to tell you; but it gives me a keener happiness than I dare try to express to tell you now."

"Yes; yes; some liar—an infamous liar," he muttered, and he looked at her with a sudden hope in his face. When he should learn who had come between him and this girl he would exhaust the possibilities of revenge.

Zelda read the meaning of his look and she smiled a little, and stepped to the table and turned up the lamp, and put his glasses within reach of his hand.

[To be Continued.]

SOCIAL GLEANINGS

Hon. Charles S. Hyman returned home on Thursday evening. Mr. H. J. Logan, M. P., of Almherst, N. S., and Mr. MacDonald, M. P., Pictou, N. S., are guests at Idlewyld for the week-end, and this afternoon were guests at the Liberal picnic in Queen's Park.

With the passing of June, the summer season of social depression sets in and from now on there will be a dearth of activity, which will only be relieved with the return of the many who deserted it early in the spring. The Beeches is again occupied, and the Carlings and Smallmans will be the next arrivals. Mrs. Harley Brown and daughter returned from Hamilton this week, and Mr. Brown, who came home from England, via the Bavarian, is expected on Monday. Each day witnesses new departures of families for coast resorts, where people of leisure congregate for the sultry days of summer. Mrs. Jeffery Hale and family and Mrs. (Col.) Peters and family left for Little Metis and Lake Simcoe this week. Mrs. Ernest Smith will join Hamilton relatives at the seaside next week, and many, including Mr. and Mrs. George C. Gibbons and the Misses Gibbons, will seek forgetfulness of season's heat in the pleasures of travel in foreign lands. Also with the passing of June, the wedding season wanes, and from now on Cupid, his work so far completed, will busy himself at the seashore and in the mountains, laying plans for September nuptial activity.

Mr. George King and his bride returned from their lune de miel on Monday last, and are residing in a iovely new home, 400 Burwell street, where Mrs. King will receive in September.

Mr. Walter Nicol, Wilton Grove, is spending the week-end, the guest of Mr. Charles Sawers, the manse, Brucefield.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Gibbons and Miss Helen and Miss Marjorie Gibbons leave for New York tomorrow, and sail Tuesday, via the steamship Carconia, for a two-months' trip in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith and their son, Adam, returned on Tuesday from a brief visit in Burlington at Oakworth, the summer home of Mr. Hillhouse Brown. Before returning, Mrs. Smith went on to Toronto.

In the Dominion Day edition of the Toronto Globe, the photograph of the wives of the cabinet ministers of the Dominion Legislature included one of especial interest to Londoners—that of Mrs. Charles S. Hyman, Idlewyld. The accompanying article mentioned Mrs. Hyman as having been at the capital for the period preceding Easter recess, and proving herself a most welcome addition to official society, having entertained several house parties and given many pleasant dinners, suppers and theater parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Bayly and children, Ridout street, were the guests of Mrs. Cameron, Goderich, for the holiday and week-end.

Mr. George Clarke, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Ottawa, is spending part of his vacation in London, Mr. Clarke is a son of Mr. J. D. Clarke, a former resident in Queen's avenue, city.

His Honor Judge Colter, of St. Thomas, is spending his holidays at his old home in St. John, N. B.

Sir William and Lady Meredith are spending some weeks on the Metapedia River, New Brunswick, before taking their flat in the Alexandra, Toronto.

Miss Annie Scatcherd has returned from an extended visit in Buffalo.

An interesting nuptial event took place in Peterboro on Wednesday of last week, at the residence of Mr. Z. Burnham, Otonabee, when his youngest daughter, Annie S., was married to Mr. W. Nickels, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. A. Langfeldt, M. A., rector of St. Luke's Church, in the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, in the presence of a large number of friends of the bride and groom. The bride wore a dress of white silk eolienne, over white chiffon taffeta, and a white sequin hat. She carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Florence M. Burnham, sister of the bride, and Miss Sybil Stetham, Fort Francis, were dressed in pink chiffon organdie, over white taffeta, and white chiffon hats, with wreath of pink roses, and both carried bouquets of the same flowers. Mr. Mark Burnham, brother of the bride, supported the groom.

Among the guests from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Regan, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Campbell, Toronto; Mrs. Charles Winlow, Toronto; Mrs. A. C. Wilmot, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Winlow, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs C. H. Geale, Toronto; Mrs. George Winlow and the Misses Winlow, London; Mr. and Mrs. Yoeman, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Tzeer, Montreal, and Mr. W. T. Scott, Dunnville.

Miss Ethel McKillop left last week to spend a few weeks at Huntsville, Muskoka.

Mrs. Richard Bayly and her son, Mr. Arthur Bayly, are spending a fortnight in Muskoka.

Mr. Charles Baldwin, St. Thomas, spent the week-end in London, the guest of her cousins, the Misses Belton, in Hyman street. Miss Gertrude Gilbert, of St. Thomas, was also their guest on Monday.

Miss Beatrice Beddoe, the talented vocalist from Chicago, who numbers many friends in London, is being much feted in Toronto. Mrs. R. S. Smellie entertained in Miss Beddoe's honor at her island residence, Maesholme, on Tuesday evening. Mr. R. S. Pigott was also an honor guest.

Mrs. Tilley, in King street, has taken her cottage at the lake, Kingsville, for the summer.

Miss Carlisle, in St. George street, left for New York on Friday last.

Miss May Baynes-Reed, Vancouver, B. C. (a former Londoner), is staying with Mrs. J. B. Strathy in Walmer road, Toronto. Mrs. Baynes-Reed, who also came east with her daughter, paid a short visit to London recently, and was the guest of Mrs. Pennington.

The finals of the June handicap of the London Hunt Ladies' Golf Club were played on Monday, Mrs. Denham Stewart winning from Miss Emily Belton with a score of three holes up.

Friends in town have received from Mr. and Mrs. David McColl the announcement of the marriage of their niece Florence Donaldson, to Mr. John Goldie, on Wednesday, June 28, at Knox Church, Ayr, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. Goldie will reside in the Goldie homestead, Ayr.

Lady Tilley is at her beautiful summer home at St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea for the season.

Mrs. Belton, the Misses Belton and Miss Annie Scatcherd went out to Mrs. Belton's country residence, Fairfield, today to spend the summer. Mr. Geo. Belton and his wife are also spending the summer at Fairfield.

The Misses Belton asked a few friends for an informal cup of tea on the veranda of the Kennels on Monday afternoon, complimentary to their guests, Mrs. Charles Baldwin and Miss Gertrude Gilbert, of St. Thomas.

Mrs. Gilmour, Toronto; Mrs. (Major) Carpenter, Mrs. George C. Gibbons and the Misses Gibbons formed a happy little group who drove out to the Kennels for afternoon tea on Monday last.

Mr. E. A. Jackson has gone on a holiday trip to Chicago, Ottawa and Montreal.

On Tuesday afternoon the young girls chapter of the Daughters of the Empire held their regular meeting at the home of Miss Edith Scatcherd, in Richmond street north. The meeting was held in the garden, where hammock, cushions, rugs and the afternoon tea table, among flowers and foliage, was a pretty setting for the young people, who chatted over the success of their first effort, the garden party at Trewaineth, and decided that the meetings should be discontinued until the first Tuesday in October, when they will be guests of Miss Helen Gunn in Kent street. The members present were Miss Helen Gunn, Miss Madge Smith, Miss Dixie Cox, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Eleanor Pennington, Miss Harkness and Miss Boucher.

Miss Boucher is spending a few weeks with Miss Harkness in Talbot street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Puddicombe returned from a three months' trip to England and France, via the S.S. Victorian, arrived in Montreal on Friday evening, and returned home to the Beeches on Saturday evening last.

The illness of Colonel Leys this week has caused his hosts of friends much anxiety. Happily the Colonel has improved somewhat during the past few days.

The marriage of Miss Gwendoline Smith, recently of New York, eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Henry Smith, Ottawa, formerly of Wolseley Barracks, to Dr. Spaulding, New York, will take place on Thursday, July 20.

Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth has gone for a visit to Mrs. Stewart Houston, Tollendal, Allandale.

Their many friends in London are looking forward to a visit from Mrs. Johnston and little Nora Johnston, of Montreal, during the absence in Europe of Rev. (Dr.) Johnston who sailed today.

Mr. E. F. Hebden, whose friends were very happy to know he was made general manager of the Merchants' Bank in Canada, at Montreal, is a son of the late Canon Hebden, of Hamilton, and was educated at Hellmuth College, this city, and afterwards at Heidelberg, Germany. Mr. Hebden, who has been in Montreal for some time, married Miss Patterson, of Toronto, and they have a family to share in the honor of the new appointment.

The London Hunt Golf Club are planning to have a mixed foursome match for ladies and gentlemen, at the Kennels next week, the event to be followed by a dinner.

Miss Beddome delayed her return home from Detroit and Kingsville until this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour returned home to Toronto on Tuesday after a very pleasant visit with Mrs. McDonough, Parkhurst.

Mrs. Tod returned home to Toronto on Thursday after a very happy visit with her mother, Mrs. Walton Hyman.

Mrs. (Colonel) MacDougall is at Wolseley Barracks, her residence here having been renovated and made very attractive for her arrival.

Mrs. Ernest Smith and son will spend August in the home of Mrs. Smith's brother-in-law, Mr. Travers, manager of the Bank of Montreal, at Brockville.

A leave taking that will make a great break in London's social life is that of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Magee, who have made arrangements to reside in Toronto after September. Many happy remembrances center in the delightfully charming entertainments that so often made the handsome home in Albert street the rendezvous of their many friends, and good bye will be said with genuine regret to all the family.

Miss Marian MacLaren, in Queen's avenue, has returned home from a very delightful month's visit in Brooklyn, N.Y., the guest of Miss Corrine Elliott.

The good wishes for a very prosperous career follow Mr. Allen Magee, son of his Lordship Mr. Justice and Mrs. Magee, to Montreal, where he has gone to practice his profession.

Dr. Cl. T. Campbell returned today from a week's stay in Toronto, during which he was the guest of his brother-in-law, Dr. Joseph D. Tyrell, in Sherbourne street.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Macbeth and Miss Niven gave a delightful drive and picnic party out to the Cronyns' farm in London Township. The function was given in honor of Miss Meta Macbeth, of Toronto.

Miss Daisy Lavinia Dawson and Mr. John D. Woods were married on June 14, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. E. Dawson, Butte City, Montana. Miss Dawson, who has many friends and relatives in London, graduated from Hellmuth Ladies' College, and is the daughter of the late J. E. Dawson, Esq., formerly superintendent of the Great Western Railway here. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Blackiston, and the bride, who was gowned in white voile illusion with bridal veil and orange blossoms, was attended by Miss Blackiston, Josephine Dawson and Ruth Davis, and the groom was supported by Dr. Cresswell Pigot, of Butte City, Montana, only son of Mrs. Joseph Pigot, in Colborne street, this city.

Miss Lucy Southam, Miss Mabel Reid, and Mr. Will Southam have gone on a trip up the lakes.

Miss Hart, Byron avenue, is spending the summer in Quebec.

Mrs. Denham Stewart will join her mother, Mrs. (Colonel) Peters, at Grosse Point, Lake Simcoe, next week.

A pretty Toronto wedding of local interest was that of Miss Florence, daughter of Dr. R. Barr, Toronto, to Mr. Frederick Barry Edwards, a former Londoner, at which Mr. Harry Johnston, of South London, of the staff of the Bank of British North America, Toronto Junction, officiated as best man.

The engagement of Miss Taylor, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor, to Captain J. J. C. Thomson, is announced in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, of Wardsville, spent a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blackburn this week.

Dr. and Mrs. MacCallum, of the Asylum are enjoying visits from their sons, Dr. W. G. MacCallum, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, and Dr. J. B. MacCallum, of California.

On Wednesday afternoon at Calvary Church, Montreal, Rev. Walter E. Baker, son of Mr. E. H. Baker, Cobourg, was married to Miss Margaret Russell McLeod, daughter of Mr. Geo. McLeod. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Edith McLeod, as maid of honor, and Miss Fanny Baker, the bridegroom's sister, as bridesmaid. Little Miss Dorothy Moule and Edith Baker were the pretty little flower girls. Mr. C. E. Cross, B.A., and Mr. A. McLeod attended the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McKillop are spending a month at Delamorte, Col., and other points in the western states.

The wedding of Mr. F. C. Van Duser's daughter, in London, England, to Mr. Bruce Miller, was a very brilliant function. Hundreds of pounds had been spent on flowers alone; the staircase and all the reception rooms were smothered in peonies with a gorgeous effect. During the reception the bride and bridegroom stood with their backs to a mirror under a tent of flowers, while by her side stood the bridegroom's mother "the White Widow," who for this occasion put aside the black and wore all white, with white crape falling from a small white crape bonnet.

Miss Margaret Bains, of Toronto, is the guest of Miss Norah Dann, St. Paul's rectory.

The farewell dinner which was to have been given at the London Club by the members of the Middlesex Bar Association, last evening, complimentary to Mr. Justice Magee, was postponed until September, owing to his Lordship's inability to be present.

Mr. Wilson Reid, of Chicago, came to London last week for a fortnight's visit in the home of his sister, Mrs. John O. Dromgole, in Piccadilly street.

Miss Greenwood, the deanery, South London, left yesterday to visit relatives in St. Catherines.

Mrs. John Carling and her two sons, Wilfrid and Cecil, are spending the summer at St. Ernice, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Harper are at Windermere, Muskoka, and their children are with their grandmamma, Mrs. Hutchinson, in Avenue Road, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. George Belton, of Memphis, Tenn., have been spending a visit with the former's mother, Mrs. Belton, in Hyman street, and will also spend the summer with Mrs. Belton, at Fairfield.

A cool breeze made the lawn and tennis courts at Wolseley Barracks perfectly delightful for the score or more who enjoyed either playing tennis or watching the skill of others. Mrs. (Colonel) MacDougall, a very charming lady, whom all who had not hitherto had the pleasure of meeting, were delighted to have a tea-hour exchange of pleasantries, while Mrs. MacDougall, in a chic costume of black and white check silk, and Mrs. (Major) Carpenter in black silk and Gainsborough hat, performed the honors of the tea table.

The three courts were well filled, some of those playing being Miss Edith Scatcherd, Miss Marian MacLaren, Miss Beatrice Boucher, Miss Harkness, Miss Edna Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Raikes, Major Carpenter, Major Layborne, Captain George Macbeth, Messrs. Harrison and Boucher. Among those who watched were, Mr. and Mrs. Beddome, Mrs. George Brown, Miss Babs Labatt, Miss Nora Nivin, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Pattie MacLaren, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Gladys Michie, Mr. Coulson and one or two others.

The following extract from the Seattle Times will be of great interest to Miss Dottie Cowan's friends in London: "The at home given Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. William Morris, at her beautiful home in Sixteenth avenue, in honor of Miss Dottie Cowan, was one of the largest and prettiest affairs of the month. There were one hundred and fifty invitations issued for the large affair. The lovely home was elaborately decorated, June, the month of roses, gave her treasures in profusion, the room being entirely done in La France roses. In the drawing-room Mrs. Morris and Miss Cowan received and Mrs Walter Beals and Mrs. James Galbraith assisted in entertaining. The dining-room was softly lighted with crimson shaded candles and a wealth of dark red American Beauty roses harmonizing with the rich red wall decorations in the dining-room. Massed in the center of the table were favors for each guest. The entertainment will long be remembered as being the most beautiful function given in Seattle. Mrs. William Pigott and Mrs. J. W. Cowan presided over the tea urns, assisted by Miss Carroll and Miss Alice Taggart.

Mrs. Green, of the Wortley Road, has opened her cottage at Port Stanley for the season.

The Misses Pavey are at their summer residence, Port Stanley.

Among those who have left for Muskoka this week are Mrs. and the Misses Macklin, Talbot street, who are at Cleveland's.

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Train leaving London 2:20 p.m. will, on and after July 1, connect at Hamilton with through Pullman sleeper to Pittsburg, via Pennsylvania Railway, from Buffalo, arriving Pittsburg 7:30 a.m.

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The Return of Sherlock Holmes.

VIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIX NAPOLEONS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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IT WAS no very unusual thing for Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, to look in on us of an evening, and his visits were welcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled him to keep in touch with all that was going on at the police headquarters. In return for the news which Lestrade would bring, Holmes was always ready to listen with attention to the details of any case upon which the detective was engaged, and was able occasionally, without any active interference, to give some hint or suggestion drawn from his own vast knowledge and experience.

On this particular evening, Lestrade had spoken of the weather and the newspapers. Then he had fallen silent, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. Holmes looked keenly at him.

"Anything remarkable on hand?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Holmes—nothing very particular."

"Then tell me about it."

Lestrade laughed.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, there is no use denying that there is something on my mind. And yet it is such an absurd business, that I hesitated to bother you about it. On the other hand, although it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for all that is out of the common. But, in my opinion, it comes more in Dr. Watson's line than ours."

"Disease?" said I.

"Madness, anyhow. And a queer madness, too. You wouldn't think there was anyone living at this time of day who had such a hatred of Napoleon the First that he would break any image of him that he could see."

Holmes sank back in his chair.

"That's no business of mine," said he.

"Exactly. That's what I said. But then, when the man commits burglary in order to break images which are not his own, that brings it away from the doctor and on to the policeman."

Holmes sat up again.

"Burglary! This is more interesting. Let me hear the details."

Lestrade took out his official notebook, and refreshed his memory from its pages.

"The first case reported was four days ago," said he. "It was at the shop of Morse Hudson, who has a place for the sale of pictures and statues in the Kennington road. The assistant had left the front shop for an instant, when he heard a crash, and hurrying in he found a plaster bust of Napoleon, which stood with several other works of art upon the counter, lying shivered into fragments. He rushed out into the road, but, although several passersby declared that they had noticed a man run out of the shop, he could neither see anyone nor could he find any means of identifying the rascal. It seemed to be one of those senseless acts of Hooliganism which occur from timt to time, and it was reported to the constable on the beat as such. The plaster cast was not worth more than a few shillings, and the whole affair appeared to be too childish for any particular investigation.

"The second case, however, was more serious, and also more singular. It occurred only last night.

"In Kennington road, and within a few hundred yards of Morse Hudson's shop, there lives a well-known medical practitioner, named Dr. Barnicot, who has one of the largest practices upon the south side of the Thames. His residence and principal consulting room is at Kennington road, but he has a branch surgery and dispensary at Lower Brixton road, two miles away. This Dr. Barnicot is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and his house is full of books, pictures and relics of the French Emperor. Some little time ago he purchased from Morse Hudson two duplicate plaster casts of the famous head of Napoleon by the French sculptor, Devine. One of these he placed in his hall in the house at Kennington road, and the other on the mantelpiece of the surgery at Lower Brixton. Well, when Dr. Barnicot came down this morning he was astonished to find that his house had been burgled during the night, but that nothing had been taken save the plaster head from the hall. It had been carried out and had been dashed savagely against the garden wall under which its splintered fragments were discovered."

Holmes rubbed his hands.

"This is certainly very novel," said he.

"I thought it would please you. But I have not got to the end yet. Dr. Barnicot was due at his surgery at 12 o'clock, and you can imagine his amazement when, on arriving there, he found that the window had been opened in the night, and that the broken pieces of his second bust were strewn all over the room. It had been smashed to atoms where it stood. In neither case were there any signs which could give us a clue as to the criminal or lunatic who had done the mischief. Now, Mr. Holmes, you have got the facts."

"They are singularly, not to say grotesque," said Holmes. "May I ask whether the two busts smashed in Dr. Barnicot's rooms were the exact duplicates of the one which was destroyed in Morse Hudson's shop?"

"They were taken from the same mould."

"Such a fact must tell against the theory that the man who breaks them is influenced by any general hatred of Napoleon. Considering how many hundreds of statues of the great emperor must exist in London, it is too much to suppose such a coincidence as that a promiscuous iconoclast should chance to begin upon three specimens of the same bust."

"Well, I thought as you do," said Lestrade. "On the other hand, this Morse Hudson is the purveyor of busts in that part of London, and these three were the only ones which had been in his shop for years. So, although, as you say, there are many hundreds of statues in London, it is very probable that these three were the only ones in that district. Therefore, a local fanatic would begin with them. What do you think, Dr. Watson?"

"There are no limits to the possibilities of monomania," I answered. "There is the condition which the modern French psychologists have called the 'idee fixe,' which may be trifling in character, and accompanied by complete sanity in every other way. A man who had read deeply about Napoleon, or who had possibly received some hereditary family injury through the great war, might conceivably form such an 'idee fixe' and under its influence be capable of any fantastic outrage."

"That won't do, my dear Watson," said Holmes, shaking his head, "for no amount of 'idee fixe' would enable your interesting monomaniac to find out where these busts were situated."

"Well, how do you explain it?"

"I don't attempt to do so. I would only observe that there is a certain method in the gentleman's eccentric proceedings. For example, in Dr. Barnicot's hall, where a sound might arouse the family, the bust was taken outside before being broken, whereas in the surgery, where there was less danger of an alarm, it was smashed where it stood. The affair seems absurdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothing trivial when I reflect that some of my most classic cases have had the least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abernetty family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can't afford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me hear of any fresh development of so singular a chain of events."

The development for which my friend had asked came in a quicker and an infinitely more tragic form than he could have imagined. I was still dressing in my bedroom next morning when there was a tap at the door and Holmes entered, a telegram in his hand. He read it aloud:

"Come instantly, 131 Pitt street, Kensington.—Lestrade."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Don't know—may be anything. But I suspect it is the sequel of the story of the statues. In that case our friend, the image-breaker, has begun operations in another quarter of London. There's coffee on the table, Watson, and I have a cab at the door."

In half an hour we had reached Pitt street, a quiet little backwater just beside one of the briskest currents of London life. No 131 was one of a row, all flat-chested, respectable, and most unromantic dwellings. As we drove up, we found the railings in front if the house lined by a curious crowd. Holmes whistled.

"By George! it's attempted murder at the least. Nothing less will hold the London message boy. There's a deed of violence indicated in that fellow's round shoulders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swilled down and the other ones dry. Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it."

The official received us with a very grave face and showed us into a sitting-room, where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man, clad in a flannel dressing gown, was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house—Mr. Horace Harker, of the Central Press Syndicate.

"It's the Napoleon bust business again," said Lestrade. "You seemed interest last night, Mr. Holmes, so I thought perhaps you would be glad to be present now that the affair has taken a very much graver turn."

"What has it turned to, then?"

"To murder. Mr. Harker will you tell these gentlemen exactly what has occurred?"

The man in the dressing gown turned upon us with a most melancholy face.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "that all my life I have been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two words together. If I had come in here as a journalist, I should have interviewed myself and had two columns in every evening paper. As it is, I am giving away valuable copy by telling my story over and over to a string of different people, and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business, I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the story."

Holmes sat down and listened.

"It all seems to center round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. I picked it up cheap from Harding Bros., two doors from the High street station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I often write until the early morning. So it was today. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the top of the house, about 3 o'clock, when I was convinced that I heard some sounds downstairs. I listened, but they were not repeated, and I concluded that they came from outside. Then suddenly, about five minutes later, there came a most horrible yell—the most dreadful sound, Mr. Holmes, that ever I heard. It will ring in my ears as long as I live. I sat frozen with horror for a minute or two. Then I seized the poker and went downstairs. When I entered this room I found the window wide open, and I at once observed that the bust was gone from the mantelpiece. Why any burglar should take such a thing passes my understanding, for it was only a plaster cast, and of no real value whatever.

"You can see for yourself that anyone going out through that open window could reach the front doorstep by taking a long stride. This was clearly what the burglar had done, so I went round and opened the door. Stepping out into the dark, I nearly fell over a dead man, who was lying there. I ran back for a light, and there was the poor fellow, a great gash in his throat and the whole place swimming in blood. He lay on his back, his knees drawn up, and his mouth horribly open. I shall see him in my dreams. I had just time to blow on my police whistle, and then I must have fainted, for I knew nothing more until I found the policeman standing over me in the hall."

"Well, who was the murdered man?" asked Holmes.

"There's nothing to show who he was," said Lestrade. "You shall see the body at the mortuary, but we have made nothing of it up to now. He is a tall man, sunburned, very powerful, not more than 30. He is poorly dressed, and yet does not appear to be a laborer. A horn-handled clasp knife was lying in a pool of blood beside him. Whether it was the weapon which did the deed, or whether it belonged to the dead man, I do not know. There was no name on his clothing, and nothing in his pockets save an apple, some string, a shilling map of London and a photograph. Here it is."

It was evidently taken by a snapshot from a small camera. It represented an alert, sharp-featured simian man, with thick eyebrows and a very peculiar projection of the lower part of the face, like the muzzle of a baboon.

And what became of the bust?" asked Holmes, after a careful study of this picture.

"We had news of it before you came. It has been found in the front garden of an empty house in Campden House road. It was broken into fragments. I am going round now to see it. Will you come?"

"Certainly. I must just take one look around." He examined the carpet and the window. "The fellow had either very long legs or was a most active man," said he. "With an area beneath it was no mean feat to reach that lower window-ledge and open that window. Getting back was comparatively simple. Are you coming with us to see the remains of your bust, Mr. Harker?"

The disconsolate journalist had seated himself at a writing-table.

"I must try and make something of it," said he, "though I have no doubt that the first editions of the evening papers are out already with full details. It's like my luck. You remember when the stand fell at Doncaster? Well, I was the only journalist in the stand, and my journal the only one that had no account of it, for I was too shaken to write it. And now I'll be late with a murder done on my own doorstep."

As we left the room we heard his pen traveling shrilly over the foolscap.

The spot where the fragments of the bust had been found was only a few hundred yards away. For the first time our eyes rested upon the presentment of the great Emperor, which seemed to raise such frantic and destructive hatred in the mind of the unknown. It lay scattered in splintered shards, upon the grass. Holmes picked up several of them and examined them carefully. I was convinced, from his intent face and his purposeful manner, that at last he was upon a clue.

"Well?" asked Lestrade.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"We have a long way to go yet," he said. "And yet—and yet—well, we have some suggestive facts to act upon. The possession of this trifling bust was worth more, in the eyes of this strange criminal, than a human life. That is one point. Then there is the singular fact that he did not break in the house, or immediately outside the house, if to break it was his sole object."

"He was rattled and bustled by meeting this other fellow. He hardly knew what he was doing."

"Well, that's likely enough. But I wish to call your attention very particularly to the position of this house in the garden of which the bust was destroyed."

Lestrade looked about him.

"It was an empty house, and so he knew that he would not be disturbed in the garden."

"Yes, but there is another empty house farther up the street which he must have passed before he came to this one. Why did he not break it there, since it is evident that every yard that he carried it increased the risk of someone meeting him?"



HOLMES HAD JUST COMPLETED HIS EXAMINATION WHEN THE DOOR OPENED.

"I give it up," said Lestrade.

Holmes pointed to the street lamp above our heads.

"He could see what he was doing here and he could not there. That was his reason."

"By Jove, that's true," said the detective. "Now that I come to think of it, Dr. Barnicot's bust was broken not far from his red lamp. Well, Mr. Holmes what are we to do with that fact?"

"To remember it—to docket it. We may come on something later which will bear upon it. What steps do you propose to take now, Lestrade?"

"The most practical way of getting at it, in my opinion, is to identify the dead man. There should be no difficulty about that. When we have found who he is and who his associates are, we should have a good start in learning what he was doing in Pitt street last night, and who it was who met him and killed him on the doorstep of Mr. Horace Harker. Don't you think so?"

"No doubt; and yet it is not quite the way in which I should approach the case."

"What would you do, then?"

"Oh, you must not let me influence you in any way. I suggest that you go on your line and I on mine. We can compare notes afterwards, and each will supplement the other."

"Very good," said Lestrade.

"If you are going back to Pitt street, you might see Mr. Horace Harker. Tell him from me that I have quite made up my mind, and that it is certain that a dangerous homicidal lunatic, with Napoleonic delusions, was in his house last night. It will be useful for his article."

Lestrade stared.

"You don't seriously believe that?" Holmes smiled.

"Don't I? Well, perhaps, I don't. But I am sure that it will interest Mr. Horace Harker and the subscribers of the Central Press syndicate. Now, Watson, I think that we shall find that we have a long and rather complex day's work before us. I should be glad, Lestrade, if you could make it convenient to meet us at Baker street at 6 o'clock this evening. Until then I should like to keep this photograph, found in the dead man's pocket. It is possible that I may have to ask your company and assistance upon a small expedition which will have to be undertaken tonight, if my chain of reasoning should prove to be correct. Until then, good-bye and good luck."

Sherlock Holmes and I walked together to the High street, where we stopped at the shop of Harding Bros., whence the bust had been purchased. A young assistant informed us that Mr. Harding would be absent until after noon, and that he was himself a newcomer, who could give no information to us. Holmes' face showed his disappointment and annoyance.

"Well, well, we can't expect to have it all our own way, Watson," he said at last. "We must come back in the afternoon, if Mr. Harding will not be here until then. I am, as you have no doubt surmised, endeavoring to trace these busts to their source, in order to find if there is not something peculiar which may account for their remarkable fate. Let us make for Mr. Morse Hudson, of the Kennington road, and see if he can throw any light upon the problem."

A drive of an hour brought us to the picture dealer's establishment. He was a small, stout, man with a red face and a peppery manner.

"Yes, sir. On my very counter, sir," said he. "What we pay rates and taxes for I don't know, when any ruffian can come in and break one's goods. Yes, sir, it was I who sold Dr. Barnicot his two statues. Disgraceful, sir. A Nihilist plot—that's what I make it. No one but an anarchist would go about breaking statues. Red Republicans—that's what I call 'em. Who did I get the statues from? I don't see what that has got to do with it. Well if you really want to know, I got them from Gelder & Co., in Church street, Stepney. They are a well-known house in the trade and have been this twenty years. How many had I? Three—two and one are three—two of Dr. Barnicot's and one smashed in broad daylight on my own counter. Do I know that photograph? No, I don't. Yes, I do, though. Why, it's Beppo. He was a kind of Italian piecework man, who made himself useful in the shop. He would carve a bit and gild and frame, and do odd jobs. The fellow left me last week, and I've heard nothing of him since. No, I don't know where he came from nor where he went to. I had nothing against him while he was here. He was gone two days before the bust was smashed."

"Well, that's all we could reasonably expect from Morse Hudson," said Holmes as we emerged from the shop. "We have this Beppo as a common factor, both in Kennington and in Kentsington, so that is worth a ten-mile drive. Now, Watson, let us make for Gelder & Co., of Stepney, the source and origin of the busts. I shall be surprised if we don't get some help down there."

In rapid succession we passed through the fringe of fashionable London, hotel London, theatrical London, literary London, commercial London, and finally, maritime London, till we came to a riverside city of a hundred thousand souls, where the tenement houses swelter and reek with the outcasts of Europe. Here, in a broad thoroughfare once the abode of wealthy city merchants, we found the sculpture works for which we searched. Outside was a considerable yard full of monumental masonry. Inside was a large room, in which fifty workers were carving or molding. The manager, a big blonde German, received us civilly, and gave a clear answer to all Holmes' questions. A reference to his books showed that hundreds of casts had been taken from a marble copy of Devine's head of Napoleon, but that the three which had been sent to Morse Hudson a year or so ago had been half of a batch of six, the other three being sent to Harding Bros., of Kensington. There was no reason why those six should be different to any of the other casts. He could suggest no possible cause why anyone should wish to destroy them—in fact, he laughed at the idea. Their wholesale price was 6 shillings, but the retailer would get twelve or more. The cast was taken in two molds from each side of the face and then these two profiles of plaster of paris were joined together to make the complete must. The work was usually done by Italians in the room we were in. When finished the busts were put on a table in the passage to dry, and afterwards stored. That was all he could tell us.

But the production of the photograph had a remarkable effect upon the manager. His face flushed with anger, and his brows knotted over his blue Teutonic eyes.

"Ah, the rascal!" he cried. "Yes, indeed I know him very well. This has always been a respectable establishment, and the only time that we have ever had the police in it was over this very fellow. It was more than a year ago now. He knifed another Italian in the street, and then he came to the works with the police on his heels, and he was taken here. Beppo was his name—his second name I never knew. Serve me right for engaging a man with such a face. But he was a good workman—one of the best."

"What did he get?"

"The man lived and he got off with a year. I have no doubt he is out now, but he has dared not to show his nose here. We have a cousin of his here, and I dare say he could tell you where he is."

"No, no," cried Holmes, "not a word to the cousin—not a word, I beg of you. The matter is very important, and the farther I go with it, the more important it seems to grow. When you referred in your ledger to the sale of the casts I observed that the date was June 3 of last year. Could you give me the date when Beppo was arrested?"

"I could tell you roughly by the pay list," the manager answered. "Yes," he answered, after some turning over of pages, "he was paid last on May 20."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "I don't think that I need intrude upon your time and patience any more." With a last word of caution that he should say nothing as to our researches, we turned our faces westward once more.

The afternoon was far advanced before we were able to snatch a hasty luncheon at a restaurant. A news-bill at the entrance announced "Kensington Outrage! Murder by a Madman!" and the contents of the paper showed that Mr. Horace Harker had got his account into print after all. Two columns were occupied with a highly sensational and flowery rendering of the whole incident. Holmes propped it against the cruet stand and read it while he ate. Once or twice he chuckled.

"This is all right, Watson," said he. "Listen to this: 'It is satisfactory to know that there can be no difference of opinion upon this case, since Mr. Lestrade one of the most experienced members of the official force, and Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the well-known consulting expert, have each come to the conclusion that the grotesque series of incidents, which have ended in so tragic a fashion, arise from lunacy rather than from deliberate crime. No explanation save mental aberration can cover the facts.' The press, Watson, is a most valuable institution, if you only know how to use it. And, now, if you have quite finished, we will hark back to Kensington and see what the manager of Harding Bros. has to say on the matter."

The founder of that great emporium proved to be a brisk, crisp little person very dapper and quick, with a clear head and a ready tongue.

"Yes, sir, I have already read the account in the evening papers. Mr. Horace Harker is a customer of ours. We supplied him with the bust some months ago. We ordered three busts of that sort from Gelder & Co., of Stepney. They are all sold now. To whom? Oh, I dare say by consulting our sales book we could very easily tell you. Yes, we have the entries here. One to Mr. Harker, you see, and one to Mr. Josiah Brown, of Laburnum Lodge, Laburnum Vale, Chiswick, and one to Mr. Sandeford, of Lower Grove road, Reading. No, I have never seen this face which you show me in the photograph. You would hardly forget it, would you, sir, for I've seldom seen an uglier? Have we any Italians on the staff? Yes, sir, we have several among our workpeople and cleaners. I dare say they might get a peep at that sales book if they wanted to. There is no particular reason for keeping a watch upon that book. Well, well, it's a very strange business, and I hope that you will let me know if anything comes of your inquiries."

Holmes had taken several notes during Mr. Harding's evidence, and I could see that he was thoroughly satisfied by the turn which affairs were taking. He made no remark, however, save that unless we hurried we should be late for our appointment with Lestrade. Sure enough, when we reached Baker street the detective was already there, and we found him pacing up and down in a fever of impatience. His look of importance showed that his day's work had not been in vain.

"Well?" he asked. "What luck, Mr. Holmes?"

"We have had a very busy day, and not entirely a wasted one," my friend explained. "We have seen both the retailers and also the wholesale manufacturers. I can trace each of the busts now from the beginning."

"The busts!" cried Lestrade. "Well, well, you have your own methods, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and it is not for me to say a word against them, but I think I have done a better day's work than you. I have identified the dead man."

"You don't say so?"

"And found a cause for the crime."

"Splendid!"

"We have an inspector who makes a specialty of Saffron Hill and the Italian Quarter. Well, this dead man had some Catholic emblem round his neck, and that, along with his color, made me think he was from the South. Inspector Hill knew him the moment he caught sight of him. His name is Pietro Venucci, from Naples, and he is one of the greatest cut-throats in London. He is connected with the Mafia, which, as you know, is a secret political society, enforcing its decrees by murder Now, you see how the affair begins to clear up. The other fellow is probably an Italian also, and a member of the Mafia. He has broken the rules in some fashion. Pietro is set upon his track. Probably the photograph we found in his pocket is the man himself, so that he may not knife the wrong person. He dogs the fellow, he sees him enter a house, he waits outside for him, and in the scuffle he receives his own death-wound. How is that Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

Holmes clapped his hands approvingly.

"Excellent, Lestrade, excellent!" he cried. "But I didn't quite follow your explanation of the destruction of the busts."

"The busts! You can never get those busts out of your head. After all, that is nothing; petty larceny, six months at the most. It is the murder that we are really investigating and I tell you that I am gathering all the threads into my hands."

"And the next stage?"

"Is a very simple one. I shall go down with Hill to the Italian quarter, find the man whose photograph we have got, and arrest him on the charge of murder. Will you come with us?"



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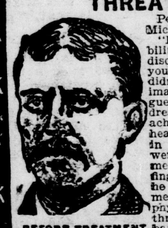
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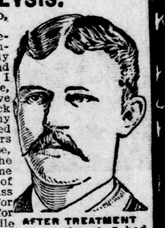
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"I think not. I fancy we can attain our end in a simpler way. I can't say for certain, but it all depends—well, it all depends upon a factor which is completely outside our control. But I have great hopes—in fact, the betting is exactly two to one—that if you will come with us tonight I shall be able to help you lay him by the heels."

"In the Italian Quarter?"

"No, I fancy Chiswick is an address which is more likely to find him. If you will come with me to Chiswick tonight, Lestrade, I'll promise to go to the Italian Quarter with you tomorrow, and no harm will be done by this delay. And now I think that a few hours' sleep would do us all good, for I do not propose to leave before 11 o'clock, and it is unlikely that we shall be back before morning. You'll dine with us, Lestrade, and then you are welcome to the sofa until it is time for us to start. In the meantime, Watson, I should be glad if you would ring for an express messenger, for I have a letter to send, and it is important that it should go at once."

Holmes spent the evening in rummaging among the files of the old daily papers with which one of our lumber-rooms was packed. When at last he descended it was with triumph in his eyes, but he said nothing to either of us as to the result of his researches. For my own part I had followed step by step the methods by which he had traced the various windings of this complex case, and though I could not yet perceive the goal which we would reach, I understood clearly that Holmes expected this grotesque criminal to make an attempt upon the two remaining busts, one of which, I remembered, was at Chiswick. No doubt, the object of our journey was to catch him in the very act, and I could not but admire the cunning with which my friend had inserted a wrong clue in the evening paper, so as to give the fellow the idea that he could continue his scheme with impunity. I was not surprised when Holmes suggested that I should take my revolver with me. He had himself picked up the loaded hunting-crop, which was his favorite weapon.

A four-wheeler was at the door at 11, and in it we drove to a spot at the other side of Hammersmith bridge. Here the cabman was directed to wait. A short walk brought us to a secluded road fringed with pleasant houses, each standing in its own grounds. In the light of a street lamp we read "Laburnum Villa" upon the gatepost of one of them. The occupants had evidently retired to rest, for all was dark save for a fanlight over the hall door, which shed a single blurred circle on to the garden path. The wooden fence which separated the grounds from the road threw a dense black shadow upon the inner side, and here it was that we crouched.

"I fear that you'll have a long wait," Holmes whispered. "We may thank our stars that it is not raining. I do not think we can even venture to smoke to pass the time. However, it's a two to one chance that we get something to pay us for our trouble."

It proved, however, that our vigil was not to be so long as Holmes had led us to fear, and it ended in a very sudden and singular fashion. In an instant, without the least sound to warn us of his coming, the garden gate swung open, and a lithe, dark figure, as swift and active as an ape, rushed up the garden path. We saw it whisk past the light thrown from over the door and disappear against the black shadow of the house. There was a long pause, during which we held our breath, and then a very gentle creaking sound came to our ears. The window was being opened. The noise ceased, and again there was a long silence. We saw the sudden flash of a dark lantern inside the room. What he sought was evidently not there, for again we saw the flash through another blind, and then through another.

"Let us get to the open window. We will nab him as he climbs out," Lestrade whispered.

But before we could move the man had emerged again. As he came out into the glimmering patch of light, we saw that he carried something white under his arm. He looked stealthily all around him. The silence of the deserted street reassured him. Turning his back upon us he laid down his burden, and the next instant there was the sound of a sharp tap followed by a clatter and rattle. The man was so intent upon what he was doing that he never heard our steps as we stole across the grass plot. With the bound of a tiger Holmes was on his back, and an instant later Lestrade and I had him by either wrist and the handcuffs had been fastened. As we turned him over I saw a hideous, allow face, with writhing, furious features, glaring up at us, and I knew that it was indeed the man of the photograph whom we had secured.

But it was not our prisoner to whom Holmes was giving his attention. Squatted on the doorstep, he was engaged in most carefully examining that which the man had brought from the house. It was a bust of Napoleon, like the one which we had seen that morning, and it had been broken into similar fragments. Carefully Holmes held each separate shard to the light, but in no way did it differ from any other shattered piece of plaster. He had just completed his examination when the hall lights flew up, the door opened, and the owner of the house, a jovial, rotund figure in shirt and trousers, presented himself.

"Mr. Josiah Brown, I suppose?" said Holmes.

"Yes, sir; and you, no doubt, are Mr. Sherlock Holmes? I had the note which you sent by the express messenger, and I did exactly what you told me. We locked the door on the inside and awaited developments. Well, I'm very glad to see that you have got the rascal. I hope, gentlemen, that you will come in and have some refreshment."

However, Lestrade was anxious to get his man safe into quarters, so, within a few minutes, our cab had been summoned and we were all four upon our way to London. Not a word would our captive say, but he glared at us from the shadow of his matted hair, and once when my hand seemed within his reach, he snapped at it like a hungry wolf. We stayed long enough at the police station to learn that a search of his clothing revealed nothing save a few shillings and a long sheath knife, the handle of which bore copious traces of recent blood.

"That's all right," said Lestrade, as we parted. "Hill knows all these gentry, and he will give a name to him. You'll find that my theory of the Mafia will work out all right. But I'm sure I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Holmes, for the workmanlike way in which you laid your hands upon him. I don't quite understand it all yet."

"I fear it is rather too late an hour for explanations," said Holmes. "Besides, there are one or two details which are not finished off, and it is one of those cases which are worth working out to the very end. If you will come round once more to my rooms at 6 o'clock tomorrow, I think I shall be able to show you that even now you have not grasped the entire meaning of this business, which presents some features which make it absolutely original in the history of crime. If ever I permit you to chronicle any more of my little problems, Watson, I foresee that you will enliven your pages by an acount of the singular adventure of the Napoleonic busts."

When we met again next evening, Lestrade was furnished with much information concerning our prisoner, His name, it appeared, was Beppo, second name unknown. He was a well-known ne'er-do-well among the Italian colony. He had once been a skillful sculptor, and had earned an honest living, but he had taken to evil courses and had twice already been in jail—once for a petty theft, and once, as we had already heard, for stabbing a fellow-countryman. He could talk English perfectly well. His reason for destroying the busts were still unknown, and he refused to answer any questions upon the subject, but the police had discovered that these same busts might very well have been made by his own hands, since he was engaged in this class of work at the establishment of Gelder & Co. To all this information, much of which we already knew, Holmes listened with polite attention, but I, who knew him so well, could clearly see that his thoughts were elsewhere, and I detected a mixture of mingled uneasiness and expectation beneath that mask which he was wont to assume. At last he started in his chair, and his eyes brightened. There had been a ring at the bell. A minute later we heard steps upon the stairs, and an elderly, red-faced man with grizzled side-whiskers was ushered in. In his right hand he carried an old-fashioned carpet-bag, which he placed upon the table.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?"

My friend bowed and smiled. "Mr. Sandeford, of Reading, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I fear that I am a little late, but the trains were awkward. You wrote to me about a bust that is in my possession."

"Exactly."

"I have your letter here. You said, 'I desire to possess a copy of Devine's Napoleon, and am prepared to pay you ten pounds for the one which is in your possession.' Is that right?"

"Certainly."

"I was very much surprised at your letter, for I could not imagine how you knew that I owned such a thing."

"Of course, you must have been surprised, but the explanation is very simple. Mr. Harding, of Harding Brothers, said that they had sold you their last copy, and he gave me your address."

"Oh, that was it, was it? Did he tell you what I paid for it?"

"No, he did not."

"Well, I am an honest man, though not a very rich one. I only gave fifteen shillings for the bust, and I think you ought to know that before I take ten pounds from you."

"I am sure the scruple does you honor, Mr. Sandeford. But I have named the price, so I intend to stick to it."

"Well, it is very handsome of you, Mr. Holmes. I brought the bust up with me, as you asked me to do. Here it is!" He opened his bag, and at last we saw placed upon our table a complete specimen of that bust which we had already seen more than once in fragments.

Holmes took a paper from his pocket and laid a ten-pound note upon the table.

"You will kindly sign that paper, Mr. Sandeford, in the presence of these witnesses. It is simply to say that you transfer every possible right that you ever had in the bust to me. I am a methodical man, you see, and you never know what turn events might take afterwards. Thank you, Mr. Sandeford; here is your money, and I wish you a very good evening."

When our visitor had disappeared, Sherlock Holmes' movements were such as to rivet our attention. He began by taking a clean white cloth from a drawer and laying it over the table. Then he placed his newly-acquired bust in the center of the cloth. Finally, he picked up his hunting-crop and struck Napoleon a sharp blow on the top of the head. The figure broke into fragments, and Holmes bent eagerly over the shattered remains. Next instant, with a loud shout of triumph he held up one splinter, in which a round, dark object was fixed like a plum in a pudding.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "let me introduce you to the famous black pearl of the Borgias."

Lestrade and I sat silent for a moment, and then, with a spontaneous impulse, we both broke out clapping, as at the well-wrought crisis of a play. A flush of color sprang to Holmes' pale cheeks, and he bowed to us like the master dramatist who receives the homage of his audience. It was at such moments that for an instant he ceased to be a reasoning machine, and betrayed his human love for admiration and applause. The same singularly proud and reserved nature which turned away with disdain from popular notoriety was capable of being moved to its depths by spontaneous wonder and praise from a friend.

"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "it is the most famous pearl now existing in the world, and it has been my good fortune, by a connected chain of inductive reasoning, to trace it from the Prince of Colonna's bedroom at the Dacre Hotel, where it was lost, to the interior of this, the last of the six busts of Napoleon which were manufactured by Gelder & Co., of Stepney. You will remember, Lestrade, the sensation caused by the disappearance of this valuable jewel, and the vain efforts of the London police to recover it. I was myself consulted upon the case, but I was unable to throw any light upon it. Suspicion fell upon the maid of the princess, who was an Italian, and it was proved that she had a brother in London, but we failed to trace any connection between them. The maid's name was Lucretia Venucci, and there is no doubt in my mind that this Pietro who was murdered two nights ago was the brother. I have been looking up the dates in the old files of the paper, and I find that the disappearance of the pearl was exactly two days before the arrest of Beppo, for some crime of violence—an event which took place in the factory of Gelder & Co., at the very moment when these busts were being made. Now you clearly see the sequence of events, though you see them, of course, in the inverse order to the way in which they presented themselves to me. Beppo had the pearl in his possession. He may have stolen it from Pietro, he may have been Pietro's confederate, he may have been the go-between of Pietro and his sister. It is of no consequence to us which is the correct solution.

"The main fact is that he had the pearl, and at that moment, when it was on his person, he was pursued by the police. He made for the factory in which he worked, and he knew that he had only a few minutes in which to conceal this enormously valuable prize, which would otherwise be found on him when he was searched. Six plaster casts of Napoleon were drying in the passage. One of them was still soft. In an instant Beppo, a skilful workman made a small hole in the wet plaster, dropped in the pearl, and with a few touches covered over the aperture once more. It was an admirable hiding-place. No one could possibly find it. But Beppo was condemned to a year's imprisonment, and in the meanwhile his six busts were scattered over London. He could not tell which contained his treasure. Only by breaking them could he see. Even shaking would tell him nothing, for as the plaster was wet it was probable that the pearl would adhere to it—as, in fact, it has done. Beppo did not despair, and he conducted his search with considerable ingenuity and perseverance. Through a cousin who works with Gelder, he found out the retail firms who had bought the busts. He managed to find employment with Morse Hudson, and in that way tracked down three of them. The pearl was not there. Then, with the help of some Italian employe, he succeeded in finding out where the other three busts had gone. The first was at Harker's. There he was dogged by his confederate, who held Beppo responsible for the loss of the pearl, and he stabbed him in the scuffle which followed."

"If he was his confederate, why should he carry his photograph?" I asked.

"As a means of tracing him, if he wished to inquire about him from any third person. That was the obvious reason. Well, after the murder I calculated that Beppo would probably hurry rather than delay his movements. He would fear that the police would read his secret, and so he hastened on before they should get ahead of him. Of course, I could not say that he had not found the pearl in Harker's bust. I had not even concluded for certain that it was the pearl, but it was evident to me that he was looking for something, since he carried the bust past the other houses in order to break it in the garden which had a lamp overlooking it. Since Harker's bust was one in three, the chances were exactly as I told you—two to one against the pearl being inside it. There remained two busts, and it was obvious that he would go for the London one first. I warned the inmates of the house, so as to avoid a second tragedy, and we went down with the happiest results. By that time, of course, I knew for certain that it was the Borgia pearl that we were after. The name of the murdered man linked the one event with the other. There only remained a single bust—the Reading one—and the pearl must be there. I bought it in your presence from the owner — and there it lies."

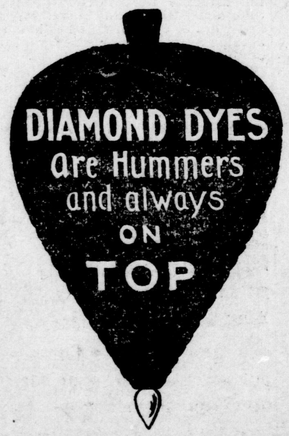
We sat in silence for a moment.

"Well," said Lestrade, "I've seen you handle a good many cases, Mr. Holmes, but I don't know that I ever knew a more workmanlike one than that. We're not jealous of you at Scotland Yard. No, sir, we are very proud of you, and if you come down tomorrow, there's not a man, from the oldest inspector to the youngest constable, who wouldn't be glad to shake you by the hand."

"Thank you!" said Holmes. "Thank you!" and as he turned away, it seemed to me that was more nearly moved by the softer human emotions than I had ever seen him. A moment later he was the cold and practical thinker once more. "Put the pearl in the safe, Watson," said he, "and get out the papers of the Conk-Singleton forgery case. Goodbye, Lestrade. If any little problems comes your way, I shall be happy, if I can, to give you a hint or two as to its solution."



HE PICKED UP HIS HUNTING CROP AND STRUCK NAPOLEON.



SPECIAL WARNING: The manufacturers of the popular Diamond Dyes would direct the attention of our Canadian women to the fact, that crude, adulterated and worthless package dyes are now offered for sale by some merchants who care little about the ruin and trouble they cause.

These imitation package dyes are so poor in quality, that many ladies have reported that their materials and goods have been destroyed by their use.

Diamond Dyes never fail to give satisfaction. They produce the most lovely colors, on the heaviest and finest fabrics. See that each package of dyes you buy has the name "DIAMOND DYES," and you will be safe. The millions say, "It's easy to dye with Diamond Dyes." 61k-t

SELF-SUPPORTING

Chilvers looked disgustedly at the canvas over which Betty had already smeared more than a dollar's worth of paint.

"I would suggest," he said quietly, "that if you want to put any more paint on that cow, you had best use clay modeling tools."

"There you go again," she stormed. "How do you expect me ever to become a great artist if you nag that way?"

"I don't expect you to become great," he reminded her gently. "I don't want you to become great. I want you some day to realize that it is better to be a good wife than a poor bohemian artist."

"In which sense do you use that 'poor?'" she asked him.

"In every sense of the term. You are poor in purse, for all you can spare goes for paint for those bas-reliefs you call pictures. You are poor in heart, for you have no time for anything else save your art. You are to be pitied, because you elect to live in a rattletybang place over a stable just because art students are suposed to undergo certain hardships, and ——"

"Poor, I suppose," she finished off for him, "because I am so dense as not to be able to perceive the immense advantage of being permitted to sacrifice a career to a man by the name of Winthrop Chilvers."

"Not necessarily that," he corrected, "but to be pitied because you are sacrificing the best years of your life to a foolish fad. If there was any chance that you might do great things, I would be the last to say you nay."

"Now you wish to say me nay that I may say you yes?" she taunted.

"Not that," he said sadly. "But you will never become great. You paint by fits and starts. Time was when you were an impressionist and had but four or five tubes of paint in your stock. Now you want the heavy effects. Next week you may turn out pictures like the surface of an enameled photograph."

"I sell them," she retorted defiantly. "I have made my own living ever since I started."

"Yes," he admitted, "but even had you not, you would have starved rather than give up this foolish idea."

"Others have starved before me in the same cause," she said proudly. "Who am I that I should not be willing to sacrifice myself to my art?"

"You are a dear little woman who has no business worrying about art," he answered her.

She stepped before him, her eyes blazing. "I never want to see you again," she cried. "Please be kind enough to let me fight my own battle."

Chilvers took her at her word. When she telephoned to the hotel in the afternoon they told her that he had gone away. He had left no note, not even a card for her.

One of the girls in the art class had told her of the splendid place where she had spent the previous summer, and here Betty decided to go. It was a little town off the beaten line, and there were said to be some most picturesque bits. A bent old man on a green farm wagon hailed her as she descended from the car.

"Goin' to Treston's, bean't ye?" he shouted.

She nodded.

"Jump aboard," he said, giving her the lines to hold while he got her trunk.

"One of them artists," he commented, as he threw her trunk and field easel into the wagon box and climbed up beside her. "We had one down here last year."

"Miss Tuttle?" asked Betty, naming her friend.

"She was over ter Bagots'," he said, negatively. "This was a real artist feller. Got paid big prices."

"I've been paid $150 for one of my canvasses," she said, proudly.

"Sho!" he ejaculated, wheeling in his seat and regarding her with interest. "If you know all that about art you'll laugh yerself sick at my gallery, I suppose. I don't see they are so darned funny, but this artist feller uster laff hisself sick over 'em."

"Chromos?" suggested Betty, smiling. She could imagine the sort of pictures on a farmhouse wall.

"No," said Treston, "they're real ones. Some city chap the missus uster be nurse to sends 'em. He says he has to buy 'em, 'cause no one else will. He hates to destroy 'em, an' he don't want to keep 'em. He sends 'em to us."

"Some beginner," said Betty, with a tip-tilted nose, "whose friends wish to help her along. Now, I've been self-supporting for three years."

Betty asked to see the pictures before she unpacked. She was feeling particularly self-satisfied.

But at sight of them she turned faint, and after a crying spell, which lasted several hours, she sent a telegram. It read:

"Please come. Am staying at Treston's."

That was all, but Chilvers, reading between the lines, knew that Betty had given up art after having seen her entire output on Treston's wall, and he blessed the fate that had unconsciously guided her there.—St. Louis Star.

It is better to trust something to be mistrusted than to mistrust something to be trusted.



Pain in the Back.

Significant Testimony to the Beneficial Effects of Bu-Ju.

A Young's Point couple find Bu-Ju, the Kidney Pill, a great blessing. In common with many others who have tried this remedy, they find it highly beneficial for pain in the back and rheumatism. These complaints are due to disordered kidneys. Bu-Ju, the Kidney Pill, heals diseased Kidneys and strengthen weak kidneys. Mrs. A. C. Kidd, of Young's Point, Quebec, writes:

Claflin Chemical Company, Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—Have tried your Bu-Ju Kidney Pills and found them very beneficial for rheumatism and pain in the back. They are certainly a blessing. My husband is also receiving great benefit from Bu-Ju. He has had great pain in the small of his back, but is so much better now.

MRS. A. C. KIDD.

Young's Point, P. Q.

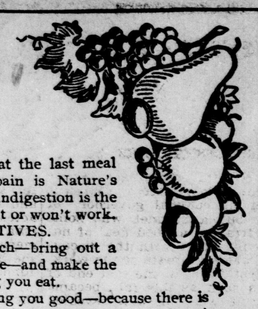
The beneficial effects of this scientifically prepared specific for any and all disorders of the kidneys, which lead to rheumatism, neuralgia, diabetes, Bright's disease and other dangerous ailments, have only to become known to be appreciated. Prudence would suggest a trial of this highly successful preparation whenever there are any signs that the kidneys are not doing their appointed work properly. Bu-Ju, the Kidney Pill, is sold by druggists generally. If unable to procure them in your locality write The Claflin Chemical Company, Limited, Windsor, Ont., and they will tell you where to get them.

Corruption of Words.

I lately heard of a country inn which boasted for its sign, "The Jackass." Word corruption like this has given many quaint signs to our hostelries. Among the better known inns are "The Goat and the Compass," corrupted from the words "God encompasseth us"; "The Bull and Mouth," from "the Boulogne mouth," after the naval combat before Boulogne harbor, and "The Pig and Whistle," from "the peg and wassail," alluding to the pegs driven into the old wassail bowl to mark the point to which the toper might drink as his turn comes round. The sign, common in Lancashire, of the Stanley arms, an eagle carrying a child, is popularly referred to as "The Bird of Banklin."—T. P.'s Weekly.

At a motor car prosecution at Haywards Heath it came out that Lord Kelvin had invented an electrical timing apparatus which had been adopted by the Sussex police. On a recent Sunday the police, secreted behind a hedge on the Brighton road, timed motorists by means of the apparatus, and as an outcome 16 summonses were served. Fines amounting to £160 were imposed.

When Indigestion Grips You



it is not merely "something you ate" at the last meal—it is weakness in the stomach. A pain is Nature's danger signal that something is wrong. Indigestion is the stomach's way of telling you that it can't or won't work.

NOW is the time to take FRUIT-A-TIVES.

These fruit tablets rest the stomach—bring out a copious flow of gastric juice at meal time—and make the stomach and intestines digest everything you eat.

You know that Fruit-a-tives are doing you good—because there is no more pain—no more sour stomach—no belching gas. Fruit-a-tives keep the stomach clean and healthy—and ready to digest any sensible meal you eat while the constipation is entirely cured by their use.

"Fruit-a-tives are most valuable in the home. We have used two boxes and are to-day getting a third, which tells our opinion of their merits. I find them especially good for the children, pleasant to take and very cleansing in their action."

Mrs. F. M. NORRISH, Calgary, Alberta.

Fruit-a-tives are pure fruit juices in tablet form. They act gently on all the organs of digestion—strengthen, invigorate, and cure. If there is anything wrong with stomach or bowels, cure yourself with

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

At all druggists. 50c. a box. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa

We Carry in Stock

INGOT COPPER, ANTIMONY AND TIN.

THE CANADA METAL CO., TORONTO.

A strong proof of the growing favor in which our Cocoa is held is that our sales have doubled within a year.

Cowan's PERFECTION Cocoa (Maple Leaf Label)

Is going into every home and is appreciated for its purity and excellence.

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO.

FERROVIM TRADE MARK

A TONIC FOR ALL.

It makes new blood
It invigorates
It strengthens
It builds
BONE AND MUSCLE

Used with the greatest advantage by all weak people. Prevents fainting, makes pallid cheeks into rosy ones.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

A Household Dye

Maypole Soap (in cake form) is a perfect home dye that washes and dyes at the same time. Cleanly beyond compare. Brilliant, fast colors. It dyes to any shade. A household word in England.

Maypole Soap

Made in England but sold everywhere.

10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

WISE MOTHERS NOURISH THEIR BABIES ON LIFE-GIVING LACTATED FOOD DURING THE HOT WEATHER.

IT SAVES BABY FROM ALL DEADLY SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

USE WEAVER'S SYRUP

It purifies the Blood and cures

Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.



Gin Pills

Cure that Pain in the Back



That sharp shooting pain—that dull, steady ache—means something wrong with the kidneys. Pain is nature's danger signal. Where there is pain in the back or through the hips, there is an unnatural condition, or disease of the kidneys.

GIN PILLS cure that pain in the back, by curing the kidneys.

They neutralize the acid urine—stop uric acid from poisoning the blood and inflaming the nerves—soothe and quiet the pain—make urination natural and regular—sharpen the appetite—make one sleep sound—build up the whole system.

GIN PILLS have saved hundreds from chronic kidney trouble and dreaded Bright's Disease.

If you have any kidney trouble, or suspect that the kidneys are not doing their work properly—and especially if you suffer with pain in the back—don't hesitate to get GIN PILS. They cure or your money back.

At all dealers, 50c a box, or 6 for $2.50.

SEND POST CARD FOR FREE SAMPLE BOX.

BOLE DRUG CO., Dept. x, Winnipeg, Man.

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

The Sir William Macgregor whose death has just taken place at Bristol is not the famous colonial governor of that name, but a baronet who some years ago attracted a good deal of notoriety in connection with the discovery that he was an inmate of the workhouse at West Ham, in the east end of London. As soon as this fact became known, and it was likewise revealed that he was a bachelor, he was overwhelmed with offers of marriage, the fact of his being a sufferer of locomotor ataxia being regarded as in his favor rather than otherwise, since it virtually assured early widowhood and matrimonial freedom to any woman who wedded him for the sake of his title. A matrimonial agency opened communication with him, and he was informed that a wealthy American woman was willing to pay $100,000 for the privilege of marrying a titled Englishman, and after considerable negotiation an agreement was prepared by the lawyers, in which it was stipulated that Sir William was to receive $20,000 in cash on the wedding day. The arrangement, however, fell through at the last moment, because the lady in question demanded a duke, and would accept no one with an inferior title. As he had meanwhile rejected the other offers he was as badly off as before.

A little later the maiden daughters of the late Capt. Gulliver of the royal navy heard of his plight and the younger of them, ambitious to share his title, arranged for a marriage with him, but changed her mind at the last moment and induced her eldest sister Alice to convey the news to Sir William. Alice, however, came to an understanding with Sir William, and they were quietly married shortly afterwards at Southmead, and went to live quietly at Bristol.

Lady Macgregor was not rich, but nevertheless comfortably off, and Sir William therefore spent the last few years of his life in what must have seemed to him as luxury when compared with the destitution and starvation that had landed him in the West Ham workhouse. He was about 58 years of age, though his silvered hair and beard made him look considerably older, and was the fourth of his line, the first baronet, his great-grandfather, having been Sir Patrick Macgregor, the physician of King George IV., and of his brother, the Duke of York. The second baronet, his son, was an officer of the Ninety-second Highlanders, and the third baronet, father of Sir William, was a clergyman and one of the canons of Bristol Cathedral. Sir William was educated at Haileybury College, served for a time in the army, and lost what little money he had in wildcat schemes in the city. He was implicated in the Queen Victoria Jubilee syndicate swindle in 1897. But the evidence produced in court brought to light the fact that the promoters of the nefarious scheme had used him as an innocent tool for the sake of his title, and, while they were sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, he was acquitted. As long as his brother, Gen. Charles Macgregor, lived, he made him a small allowance, but this ceased with his death. The baronetcy is inherited by a nephew, Cyril Macgregor, son of a younger brother, and who is now about 17 years of age.

The other Sir William Macgregor, governor of Newfoundland, is one of the most remarkable men of the British colonial service, both physically and intellectually, and, indeed, his Herculean strength has contributed in no small degree to impress the savages over whom he has been called upon to rule in the past with a sense of the power of the British empire. He is the only colonial governor to wear the Albert medal, which is the civilian counterpart of the Victoria cross, which he received for a wonderfully heroic rescue of the crew and passengers of the steamship Syria, when it was wrecked at the foot of the Fiji Islands.

Prince Donnersmarck, who has come so prominently before the public in connection with his contribution of two million marks towards the Kaiser's fund for assisting army officers in straightened circumstances, and as the exponent at Paris of the Emperor's views on the subject of Morocco, probably knows France and French statesmen better and more intimately than any other member of the German aristocracy or official world. Colossally rich, he was formerly, as Count Guido of Henckel Donnersmarck, one of the most favored habitues of the Tuileries during the last few years of the reign of Napoleon III., and often used to lead the cotillions at Empress Eugenie's celebrated Mondays. While apparently devoting himself to frivolity, he kept both his ears and his eyes open, and became a frequenter of the salons of that extraordinary woman, the Marquise de Paiva, in that superb mansion of hers in the Champs Elysee, which is now the home of the Paris Travelers' Club, to which so many Americans belong.

The Marquise de Paiva, like her sister, who afterward married the Marquis de Noailles, formerly French envoy at Washington, was the daughter of a little Jewish tailor of the name of Lachmann, at Moscow. She came to Paris in the train of the musician nad composer, Herz; was expelled in the most ignominious fashion from the Palace of St. Cloud by orders of Empress Eugenie on one occasion when through some mistake she had obtained an invitation; amassed an immense fortune as one of the Queens of the Parisian half-world, and then induced a Portugese nobleman of the name of Paiva to marry her. He shortly afterward blew out his brains when he realized the shame that he had brought upon his house by such a match. This did not, however, prevent her salon from being frequented by all the most eminent statesmen, most brilliant clubmen, foreign ambassadors, French government officials, and palace dignitaries then in Paris. Even M. Thiers, afterward president of the republic, and the very personification of bourgeois propriety, did not disdain to pay her court, and it was at her house that one heard everything that was going on at Paris. Edmund About, the celebrated novelist and editor, was among her most devoted admirers.

It was only after the war that the French Government became aware that for several years prior to the conflict, and during its earlier stages, she had acted as a secret agent of Prince Bismarck, forwarding to him all the immensely valuable information which she had obtained from her friends and admirers at Paris, without dreaming of the danger to which they exposed their country by discussing its affairs and even its secrets in her presence.

Her beauty was superior even to her brilliancy and cleverness. Indeed, it was of so fascinating a character that Count Henckel Donnersmarck became completely infatuated thereby, and actually married her at Paris immediately after the restoration of peace, the old emperor yielding a reluctant consent to the union in deference to the arguments of Prince Bismarck, who impressed his sovereign with the value of the services rendered by the marquise. It was this marriage, coupled with the discovery of her relations with Bismarck, that caused her former French friends to denounce her as a traitress. Paris became unpleasant to her, and she settled on her new husband's vast estates in Silesia, and there erected a palace which was the exact reproduction of St. Cloud, the favorite abode of Empress Eugenie, the same St. Cloud from which she had been ejected by the servants of Empress Eugenie, as above described. She likewise revenged herself upon the empress by buying a number of the latter's jewels for her own adornement, as well as the furniture of Eugenie's private boudoir, at the Tuilleries, the furniture in question being distributed in the hogpens of the principal farms at Neudeck.

Suddenly the countess was overtaken by some malady which robbed her of her loveliness of face and form, and like that other celebrated beauty of the Napoleonic era, the Countess de Castiglionne, she withdrew into the utmost seclusion, allowing no one, not even her husband, to come near her, and never appearing in the grounds of her Silesian palace, save thickly veiled, while servants who had the misfortune to encounter her within the chateau were instantly dismissed. She lingered on until 1884, and three years after her death her husband married another fascinating Russian, but this time of excellent birth, the 23-year-old divorced wife of Count Mouravieff, by whom he has a son, to whom old Prince Bismarck stood god-father.

Count Henckel Donnersmarck maintained to the end his friendship with the old chancellor, furnished most of the money for the running of the newspaper known as the Hamburg News, in which Bismarck, after his retirement, was wont to give utterance to his opinions, and only after the old chancellor's death became intimate with the present Emperor.

Mention of the Marquise de Paiva and of her role as one of Bismarck's agents during the days of the French empire, serves to recall the fact that in the posterously sensational book, Joubert's "Full of Tsardom," recently published, the statement is made that in Washington the Russian Government maintains no less than ten of these secret agents in petticoats, "who entertain lavishly, their drawing-rooms, with shaded rose-colored lights and luxurious furniture and hangings, being palaces of ease for weary legislators and senators. These fascinating sirens then dictate in whispers what laws shall or shall not be passed by Congress."

It would be interesting to learn the identity of these sirens and of the senators and legislators who bask in the sunlight of their fascinations. While Russia certainly has a large number of these petticoated agents in her employ, particularly in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna and Rome, and even at such places as Cairo, Lisbon, and in the capitals of the petty German states, yet it is doubtful whether it would be possible to round up ten of them in Washington. The agents the Russian Government has in America of a feminine character do not make their headquarters in Washington, but are to be found in New York and Boston, and occasionally put in a quiet appearance at the fashionable watering places. They work independently of the Czar's embassy and of the consulates, with which they have no connection whatever; and one of the reasons why the Russian official representatives abroad are so reluctant to express themselves concerning anyone about whom they are asked is because they never know whether the individual in question, male or female, is not some secret agent, possibly reporting over their heads to their own chief about their own shortcomings.

Nor is Russia the only Government that employs women as secret agents. The first wife of Prince Donnersmarck, the Countess de Castiglionne, the Milanese Duchess of Litta, Princess Lise Troubetskoy, Mme. Olga de Novikoff, Mme. de Ley, are among those whose political activity by degrees became revealed, to the detriment of their usefulness. But there are many others equally gifted, equally well born, and more discreet, who are content to work unobtrusively in the dark, less for any question of remuneration than for the satisfaction of knowing that they are playing a role in the important game of international politics, and helping to pull the wires that move the pieces on that chessboard known as the "Concert of Great Powers."

Father Luis Coloma, who was summoned the other day to administer the last rites of the Catholic Church to former Premier Silvelas, the high-principled and universally-respected leader of the Conservative party in Spain, is one of the most remarkable figures of Madrilene life, and assuredly one of the most distinguished members of the Order of Jesuits. Rich and well born, he was educated for a naval career, but found it difficult to conform himself to the discipline and obedience exacted of him, and so left the naval college without graduating, and threw himself with all the zest of youth into the life of a man of leisure and of means at Madrid, becoming an immense favorite, and dipping deeply into the political intrigues which were so rife in the Spanish capital during the few years immediately preceding the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in 1875.

One morning it was in 1874—Don Luis Coloma was found with a revolver bullet in his head and unconscious. For several weeks he hovered between life and death, and when at length he recovered he vanished, and ere long it became known that he had joined the Order of Jesuits.

The mystery of that bullet wound has never been revealed. No one knows to this day whether it was inflicted by a man or a woman, whether it was received in a sort of duel without seconds, or if, indeed, it was inflicted in his house. That it was an attempt at suicide nobody can believe, as the weapon with which it had been inflicted could never be found.

During ten years Coloma went through that course of marvelous training by means of which the Jesuits reduce the members of their order to that absolute and unquestioning obedience which are all the more wonderful as they are never allowed to crush the natural talent and gifts of the novice, and then Coloma returned to Madrid with the fame of great pulpit eloquence. He made his debut as a preacher in the capital during Lent. All the great world flocked to hear the man whom they had known as the wildest, the gayest, and the most brilliant of the young bloods of Madrilene life.

His first sermon set all Madrid by the ears. It was a most bitter, virulent attack upon the worldliness, the frivolity and the disregard of the principles of morality of those who were gazing at him with upturned faces. No one better than himself knew their shortcomings. Every word that he uttered struck home. And so intense was the mingled alarm and indignation that an appeal was made to the late King Alfonso to intervene, and through his influence the series of sermons was interrupted, and Don Luis was sent away from the capital to the house of his order in the provinces.

Debarred from saying what he had to say from the pulpit, Father Coloma set to work to pursue the mission which he had imposed upon himself by means of his pen, and ere long Madrid society was made aware through a succession of articles in Spanish reviews that he was a forceful writer.

The climax came when he published his novel, entitled "Pequeneces," which may be translated as "Mere Trifles," the title being derived from the manner in which the great world at Madrid was accustomed to regard moral shortcomings as mere bagatelles. In this book he gave the most caustic and cruel picture of the Spanish grand monde that has ever been printed. Under the most transparent of disguises nearly every prominent figure in society was portrayed.

No one escaped. All weaknesses and intrigues and ambitions were laid bare, and for months nothing else was spoken of but this book, which was universally denounced as the most abominable libel that had ever found its way into a book.

By degrees, however, Madrilene society calmed down, came to reflect that the picture which the priest had drawn of their life was truthful, because based on personal experience, and that if he had printed it it was with the object of appealing to their consciences. Today he is the most popular and trusted spiritual adviser of the great world at Madrid, just because its members realize that there is no divine of their acquaintance who knows them so thoroughly as Father Don Luis Coloma.

Why That Weariness?

You're uneasy, restless, without appetite. Still worse, you are thin and fagged. Work must be done, but where is the strength to come from?

Make your blood nutritious and you'll have lots of strength. Your only hope is Ferrozone, an instant blood-maker, blood-purifier, blood-enricher. It brings keen appetite, digests food and supplies nutrition for building up all the bodily tissues. Ferrozone makes muscle and nerve fiber, increases your weight, instills a reserve of energy into the body that defies weariness or exhaustion from any cause. To have virility and healthy vigor use Ferrozone, which all dealers sell in 50-cent boxes.

HIS FRANK OPINION.

"Turn around," requested the young man settling his eyeglasses a little more firmly on his nose. "No, I mean to one side. I want to get the profile. H'm-n. Now, face me again. Close your eyes. How can I exercise my judgment calmly when you are looking at me?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said the girl, "but I'm sure I don't want to look at you. There! Will that do?"

"Open them quick!" said the young man hastily. "Heavens! You had a narrow escape then."

"From what?" asked the girl, innocently.

"If you had taken a step forward you might have walked into the table and smashed something."

"Oh!"

"I think, perhaps, it will do if you just fix your eyes on the bookcase. I don't want to be tempted beyond my strength. Your chin up a trifle, please."

"You aren't looking at the hat at all," said the girl. "You're looking at me."

"Strange!" said the young man, musingly. "I believe I was. But on the other hand you were looking at me instead of at the bookcase."

"Well, hurry then; I don't want to stand here on exhibition all day. Do you like it or don't you?"

"You really want my opinion?"

"Do you suppose I've been sanding here posing for ten minutes for anything else?"

"I don't know. I wasn't sure. I mean, of course, that I wasn't sure that you attached a particular value to my opinion."

"Make your mind easy. I really want your opinion. I'm not above getting hints from everybody. Mr. Canlow thinks it's perfectly stunning—the most becoming thing he ever saw me wear."

"Well, you certainly are not."

"Not what?"

"Above getting hints from anybody. So he's been here, has he?"

"He happened to call—yes."

"And you got out your millinery to show him?"

"Don't be absurd and don't look at me so savagely. I had it on when he came, showing it to my mother."

"He called to see your mother, I suppose?"

"No, I think he called to see me."

"Oh!"

"But mother took it for granted that he came to see her, for she stayed and visited with him. Perhaps it was because I winked at her."

"Bless her dear heart," said the young man, fervently. "She's a jewel."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"See here, I don't want to decide on a thing like that too hastily. What do you think of it yourself?"

"I'm not going to help you a bit. You seem to have a mind of your own about some things."

"As much as you'll allow me to have."

"Nonsense! I don't think I have a particle of influence over you in any way."

"I like that. Who made me give up smoking, I'd like to know, and who induced me to sit out a symphony concert?"

"You said you enjoyed it beyond anything."

"So I did. My pipes were the one solace I had on earth before I met you. Enjoyment is too mild a name for it."

"I meant the concert."

"Well, enjoyment isn't too mild a name for that."

"I'm disappointed in you," said the girl in a changed tone. "I really did believe you liked it."

"I did. Truly, I did," declared the young man, hastily. "I don't know when I've liked anything more. It was the first time I had ever sat next to you the entire evening. You see, that took my attention off the concert itself."

"I daresay. But what about the hat?"

"It's quite a hat, all right."

"That's what it was represented to be."

"Ye-es. Couldn't be any mistake about it, could there? Of course, it hasn't a crown, but then it has a decided brim to it, and they don't put feathers on a muff, do they? Well, as to that hat—. Turn around full face once more."

"I've turned around until I'm tired."

"You say Canlow liked it?"

"Immensely!"

"Well, I don't."

The girl removed the hatpins with an offended air and then took off the hat and laid it on the table.

"There!" said the young man, triumphantly. "You see for yourself. Canlow's an ass—an idiot. He couldn't discriminate, that's all. Now, when you first put that thing on and turned to me it made me fairly giddy. But I wasn't going to let my enthusiasm run away with my judgment."

"Well, you don't think it becomes me?"

"Not a particle," said the young man, coolly. "Just look at it there. Did you ever see a more lopsided, idiotic futile nightmare? Become you! No, but you become it, all right! There on the table it's all that I said it was, but—. Here, let me put it on again. Now, it's a dream of elegance and beauty. It is and it isn't. Considered as a part of your toilet and attached to you it's a seven-times winner. The charm that radiates from you transforms and transfigures it. It would make any derby look sweet and coquettish if you put it on. But as a hat! Well, I scorn to flatter a hat."

"Oh, bother!" said the girl.

"Keep it on," said the young man. "I've got the tickets right in my pocket and a cab outside."—Chicago News.

THE PEDDLER'S PACK.

Every now and then the swinging signboard creaked and groaned as if it were determined to attract attention. And it was usually successful. In addition to the name of the inn, it bore a weather-worn representation of something that faintly resembled an overgrown soldier's knapsack.

"What does that signify?" inquired a traveler, glancing up at the picture.

"Ah! They don't carry things of that sort nowadays," answered the gray-haired landlord, pointing to a pile of commercial travelers' sample cases, "but the 'road boys' were not such aristocrats when I was younger. Then, they used 'packs' just like you see pictured up there. I was a bit hard on one of them long ago, and ever since I've tried to make up for it by treating them as well as I can. It was in one of their packs that the biggest slice of luck I've ever known came to me." As he spoke he shuddered and signed in a manner that betokened some mystery behind his words.

We were high up on the wagon road that runs through Serafina Pass, and the name of the little inn "The Travelers' Refuge," was thoroughly appropriate, for not a bagman that went that way but was fain to rest for a space within its hospitable doors.

The landlord, it was clear, was most anxious to have an opportunity of unbosoming himself further, but he waited until his daughter, a buxom matron had left the room. "Yes," he mused, half to himself, "I was a bit hard on one of 'em—there's no mistake about it. It ain't a pleasant story, but I like to tell it just to remind myself that the worst thing a man can have in this world is a hot, obstinate temper. You see, I came to this coast soon after the gold fever broke out, and settled down in the Josita Valley, below here, ranching. I was a widower even then, and had brought with me from the States my only child — a daughter. past 17.

"She was a pretty girl, if I do say it, and, being as good as pretty, you can imagine I was quite wrapped up in her. Of course I was anxious to keep her with me, and, if not that, at least I looked for her to do something better than fall in love with a peddler."

"And did she?"

"Yes; you see in those days the country was full of young fellows who had struck out for themselves, and were trying to get a start by carrying knick-knacks around from one mining camp to another. Some of them were lively chaps enough, and well educated; but I was fresh from the States, with all the eastern prejudices, and it almost drove me wild when Mary told me she wanted to marry a young fellow who brought his pack through our district a good deal oftener than the trade seemed to require. I was a hot-tempered fool in those days, so I stormed, threatened, locked Mary up for a week, and sent word to her lover that I had loaded my gun for wildcats and peddlers."

"What did Mary do?"

"You might have guessed it. One day when I came back from a cattle sale of days, but they had taken to the tall timber, and it was of no use. After a while I got a letter, and I wrote back saying that I disowned her, and that he had better keep out of range of my rifle."

"What did you do then?"

"Suffered, mister — just suffered. I knew I was wrong, but I'd have died rather than give in. For three years I lived like a toad in a rock, hating the whole world. All the pleasure I had was in watching for peddlers. One evening, after a terrible rainstorm, one of the tribe came to my house and asked for shelter for the night. He was a thin, weak-looking fellow, with his face covered by a huge ragged beard. He carried on his back an enormously lang and heavy pack, and seemed so exhausted with his heavy tramp through the mire, that I hadn't the heart to do more than order him off the place."

"That was pretty hard, said the listener.

"I suppose it was. The peddler seemed all broke up when he found I wouldn't even give him a bunch of straw in the stable, and no other house within twelve miles. Instead of complaining, however, he merely begged that I would let him leave his pack, which he said contained goods of value, under shelter from the rain. I finally consented to this. So, as I had sworn none of his trade should ever cross my threshold, I carried his pack inside, while its owner limped off to crawl under some bush or other."

"Didn't you feel mean."

"Yes; mean and bitter at the same time, for something about the man reminded me of Mary's husband a little. However, I locked and barred all the doors and windows, as usual, for some road agents had been around these parts about that time, and had stood up and robbed several ranchers; and, as I told you, I was all alone. Somehow, I couldn't go to sleep when I went to bed. After tossing around for a while, I got up and sat by the fire, brooding over my trouble, and trying not to think of the poor chap shivering out there in the cold and rain somewhere. I looked at his pack sitting up in the corner and wondered what made it so long. As I watched I fancied I saw it move."

"Saw it move?"

"Exactly. I wouldn't believe my eyes at first, but after watching intently for a while I distinctly saw the front of a hand pressed against the canvas from the inside. Like a flash, then, I understood the whole thing. The peddler was one of the road agents' gang, and knowing I had considerable money about the house, they had adopted this plan for smuggling one of their crew inside the house. After I had gone to sleep, the fellow inside could let in the rest, and finish the job. I walked quietly across the room, took my gun from the antlers, knelt down a few feet from the pack, aimed square in the center and pulled the trigger."

"Go on," murmured the listener, with a shudder.

"But the gun didn't go off," continued the landlord, clearing his throat. "The nipple was rusty and wouldn't work, so I laid down the rifle and got an axe from the kitchen. It had been newly ground that day, and when I lifted it over my head, I counted upon cleaving that pack, robber and all, clear to the floor. Just as I raised the axe and braced myself for the blow, I—saw a ghost."

"A ghost?"

"Yes, sir. The pack opened, and I saw sticking out of its top the curly yellow head, blue eyes and rosy cheeks of my Mary when she was a little tot of four. The shock staggered me so that I sank to my knees. I wiped my eyes, and wondered if I had gone crazy. I was almost certain of it, when the ghost stretched out a pair of chubby white arms and said, 'Deevnin,' dandpa!'"

"Ah!" said the guest, with a relieved sigh. "I begin to see. And what did you do then?"

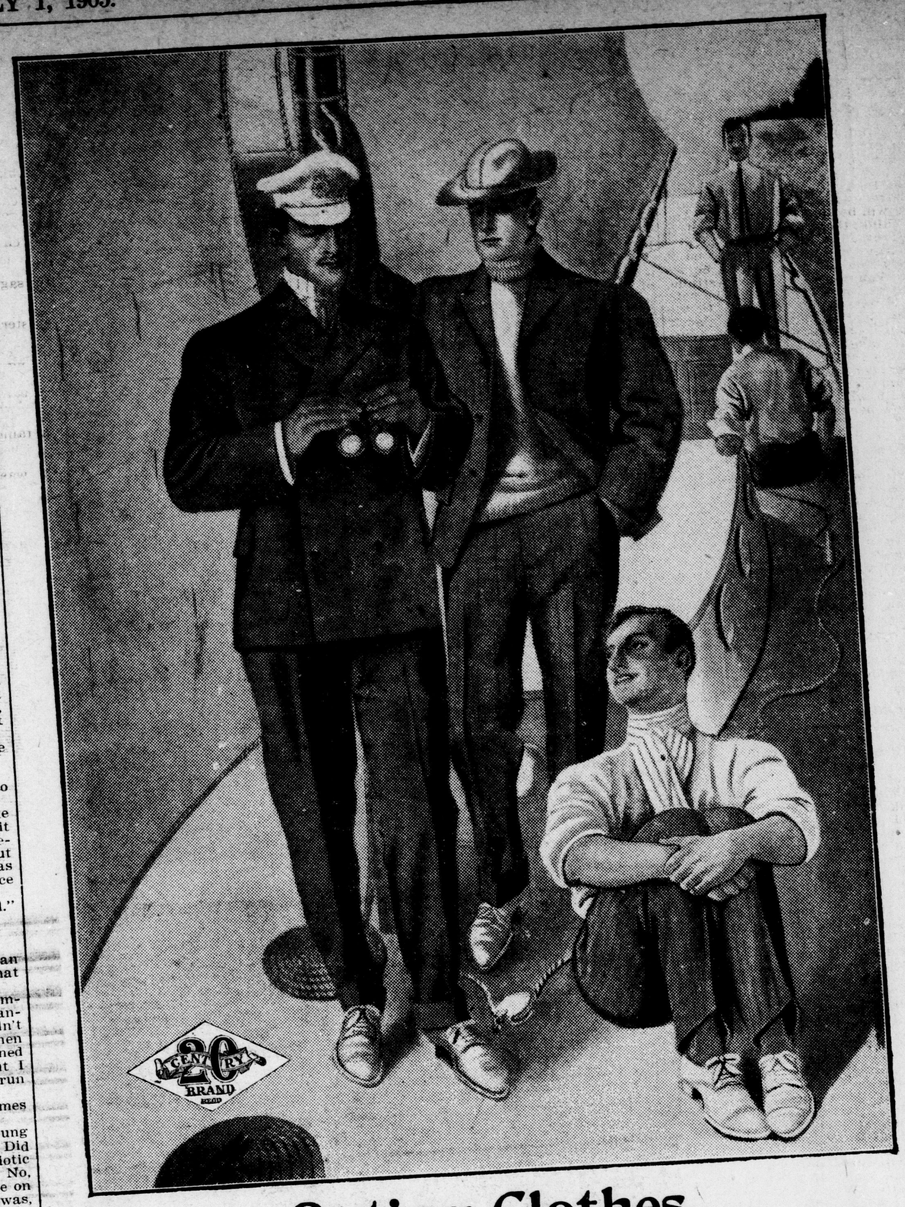
"I don't exactly know," said the landlord, softly; "but if there is anything that will bend a stubborn neck quicker than the arms of a little child, I'd like to know what it is. I put the tired little prisoner down by the fire, opened the door, and held out my arms."

"And the mother——?"

"Yes," nodded the landlord, "they were both there; and, mister, I guess that's the end of my story," and the old man wiped his eyes.

"You must excuse me," he said, weakly, "but that was a wet evening, and somehow I haven't got quite dry since."—Grand Magazine.

MOTHER GRAVES' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.



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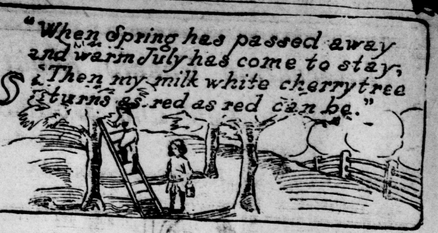
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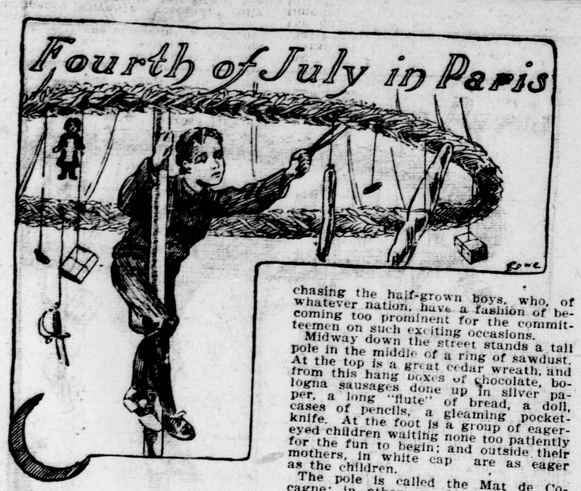


Our Boys and Girls

CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS



Fourth of July in Paris



THE French Fourth of July is July 14, the French Declaration of Independence dating from the destruction of the Bastile.

The Bastile, as many of you know, was that famous prison in Paris which to the French people was the symbol of the grievous wrongs of many centuries. Here people were often confined without knowing of what they were accused or who were their accusers. Often they were simply forgotten and lived and died there. French history is filled with stories of the Bastile. Many of you have doubtless read of Pelisson and his spider, that story of patient endurance. When the Bastile was captured by the people during the French Revolution, and its doors were onened, men who were imprisoned young came forth old. They had been long supposed to be dead, and their friends were gone and scattered.

It is not surprising that the people believed that their liberties could not be safe until the Bastile was destroyed, and that they razed it to the ground. The stones were afterward consecrated to the beautiful service of the Pont de la Concorde, one of the most noted bridges of the Seine. The site of the Bastile is now marked by the lofty Column o' July on whose summit stands the gilded figure of Liberty, bearing a torch in one hand and in the other a broken chain.

It is not strange that the French Republic has regularly since then celebrated this great day in its history, and even at the risk of seeming very unpatriotic I think the French have a much more fitting way of celebrating their freedom. By day Paris is alive with the tremulous color of floating flags. By night the city is ablaze with light. The Seine gleams like a rainbow-hued ribbon with the reflections from the bridges, the little boats leaving trails of light behind them, and yellow lanterns that hang like great golden oranges from the trees on its banks. The palace and gardens of the Trocadero rise out of the darkness like a scene of enchantment from the "Arabian Nights." From the Champ de Mars opposite, hundreds of thousands of people are gathered to see it, and to enjoy the magnificent fireworks, the castles and fountains and gardens—golden visions, that gleam for a moment and pass away.

THE CHILDREN'S AFTERNOON

But the most interesting part of the fete is that of the children to whom the afternoon belongs. The different arondissements, or, as we would say, the different wards, each arranges its own programme, which usually consists of games and prizes. The Rue Petit Jean is a little street running out of the Boulevard de Clichy, and bumps its head, so to speak, against a white stone where stands a small shrine. Probably suggested by the shrine, the committee has placed the bust of Liberty on a pedestal in front, and surrounded it with the tri-color. The committee is chiefly a tall, thin man, with a very red face, which gets redder and redder through chasing the half-grown boys, who, of whatever nation, have a fashion of becoming too prominent for the committeemen on such exciting occasions.

Midway down the street stands a tall pole in the middle of a ring of sawdust. At the top is a great cedar wreath, and from this hang boxes of chocolate, bologna sausages done up in silver paper, a long "flute" of bread, a doll, cases of pencils, a gleaming pocket-knife. At the foot is a group of eager-eyed children waiting none too patiently for the fun to begin; and outside their mothers, in white cap are as eager as the children.

The pole is called the Mat de Cocagne; in other words, the Cockney Mast. It has been wel. oiled, and the trophies above are for those who can reach and cut them from the wreath.

Long beforehand the competitors were chosen and their names written on the list. As each one's turn comes, his name is called, and a pair of scissors on a white string is hung around his neck, as solemnly as if he were being invested with the Order of the Golden Fleece. For a long time the scissors are not needed. Finally the tiniest boy of all mounts higher and higher, the children shout, the women set up a tremendous cackle and the white caps nod. He is almost in reach. He slips back. He gains again. His little face is purple with effort. The crowd gets more and more excited. The air is rent with ejaculations. He is slowly losing ground. Then, relaxing his hold, he slides swiftly down, the multitude with one groan coming down, as it were, with him.

FUN FOR OLDER FOLKS

Finally a large boy reaches the top amid great shouts and cuts off the longest sausage. The other boys evidently believe there is some virtue in his coat, and he good-naturedly lends it to each new aspirant. Others fill their pockets with sawdust, which they scatter on their legs on the journey upward to give them better purchase.

At last the time is up and the crowd changes its place in front of the bust of Liberty where the Jeu de Bougies is to take place. This is the trial of the little girls who are all becurled and clean-pinafored for the occasion. Parallel lines of benches on which the mothers sit, mark off a course which ends at a table covered with little petticoats, aprons, collars and cuffs, ribbons and laces. The girls are arranged according to their ages, the little ones coming first. Into each little tot's hand a lighted candle is placed.

At the signal they start and run, and the first one at the goal with her candle still lighted is the winner. Away they go toddling over the stones. The timid ones stop to try and shield their lights, and the bolder ones dash away, their candles apparently out; but when they stop, red-faced and breathless, before the committee now behind the table, the light flares up as if it, too, had been playing a little game. It is a pretty sport, and the pile of prizes on the table rapidly grows less.

For the larger girls there is still the Jeu de Ciseaux, in which the prizes are more inspiring. A string is tied across the narrow street. A foot apart hang other strings attached to this, to the ends of which are tied work baskets, fans, sewing boxes, silk aprons and pieces of humble finery. The girls are blindfolded, one by one, and given a pair of scissors. They walk slowly and with meditative tread toward the rope, and, holding out the scissors, endeavor to cut one of the threads. If they succeed, the prize which it holds is theirs. If they fail, they contribute to the hilarious merriment of the occasion.

It is pleasant to see how good natured everybody is, and how well the unfortunates take their defeat.

MAUD R. HUMPHREY.

Curious Mr. Bunny and His Fate



MR. BUNNY smelled a carrot! He was sure he did. Where was it? Not in the tall man's garden.

No.

Better not fool around tall man's nor small man's garden, advised Mrs. Bunny. Apt to get into trouble, if you do.

But Mr. Bunny wanted to know where that delicious carrot odor came from. Hadn't smelled anything so good since grandpap brought a carrot home one day long, long ago.

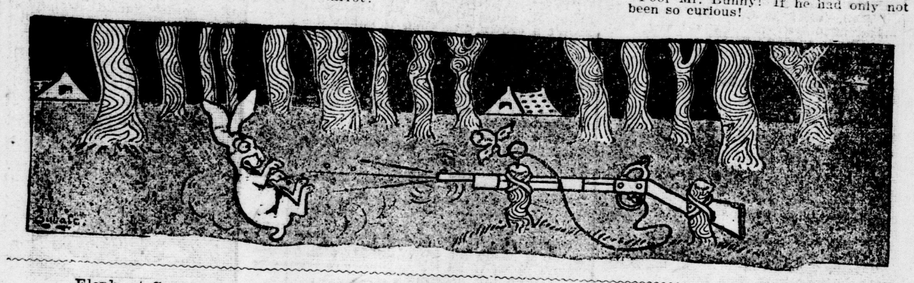
So every chance he got Mr. Bunny stole away from home, loped swiftly and cautiously from one corner to another, constantly on the lookout for enemies—dogs, cats, two-legged creatures!—until at last in a clearing away off from the tall man's and small man's houses he spied something yellowish-red with green leaves! Was this the carrot?

The nearer he crept the surer he felt that it was the carrot!

Nearer, nearer, nearer!

A deep, heavenly sniff of the delicious odor! Then at last a wee little nibble! But boom, bang! An awful knock in his stomach, and a back somersault, several times over again, a flop, a kick, a tremble, and Mr. Bunny lay dead!

Poor Mr. Bunny! If he had only not been so curious!



Elephant Sausages.

HOW would you like to eat elephant sausages? I don't think that you are likely to be asked by mother to do so, and perhaps you are glad that elephant meat is not on sale at the butchers' shops, for somehow the elephant, though a delightful animal to ride on at the Zoo, does not look as if it would be very nice to eat.

That is what I think, but then all people do not think alike, and so when an elephant had to be killed some time ago at the Ghent Zoological Gardens a pork butcher bought it and made it into sausages. Such a lot it made, 3800 pounds of them—more than you can think of, isn't it?—and they were very quickly sold, for people wanted to know what this new kind of meat tasted like. It was so good that everybody wanted some more, but it was no good to ask for it, for it is only once in a blue moon that elephant meat is to be had.

A Remarkable Stone Ball.

A FEW years ago a gentleman erected a monument in a Marion, Ohio, cemetery, which consisted of a heavy pedestal surmounted by a massive ball—all made of stone.

Nothing unusual was noted about this monument until a year ago, when the caretaker observed with astonishment that the ball had made a partial rotation. Considering its weight — 420 pounds—no wonder he was surprised.

Since his discovery he has measured the ball carefully and has found that it continually rotates at the rate of about seven inches in a year.



Although learned scientists have studied into the matter, no one has been able as yet to account for the peculiar action of the ball. Most of the scientists are inclined to think that the sun's rays cause the rotation. But how? That has not been explained by anybody.

Adventurous Duckling.

IN Central Park, New York, the children are very fond of watching the ducks and swans that inhabit the lagoon.

One duck, who is the proud mother of a large family of ducklings, has been having a lot of trouble of late keeping them within bounds.

Last Sunday she was horrified to discover one of her brightest and boldest sons stealing a ride on the back of a proud and stately swan.

It was easy to see that she feared the young scamp would receive painful punishment at the hands of the offended swan.

But the big bird merely turned its head and examined curiously the tiny mite of a duckling nestling between its wings, then turned its face around and floated placidly on without the least objection.

All of which was watched by a hundred children on the bridge with shrieks of pleasure.

Tom Tit's Experiment

HERE is a simple experiment by which you may imitate the sound of cathedral bells in your own room, and perhaps one of the strangest things about it is that no one but yourself will be able to hear them ringing.

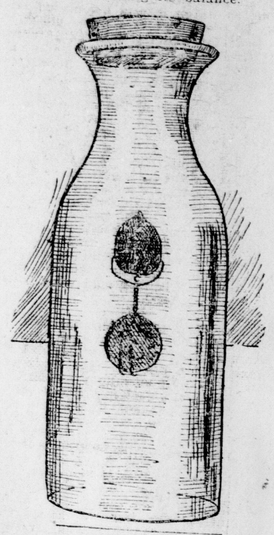
Procure a yard of twine and loop it about in the middle. Slip the loop around the handle of a poker and draw it taut. Grasp each free end of the string in either hand. Wind some of it round each of your first fingers. Now press these fingers against your ears, shutting out all sound, and swinging the dangling poker until it dashes against the wall.

You will be surprised to perceive a series of heavy tones such as ring out from a cathedral clock as it booms out the hour, yet, while the room may be crowded, no one but you will be a listener to the mysterious peals unless they try the same experiment.

But what causes this phenomenon? This is answered best by describing a certain kind of toy noise maker which most boys have seen or made at some time or another. It is known by various names, but perhaps the term "devil-fiddle" is its most common term. It is very easily constructed by knocking out one end of a tin can and by a puncturing the closed end with a tiny hole, just large enough to insert a piece of twine through—the twine knotted at its end so it cannot be pulled entirely through the hole.

Grasp the can in one hand, and, holding a piece of well-resined leather in the other, pull the string through the folded up leather or slide the leather along the string.

This will result in a most grating, discordant sound, altogether out of proportion to what you'd expect from such an action. So from this the extraordinary fact is established that it is the employment of the tin can which causes the great increase of sound. It is the hollow cavity in the can which is really responsible for this, and so it is with the ear. The hollow cavity in the ear enlarges the volume of sound emanating from the poker along the string, thus acting on the same principle as the can cavity which increases the sound produced on the string attached to it.



Bottle Trick.

YOU will have to go at this experiment very carefully. But when you have done it successfully you will get a lot of pleasure out of it. And it will not be easy for others to imitate.

Get a good-sized bottle with a wide mouth and a good cork stopper. Then get a nut (say an English walnut), divide carefully into halves; clean it out, then bore a tiny hole through each side, and run the two ends of a wire frame through them. Then put the halves together again, and seal every possible crack or hole with wax. Before you do this, however, bore a small hole in the bottom of the nut (C) and leave it unsealed. This is to serve as an air-hole.

Now arrange the bottom of your wire frame so that it will support a coin.

Having done this, fill your bowl with water, and test the floating qualities of your nut. The coin is to serve as ballast; so you must experiment with different coins until you discover just what coin—penny, nickel, etc.—provides the exact weight needed.

You will have exactly the right result when the nut rests exactly balanced in an upright position, its point just touching the cork stopper, and when at the same time it will respond instantly to a slight tap of your finger on the cork stopper and sink toward the bottom, returning presently to its original position without losing its balance.

A Match Trick.

BEND a wooden match in the middle, which will, of course, almost break it, the two parts being only held together by a few fibres. Now place it at an acute angle across the mouth of an empty bottle with a penny on top. Ask some one how he would cause the penny to fall into the bottle without either touching or breathing on the match or the penny. He will hardly be able to discover any means without assistance, yet, though hard to discover, it is by no means difficult to do.

Dip your finger in a glass of water, and, holding it above the angle of the match, allow a few drops to fall upon the broken part. Swollen by the moisture, the fibres of the wood will tend to straighten themselves, and little by little you will see the angle of the match growing larger and larger, until no longer supporting the penny, the latter will fall into the bottle.

The Lion and Monkey



Lion — Come down here, you chattering monk! Come down, or I'll chew you up!

Monkey — Huh! Suppose you climb up here, for it's easy to see you are dying to chew me up.

LITTLE MARY AND HER PETS



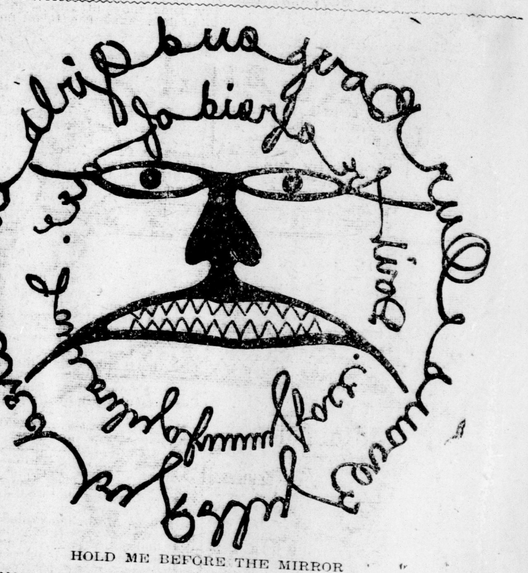
SEE little Mary out feeding her pet chicky. She is taking the corn out of her pinafore pocket and scattering it on the ground. Close to the garden fence is her favorite piggy, and he is waiting to be fed, too, for he knows his turn will soon come. Though he is a pig, he is not a hog, so chicky has no fear that he will try to snatch her food away from her.

Mary's favorite birdy is just flying away, for he has finished eating the food Mary brought him.

You can see Mary's house in the distance. The birdy is flying toward it.

Mary lives in a foreign land, where the little girls wear wooden shoes, pinafores and bonnets.

Can you copy this picture in perforation board with your colored woolens? See if you can.



HOLD ME BEFORE THE MIRROR

PUZZLES and PROBLEMS



Potpourri for Mother.

NOW is the time, boys and girls, for you to prepare a delightful surprise for mother—a rose jar, or, as the French call the contents of the jar, "potpourri." You have only to utilize now the flower leaves in the home garden, and, later, the aromatic herbs and weeds gathered on vacation rambles, to enjoy all the year that delicious odor which is one of summer's enchantments.

Commence when the roses are fully open, or have already fallen to the ground, and collect the petals, placing them in an earthen jar until there is quite a thick layer of salt, add more petals, a second sprinkling of salt and so continue all through the rose season, turning and mixing the mass very frequently, and keeping the jar tightly closed when not so engaged.

After the roses are gone, use other highly-scented flowers, violets, carnations, heliotrope, orange buds, slips of sweet brier tangles, and spicy wild blooms. Also, leaves of the lemon verbena, and rose, lemon and nutmeg geraniums; sprigs of peppermint, spearmint, lavender; chips of cedar and birch bark, and a little sage, thyme and rosemary. As you add fresh layers of these materials, sprinkle with salt as before, and an occasional gill of strong vinegar.

This compound of potpourri will diffuse a delicate blossomy odor, suggestive of fresh winds blowing over hillside and meadow whenever you open the jar. Another will probably wish to keep it in her bedroom, where the delicate perfume will be delightful.

Habits.

NED was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked.

"Did I?" said grandpa.

"Why, yes, you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned, but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India."

"Why did you do it there?"

"To shake out scorpions or centipedes, or other nuisances that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking."

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned, thoughtfully.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa; "remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let them be growing strong all the while you live."

Medicine on Chairs.

When mamma was cleaning house she was painting the floor, and then she put furniture polish on the chairs, and my little sister said she was putting medicine on the chairs.

ANNA M. SCHEELER.

Double Acrostic.

8-Letter word.]
1—A bitter herb first hither bring;
'Tis plenty as the flowers in spring.

6-Letter word.]
2—And next a country you must name,
With elephants both wild and tame.

9-Letter word.]
3—A golden floweret pluck for me.
You'll find it on the sunny lea.

5-Letter word.]
4—An antelope you next must chase;
Africa is its native place.

4-Letter word.]
5—About a tree I wish to know,
That in a distant land doth grow.

12-Letter word.]
6—In order next a native bird.

5-Letter word.]
7—And then a law-term often heard

5-Letter word.]
8—A word that, when we rightly state,
Is the reverse of what is straight.

3-Letter word.]
9—And, last of all, an eaglet free,
To capture it out out to sea.

Riddle.

If the tongs, the poker and the shovel cost a guinea, what would the coals come to?

Concealed Parts of a House.

Can you find four different parts of a house concealed in the following sentences?

1. Has Edgar returned from his trip?
2. Did you hear the word?
3. We will close the box.
4. Have Randall's friends arrived?

Beheadings.

Behead:

1. Plan of a play and leave share.
2. To injure and leave a part of the body.
3. To pilfer and leave a waterfowl.
4. A girl and leave to help.
5. A small singing bird and leave a part of a foot.

What Four English Towns?



Four towns in England are pictured in these puzzles. Can you tell Polly Evans what they are?



What Address?



Who can tell Polly Evans what address is indicated in this picture puzzle?

Double Acrostic.

The initial letters of the following double acrostic spell a month, and the final letters spell what we usually experience in that month:

1. Ripe.
2. Another place.
3. A large black bird.
4. Frank.
5. Yells.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles and Problems

Numerical Enigma.

"A May flood never did good."

Acrostic.

Elephant.

Double Acrostic.

M U G
O R A
R I G
T I P

Mortgage.

What Town?

Concord.

Fourth of July Puzzle.

Declaration of Independence.

Geographical Enigma.

Thames. Sachem. Muse. Steam. Massachusetts.

Beheadings.

1. T-ruth. 2. T-rout. 3. B-rook.

A Cargo of Tea.

1. T-able. 2. T-ale. 3. T-ill. 4. T-ingle. 5. T-oil. 6. T-rain. 7. T-wine. 8. T-witch. 9. T-ire. 10. T-art. 11. T-reason.

Freddy's New Shoes.

WHEN Fred's father came home one night he had a box under his arm.

Fred guessed what was in the box. His father had bought him a pair of new shoes.

Fred liked the trim new shoes.

When he came down to breakfast next morning he had them on.

"This is Saturday. You might wear your old ones to-day," said his mother.

But when Joe Green came to ask him to go downtown with him, Fred ran off with his new shoes on.

The boys started up the railway track. They ran races on the rails.

"There, I beat," cried Fred, as he reached the crossing first.

Fred turned to see where Joe was.

Then, as he turned, he slipped.

His foot went down into the crack between the rail and the cross walk.

"Ouch!" he cried. "It hurts, and it is in so tight I can't get it out." He twisted and turned.

But still the shoe was fast.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Joe. "I'll unlace your shoe and take it off."

Just then the boys heard something that made their hearts stand still. It was a shrill whistle.

In a moment an engine came around the curve.

What would you have done, if you had been in Joe's place.

Joe gave Fred's shoelace a jerk.

"Pull hard," he said.

Joe pulled and Fred pulled.

Out came Fred's foot from the shoe, and the two boys rolled down the bank together.

When the train passed, they ran back to the crossing. There was Fred's new shoe cut into pieces. But all Fred said as he looked at it was: "I'm glad it was only my shoe, and I'm glad you helped me get it off."—Little Chronicle.

Not Big Enough.

One day, while mother was walking along the street she stopped to patronize an extremely small newsboy.

"I hope you don't sell papers on Sunday," she said.

"No, mum," he said, sadly. "I ain't big enough to carry 'em yet."

CLYDE F. LYTLE.

Two Versions.

Two small boys are attending kindergarten. Both tried to sing for mamma. One sang "I am a Patie, Too, Sir"; the other, "I Am a Painted Rooster." Mamma was much amused. She learned afterward from their teacher that the words were "I Am a Patriot True, Sir."

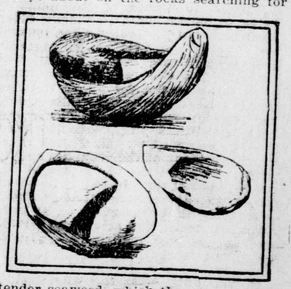
MYRTLE K. MATHIS.

BOAT SHELLS



ILL you go for a row in that silver lane which the moon has made on the dancing water? Boats a-plenty are lying here on the sand. There are round bottom, flat bottom and medium ones. Take which you will, but before you start on your sail you must get some water nymph to reduce you to the size of a penny doll in order to fit your boat.

How came all these little boats to be lying about on the sand? you ask. Do you know, my friend, that once each boat was the home of a limpet that crept about on the rocks searching for



tender seaweed, which the outgoing tide had left moist and well salted?

Suppose you had seen one of these boats lying bottom up on a rock and wished to take it home with you. The moment Mr. Limpet felt the touch of your fingers upon his roof he would have clung with all his might to his rock, and no power of yours could have moved him to open his door, even the smallest crack.

It is only when the limpets are dead that their boat-shaped houses are tossed up by the waves on to the beach for children to play with.

MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.

Help As You Go.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping when you meet them
Lame dogs over stiles.



AFTERNOON GOWN OF BRUSSELS NET, LACE GALLOON AND FOLDS OF LIBERTY TAFFETAS.

New York, July 4, 1905.

The stranger within the gates of an American city on the Fourth of July invariably wishes that its inhabitants were not quite so aggressive in their patriotism. Beginning with last evening and never ceasing since, there has been a perfect fusillade of fire-crackers, cannon-crackers and revolver shots.

This last strikes one as being a particularly insane method of exhibiting one's "patriotism," particularly when you review the long list of Fourth of July accidents from that cause. But there seems to be an inexhaustible crop of the fools who rock the boat and the fools who carry firearms, so one anticipates quite as great a number of accidents as usual.

Graduating Exercises.

We make so little fuss over our education in Canada that the enthusiasm over education here is particularly striking.

School to our children is a matter of duty which must be attended to in as matter-of-fact and common-sense way as possible. When you pass your examinations no one makes any particular fuss over you and there are never any graduation exercises until you graduate from the university.

Here it is quite different. School seems to be a pleasure to the small scholar. He is anxious to be off in the morning and I know one lad of 13 who actually cried because he had to miss an afternoon at school.

The teachers seem to take a much more personal interest in their scholars than we do, they seem to regard them not so much as little human machines which are to be taught to think and speak and write correctly, but as so many human children to be educated.

One reason for this, I believe, is the interest given by the graduation exercises. Just a week ago, I attended the graduation exercises of public school No. 44 in Brooklyn, New York, and found them extremely interesting.

These children had passed what we would call their entrance examinations into the high school or collegiate institute, and they were assembled to receive their diplomas.

The assembly hall was crowded with friends and relatives of the children of the graduating class, who were themselves seated on the platform, boys on one side and girls on the other. All the little girls were dressed in white, with white shoes and stockings. The platform was bordered with the bouquets sent them by their friends, while every little boy wore a flower in his buttonhole.

The whole programme was provided by the children, and an extremely creditable one it was. Recitations, dialogues, essays, vocal and instrumental solos, choruses and orchestral selections by an orchestra composed of school boys formed the programme, together with the presentation of diplomas and the valedictory address by the child who had taken the highest marks.

This year the valedictorian was a little girl, about 14 years of age, and she delivered a very sensible little address. Her parents and all her small brothers and sisters sat just behind us, and great was their pride in "Edie." Said one of the small girls, "When I graduate, I'm going to take the most marks, too."

It seemed to me that these graduation exercises were well worth the trouble and bother they must have been to the teachers.

An affair of that kind not only maintains the interest of the children in their work, and stirs them to renewed efforts, but it arouses the interest and the pride of the parents who are inspired to give heartier co-operation to the children in their work at home.

The next day, every room in the school has a little celebration of its own, at which ice cream and cake are served and to which parents and friends are cordially invited.

Another thing that aroused my interest in these exercises was the prominence given to athletics, the chairman of the local board of education, who, attired in full evening dress, presided over the exercises, gave a short and interesting address to the children in which he complimented them on their athletic prowess.

It seems that each public school has a field day and the winners of the events on that day are all sent to another field day where they compete against each other for the championship of all the public schools of Greater New York.

This particular graduating class had no less than three champions in its midst, and I wish you could have heard the cheers for these three blushing youths as the chairman made them stand up and bow to the audience.

Brawn and muscle are things that a boy needs just as much as book learning in this great battle of life, which we older graduates are just entering upon, and if we are forced to recognize this in our earlier school days, the idea sticks to us through life.

We are surely not above borrowing good ideas from any source. Could not some of our London school trustees and school teachers use their endeavors to provide interesting exercises of this kind for our boys and girls?

Nan

SICKLY CHILDREN

More children die during the hot weather months than at any other season of the year. Their vitality is then at its lowest ebb, and an attack of diarrhea, cholera infantum or stomach trouble may prove fatal in a few hours. For this reason no home in which there are young children should be without a box of Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles. If the Tablets are given to a well child they will prevent these ailments and keep the little one well and strong. Mrs. Joseph T. Pigeon, Bryson, Que., says: "My little one was attacked with colic and diarrhea, and I found Baby's Own Tablets so satisfactory that I would not be without them in the rouse." These Tablets not only cure summer troubles, but all the minor ailments that afflict infants and young children. They contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with equal safety to the newborn baby or well-grown child. There are imitations of this medicine, and mothers should see that the words "Baby's Own Tablets" and the four-leaf clover with child's head on each leaf is found on the wrapper around each box. As you value your child's life do not be persuaded to take a substitute for Baby's Own Tablets—the one medicine that makes children well and keeps them well. Sold by all druggists, or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

She Was Not Beautiful.

"At the Whistler exhibition in London," said a tourist, "I had a chat with Joseph Pennell, the well-known artist. Pennell had spent his boyhood in Germantown with me, and so we talked of our old Germantown friends. We talked of a boy who had become an artist and married a rich woman.

"Pennell said this chap was not altogether happy. He said he would tell me a story about him that would reveal subtly, in a Henry James manner, the cause of his unhappiness.

"A stranger visited the man's studio one day, and paused, full of wonder, before a life size, full-length picture of a woman in a white Greek dress.

"'Is that,' said the stranger, in a tone of amazement, 'your ideal?'

"'No,' the artist answered; 'it's my wife.'"—New Orleans States.

During the year 1904 D. Alfred Green, a business man, walked a distance of 5,205 miles, an average of 14¼ miles a day. Writing of this in the February Outing Mr. Green says: "At the beginning of my walk my weight was 192 pounds in street clothes, while at the end of it my weight was 178 pounds. This loss of 14 pounds was in every way acceptable."

Young Chaperons and Dainty Frocks

THE YOUTHFUL MATRON OR BRIDE NOW IN VOGUE FOR SUMMER GAIETIES.

For Morning Wear the Chaperon Selects a Tight-Fitting Redingote or Eton With Vest Effect; Eschews the Simple Sailor So Popular With Young Girls—For Dinner Gowns She Has a Wide Range.

[By Katherine Anderson.]

The middle-aged and the white-haired woman finds herself robbed of a vocation this summer. She is no longer in demand as a chaperon on hot-weather excursions, but is permitted to lounge comfortably on piazza or in beach pavilion, while her place with the yachting party, the picnickers or the jaunt to the clubhouse is usurped by some young matron whose wedding ring has scarce fitted into its place.

The bride of two months or the matron of two years must bear in mind, however, that she is in, but not of, the circle over which she presides. That is, both her gowning and her bearing must suggest the chaperon, and she must sacrifice certain girlish suggestions in dress on the altar of her newly acquired duties.

For instance, the young people are preparing for an afternoon jaunt. The girls don pleated skirts and loose belted coats of mohair, serge, linen, canvas or duck, with sailor hats set at almost any becoming angle. The chaperon may look at them with envy, but she dons garments built on tailored lines. She wears a redingote or a bolero with a vest on snug fitting lines. Instead of a jaunty sailor she sets upon her well groomed locks one of the tilted hats banked with flowers in the back, crowned with blossoms and set off by perky bows of stiff ribbon.

The vest becomes more and more in evidence as the season advances, and it is often the soft fluffy touch in an otherwise tailored suit.

A beautiful gown for a young matron is a Parma violet voile in sheer weave. The skirt, which has just a suggestion of a train to give dignity to the wearer, is pleated into the waist band and finished with three rows of self-toned braid, showing discs and scallops. The Eton jacket is distinctly quaint, being shirred from the shoulder, arm and underarm seams to a point about three inches from the center, and then finished with the same braid used on the skirt. Set into this is a triangular double-breasted vest of brocaded satin showing Parma violets on a white ground, and edged with a tiny braid woven in gold, white and violet. The vest is held in place by a single gorgeous button, hand-painted to match. Three-quarter sleeves are shirred to match the jacket and finished with a leg-o'-mutton puff at the shoulder. Just below the elbow is a fall of rose pompadour lace over a brocaded cuff to match the vest. With this is worn a blouse of all-over lace, the top of the collar finished with a fold of Parma velvet. The hat is a fine Milan straw, matching in tone the cloth of the dress and trimmed with pale violets and ribbon to match.

Another striking redingote to be worn with a checked voile, showing green and white, is made of tea green taffetines of the silk, velvet revers, lace ruffles and fancy buttons. The coat is slightly longer in the back than in the front, being cut in slashes that reach from the hem almost to the waist line. These slashes are outlined by the boulliones, very deep around the bottom and coming to a mere point at the head of each seam. The sleeves come only to the elbow and are shirred, mousquetaire fashion. The turnback cuffs and the revers are slashed to match the bottom of the redingote, and are made of velvet with narrow boulliones of the silk as an edging. A deep fall of lace finishes the sleeve and the vest is of chiffon overlaid with creamy lace.

Parma violet, raspberry red and electric blue are colors which seem to appeal to the chaperon of 1905, but black and white is a combination which has by no means lost its popularity. Stunning afternoon gowns are shown in black crepe de chine or mousseline with ravishing yokes or dickies and half sleeves of cream-colored lace. In fact, cream color has rather superseded dead white in the selection of laces.

Lace coats are worn by those who can afford this luxury. A clever needlewoman has just finished a beautiful lace coat for wear over silk frocks. It was an inexpensive, all-over with a florid rose pattern. Very carefully she cut her pattern so that roses came down the front and around the bottom of the coat. These she whipped to prevent raveling, and sewer under them tiny ruchings of pale mauve mousseline. The pattern proper was marked by medallion effects, and each one of these medallions she outlined with very fine double ruchings of the mousseline. Then she made a girdle of the same, well bound and set off by rhinestone buttons. A tiny vest of the shirred mousseline finished the front, and the elbow sleeves had double ruffles of the same material.

For dinner dresses the chaperon has a wide range from which to select. Plumetis is one of the new sheer wash fabrics, and comes in a dozen dainty guises. It is finer than a lawn, has more body than a muslin and is figured in self-tone or some delicate contrast. Mousseline and batiste are extremely popular for dinner dresses and are more durable in summer than chiffon.

A beautiful imported dinner gown was made very simply from pale blue plumetis with a full skirt, trimmed with ruffles, which gave the effect of coming to a point back and front and rising higher on the sides. The low-necked bodice was shirred, following the lines of a round neck, and with this was worn a short, figured silk jacket of pink, blue and violet, artistically blended. The jacket was very short in the front, cut on Eton lines and finished off with three buttons on either side, and a pointed vest almost like a deep girdle in the front. The back had long postillion tails laid in pleats.

A rose-colored dinner dress of mousseline showed ruffles of Alencon lace, and garlands above made from galloons of the lace set off by butterfly bows to match the mousseline. The bodice was a simple affair, shirred to follow the lines of the round neck, and trimmed with lace headed with ribbon to match the mousseline.

A very simple dinner frock was evolved from inexpensive all-over lace trimmed with deep edging to match. The bodice was simply a double bertha headed by cascades of white liberty taffetas, which fell over a deep, snug-fitting girdle of the taffets, finished in the back with a knot and long ends of the liberty taffetas. The ends, instead of being hemmed, showed bouillons or puffs of the liberty.

Many dainty figured summer fabrics are made over skirts of pleated mousseline instead of silk. The effect is more summery than when a silk drop skirt is worn, and the very desirable lingerie suggestion is carried out in the entire garment.

The chaperon has one privilege denied her youthful charges. She may wear the quaint jewelry which has once more come in style. Heirlooms should now be brought forth. Cameos set in veritable frames of gold and studded with pearls, old-fashioned jet necklaces, and nail-head bracelets are in again, and they look extremely chic against the white throat and arms. Heavy gold beads, varying in size from a marble in the front to a black pinhead at the back, are also worn, and wonderful colored effects to match all the popular fabric shades of the season. To wear with a green dress comes a snug-fitting circle of beads in shades of green melting into white. Very pretty imitation corals, turquoises and cat's eyes are also shown, while one of the smartest combinations of the season shows imitation topaz set in gold.

UP-TO-DATE SASHES; HOW TO TIE THEM

High Bodice Effect Necessary at the Front and Sides—Tailor-Made Bows In the Back.

The girdle foundation has transformed the old-fashioned sash into an accessory which gives length and good lines to the figure. The old objection to a sash because it rumpled into a shapeless string around the waist has been completely overcome by the introduction of shaped and stiffened foundations of crinoline. Over this, the sash ribbon of the hour is laid in folds or shirrings defined here and there by pert knots, rosettes or gay buttons.

What looks to be a sash around the waist of the fair summer girl seldom fastens or ties in the back. More generally the girdle closes in the front, the fastening being hidden by double shirrings, rosettes, etc. Many fascinating methods are employed for attaching the sash proper to the back of this high well-shaped girdle.

Sometimes the girdle is cut down in the back until it is almost V-shaped, and to this is attached a splashing knot and two long ends. A second method shows the back of the girdle outlined by two flat bows with double ends running up and down, and held at the top and bottom of the girdle with double knots, while the ends of the sash proper appear as though coming out from beneath the two lower loops.

One of the smartest bows for heading the flowing sash ends is tied in two long loops about where the point of a medium width girdle would come, and then again at the waist line in two more loops of the same length. The loops extend horizontally, while the attachment of the long sash ends is concealed by short ends of the ribbon pointed or forked.

A fourth arrangement of the bows may be assumed only by the very slender girl. The girdle is covered with bias folds, and on the left side just in front of the under arm seam is attached what looks like a peony made from the ends of the ribbon. The sash ends may depend from this bow and fall to the side of the skirt, with a snug-fitting girdle in the back, or they may fall from the center of the girdle in back without loops and knot at intervals until the hem of the dress is reached.

The folded girdles work out best from messaline or liberty taffetas cut on the bias, and then the ends can be secured from the ribbon in sash widths of taffetas and messaline, both of which are now selling as low as 29 cents a yard in very good quality.

Some very pretty afternoon gowns of white organdie, Swiss, batiste or other transparent fabric, are made with underslips of delicate coloring, and these have sashes to match, and for evening wear wonderful flowers, made of ribbon. The sash is of plain, either in white or the predominating color in the pattern. Both plain and figured ribbons are worn with white and delicately tinted frocks.

That there is some particular color which this summer girl has chosen for her own is not at all evident, though all the pastel shades are enjoying quite a vogue, with the extremely popular Alice blue perhaps in the lead. It is a combination of colors that has captured her whimsical fancy, such as blue and lilac, with sprays of tender green, lavender, pink and green, orange and the umber shades, scarlet and tan, old rose and blue, besides innumerable shadings of all of the cardinal colors. Many of the sash ribbons have a touch of black to set off the delicate tones of their patterns, and the weavings of black with silvery gray and lavender and white for half-mourning use defy description in their dove-like softness.

A most fetching example of this half mourning sash ribbon was recently worn by a hostess in the diplomatic circle. Fastened into a girdle point at the front, a pearl-gray taffeta encircled the waist and fell in two rows of deep festoons at the middle of the back. The festoons were pinched tightly at their head, so that they flared in fan shape, and in certain lights the gray shaded almost to black, with a faint but huge design of steel-gray orchids covering the six-inch width of ribbon.

Gay-hued ribbons are figured with all sorts of old-fashioned garden flowers, either in single blooms or a scattering of many different blooms. These match in pattern many of the flowered muslins and organdies. One very quaint design shows Alice blue and pale yellow morning glories forming a vine over the center of the ribbon. Fuchsias, honeysuckles, dahlias, geraniums, etc., also adorn broad sash ribbons, and look almost natural enough to be plucked.

THIS MUSICIAN IS DELIGHTED

His Kidney Disease and Gravel Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Tried Many Medicines, But Got No Relief Till He Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Rosedene, Ont., July 7. (Special.)—Mr. Samuel J. Crow, the well-known musician of this place, relates an experience that adds to the already great popularity of Dodd's Kidney Pills in that locality.

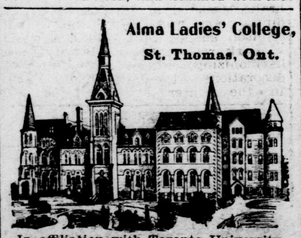
"I suffered for years with kidney trouble," says Mr. Crow, "which became aggravated with every attack of cold and caused me much agony. The disease developed into gravel, when I was totally unfit for anything.

"I tried different remedies without the desired result and was in much misery when I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, when to my astonishment and delight I immediately began to recover.

"After using five boxes the ailment had entirely ceased and I was again enjoying perfect vigor, all of which I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The fact that gravel yields so readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills is good news indeed, as it does away with those terrible operations that were supposed to be the only relief from this trouble.

Alma Ladies' College,
St. Thomas, Ont.



In affiliation with Toronto University. Methodist, but non-sectarian. Absolutely first-class staff and equipment.

SIX DEPARTMENTS.

Collegiate, Music, Fine Art, Elocution, Commercial and Domestic Science. Building and Campus that cost $100,000. Healthy location, steam-heating. Reasonable rates. Correspondence invited. Send for calendar.

R. I. HARRIS, M.A., D.D., Principal.

55a-t

RICH RELISHES FOR HOME COOKS

SWEET PICKLES A POPULAR PRESERVE WITH THE MASCULINE TASTE.

The English Housewife Can Give America's Cooks Many Useful Points in the Matter of Sweet Preserves to Serve With the Meat Course.

The city housewife in her not overspacious apartments finds each year that she can spare less storage room for home-made preserves than she could the year before. Grandmother's good old-fashioned storeroom is out-of-date, and the modern home-maker depends largely upon the fancy grocer and the Woman's Exchange for relishes and compotes.

Certain particularly tasty condiments, however, which are not seen on shop counters, or which require special knack in their preparation, she counts it a privilege to put up herself in this season of superabundance in fresh fruit and vegetables. The following are a few of the choice recipes gleaned from women who have been unusually successful with their special formula.

The preserve which appeals most strongly to the masculine taste is the sweet pickle.

Sweet Pickle Cucumbers—Line a preserving kettle with vine leaves, and put in the small cucumbers in layers, scattering a pinch of alum over each layer. When the kettle is full cover the contents with vine leaves and pour in just enough water to cover the cucumbers. Put the lid on the kettle and set it at the side of the stove to steam very slowly for three hours. At the end of the three hours drain off the boiling water and drop the cucumbers into fresh cold water. Change this water once an hour for four hours. Have ready a gallon of boiling vinegar into which have been stirred three dozen cloves, the same number of black peppercorns, a dozen blades of mace, a dozen and a half allspice and a cup of sugar. After the vinegar and spices have boiled together for five minutes pack the drained pickles in quart jars, fill to overflowing with the scalding vinegar and seal immediately.

Pickled Plums—Pound together in a mortar, three allspice berries, a small blade of mace, twelve peppercorns, three cloves and a small piece of cinnamon. Then tie the spices in a muslin bag. Dissolve one and a half pounds of loaf sugar in three-quarters of a pint of vinegar and put it into a preserving pan with the bag of spices, bringing it all gradually to the boiling point. Let the vinegar boil quickly for five minutes, then pour it into a jar containing three pints of sound plums (tart plums preferred). Cover the jar and leave the fruit for twenty-four hours. The following day pour off the vinegar and boil it up, then cover the fruit with it as before, and leave again until the next day. On the third day put the whole contents of the jar into a preserving pan, taking care not to break the fruit, and let it boil very gently for five minutes. Remove the spice bag and put the pickle into clean, warm bottles, being careful that the fruit is covered with vinegar. The next day cork the bottles securely and store them in a cool place.

The excellent recipes which come from thrifty English housewives are these:

Gooseberry Chutney:

4 pounds of green gooseberries (not too ripe).
½-ounce Cayenne pepper.
2 ounces garlic.
2 ounces dried ginger.
3 pounds loaf sugar.
2 ounces mustard seed.
2 scant quarts best vinegar.

Put the berries, when picked over, into a preserving kettle with one quart of vinegar and sugar and simmer for an hour. Pound the seeds, garlic, etc., in a mortar and add to the berries, stirring with a wooden spoon. When well mixed, add more vinegar until the mass is of the proper consistency for chutney. Cool and bottle.

An excellent jelly to serve with roast mutton or goose, is this: Cut up some red plums, which are not quite ripe, remove the stones and put the fruit into a large jar with some perfectly sound, ripe tomatoes, cut in half, allowing three pounds of the tomatoes to each pound of sliced plums. Tie a piece of parchment paper over the jar and place it in a deep saucepan of boiling water. Let it continue to boil for two or three hours, adding more water as that in the saucepan boils away. Pour the juice from the fruit into a jelly bag, taking care not to press it, and let it filter through slowly into a basin below. Then measure it and boil it for a quarter of an hour, skimming it well. Crush some loaf sugar, allowing a pound to each pint and a quarter of juice, heat it in the oven, add to it the juice and stir until it has dissolved. Then let the juice boil quickly for ten minutes, removing any scum as it rises to the top. If the liquid does not jelly when poured into a cold plate, boil it rapidly for a few minutes longer and test it again, always removing the pan from the stove while testing the jelly. When the jelly is ready remove the preserving pan at once from the stove and pour it into clean, dry jars which have been previously warmed. Cover them with a cloth and leave them in a warm, dry place until the following day, when they should be made air-tight in the usual manner.

Nothing gives flavor to a plain bread or rice pudding like some thick, sweet preserves or jam.

Fig and Rhubarb Preserves—For ten glasses use four pounds of rhubarb, two pounds of dried figs and two pounds of sugar. Chop figs and rhubarb into small pieces and stew for an hour and a half or two hours until soft. Add sugar and boil slowly until all moisture is gone, which will probably be three or four hours. When the bubbles are thin, showing no juice, the preserve will be done. Care must be taken not to burn, particularly at the last.

The last of the strawberries can be worked into a strawberry jam. Stew the berries in a little water until quite soft, and press through a sieve. To each pound of the fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Put the fruit and the sugar, which has been crushed and warmed, into a preserving pan and stir the ingredients constantly until the sugar has dissolved. Then bring the jam gradually to the boiling point. Let it boil gently (keeping it stirred and well skimmed) for three-quarters of an hour, calculating from the time it boils. Then draw the pan to a hotter part of the stove and give the jam a quarter of an hour's quick boiling. At the end of that time test it (removing the pan from the stove while doing so), by pouring a little over the surface of a plate. If it is not firm as soon as it is cold it should be boiled quickly for from eight to ten minutes longer, tested a second time, and so on until the desired result is obtained. It is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule as to how long the jam should be boiled; it is sometimes ready in an hour, and at other times it will take two hours.

Fresh operations against the porpoises, which are spoiling the sardine fishery on the coast of Brittany, are to be undertaken by a French torpedo boat.



STUNNING COSTUME OF PARMA VIOLET VOILE WITH BROCADED VEST.

Suspender Fads On Summer Gowns

NUMBERLESS ARE THE FASHIONINGS OF RIBBONS IN SUSPENDER GIRDLES.

Pompadour Ribbons Are Twisted So That Flowers Appear Only at Intervals—Bretelles That Develop Into Boleros.

Charmingly feminine and youthful are the suspender girdles which the summer girl of 1905 has adopted as an indispensable accessory of her warm weather frocks. Evening dress and morning skirt alike sport some sort of a shoulder strap, whether it be a creation in silk and dibbons made by its deft-fingered owner, or merely a bit of the material of the frock, gathered and tucked into dainty bands or capes. The result is that this year's fair campaigner looks almost as youthful as her little sister, from whom she has borrowed the vogue.

Exquisitely dainty are the silk and ribbon suspenders which set off fluffy sheer evening frocks. And here a girl's ingenuity stands by her in good stead, for there are no end of ways in which she herself can evolve the prettiest of straps from pompadour and velvet ribbon. Many of these suspenders are attached to shaded silk girdles. A belt of porcelain and baby blue liberty silk has straps of porcelain blue velvet, three-quarters of an inch wide. They are braided nearly up to the bust line, where they lie perfectly flat till they reach the middle of the back, and are again braided down to the girdle. White marguerites sometimes join the three strands of blue ribbon on the shoulder. The blossoms are made from the narrowest of velvet baby ribbon, tied in a hard knot at the end of each petal, and finished at the center with a bit of yellow velvet. A bunch of these flowers is also most effective when fastened at the back of the girdle, and the girl who wears her hair low on her neck tucks four or five at the side of her coiffure.

Another shaded belt has suspenders built from two or three straps of narrow velvet ribbon in short lengths. These overlap in pointed ends and fold into loops and ends where they join the belt. Not infrequently tiny gold or rhinestone buckles are employed to conceal the fastening of the pointed ends.

When a gown is finished at the waist line with sash and belt of pompadour ribbon, folds of the same ribbon are attached to the belt to slip over the shoulders. A wide ribbon with a center of huge rose-colored flowers has a center laid in fine tucks, leaving a half-inch satin border on either strap. Ribbons with plain centers with flowered edges are gathered at the shoulder line and at intervals down the strap, bringing the flowered borders nearer together, with only a narrow stripe of the plain color between.

Suspenders built from the same material as the dress show endless conceits from the very narrowest strap to a princess effect, which is almost a complete blouse. One ample design has a strap extending from the skirt, which separates just below the bust line and passes over the shoulder as two straps. If two straps extend up from the skirt on either side they often lap half way between shoulder and waist line, and are fastened with a button of the same material.

A popular form of the wide suspender is pleated in narrowly at the waistband, gradually spreading out as it approaches the shoulder, where it reaches nearly to the elbow in a wing-like cape. The strap at the back is joined to the front strap at the shoulder line by rings crocheted in self-tone silk. Extremely chic is a suspender effect which grows out of a princess skirt into a jacket, slightly bloused. This fastens with straps over the shoulders, and opens V-shape back and front to the waist line, giving a view of the dainty lingerie waist beneath.

Get the Doctor Quick!

When accidents happen in the home quickly get the bottle of Pond's Extract—*the old family doctor*. Always ready—always sure, at any time, day or night. A bottle on the medicine shelf is like having a doctor in the house. When pain racks the body it relieves and cures. Imitations are weak, watery, worthless; Pond's Extract is pure, powerful, priceless.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

"Women's Headaches"

—Late hours and anxious pursuits, with immoderate eating, weakness, nervousness, and overwork or worry, is responsible for the alarming increase of headache. Women are more subject to this ailment than men. Their delicate constitution and nervous temperament induces a condition of the system that sooner or later brings on the periodical attacks of headache. "PSYCHINE" is the remedy of all others for the complete cure of headache. It builds up the nervous system—restores vitality, cleanses the stomach from all bile, settles the nerves, starts the blood into the proper channels, and in most cases the attacks can be warded off by careful attention in following directions. Don't destroy the system by frequent use of dangerous powders, that give only temporary relief. Begin the "PSYCHINE" treatment now, and fortify the system against attacks. This is the only way to permanently dispose of periodical headaches.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—TRIAL FREE

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.



STRETCHING and DEEP BREATHING PLAY an IMPORTANT PART in BEAUTY'S PROGRAMME





A good yawn is an excellent thing.



Take a deep breath of fresh air the first thing upon rising.



Keep the lips tightly closed.



Stretching is Nature's own method of physical culture



It is well to begin lying flat on the back.

DEEP breathing as a preventive of disease has reached somewhat the prominence of a fad; and, in consequence, is often advocated and explained by people who really know little or nothing of the hygiene of the matter.

Deep breathing can be learned by everybody. It is difficult at first, but soon becomes second nature, if it is practiced constantly; and it is well worth learning, as it is one of the most important factors in the health and beauty quest. It may be well to offer a few suggestions to those who are delicate, lest they should be discouraged from continuing this highly beneficial exercise.

Such persons frequently have a feeling of giddiness after a few deep breaths. This may be overcome by breathing lying flat on the back; and in about a week's time the breathing exercises may be taken standing up without any inconvenience.

It is claimed that people who breathe naturally always breathe deeply. The Indian squaw, who has never known a band around her waist, breathes deeply. So does the infant whose lungs have never been cramped.

Robust health, prolonged youthfulness and clear complexions, for which we all instinctively yearn are dependent on good blood, and good blood can only be obtained when the lungs are kept fully supplied with plenty of oxygen.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the advantages to be acquired through this very simple habit of deep breathing. It will reduce weight if you are too fat and it will add flesh if you are too thin. It is the greatest known equalizer and puts one in prime condition. So don't neglect it.

Let your first duty in the morning be to go to an open window and take in good deep breaths, and also make it your last duty before retiring. Nervous people and those troubled with insomnia are notably poor breathers.

Deep chest breathing is especially beneficial to them, because it not only rids the blood of impurities, but the mere muscular movement tends to relieve pressure on nerve centres, by stimulating the circulation. In walking be sure to practice deep breathing.

Draw in a good deep breath and see how many steps you can take before exhaling; this is excellent practice. The best position for practicing deep breathing is to stand erect with both heels together, the arms hanging loosely by the side, the chest raised, and the shoulders thrown back. Take at least ten long deep breaths in this position.

It seems odd to be told that a good, old-fashioned yawn is good for one's health, but, as a matter of fact, it has a most excellent effect on the bodily functions. Stretching is nature's own method of physical culture.

It is a favorite exercise with animals, children and primitive people. The yawning which always accompanies the stretch is simply a full deep breath, which is held or slowly exhaled during the stretch. This means a full supply of fresh air for the lungs, a cleansing of the blood passing through them and an increased supply of oxygen for the blood.

This increase in the movement of the lungs at once extends to every one of the vital organs, and this immediate increase in activity is the cause of that feeling of comfort and well-being that always follows a good yawn and stretch.

So you see a yawn isn't a bad form of physical exercise, after all. It should, like other exercises, be taken in private, as it isn't an attractive sight in public, although we frequently have an exhibition of it. Deep breathing and stretching play an important part in the beauty programme, and women cannot afford to neglect these simple exercises for procuring good health and good looks.

MRS. SYMES' BEAUTY RECIPES

Itching Scalp

This is my first letter to you, though I have used many of your good formulas. I have had a good head of hair, but in the last few years it has grown very oily. I shampooed it every two weeks with tar soap until I saw a shampoo of yours for oily hair. I am also using jaborandi tonic, but yet my hair falls dreadfully. My scalp itches until I positively rub the hair off of my head. My hair is thin and not very long; grows rapidly, but comes out before it gets its full length. Would you kindly give me advice as to what next best to do for my hair? I want the oil cured, above all. VIRGINIA.

From the conditions you describe, I judge that the circulation of blood in your scalp is imperfect. The best treatment for this is massage, and if you cannot secure the services of a professional, the next best thing will be to do it yourself. Support your hands on each side of the head by placing the thumbs against the temples; then, pressing the finger tips well into the scalp, go all over the head in a series of little wheel-like movements. The massage should be given for twenty minutes each evening. Remember, that good results cannot be expected immediately, and persistence and regularity are needed to effect a cure.

Green Soap Treatment

Would you kindly tell me how to use green soap for enlarged pores and how often to use it?

Is peroxide a good bleach for the face and neck? Please tell me how often to use it.

I have used the mercury bleach, but it reddens my face and makes it break out in pimples. How often should I use the mercury bleach? I am 30 years old. My hair is auburn, but it is turning gray very fast and coming out. Please tell me something to do for it. M. A. P.

The green soap treatment is recommended for blackheads, and is not intended for enlarged pores.

Peroxide of hydrogen is a good face bleach, and may be used once a day if necessary. I do not know the mercury bleach to which you refer, but advise you not to use it if it irritates your skin. Have the ends of your hair carefully trimmed or singed, and use the tonic for which I am giving you formula. This will stop the hair from falling, and may also arrest it from turning gray.

Falling of the Hair.

Blackheads.

Tincture of green soap, 2 ounces; distilled witch hazel, 2 ounces. Let this mixture stay on only a few minutes, then wash off with hot water. If the green soap irritates the skin, as it sometimes will, use it every other day.

Green soap may be purchased at any good drug store. It is not a regular "cake soap," but is of about the consistency of custard.

Hair Falling

I have enjoyed your health and beauty talks very much. Now I would like to ask your advice. My hair is coming out perfectly dreadful and is very dry, and my head itches so or has a crawly feeling most of the time, but am not troubled with dandruff. My husband bought me an electric battery to use, but I don't know how to use it. Will you kindly tell me what attachment to get for filling out the face. I have heard electricity would round the face out better than massage. I am only 35, have a daughter 17, and we have passed off for sisters many a time. My cheeks are not as round as I want them. H. W. H.

To stop your hair from falling, try the treatment recommended to M. A. P. Electrical massage is excellent for the rounding out of the face, but it should be given by an experienced person. If you do not know how to apply it, I advise you to consult a specialist who can instruct you as to the proper use.

About Pumice Treatment

Having read your page on superfluous hair and about using pumicestone, I thought you would be able to tell me if it caused a thicker growth of hair after using it once.

I also would like your advice on how to use henna as a hair dye and how much, as I see you recommend it. L. H. C. M.

The hair will return after the use of pumice, but not necessarily thicker. The simplest and easiest way to apply henna is to use a tea made of the leaves. In preparing the tea use an ounce of leaves to a quart of water and boil the whole down to one pint. The stain should be applied to the roots of the hair with a small brush. Next with an ordinary hairbrush distribute the henna through the hair. A thorough drying, either in the sun or by heat, concludes the process. A thorough shampooing of the hair should precede each application of the stain.

Grateful Reader Asks Advice

I have never asked any question before, but have always been an interested reader

ANSWERS TO MANY CORRESPONDENTS SEEKING HEALTH AND BEAUTY

cerely hope I may read your kind answer in next week's issue.

The remedy I refer to was your answer to "A Beauty With Freckles."

After removing the paste with sweet oil and borax, should the face be washed thoroughly with soft water (warm)?

How long is the remedy to be used before removing freckles? What is good for removing dirt from under fingernails? The skin under my nails is so dark that my nails always look dirty.

I say "dirty" because that is the only way to express how the skin does look.

I will not bother you further this week, but your advice is so good—what I have tried—that I can hardly refrain from asking many, many questions.

I will be thankful if you can possibly answer me in next week's paper, as I'm very anxious to know, so I can use the remedy. EXPECTANT.

I think you will find that wiping the face with a soft cloth is all that will be necessary after applying the oil and borax. However, gently washing with warm water will do no harm. For the stains under your nails use oxalic acid.

Put an ounce of the crystals in a pint bottle and fill up with water. Mark the bottle plainly with the name, and also with the word "poison." Wet a bit of absorbent cotton with the solution, wrap it around a pointed stick and rub the stained places.

Regrets Use of Peroxide

Two years ago I was foolish enough to allow a hair dresser to persuade me to have my hair bleached with peroxide of hydrogen, and have kept it up ever since, touching it up once a month. I find to my regret that it has completely spoiled, yes, ruined, my hair, which was, before the bleaching process, of a beautiful, fine, silky texture, down to my waist line, and of a light, very light brown; it could not be called brown, but the shade between brown and blonde; not reddish, but that pretty light color which is so seldom seen, and of which you would call the possessor a demiblonde. In the past six months the hair, when washed, began to stretch like rubber, split and break off, and the ends half way up were getting much lighter each time it was washed, so that it made it very noticeable that it was bleached. I am in business, and it would be very embarrassing for me to allow the hair to grow out in its natural color, while the rest was so light. Can you give me, through your How to be Healthy and Beautiful column, in next week's paper, a recipe for some dye that would turn the bleached part back to its original color, so that in allowing the hair to grow out it would not be such a strong contrast and not noticeable? To use a dye given for gray hair to turn it black would be entirely too dark; so there would again be a contrast which would be more embarrassing. It must be something that would turn it to a shade between light brown and blonde. Thanking you in advance for the favor, and trusting to find a reply in the near future, I am R. C. W.

Peroxide tresses require very careful handling. If you have not the patience to wait for your hair to grow out its natural color, you had better consult a good hairdresser, who could restore it by dyeing.

Sweet Oil for the Eyebrows

Will you please tell me of a simple remedy to make my eyebrows thicker? WESTERN READER.

Paint your eyebrows every night with a brush dipped in sweet oil, slightly warmed.

Bran Bags for the Bath

You so often recommend bran bags for the bath. Will you please tell me how they are made and how to use them? B. K. P.

Bran bags can be purchased from almost any druggist, but if you prefer, you can make them yourself. Mix equal parts of powdered oatmeal and bran together, and to a pint add half a cup of powdered soap. To this add about one ounce of powdered orris root. Fill small bags, just large enough to handle conveniently, and use in the bath.

Delightful Cream for Face

Will you please give me recipe for a skin food which is about the consistency of cream? VIOLET.

The following formula is for a delightful skin food:

To an eggshell full of melted mutton tallow add an eggshell of pure oil of sweet almonds and a bit of white wax the size of a hazel nut.

Heat the whole together on the stove until it is a cream, then take off and whip with a small egg-beater. Add one drop of attar of rose. When cold it should be like thick cream, but if it is too thick, it can be thinned with almond oil.

Spot on Her Nose

I am much interested in your page on health and beauty, and should like some of your valuable advice. Am a young girl in my teens, and am very much troubled about a red spot on my nose. It is about the size of a pea, and has been there ever since I can remember. Could you not let me know of something that would remove it? DAISY.

I fear I cannot advise you how to remove the red spot to which you refer. Experimental treatment might prove dangerous, and you had better consult a skin specialist in regard to having it removed.

Impatient for Results

I thought I would write to you in regard to Dr. Vaucaire's bust developer. Now I have been taking it six weeks and can see but very little improvement. I thought I saw more improvement on the first two bottles than I have since taking the other three, but I do not feel satisfied with the results. It is quite expensive, and it seems as if I had given it a fair trial. I have a fair size bust, but not as large as I would like, as I am quite stout otherwise. Now could you recommend anything else I could do in connection with this medicine, or do you think it useless to spend any more money on it? I would like to know just what you think about it. My right bust is much larger than the left, so I shall anxiously look for your answer in next week's paper. J. P. S.

I think you are too impatient for results from the Vaucaire remedy. It usually takes six weeks before development is noticeable, so you should not be discouraged. Possibly you can get quicker results by massaging with a good skin food in addition to taking the remedy.

Distressed About Falling Hair

Please help a young girl in distress. My hair is falling out in great quantities, and it has become very thin. If you will kindly prescribe a remedy to prevent its falling out and to cause a thick growth of new hair you will receive the heartfelt gratitude of I. A.

Every night before retiring massage your scalp for fifteen or twenty minutes, and just before concluding the process apply the lotion for which I am giving

of rosemary, 2 ounces; alcohol, 2 ounces. Apply several times a week to the roots of the hair.

Gets Sick on Cars

I am a young girl of 17 and I do not go around very much, and the reason why I do not is because whenever I ride on the cars I always get sick and feel sick for a couple of days after I ride on the car. Could you please tell me what's good for it? G. M.

Car sickness, like seasickness, is sometimes very difficult to overcome, and what proves a relief to some will not do for others. A simple remedy to try is to take a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia in water before starting on a journey.

Face Too Fat

I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you, but I read your items with much interest. Could you tell me how to reduce the flesh in my face? I am not very stout in the body, but my face is very stout, which I don't think is a bit becoming. I am 5 feet 3½ inches in height and weigh 120 pounds. I will be very thankful for any advice you give me. CONSTANT READER.

Persistent massage will do more than anything else to reduce the superfluous flesh on your face. When the treatment is to increase the flesh, the movements are gentle; but, for reducing flesh, firm, hard treatment is required. Use a rotary motion, upward and outward.

About Cocoa Butter

Will you kindly inform me if cocoa butter will yellow the face and neck? I am using it with the hope it may plump out my face and neck, but fear it may yellow the skin. Would you advise some other remedy? I fancy I can see an improvement in filling out my face, and have only used it ten days. Will peroxide of hydrogen whiten the neck and hands, and must it be used every day for such results? M. L. G.

I have never heard that cocoa butter would cause the skin to turn yellow. It is excellent to fatten the face and neck, but where there is a tendency to superfluous hair it sometimes increases the growth. I think you will find the orange-flower cream so often published in this department a very satisfactory substitute. Peroxide of hydrogen is an excellent bleach for the skin, and need not necessarily be used every day; several times a week should answer the purpose.

Wants to Bleach Face

Can you give me through your helpful columns the most powerful bleach for the face that you know of that will remove tan, freckles and make the skin snowy white, and not injure the skin in any form? I would like to have my face bleached white in one week. BELL.

The formula given below has proved very successful in whitening the skin and removing freckles.

Whitening Paste for Freckles and Brown Spots.

Salicylic acid, 60 grains; bay rum, 4 ounces.

Label. Apply night and morning with a

Beauty Through Hygiene --- By Dr. E. E. Walker

HEALTHFUL EXERCISE WHICH TWO GIRLS CAN TAKE TOGETHER

By Dr. Emma E. Walker

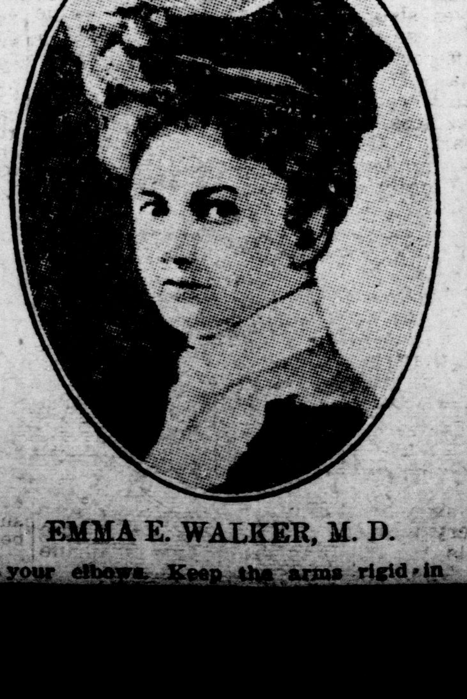
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If you can induce your intimate friend to take up the daily practice of physical exercise with you, map out a little series of resisting exercises, one girl working against the other. Try a few of the following and see what fun it is:

With your friend sitting on the floor, legs curled under her, grasp her hands, which are stretched up above the head, elbows straight. Try to keep her arms in this position, while she resists, trying to pull yours down to her shoulder level. When you have gradually allowed your hands to be drawn down to this point, reverse the resistance; try to pull her arms up, while she resists, keeping the hands only shoulder-high.

Or lie flat upon a long table, arms extended over head, elbows straight, the hands grasping a short stick. Your friend, standing behind your head, will grasp the same stick, near the ends, and while you resist her action she will bring the stick high overhead and down till it rests across your thighs. Now, you in turn will bring the stick again to the first position back of the head, while she resists the movement.

Sit upon a stool, and with your hands on your shoulders, and elbows shoulder-high, move as far forward as possible, keeping the back straight, moving only



EMMA E. WALKER, M. D.

your elbows. Keep the arms rigid in

she bends forward as far as possible, place your hands across her shoulder blades, with the fingers of each hand touching. As she tries to resume the erect position, resist with a strong pressure on the shoulder blades.

Again, in relatively the same positions, but with her hands resting upon her thighs, firmly grasp her shoulders, and, as she tries to come to erect position, twist the torso by turning the shoulders strongly in one direction, while she attempts to turn in the opposite direction. Practice first to the right, and then to the left.

With your hands on your thighs, push the shoulders up, then back and down in a circling motion. The other girl will place her hands on the tops of your shoulders, and press down as you push up, and forward as you press back, both of you relaxing as the shoulders come to normal position.

Resist each other standing. Turn right shoulders toward each other, and with feet well braced grasp right hands, one pulling and the other pushing. Repeat with the left hands.

Another taken in standing position is to cross the arms in front, and, grasping with both hands, resist in opposite directions.

Of course, the more evenly matched you are in strength, the better will be the exercise. Learn the form of the exercise first, and make the pressure even and light, increasing it as you

THE FLOOD TIDE.

She was a little shop girl of no particular account in the world, enjoying a holiday, hardly earned, by the sea. It was the late autumn now, and she had dreamed of her holiday all the summer through. For she was a London girl and this was her first glimpse of the sea. After much deliberation and study of timetables and illustrated guidebooks, which she had found plentifully at her disposal at the rooms of the Polytechnic, she had decided upon a little place on the Norfolk coast, a place not much frequented as yet, though boldly advertised as "coming."

She had never met anyone who had been there, and had the mind to form her own independent judgment. And hers was not a mind to which the attractions commonly accepted as popular could appeal. She was a gentle, dreamy creature, whom circumstances had cast upon the world in which she was unfitted to strive. But though gentle, she was not weak; her mouth had a firm, decided curve, and in the great house where she endured that curious form of martyrdom called "living-in," the long, firm line seldom left her lips. For this reason she was not a favorite, though some of her worst detractors had proved her kindness of heart. She had found the sea, on the whole, disappointing. Its vast loneliness oppressed one whose heaviest cross was her own peculiar isolation from her kind.

In it she found no companionship, but rather a sense of shrinking and fear. Its relentlessness and power haunted her, in the night its dull boom kept her wide-eyed upon her pillow. There were very few visitors left at Crampton Cove in the last week of September. Except for a handful of children who regularly played on the beach morning and afternoon, the little shop girl had it mostly to herself. The rest had done her good and though she did not know it, her face looked very sweet under the brim of her cheap sun hat. Yes, it was quite a winsome face. Her book, which she had taken from the village library, had interested her thoroughly for nearly two hours. When she shut it at last she was surprised to see that a change seemed to have come over the spirit of the place.

The sun, which had been so bright when she sat down, had gone; in its place a thick, fine sea-fog seemed to have been unrolled from some mysterious background. Across the flat, wet sands came the boom of the waves, and their foamy outline could just be seen. She rose in no way alarmed interested in what was a phenomenon to her. And just then she heard the voices of the children, and turning her eyes in the opposite direction, saw the red skirt of the little girl making a welcome bit of color among the prevailing gray. As she walked towards them she was surprised to see that they seemed to be quite alone, playing unconcernedly among their numerous sand castles, and taking no heed of the fog. For there was neither cold nor rain with it; it had stolen in very softly almost as if it sought somewhere stealthily to hide.

There were three little ones, a chubby girl of 9, and her two brothers, younger, the baby, a dear, fat mite, making a picture with his clothes bundled about him, and his bare legs paddling contentedly on the wet sand.

"Isn't it time you were going home, dears?" she said pleasantly, if a little timidly; "don't you see how thick it has grown?"

"Nana is coming back," said the little girl. "She only went up to the village to buy herself a paper."

Ursula nodded, but lingered, determined that she would not leave them until the nurse returned. And glancing round, she saw something in the opposite direction quite away from the sea which gave her a little start. It was the gleam of water, and she realized with a feeling of sudden sick horror that they must be on the sandbank, and perhaps were already quite cut off. She had often watched the rapid flow of the incoming tide just here, and the quick engulfing of the sandbank with the big rock in the further end, which was almost, but not quite, covered at high water. And they were at least 500 yards from the dry bents which the tide could not reach. She said nothing to the children, but crossed the firm, hard bank of sand, and took her bearings. And sure enough, the tide was around them, an encircling band on every side. It was already too broad to leap. She pulled off her shoes and stockings and waded in. But the bank sloped quickly, and in a moment she was almost beyond her depth. Her face whitened and she looked anxiously around for a moment, not as yet seriously alarmed, because the nurse surely must hasten back quickly, and would undoubtedly bring relief. She said nothing to the children. In fact, she went close to them again, and began to play with apparent unconcern, promising to show them a quite new kind of castle never before seen upon the beach. It answered for a moment, and then the little girl suddenly sounded the note of alarm.

"The sea's all around us," she cried in terror. "Look, Bertie, it's coming right up, and we'll be drowned like the naughty children in the book. Oh, I want Nana and daddy and mummy."

Ursula comforted them, and they clung about her, forgetting that she was a stranger, only conscious of her kind face, her wet but smiling eyes, her air of protection, her promise of safety and rescue.

And the minutes passed. Talking softly and cheerfully to them, she gathered them about her, and climbed upon the rock, and tried to interest them with a make-believe that they were only story-book people, and that presently they should find themselves back on the bents, and that it had never happened at all. Indeed, her own resource surprised her as nothing in her life had yet done. But steadily the water came creeping on. It lapped greedily about their rock when it had swallowed all the sand, and presently it was up to their feet, and the little girl gave a slight scream. But the boy, though his face was dead white, was quite brave.

"Gentle Jesus won't let us drown, Winnie; let's pray him to put the sea away, and bring us back to mummy and daddy."

But it was Ursula who prayed with her face hidden in the baby's neck as he clung closely to her too frightened even to cry. It was a curious prayer.

"Never mind me, dear God, nobody needs me or wants me, but save the little children for their father and mother, for Jesus' sake."

The water was very cold and she numb, holding the heavy child with one arm, and trying to keep the two tight with the other. How long could she hold them, she wondered in agony; once they slipped it would be all over. So the dreadful moments passed. But presently there came across the dull gray of the hidden waters the steady beat of an oar. "Listen, darlings," she just managed to whisper; "it's a boat, somebody is coming for us. Hold on tight. Here thy are!"

Then she remembered no more.

When Ursula came to herself, she was lying on a strange bed, and there were strange faces about her, strange, rapt, eager faces, bending down as if the only matter of moment in the world was her return to consciousness.

"Where am I? Oh, are the children all right?"

A sob from the lips of a gray-haired man close by seemed to answer her. "Yes, all right, thanks be to God and to you—you heroine!"

Ursula smiled.

"It was awful; but they won't play there any more, will they?"

"Never. We shall go home tomorrow," said the man; but the woman on her knees by the bed with her face hidden never spoke.

"Their mother!" Ursula asked in an understanding whisper.

The man nodded. It was one of the supreme moments of life when the veil is lifted and there is no possibility of misunderstanding whatsoever.

"We don't know you, or who you are, but now you belong to us," he said.

Ursula smiled again.

"I don't mind; I'm tired, and, anyhow, I have no home." — British Weekly.

Symptoms of Nerve Disorders

Which Foretell the Approach of Nervous Prostration, Paralysis and Locomotor-Ataxia.

Twitching of the nerves and muscles, sensitiveness to light, sound and motion, jerking of the limbs, sleeplessness, headache and indigestion — such are some of the symptoms of exhausted nerves.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



Photo. by Howes, Ithaca, N. Y.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

The President of Cornell University

When Jacob Gould Schurman was a boy on his father's backwoods farm on Prince Edward Island, where he was born in 1854, educational advantages were scant in quality and costly in time and energy. Books were few, the one newspaper that connected the family with the outside world was but a provincial weekly, and the district school was taught by one teacher who gave the staple things of education, with no fancy dishes of the modern class.

When Jacob was thirteen he had to become self-supporting, and secured a clerkship of the general utility type in a country store at thirty dollars a year and his board and washing. In his second year he received sixty dollars, and with this coming of wealth came a longing for a better education.

In two years he had saved eighty dollars and with this as a bulwark against starvation he attended the village high school, studied voraciously day and night and entered a competitive examination for a scholarship at Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown, on the island. He won the scholarship of sixty dollars and went to the college. Then after a year of teaching he went to Acadia College, where his appetite for prize-winning became insatiable. He won a scholarship of $500 a year for three years offered by the University of London, followed by his winning the traveling fellowship of the Hibbert Society, and other prizes, scholarships and similar rewards, with predestined certainty and monotonous iteration.

He studied in London, Paris, Edinburgh, Berlin, Göttingen, and half a dozen other cities, and when six or seven nations had given him all they could supply but not nearly all he could absorb, he returned to Canada as professor in one of the colleges.

In 1885, Andrew D. White recommended him to Cornell, and the year following, at the age of thirty-two, he became head of the Department of Philosophy; in 1891 was made Dean of the Sage School of Philosophy, and in 1892 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Edinburgh University and became President of Cornell, being the only man even considered for a moment for the position.

Dr. Schurman is remarkable as a lecturer, broad and liberal as a teacher, searching for truth *with* his students rather than giving them his opinions as finalities; sincere and thorough as an investigator; clear, eloquent and effective as an orator; simple and direct as an author; and as a man, popular, magnetic, sympathetic, sterling and broad-gauge.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

The Chaperon Speaks.

I know it has become fashionable again to stick up for one's own family with a clannish energy in public, no matter what one's private individual opinion concerning the person in question really is. Nevertheless, I cannot help feeling wickedly satisfied every time I think how completely let down Hermione was.

Hermione is twenty-five, looks twenty, has big, black eyes, a perfect complexion, a glorious figure and marvelous clothes. Moreover, she is destitute of any tender feelings or sympathies of any sort—is the extreme limit so far as one type of the up-to-date girl is concerned. It would take a diamond glass cutter even to make a faint mark on the organ which does duty as her heart. Just because she is my cousin I don't feel obliged to love her and I'm glad of it.

However, there have been plenty of foolish men who have attempted the feat. They have all had their education extended, which, of course, was a good thing for them. Some have grown wise and taken their diplomas and retired, but several have hung on, hoping for better days to come. It speaks well for Hermione's ability as a masquerader. There isn't one of the faithful ones but would swear fervently that she was the tenderest, most sympathetic and utterly feminine creature in existence.

Oh, I have all sorts of admiration for Hermoine—I don't see how she does it!

She got in a confidential mood the other day. The weather has lots to do with people being confidential and it was one of those gray, damp mornings when you feel so blue you'd weep on the cook's shoulder, if there was no one else handy and she gave you half a chance.

"I'm wasting myself and my life," Hermione began, decisively, throwing another stick of beech wood on the fire and fluttering down on the fur rug with the tongs in her hands. "Of course, it's awfully nice having so many to make things pleasant, but I realize that it can't last always, I'll get old some day."

"Impossible," I protested.

"It will be a nuisance having a house on one's hands to manage," she went on, reflectively, "and I've no doubt I shall be bored to death seeing one eternal man 365 days in the year—but then I shall spend at least half the time abroad—and he certainly can't leave his business that long."

"Perhaps he won't want to if he could," I said darkly and a bit indignantly. Really, Hermione was too brutally cold-blooded.

"I'm trying to decide whom I shall marry," she went on, calmly. "It rather helps to talk it out—and then you are levelheaded enough to give advice worth while. Now, as to Dickson Temple—"

"Good gracious!" I broke in. "Have mercy on the boy, Hermione. He really loves you, you know, and if you don't marry him he'll cherish your memory to the day of his death as the one perfect woman. Let him have his dream."

Hermione glanced at me somewhat offendedly. "I'd like to know anyone else he might marry he'd care any more for," she said. "Besides, he's really too young to have the responsibility of so much money all alone. Well, Dickson aside, there's Richard—only he's set in his ways. John Faver is stingy, I'm almost sure. Somehow that Morton man doesn't appeal to me—though he has excellent discretion as to ordering violets and menus. Do you know, I'm rather seriously inclined toward Leslie Vincent? I'm glad to see you smile that way. You like him, don't you?"

"I certainly do," I said, enthusiastically. "You have good judgment."

"Thank you," said Hermione, with gratified cheerfulness. "You don't know what a load you take from my mind by approving my judgment. I just needed some one's assurance that I was all right before I went ahead. Leslie hasn't been around so much of late and it's given me a chance to consider him more carefully. I haven't a fault to find with him, really. He's good looking enough and richer than I dared hope for, and such a charming appearing man that one could be justly proud of him.

"Then he really has a fetching way. And, consider, oh, consider that house of his on the drive. No, I couldn't expect to do better. I suppose I might just as well have said yes when he proposed a year ago."

She tilted her head to one side and laughed up at me questioningly. I didn't wonder that she fascinated them, one and all.

"Yes," I replied at last in my silkiest tone, "you really should have done so, for Leslie was here last night and told me he's to marry a Philadelphia girl next month."—Chicago News.

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THE EAVESDROPPERS.

"May I have a dance, Miss Maizie?"

"Certainly; will you have No. 4?" was the reply, as the little programme changed hands.

Harry Hamilton—looking over the heads of the throng of young people—had seen Maizie keeping modestly in the background. Threading his way skillfully through the crowd, he reached her side. Taking the little card, he wrote rapidly; then bending his handsome head, he spoke in low, persuasive tones:

"I've put down my name for three dances, Maizie. Please break your rule tonight. It is my last dance, you know, and who can tell when we shall have another?"

Looking up in pleased surprise, she hesitated:

"Yes—perhaps—since it is really your last."

A slender, sweet-faced girl was Maizie, lovely in the freshness of youth; gowned in dainty pink, which seemed to lend its color to her cheeks. One who stood apart—herself no longer young—felt a rush of tenderness toward these young creatures on the threshold of life.

The scene was a brilliant one, for it was the night in early autumn when Melton University opened its doors to its friends. Easton, though a business center was justly proud of its university and colleges, which gave a literary—and almost Old World flavor to its social life; and white-haired men and matrons, and even the "not outs" flocked to the "Varsity" on these occasions. Many lights glittered, and the dark walls made a rich background for the bright hues of the dresses; and draperies of flags, banners and bunting; and the eyes in the portraits of grave-faced professors seemed to follow with scornful surprise the happy young people as they flitted by.

The concert was over. Strains of waltz music filled the rooms, and the dance began. But there are heartaches, too, in the ballroom, and many a girl's evening was utterly spoiled at the beginning, because, though the little card was filled, it lacked the one name that would have made all the difference.

To Maizie the evening was one of unalloyed happiness. She had known Harry nearly all her life, but tonight there was an added something that disturbed and excited her, and a tenderness in his voice and manner that went to her very heart. He had just received a business promotion which necessitated his going to a distant city, and a sense of the coming parting seemed to break down an habitual reserve.

They were "sitting-out" the last of the three dances in one of the long corridors where the students had arranged little nooks with flags and portieres hung between. Laura's partner brought her to a seat near her cousin, and though she did not see her, she recognized the voices. Asking her partner to bring an ice, she rose quickly and bent her head to hear, with an expression on her pretty face that was far from pleasant.

"Tomorrow at 4," Harry was saying, "you will not forget our walk, Maizie. I'll be sharp on time."

"I shall not forget," the girl replied with a little quiver in her voice. "We must find mother now. It must be very late."

Parting the curtains, they stepped out just as Laura sank into the chair.

"Why, Maizie, where did you drop from?"

"Is it late?"

"Hurry," Laura said, when they reached the dressing-room. "I am tired to death," snatching her cloak from Maizie as she tried to help her. "I was ready to go long ago, but you were enjoying yourself so much flirting with Harry Hamilton, you forgot everything."

"Why, Laura, how can you say that? I thought you were enjoying your dances?

Going home in the carriage, Laura pleaded sleepiness, and no more was said till they reached their rooms, when she cried, "I had no idea you were such a flirt. Harry Hamilton must indeed think you in love with him to give him three dances. I would not dream of flattering a man to that extent."

In genuine distress Maizie answered: "Harry is not like that. He would never misjudge a friend. How can you say such cruel things!"

Reaction comes all too soon after happy emotions, and it was a miserable little girl who crept into bed, chilled with fear and a presentiment of sorrow.

The next morning Mazie went shopping with her mother, and told her of her promise to Harry. Four o'clock found her ready, but though the doorbell rang, it was only to admit a caller for Laura. Five o'clock chimed out, and still no Harry came. It was very strange — unlike Harry — something must have happened.

Day after day passed and no message came, and the day of his departure was at hand. Heavy of heart, Maizie went about her tasks, and was glad when her cousin's visit was over and she need not pretend to be happy.

His last free afternoon found Harry wandering aimlessly in the beautiful park. In the hazy distance the gray walls of old "Varsity" glowed here and there with the rich reds of the Boston ivy clinging closely in delicate sprays. It was a day to be joyous; a day to be glad. But Harry, poor Harry! was not in sympathy with nature; the buoyant, mirthful spirit was gone, and he was utterly miserable as a man could be; as unhappy as a child with no hope in sight. For Maizie was fickle; Maizie was false!—like any other girl—and all his life he had believed her, had cared for her beyond everyone. True, he had never told her so, in so many words, but she might have known; she might have guessed. How could she break her promise to go for a walk, for the sake of a cad like Charley Robinson? "Old friend," indeed! How he hated the fellow! He had seen him shown in just at the time he would have met Maizie Flinging himself down on the side of the ravine—out of sight of nursemaids and children—he gave himself up to his misery.

Presently above his brooding thoughts his little playmates — Maizie's little brother and sister. Ah! many a time had he met them here with their sister and romped with them under the trees.

"I'm tired of playing horse and picking up nuts. I wants a new game," cried Doris.

"I know a new game," said Dick. "I saw cousin Laura play it. I promised not to tell the grown people, 'cos it's just a children's game, and she said they would laugh at it. You 'member that day after the ball, when mamma and Maizie went to market and we were playing hide-and-seek? I was hiding under the sofa in the little dark room. Someone came in. I thought it was you, and I kept just as still, and never peeped. Then I heard Maizie speak—I was sure it was sister; but when I peeped—I saw it was Cousin Laura, so I kept very still. Then she rang up the telephone. (It was only a play, you know.) She said: "Give me 393. Hello. Is this Mr. Hamilton? I'm so sorry I can't go for a walk today. Charley Robinson is coming to call at four. I am crazy to see him. I have not seen him for so long. I don't like to disappoint him. What did you say. Oh, yes. I thought you would understand. Charley's such an old friend. Good-bye, if I don't see you again." All the time it sounded like Maizie talking. Then I crept out, and Cousin Laura gave an awful scream and jumped so high." Oh, you nasty little thing," she said, and gave me a slap.

"What made you talk like Maizie?" I asked her,

"'Oh, that was just fun,' she said. 'I was lonely, and made a little play, because I have no one to play with, and I was just pretending to be Maizie. Don't tell anyone. They would laugh at poor Cousin Laura."

"Then she made me promise, and said 'only bad little boys told lies' and she went and got me some chocolates, and was awful nice. Now don't you go and tell, Doris—girls don't always play fair—and it would be mean to tell when we had the candies."

"I don't think it a funny game, not one bit, and I hates Cousin Laura, so I do. I'se going home right now;" and home she scampered as fast as her little legs would cary her, and Dick after her.

The listener had lost not a word of the children's chatter. Blessed little darlings! How he loved them! Now he knew—now he understood. It was not Maizie who telephoned him. (What a mimic Laura was!) Why, oh, why did she hate them so? Dear little Maizie! What must she think?

What a glorious day it was! How good it was to be alive! for Maizie was true—Maizie had not broken her word. But, what must she think of him? Springing to his feet he reached the path to see before him, Maizie, but a dignified, haughty young woman, passing swiftly by.

"Stop, Maizie! stop, please; I want to explain."

Then it all came out in rapid, almost incoherefft words. Seated in the dear old park, now deserted save for themselves, they talked long and earnestly.

"I could not go away, dearest," he murmured, "without your promise. I thought you must know I wanted you for my wife; and then—to listen to the voice I believed yours, and think you cared more for Charley Robinson—Oh! it was torture!"

The strain of suspense and distrust had so unnerved them, that the reaction to happiness was overpowering. They sat silent at last, clasping hands like two children in distress, seeking comfort. In the fullness of their joy they could forgive, and Maizie, in the light of her full love could guess that a hidden pain had goaded her cousin to cruelty.

The evening shadows fell as they left the sheltering trees. Happy and comforted beyond words, they could wait now. Harry could go where his work led him; the work that would make possible an ideal home; could wait in faith and trust, never again to doubt.

Doris and Dickie were overjoyed that evening to see their old playmate once more, and to be loaded with toys and candy.

"Mister Harry called you a funny name," whispered Doris, wondering why he called her little brother "A blessed little eavesdropper."—Vogue.

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Miss Mary E. Pratt, Blyth, Ont., gives strong testimony to the value of these pills. She says: "I was a sufferer for over a year with anaemia. I was completely run down, had frequent headaches, spells of dizziness, and palpitation of the heart. I doctored all summer and was no better than when I began. I had practically given up all hope of finding a cure when my brother advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got four boxes and when I had taken them I felt so much better that I got six boxes more, and before I had taken all these I was completely cured. I am more thankful than I can say for what the pills have done for me, as but for them I would not be enjoying good health today. I strongly urge all weak girls to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

Miss Pratt's experience proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every weak and ailing person. These pills can be had from any medicine dealer or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Why We Are Bald.

A scientific gentleman, writing in the International Quarterly, says that the increasing baldness of men might seem to indicate that this natural covering of the head was destined ultimately to disappear. Savages, he says, show no tendency to lose their hair as the men of our own race, and, therefore, the loss cannot be accounted for as the result of either natural or sexual selection. The German, of course, finds a germ at the root of the hair, or, as it were, at the root of the evil; but our scientist reasons that if germs were the only cause of baldness women would probably be equally affected by it.

Having carried on thus far, and interested us exceedingly, the scientist suddenly drops his ratiocinations, throws up both hands, so to speak, and leaves us to supply the answer for ourselves. Why are we bald, and why are the women not? is a question that challenges though and compels speculation. It used to be the careless answer or some of us that we got that way from sitting in damp churches, but it became obvious that more women did that than men, although the women did wear their nats—a fact by which scoffers account for the superior numbers of women at services, and argued, too, incidentally, that had women been denied the privilege of exhibiting their millinery and compelled to uncover, they also would have been baldheaded. The damp church theory has given way to others seemingly more rational. One is that women's elaborately ornate spring hats and the economic tragedies incident thereto are the cause of their husbands' baldness, the latter suffering vicariously.

But a better explanation is that men have to solve political problems, and women do not, except in a few states, and in these it is confidently expected that baldness will soon prevail among the lady suffragists. To be called upon to choose between tickets and candidates and principles and doctrines every few months, and to maintain the government against the grafters is certainly a heavy responsibility.—St. Louis Republic.

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ADVENT OF NEW BIRD IN THE LONDON PARKS

GOOD POINTS OF THE JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE.

During the last two days the stroller in St. James' Park, if acquainted with country sounds, may have thought he heard one of the most characteristic bird voices of spring, the "pea, pea, pea," of the wryneck or cuckoo's mate. It was not the wryneck to which he was listening, however, unless by a very unlikely chance, but the Japanese nightingale, whose call is so similar that it will answer the wryneck's when kept caged in the country in hearing of that bird.

The birds were released in St. James' Park last Saturday by Frank Finn, the well-known naturalist. They immediately made themselves at home and settled down to the new life by taking a vigorous bath in the lake.

The Japanese nightingale is not a nightingale, nor does it come from Japan, but this is the name given to the bird by dealers who find the higher sounding title better than the plainer alternative of "Peking robin."

It has been a favorite with birdkeepers ever since its first importation, and is now exceedingly cheap; the first pair brought from China, not so very many years ago, cost £10—now this sum would buy a few hundred.

The Japanese nightingale is, perhaps, the most charming little bird in existence. He is more beautifully colored than most small birds, being olive-green above, with orange-bordered wings, and tinted on the throat and breast with the most exquisite shading of primrose yellow and glowing orange. His eyes are, if anything, darker and more lustrous than our own robin's and his bill is as red as coral.

Moralists have gloated over the presumed incapacity of beautiful birds to sing, but the Japanese nightingale is one of the exceptions to the rule. His song is as sweet as the English blackcap's, sometimes as short, loud, mellow and insistent as one of the blackbird's strophes, and, again, long, low and tender. He is, too, as affectionate as a love bird with his own kind, and friendly to other birds—even London sparrows.

It is thought that they will breed in the park this year. This would be very desirable, as they do not increase quickly, and there are not many birds of the kind in England.

They should be useful as well as ornamental in our own town parks, for they are splendid insect destroyers, being especially excellent fly-catchers at short range. Should this experiment prove successful Mr. Finn will release more birds in a short time.—London Express.

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FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

MRS HUMPHRY WARD

England's Great Woman Novelist

Literary prophecies, like boomerangs, should be handled with extreme caution—they are so prone to recoil. When Matthew Arnold affirmed that no Arnold could ever write a novel, he did not look sufficiently far into the future to see Mrs. Humphry Ward, the daughter of his brother Thomas, recognized as the greatest woman novelist of her generation.

She was born in Tasmania in 1851, and when six years old was brought by her parents to England. Her father, a college professor, changed his college as frequently as his religion; his intense conscientious yearning for absolute truth whirling him from one faith to another like a cork caught in the eddy of a stream, and making him the fit prototype of "Robert Elsmere."

At the age of fourteen, when the family migrated to Oxford, she breathed the University atmosphere that was joy to her heart. She acquired knowledge as naturally as a bird learns to sing, and she was known as a marvelous linguist, being as perfect in German, French, Spanish and Italian as if each were her native tongue. At twenty-one she was married to Thomas Humphry Ward, one of the university dons, whose work as author, editor, critic, has given him a place in English literature. She was ambitious to write, and her earliest efforts were so weighted with learning and research that they were as heavy as dumb-bells and fit only for scholars to read when they wanted to get away from pleasure. She wrote many articles for the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," which paid little in coin but more in credit.

Mrs. Ward was thirty-one before she undertook real fiction with "Miss Bretherton," followed four years later by "Robert Elsmere," which captured the reading public of two continents. Before this, it is true, she had written a child's story, a pale-complexioned, anæmic piece of work, fitly named "Millie and Ollie." Her translation of "Amiel's Journal" from French into English was an exquisite literary gem, expressing so perfectly the subtle windings of the thoughts and emotions of the simple Swiss professor, that it seems as if he himself must have re-thought his whole diary in English, without the touch of a translator. "David Grieve," which paid its author over $100,000, and others which paid fully as much, soon followed, among them, "Sir George Tressady," "Helbeck of Annisdale," "Eleanor" and "Lady Rose's Daughter." In her beautiful country home, in Hertfordshire, she does her literary work, seeking to escape from the storm of publicity her books have aroused and avoiding all society but a little band of devoted friends.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

THE MAHOUT'S REVENGE.

The two center piers of the great railroad bridge over the Goomtree River had been finished, and there was much rejoicing. They had been sunk in the muddy bed of the stream a distance of 60 feet, and they towered almost as high above the surface. It had taken thousands of bags of cement and hundreds of days' work to complete these piers. They had had the labor of 1,000 men and 50 elephants. When they were finished a holiday was given to all the workmen, and the chief engineer gazed proudly at his work and said:

"They are done at last. Floods may roll down—earthquakes may topple down forests—come what may, and my piers will stand here when 1,000 years have passed away."

"It is so, Sahib—it is so," answered the voice of 1,000 natives; and then they cheered him and his work.

When 1,000 native Indian workmen are employed together on one job there are three or four castes. There are masons, carpenters, elephant drivers, shovelers, boatmen and what not. There is enmity between the castes; there is jealousy between the different trades; there is chance every hour in the day for a general riot, and the men must be under a strict discipline. The superintendent's word must be law from which there is no appeal. A culprit is not told to go hence, because he has bound himself and the company has bound itself. He is punished by fine, imprisonment or the lash. Because of this custom this news ran through camp one morning:

"At the hour of high noon today the flag of punishment will be raised on the staff, and Kim Nassik will be tied to the post and flogged. Three times has his overseer warned him, and three times has he muttered curses below his breath and failed to amend his conduct. Kim Nassik is lazy, and he has made Bundara, his elephant, the same. When both driver and elephant are lazy the work flags. One man and his beast can hinder 100 others. It is right that Kim Nassik should be well flogged."

When the elephant driver, after several warnings, had been sentenced to punishment, he replied to the superintendent:

"Your words are true, Sahib, and I would not have you take them back. I have been lacking in diligence, and Bundara has agreed with me, but we have a reason. A few Sundays ago he got loose and ran away to the jungle. We hunted for him for hours. When we finally came upon him he was talking with a wild elephant. He came to me at my bidding, but that night, when all the camp was asleep, he whispered in my ear that we were fretting the river—that the waters were growling and complaining—that some evil would surely fall upon us if we dammed them back. For a million years the Goomtree has had free flow to the sea. Could it be otherwise than that she should be angry, and that some disaster should befall us?"

"How is it with the trees—with the grass—with all else that man uses?" asked the official. "If the river is a million years old men have used her for a million years. Thousands of boats and rafts have floated down her current and she has not complained. Men must travel, and they must have bridges on which to cross streams. We have not dammed the current back. There is plenty of room for it to flow onward. Bundara is a big, strong beast, but he is lazy. He has told you this story that he may have less work to do. You shall have 20 lashes at the post before all the men, and Bundara shall also look on as a warning to tell no more lies."

"As you will, Sahib."

At noon the whipping took place, but the punishment was not severe. It was because of the moral effect that it was inflicted. Kim Nassik's elephant was there, and he dropped his head and tears ran from his eyes. They said he felt pity for his master, and that his conscience troubled him. To spare the feelings of man and beast the superintendent gave them half a day off the works—half a day in which to repent and decide to do better in the future.

At sundown all labor ceased and it was reported that Nassik and his beast had gone to the jungles. That was a serious offense. The elephant was Government property, and was hired to the railroad company at so much per day. Nassik had been his mahout for ten years, but he was no more. He had incurred a serious penalty by fleeing, and a party was made up to bring him back, but they hunted in vain. In four weeks the incident was almost forgotten.

In time the great iron beams were stretched from pier to pier, and cross beams and girders were put in place, and from sun up to sun down the hot air quivered under the strokes of the scores of hammers. The approaches were filled in and spans laid to the piers, and the chief engineer looked over his work with a smile of satisfaction.

"All is going well," he said to himself. "In another sixty days the iron horse will be snorting across this structure. The Goomtree is on the rise and a flood will come, but we need not fear it. We cleared its banks of driftwood for fifty miles last year. Nothing here can dam its waters back and imperial the bridge."

And hour after Nassik had been punished he had clasped his arms around the trunk of his elephnat and said:

"Bundara, I have been disgraced before a thousand men, because you told me what the wild elephant said. I do not believe you lie, but let us go to the jungles and be by ourselves. If the Goomtree is fretted and harassed then she will take revenge. We should not be punished for what the Sahibs are doing."

The pair fled afar. Sometimes they were alone, and sometimes in the company of wild elephants. The untamed beasts had no fear of Nassik. For weeks they hid in the jungle or roamed through the forests.

"Light of my soul," began Nassik, one day, "the time for the flood of the Goomtree draws near. Whisper it to all your friends, that we may seek its banks and be ready for the work. Whisper it to twenty, thirty, fifty. We cannot have too much help. I will rest here for three days, and do you go among your kind and spread the news."

At the end of the third day Bundara returned, and with him were seventy elephants. He had told his story well.

Three days later all were at work on the banks of the river, fifty miles above the bridge. The waters were rising, but Nassik knew to an inch how high they would come before standing still for a day and then beginning to recede. Under his direction the elephants began work. Such trees as they could uproot, and such logs as they could roll, together with thousands of cart loads of smaller stuff were deposited just below high water mark. They piled banks high for five miles. For half a mile back the forest was stripped of limbs and vines and logs, and the labor was finished two days in advance.

"It is well, my children," said Nassik. "The waters will take everything at their flood, and then down at the bridge they will see what they will see. Let us now rest from our labors."

Down at the bridge there was no fear as the flood crept up. The Goomtree was not bringing down enough driftwood to tear a raft from its moorings. So it was for a week.

One morning when the high water mark was reached the chief engineer sneered at the turgid flood. Two hours later there was a wild alarm. The face of the waters was hidden by drift. Never had man seen so much of it. It came rushing down like a wall. Some passed between the piers at first and went crashing along, but presently there was a swirling about and a wedging of mighty trees, and five minutes later there was a block. In half an hour it extended back a mile, and the force of a million horses was pressing against it. For a quarter of an hour the handiwork of man withstood the strain of the elements. Then there was a crash and a roar, and the current of the Goomtree flowed on as if man had never been.

Kim Nassik had been whipped, and he had revenged himself.

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HOW STUDENTS WORK THROUGH A COLLEGE

INTERESTING PAMPHLET SHOWS THE MANY WAYS.

A pamphlet issued by the corresponding secretary of Harvard University on students' expenses is a valuable contribution to college economics, and a suggestive reminder of the sacrifices and privations which American youth are willing to face to secure a liberal education. A large number of American students are literally working their way through college, and are showing by their zeal and pertinacity that a university degree is within the reach of any intelligent person who has a good physique and is not afraid of hard work.

The Harvard publication shows that there are fifty or more ways of earning sufficient money to meet the demands of the student who is content to live with Spartan frugality. The long list of occupations by which the impecunious undergraduate can eke out his livelihood is a study in thrift which any man who is obliged to depend upon his own resources may consult with profit. Among the humble pursuits in which the Harvard student engages are destroying the tree pests, running an elevator, taking tickets at a gate, keeping house, reading gas meters, shoveling snow, acting as day or night watchman, caring for furnace, teaching dancing, besides the more obvious callings, such as reporting, clerking and tutoring.

It is possible, of course, for the poor student to pay too high a price in self-sacrifice for a college education. What is true of Harvard is true of many other educational institutions. The student is warned not to come to Harvard unless he is able to pay expenses without outside work for the first year. Having become acclimated to college life, the Harvard publication says that the student will have little difficulty in paying the rest of the way, either by scholarships, prizes, awards from beneficiary funds or through work secured by his own effort.

As a typical case, the balance sheet of a self-sacrificing student is given. His expenses amounted to the modest sum of $364 50 a year. Employed successively as a secretary, waiter, ticket taker, monitor, with some assistance from the beneficiary fund, he was able to pay the year's expenses with the exception of $16 50. One student, an adept in economy, managed to exist during the first year on an average of $2 a week by living on two meals a day, averaging 14 cents a meal. This student would not advise any man to economize to this extreme unless he is sure of himself. The youth who practices such self-denial to win a degree is marked for success in the world, if he live.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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The staid, dignified and homely bald-headed eagle—emblem of the American Republic—mates but once, and lives with his one mate until he or she dies. If left a widower—even a young widower—the bald-headed eagle never mates again.

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THE ZAMBESI FALLS; NIAGARA OF AFRICA

ITS WATERS PRECIPITATED INTO A WONDERFUL GORGE.

It is nearly 50 years since the renowned traveler, David Livingstone, who was then exploring the Zambesi River toward its source, discovered the great falls and named them after out late most gracious Queen. Since then travelers from time to time have visited them and written of their entrancing beauty and magnificence.

Now that the country has come under the rule of the British South Africa Company, and, owing to the forcsight and determination of the late C. J. Rhodes, the railway is being pushed northward from the Buluwayo, in Southern Rhodesia, and visitors throng to Victoria Falls to see one of nature's most wonderful phenomena.

Before proceeding to describe the beauty and natural architecture of the falls, it would be well to endeavor to give some idea of how the river comes to form a gigantic waterfall. Briefly, then, what happens is this: A broad river with a comparatively slow current suddenly hurls itself into a narrow crack or fissure in the earth, which reaches across its bed from bank to bank. This fissure is of an average width of 200 feet and a depth of 400 feet, and has one narrow outlet 600 feet wide, by which the water collecting in it can escape, and this is nearer to one end than the other. As can easily be imagined, the volume of water collected at the bottom of the fissure is enormous, and having only a small exit comes rushing and surging out with great force.

Immediately after leaving the fissure the gorge into which the water flows makes a sharp bend. This still more increases the agitation of the water, and the name—Boiling Pot—given to this bend is most expressive. At the Boiling Pot the river begins a tortuous course of 30 miles between cliffs 400 feet high. This gorge, or canyon, is about 600 feet wide throughout its entire length, and zigzags backward and forward until the river widens out again. At present only two places in this gorge are known where it is possible to descend the otherwise perpendicular cliffs to the level of the water.

It is impossible to describe the feeling of awe experienced as we gaze from a height of 400 feet down at the troubled waters below. The waves jostle one another in their haste to escape, and throw up shoots of spray, which, caught by the strong draught coming out of the chasm, are carried high into the air. The roar here is terrific. We shout exclamations at each other, but few are heard. We step back for a moment to look round on the panorama about us. On the left the long line of falls stretches away into mist to the east and west. Opposite, the dark perpendicular cliffs, shining with moisture, are only 600 feet away. To the right is the narrow gorge, down which the water is running like a mill race, and below, the Boiling Pot, over which is suspended a brilliant rainbow. Words fail to give an idea of the scene.

Following round the top of the cliff, away from the falls and along the gorge, we come to a surveyor's flag and a narrow clearing through the scrub. This is where the bridge for the railway from the south is to be thrown across the gorge. We learn that the length of the bridge is 650 feet. There will be three spans, two short ones of unequal length, and the big central span of 500 feet. It is roughly calculated that rail level to water level is 420 feet. This may be called low water level, as the river is about its lowest in August, and high water level will be about 40 feet less, or 380 feet. This measurement will make the bridge the highest in the world. A mile or so below the bridge we come to where the gorge makes its first bend. For a mile it has been running straight in one direction, and then for no apparent reason doubles back at an acute angle. This is repeated time after time, until, some 30 miles below, the Zambesi broadens out again into a wide river.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Ten years ago a French missionary started the systematic rearing of two kinds of spiders for their web, and the Board of Trade Journal states that a spider web factory is now in successful operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, where ropes are made of spider web intended for balloons for the French military aeronautic section. The spiders are arranged in groups of 12 above a reel, upon which the threads are wound.

The great stretch of country, about as large as France, which lies west of the Transvaal, and which is known as the Kalahari Desert, is now to be thoroughly explored.

THE HUNGER OF A MAN'S SOUL.

It was after the play and they were waiting in the quiet little cafe to be served. She leaned over to draw in the fragrance of the red roses and to avoid his eyes, which were persistent. He was thinking of how young and lovely she was. How could he expect her to love him? The mirror opposite reminded him of his years.

Yes, he would tell her—save her all painful explanations. A young fellow would make her happier. Once, in a burst of girlish confidence she had told him how she hated young men and new houses. It was childish of him, he told himself, to expect her to know her own mind.

"What can I eat?" she beamed at him with shining eyes. "Anything from a nice young man to an oyster!" Here was the opening sooner than he expected.

"Judith," he began gravely, "it is of the young man I wish to speak now. Did—did—they say it is young Travers? Shall I release you?" The last, to the ear of the girl, seemed an anxious, frenzied appeal for freedom. So this was what made him so gloomy, so unlike himself. He was tired of her; he wanted to be free. She was pulling a rose to pieces and fitting the petals over her finger-tips. "Shall we ring the curtain down on our little comedy?" he asked in an "It's-all-for-the-best" tone. She nodded slowly. She was beginning to see more clearly every minute, just as one's eyes grow accustomed to darkness after the first bewilderment. He wanted to be free.

"Judith," he said "I shall ask only one favor of you—" he hesitated.

"It is granted," she returned coldly. "Perhaps I have the honor of congratulating you—also"—the also was added as an after-thought.

"It is that you will tell it all to me." He hesitated, through a sense of delicacy. "If you mind, dear," he added gently, "then don't."

Did she mind, she asked herself. No, she gloried in the opportunity. If he sighed for his freedom he should have it. She would make no effort to hold him, but he should understand before she let him go that other men thought her desirable. Then he could go with his freedom—and she would marry any one of the others. It made no difference. She would take the one who next asked her. She was eighteen and infinitely young. The middle-aged man opposite felt that he would barter his immortal soul to be twenty-four—to be young with her."

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" she asked in weary tones. He winced.

"No," he replied, "that would include me. Spare me that." There was a long silence. "It is of young Travers; your engagement——"

"Until tonight," she reminded him in a dull voice, "I was engaged to you. But——" her voice stuck. He was waiting for her to begin.

"Mrs. Carr from New Orleans was at the Springs," she began. "She is one of my mother's oldest friends. Mr. Travers is her nephew. It was at one of her receptions that I met him first. Shall I tell you everything." Her voice had a new ring. He thought it was from speaking of her lover.

"Your roses came just as I was starting" she continued. "I wore the blue dress, the one you used to like me in——"

"Child," he interrupted, "you do not understand——"

"Yes, but I do," gayly. "I remember it every bit, you told me that first night I wore it—do you remember it?—what you whispered out there on the gallery about my milk-white arms and shadowy hair? It is a pretty dress. I wore your roses to the reception—they were glorious ones." She was leaning on her elbows on the table, her big eyes full of mystery.

"When Mrs. Carr presented Mr. Travers," she proceeded, "he told me that he had been knowing me for a long, long time and waiting for me to come, because his hands were tied, as it were, and he couldn't come after me. Then I laughed, because it was such a good joke—really, Bob, he said it very much nicer than I can remember. Then he went on to tell me that it was before the war he had known me. He had just graduated two years ago. I am afraid I rather encouraged him in the nonsense. It was such a relief from talking to the women, and I can't help being silly you know, Bob." His heart felt old and musty and faded, and her every word was giving it a fresh blow. She had made a little pyramid of the rose petals and was nervously tearing it to pieces to reconstruct it.

"He was very nice" she continued. "We went back to sit on the stairs to listen to the music. That was the beginning; he came next day for me to drive with him and told me that he loved me.

"The impudent young——" he forgot that it was of her lover he was speaking.

"He said he couldn't help it," she apologised for him in world-weary accents. "But they all say that." There was no trace of vanity in the remark, and the red of the roses found bright rivals in her cheeks. "Then—then one night," she hesitated, "it was moonlight—down on the beach—he kissed me——"

"He kissed you?" the man exclaimed. "How dare he—how dare you!"

"Don't be too hard on him," she pleaded; "he said something about men not despising a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." Bob had risen angrily; a determined little hand pulled him back.

"Remember," a cold voice reminded him, "you desired me to tell you."

"Judith!" he reproved, sharply.

"And that wasn't all," she flashed defiant eyes at him. She remembered how jealous he had been. Once she laughed and asked him if he thought the enamored air went sighing after her, too. But that was when he had really cared for her. Now he was trying to get rid of her. "I had numerous other lovers at the springs, Bob. It may be," she tapped a gay little tune with her fan, "that you might find them diverting. There was Dave Cary," she assigned her little finger to him, "and Fred Langles," the next finger to him, "both of whom proposed to me at the picnic on the fourth day. Then there was Mr. Greyner, who proposed to me at the dance at Judge Birrow's son's birthday—the son also proposed, for that matter. Dr. Spalding set my wrist when I sprained it, and when he dismissed me he asked me to be his wife. That's all the proposals I had at the springs. There were five more when I stopped to visit Lucy Kildare on my way home." The man made a gesture of entreaty. Truly, he had not dreamed of it being this bad. His heart felt like a church on a weekday. How could he have ever been fool enough to expect Judith to love him against all these young men.

"If you marry Travers——" It was a cowardly subterfuge to get her away from the others. His voice stuck. She sat alert, with brilliant eyes.

"If I marry Travers, what?" she asked.

"I don't know," miserably.

"I haven't exactly decided which one I shall marry." She leaned back languidly. She remembered the first time she ever saw him. She was doing a skirt dance before the long gilt mirror in the back parlor. She turned to get a sidewise view of herself, and there in the door he was calmly watching her. The others were at the table. The occasion was a dinner party, and he had committed the unpardonable offense of being late. That was the beginning. He very much preferred staying with her, he declared, if she didn't mind. That was the night she started loving him. Hadn't he spent weary hours over the intricacies of toe dancing to coach her? Didn't Bob always understand? The thought that he was just across the table and not engaged to her any more almost suffocated her. She couldn't stand it.

"Bob," she said, with all that perilous youth shining in her eyes, "have you forgotten that toe dance you taught me years ago?" No, with weary resignation he had not forgotten it.

"Bob," with cruel persistence, "when you told me that you had rather stay with me than to go with the old ladies, did you mean it truly?"

Yes, he was sure he meant it, truly. The cafe was deserted. Only Francois, the waiter, lurked in the background, and he couldn't speak English.

"Bob," moving nearer and laying a confiding hand on his arm. "Bob, does your love lie too deep for words?" There was a pleading quality in her tones not to be resisted.

"Child!" he was holding her chin in his most comforting hand and examining her eyes.

"Jack Travers didn't kiss me, truly," she comforted, patting Bob's old gray hairs tenderly. Francois had discreetly withdrawn, fully remunerated. "He said that before I told him about—about how I loved you—I—I—I told him all about us, Bob——" But she did not finish. He understood. Bob always understood.

"Child," he whispered, with eyes in which youth had come home to live; "you must be the oldest person on earth! You are straight from the Garden of Eden—with youth that is fresh and genuine and eternal! Yes, you are, child!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

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Demijohn Full of Snakes.

An unusual snake story was unearthed yesterday by Joe Clemmer, who is employed on the John Newton farm, near Marion square.

Some of the workmen were digging in a pile of refuse under the wagon house, when they found a five-gallon demijohn, once filled with rye whisky. The demijohn had probably lain there for years. The basketwork about it was crumbling away and the glass was too dirty to see through. Clemmer said that "Old Mrs. Summers over on the pike" had been wanting one of these demijohns, and he took it over to her.

Putting the bottle on the floor of the kitchen, Clemmer sat down to rest and talk to Mrs. Summers. The house dog appeared to take a great interest in the demijohn, upsetting it and sticking his paw in the neck. Then he drew out his paw again and barked.

A green and black spotted snake wriggled out of the demijohn and began to twist about joyously in the heat of the stove. Mrs. Summers jumped up on a table and screamed. Another snake and another followed the first one, until Clemmer says he counted 27. With the dog's help he killed them all.

Mrs. Summers declines to use the bottle for her sassafras beer.—Philadelphia North American.



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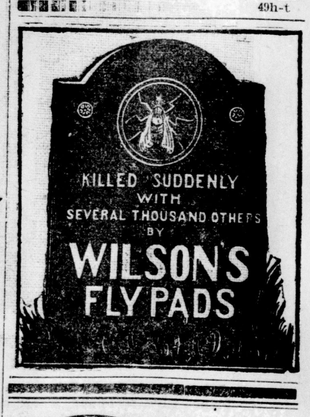
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